

“He had scarcely finished these words, when we actually heard soft lamentations and animated talking from that quarter: yea, drawing nearer, we could distinguish German sounds, which induced us to stand and listen what was to be confided to an Italian evening sky in tones to us so familiar.

“‘Dont weep, dont weep,—my dear friend,’ said a lovely voice, which vibrated but too sensibly in Lindan’s heart. ‘I tell you I am now all your own again, as the song has it; do you remember it? I once refused to sing it to you, but I now sing it in my dreams, and when I am awake——’—Then suddenly interrupting her own song, she whispered, ‘The Frenchman is not near us, I hope—he cannot be here,—you know I dread his gibes, but love you nevertheless as warmly as ever. Do bear with me patiently!’

“Lindan threw himself into my arms, with great emotion. ‘She is here!’ ejaculated he; ‘she speaks to me,—she still loves me! Oh come, come,—I’ll surprise her with my presence.’ Drawing nearer, we perceived Violante embracing the stem of a pine-tree, and bathing it with her tears. ‘Do not give to the tree what belongs to me, my sweet angel,’ said Lindan, his voice softened with melancholy joy; it comprehends thee not; the rustling of its branches is its only answer; here a true heart speaks to thee through faithful lips.’

“Violante raised herself with an extraordinary degree of embarrassment in her manner. She soon, however, recovered her composure, and came to meet us with all the airs of the gay and the fashionable; she addressed us as strangers, in the French language and spoke to us on the common topics of court conversation. ‘Violante, what ails thee?’ exclaimed Lindan, in German. ‘He whom thou seekest is here,—the Frenchman is far off.’

“‘Non, monsieur,’ said she, in a timid voice; ‘non, monsieur le chevalier, croyez moi, je vous le dis

franchement, jamais je ne serais a vous;’ and hurrying back to the pine-tree, she embraced it, whispering tenderly, ‘Deliver me from his persecutions, my dear German friend. He is so troublesome, and I cannot get rid of him. He must shun thy valiant arm—make him begone!’

“The evening breeze now shook the foliage of the-pine tree, ‘Entendez vous ce qu’il dit monsieur?’ resumed Violante; ‘je vous prie de vous menager, et de vous retirer, cela vous fera du bien.’

“Alas! what I had anticipated, proved but too true. Her accomplished mind was deranged, and continued so in spite of all endeavours to cure it. When Lindan tried to approach her, she flew from him with loud screams; but though she never could be allured into the house, she never passed the boundary of the grounds. Whenever she was prevailed upon to answer my friend, she always did so in the French language,—made use of the choicest phrases, and continued in the melancholy illusion that she was speaking to the chevalier; she, on the other hand, lavished the sweetest caresses on trees, shrubs, and statues, mistaking each of these objects for the ardently wished-for Lindan.

“My poor friend allowed his deep distress to prey upon his vitals, and the rapid decay of his strength proved his only comfort for the insurmountable separation from a mistress who lived under his own eye, and continued to love him with the tenderest affection. He caused a tomb to be constructed for Violante and himself; ‘Here, at least, we shall find rest together!’ exclaimed he, looking at the finished edifice, and consecrating it with a plenteous offering of pious tears. Violante one day finding him alone in this place, shewed him less timidity; she even began to talk German to him, and said at last, ‘If you would not think me mad, my dear sir, I could almost feel inclined to tell you that you remind me of my dear, oh, so-much-be-