

reply, he expatiated on the barbarity of expecting such beautiful lips to utter such Gothic sounds. 'The answer of my fair neighbour is the only one that I can accept of,' said Lindan, mildly; but when the Frenchman continued his gibes, Lindan would have retorted, had not Violante, perceiving his intention, endeavoured to prevent it, by adding, while her face was yet brightened with smiles, called up by the French jokes, 'Indeed, my dear Count, if it be doing you a great favour, I will sing the song; but as to pleasure, it really does not afford me any. You are going to scold, my good teacher; but you must confess, that you laid my poor lips under some restraint, by teaching me your German language. If ever I found any pleasure in it, you must ascribe it to the charms of novelty, and I now return to the nationality which is natural to me; nevertheless, should any thing foreign be required, you will allow me, that the pretty chansons which the chevalier has taught me are better qualified for general amusement.'

"'Yes, yes, if that was the meaning!' replied Lindan, in a depressed tone of voice, and sunk into deep abstraction, without noticing even the triumphant exclamations of the Frenchman. I held the German cause and myself in too high estimation to make any reply to this verbal abstract of Boileau and Bateux. He consequently let his suada take its free course, and concluded by deriding his vanquished foe's vain attempt to make the beautiful Violante *Tedesca*. 'Yes,' he added; 'every nation must have its particular poetry; but to introduce boorish songs into the boudoirs of high-born beauties, marks a boorish education.'

"I was going to speak, when Lindan stopped me, and said, in German, 'This is my concern, my brother; by thine honour, and by our friendship, thou shalt prepare it for me.' He then arose, bowed to

the company, and withdrew. Violante was struck, the others were embarrassed, and the Frenchman seemed unconscious of any thing but his triumph, until I took a favourable opportunity of whispering to him, 'Count Lindan expects you to meet him to-morrow morning at five o'clock, with a second and a pair of pistols, on the small island which you here see before us.' A sudden paleness spread over his features; but, true to the dictates of old French chivalry, he immediately recovered his presence of mind, and accepted the challenge with the best possible grace. I withdrew.

"The following morning we met at the appointed hour. The chevalier was accompanied by a surgeon and an elderly French gentleman, who tried to speak of a reconciliation, but was prevented by the youth, who observed Lindan's serious and determined silence. They agreed to fire in advancing, the Frenchman having disputed Lindan's right to the first shot, an advantage which Lindan was as unwilling to give up as to contend about. They stood opposite to each other. I gave the word to fire. They advanced. The chevalier fired,—a struggle in Lindan's body told me he was wounded. Blood streamed from his side, yet he advanced a few paces. His shot entered the chevalier's breast, and stretched him on the ground. The surgeon declared the wound to be mortal; and as Lindan was only hurt by a grazing shot, I hastened to save him from the dangers which the chevalier's near connexion with the Ambassador of his country might occasion to us.

"We went to Rome, and there weekly received accounts of the chevalier's state of health. My friend's mind was oppressed with grief at the destruction of his happiness, and darkened by the thought that the stranger had received a mortal wound from his hand. He recollected his having sometimes mentioned his mother; every trifling expression