

that the baron was so violent and outrageous in his conduct, that a meeting was considered inevitable. The challenged party in such cases has always his choice of weapons, and the Count von Newenberg had to select between the pleasant alternative of the crooked sabre or the pistol; as he knew his opponent was at the very least fully his match with the sabre, and had, besides, the advantages of superior height and strength, he chose the latter, and the Black Baron went nearly mad with rage when he heard of this selection; he stamped about like a maniac, cursed his stars, his second, and every body else.

"I hoped I had him in my power," said he, grinding his teeth—"but this cursed chance will spoil all. Von Newenberg never misses his mark so that unless I can get the first shot I am a dead man."

The hour was fixed for seven o'clock the following morning; the place was the garden behind the castle, and the count spent the rest of the day among his friends, not daring to trust himself with the sight of his beloved Clara. Morning dawned, the crisp frost sparkled upon the ground, the air was sharp and bracing, every blade of grass and leaf glittered like a diamond in the dew, as Ernst and his friend walked up the avenue of old lime trees which leads to the "Alte Schloss;" having reached the garden they found the baron and his party already on the ground—the former was pacing moodily to and fro, with his hat drawn down over his face. After some discussion the seconds decided that they should fight what is called the barrier duol, in which the combatants are posted at a certain distance, and may advance to a given limit, firing during their progress at any time they please, so that, of course, the party who reserves his fire, if he is not hit himself, has the life of his opponent in his hands. The ground was measured, the space within which each might advance, twelve paces, was marked out and a pistol having been placed in the hands of the combatants, each of them took up his position. "Our anxiety," said my informant, himself an eye-witness, "was now at the highest." The baron appeared in an entire suit of black, his coat buttoned up to his chin, and not a vestige of any other colour to be seen upon which the eye could rest for an aim. While the count, flinging off his cloak, appeared in his ordinary costume, his frock coat flying loosely open, and discovering a light-coloured waist-coat. "Let him have his fair chance," said he, taking a small gold snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket, and handing it to his second, who took the opportunity of advising him, in a whisper, to button his coat. Each party now advanced slowly in the direction of the other, the black baron covering all the while his opponent with his pistol, now and then lowering it so as to secure his aim. While the count advanced with firm and composed step, with his weapon pointed to the ground; suddenly he raised it slightly; the bright barrel glanced for a moment in the sun, his hand was steady, and his aim true—he fired; a thin puff of blue smoke floated to leeward, and the Black Baron's right arm, shattered by a pistol bullet, dropped powerless by his side. "Stand your ground," thundered the baron, with a deep imprecation, as he saw Von Newenberg coming forward as if to assist him. Every one stood aghast—they thought the duel was at an end. The count however had reckoned without his host, for the grim baron, with a scowl of vindictive malice, taking up the pistol in his left hand, advanced within the nearest limit—the count still retaining his position opposite. At last he raised his weapon—every heart was sick with anxiety—long and steady was his murderous aim—he drew the trigger—and Count Von Newen-

berg, with one convulsive spring into the air, fell to the earth with a pistol bullet in his heart. The spectators could scarcely believe their senses, but, alas! it was too true of the brave, the generous, and the high-minded young noble, upon whom the sun rose that morning full of health and hope, all that remained now was a senseless lump of clay. The murderer gazed for one brief moment on his work—then turned to the mountains, and never was the form of the Black Baron seen in Heidelberg again.

It is only to students who have distinguished themselves at the University that the honour of a public funeral by torch-light is ever accorded, and that by special leave of the authorities; and as the mortality among them is very slight, it is a spectacle which rarely occurs, and is not often seen by an Irishman. The sorrow for the death of Von Newenberg was deep and universal—his own intimate companions and the whole of the choir to which he belonged were inconsolable at his loss; and when the family of the unfortunate young nobleman, having been apprized of the sad event, at length arrived, a day was fixed for conveying his remains, with public honours to the grave. Every student of the University, and most of the professors, made it a point to attend. The scene was fraught with melancholy interest, and was one which made a deep impression upon us.

At a distance of little more than a mile from the town lies the new burial-place of Heidelberg. It is a quiet spot, embosomed by trees, upon a sunny slope on the mountain's side. We have seldom seen a place in which the spirit, shattered by the disappointments and torn by the storms of this weary world could find a calmer repose.

