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that had passed on the subject was now revived, and clad in tenderness, by Lindan's soft disposition. He represented to himself the unknown female, in the most melancholy and distracted state, and reproached himself as the cause of all her distress.

" 'He lives!' cried he, one day, entering my chamber with a letter in his hand, and his countenance beaming with delight,—' he lives! and is able to go about again!' We now finished the perusal of the letter, of which Lindan had, in the hurry, but glanced over the first lines. What news were there in store for my poor friend! His correspondent, anxious to give valid comfort, wrote, that entire reliance might be placed in the chevalier's recovery, as he was, in the course of eight days, to celebrate his nuptials with the Countess Violante.

" We for sometime looked at each other in silence, at last Lindan said, with a faint smile on his pale countenance, 'What better could we expect? It is not now that I first lose her. But let us go home to Germany, my friend! Oh, for the dear oaks around my parental castle! How much shall I have to tell them!'

" We set out, but Lindan's health declined, partly on account of his wound having been neglected, but more so on account of the deep dejection that preyed on his mind. In this manner we reached a small country-seat, in the Milan territory, which I had sometime ago purchased with a view of often re-visiting Italy. We intended to return home from hence through Switzerland, where Lindan had some near relations and friends; but a serious indisposition stretched my friend on a sick-bed, and the doctor's orders kept him a prisoner at my seat for several weeks after his complaint was removed.

" Amongst our former acquaintances in Naples there was one particularly remarkable for his insignificance and dulness; the most ordinary and open situations and relations of his neighbours were to him impenetrable. This inoffensive being hap-

pened one day to claim the rights of hospitality at our quiet dwelling; and while we were scarcely bestowing a due degree of politeness on his presence, fate would have it, that he should thrust the sting of the deepest anguish into the heart of my friend.

" He related, that, as a friend of the family, he had been present at Violante's nuptials. Every thing had been conducted with great magnificence, according to the general custom, and nothing had tended to damp the expectations of the guests, save the pale and quiet appearance of Violante, a circumstance which the narrator, however, imputed to a natural timidity becoming such an occasion. The bridegroom, after delighting the company with a burlesque execution of a German song, requested Violante to sing a similar one seriously, that the guests might decide whether her bewitching lips were able to lend harmony to such barbarous compositions. He asked her for the song of the terrace, by which our friend suspected he meant to designate some particular evening. Violante cast an expressive look upon her betrothed, and said, after a short silence, with marks of great astonishment, 'If you wish it!'—She then sung; and sung with always encreasing emotion, until all present were affected; at last her eyes overflowed with tears, and she rushed from the apartment with audible sobs. She has not been seen since. A report was spread that she had been taken ill, but no doubt was entertained that she had vanished from her father's house, without leaving any trace behind.

" Lindan's wounded spirit was unable any longer to conceal the source of its distress, and the stranger left us that very evening. My friend and I sought the shades of the park to divert our minds; he at last broke our long silence, saying, 'That marriage evening of Violante's has made me so sad, that I could fancy I heard the lovely sacred dove cooing to us from yonder pines.'