

tion, and, above all, for his poetic genius, which first allured him out of his dear old Germany into this country. Notwithstanding his travels and his wanderings, a strong attachment for the place of his nativity, for its customs, its legends, and its poets, ever filled his heart, and he often expressed this feeling in songs which he used to accompany with the guitar. One evening, as he was seated on the fragments of an ancient temple on the sea shore, in the neighbourhood of Naples, he was singing one of his favourite songs, and I was stretched on the fragrant grass by his side, listening to him, when two veiled females glided past us, one of them seeming, by her dress, her figure, and her manner, to be a high born lady. She stopped a moment, as if arrested by Lindan's song, but when surprise at the apparition silenced him, she turned away in disappointment, and vanished amongst the shrubbery. Some soft chords from Lindan's guitar followed her, and I said, in a laughing tone, 'She looks like a Nausica here on the beach, my friend, for whom one would willingly submit to an Odyssean shipwreck, and a ten year's wandering into the bargain, for the pleasure of being comforted by her, and having no Penelope at home, to marry her, if possible.' Lindan had but half heard my speech, he repeated, 'Shipwreck! wandering! our whole existence is perhaps no better, and the love even of this sorceress may lead to the same end.'

"He resumed his song, but as if seized with a prophetic feeling of approaching grief, he gave it a more tender and more melancholy expression, until a melodious female voice from a neighbouring bower, interrupted him. The singer scolded him, in sweet Italian sounds, that he could venture to awaken, with foreign and even lamenting tones, the echo of the Parthenopean shore. Lindan, familiar with the cheerful art of the improvisatore, was replying in a similar manner, when we perceived the fe-

male figure who had first passed us, leave the bower, and advance towards us. Yielding to the entreaties of my friend, she raised the veil which hid her face, and we discovered the beautiful Violante, the daughter of a Neapolitan nobleman, and the most celebrated beauty of the land. We had never before had an opportunity of closely admiring her charms, my friend's excursions and searches after old lore and legends among the country people having excluded us from the gay world: but she now, after asking our names and rank, invited us to follow her to her father's villa, that she might introduce us to him. We gladly accepted the offer, and have lived since that evening under the magic spell of the lovely apparition. We entered, in the meantime, into closer connexion with the world, and my friend strove, by the tenderest attentions, to gain the heart of Violante for himself, and for his country. He soon succeeded, as far as regarded himself; his handsome figure, his pleasing and affectionate manner, shortly gained him the love of his fair mistress; but Violante heard every proposal to go to Germany with decided aversion. A strife began between the lovers, wherein—may every foreigner in this assembly excuse the expression!—the German depth and purity of feeling carried the point against Violante's Italian pride, and her effeminate disinclination for the uncouth sounds of a northern language. She submitted to the task of learning the German from her friend; and whilst he was making her acquainted with our poets and our philosophers, new and wonderful blossoms germinated in her breast. It afforded great delight to observe the progress of these northern flowers and tendrils in this southern garden; and the attentive gardener, my good and pious Lindan, fostered his beautiful love-blossoms in silent happiness, without forming for the moment another wish. Violante was the first to suggest the necessity of securing their union;