Far off—so far that that its noise can scarcely reach the ear—roll on the bustle and the toil of life; the plaintive and soothing murmur of the Neckar is heard in the distance, as with a sound like breakers in a dream, it rip-les past, sweet and musical enough in fancy's ear to soothe even the still repose of death; wild flowers bloom in rich profusion, and tall trees cast their shadows across the quiet graves;—not these alone, but the rose, the lily, and the violet, planted and tended by careful hands, mark where the loved and the lost ones sleep. A German burial-place is indeed an instructive study, and one which fills the mind with sad but pleasant thoughts. No marble monuments, once rich with carving and decorated by the curious tracery of art, but mouldering and neglected by the hand of time, are there; no emblazoned stone, fresh from the artist's hand tells in letters of gold the history of the life and the many virtues of the dust which lies beneath it; no rank weeds wave over neglected graves; but a square piece of earth, amid the green turf smooth as velvet, with a rustic cross and a weeping willow as its head, planted with those sweet flowers, afford a simple and touching proof that they who sleep beneath are not forgotten, nor even remembered as when struck by disease, they lay pale and wasted upon the bed of death; but that they are still associated in the minds of the survivors with the fresh and beautiful things of earth, while the bloom of the annual, returning again with the breath of spring, is planted as if to testify that the spirit has quitted its tenement of clay for a land where the summer of its life shall never fade. The dull and solemn tone of the funeral-bell comes floating from the old grey tower of the cathedral, as the mournful train which accompanied the departed student to his resting-place draws near. It is preceded by a band of music, and the trumpets fall with a wailing cadence upon the ear. On it comes!—the flaming torches cast a

fiery glare through the darkness—now lighting the faces of the spectators—now falling with an uncertain gleam upon the "Todten bahr," or bier, which drawn by six horses clothed in black, with white plumes nodding at their heads, sweeps slowly past. It is a long, long, funeral car without a canopy, upon which the coffin, covered with black cloth trailing in the dust, is laid. It is usually preceded by a company of torch-bearers. Cross-wise upon the coffin were laid two "schlagere," fastened together with the choir band and the cap of the young noble, the gay choir colours of the basket-hilt being closely muffled with black crape. The Senior of the choir, attired in full dress—a hat, with white plumes, deep white leather gloves, and with his sword trailing behind him on the ground, followed the funeral car. Then comes the whole choir, drawn up in two lines, marching in single file, each man clad in black, and carrying his drawn sword, with its point turned to the ground. The remainder of the students, marshalled in separate choirs, come next, every one carrying in his hand a torch of blazing pine.

"Behold the soul of their measured tread,
A silent and slow they followed the dead!"

Garlands of flowers are laid on the coffin, and as the procession passes on its way, the wail of the trumpets, the strange costume of the students, the blue steel glancing in the torch-light, formed altogether a spectacle not inferior in interest to anything we had ever seen, though wanting the muffled drum and the well-arranged trappings of martial pomp; it is even a more touching sight than the soldier's funeral. The train reached at last the Friedhof, or churchyard, and the choir of the departed student, assembling round the open grave, lowered the coffin with chords to its last resting place; each man then threw a handful of earth upon it; a short address was pronounced by the clergyman, eulogising the many virtues of the deceased, setting forth his simple and manly virtues, and deprecating the act by which he met his untimely end. The companions of the choir then lowered their swords on the grave, and clashed them together twice or thrice, a burst of music rose from the band, and every voice joined in singing the words of Schiller's song—

THE GRAVE.

"Deep yawns the grave to mortals—
On its brink dark horrors stand;
A black veil shrouds the portals
(Of that undiscovered land.

"The nightingale's sweet singing,
In its breast can never sound
Nor love, nor roses, fragrant,
Break through the mossy ground.

"Nor can the babe forsaken,
As she wrings her hand in woe,
Nor the wailing orphans waken
The dust that sleeps below.

"But, still, in that place so lonely,
Can the peace we have sought for come,
And man through its dark gates only,
Rest in a quiet home."

"And the heart that with grief is riven,
Finds over in that still above,
From the storms of life a haven,
Where its pulses beat no more."

This song concluded, the party then bent their steps homewards, and left him whom they had seen among them but yesterday, in full flush of youth and happiness, alone with solitude.

When we reached the town, we proceeded to the Museum Platz, or grand "plaza" of the town, when the whole array was marshalled into a hollow square, the seniors of the respective choirs occupying the different corners. The spectacle was now truly magnificent; one vast square of light was formed by the blazing torches which flashed strangely upon the fanciful costumes, the white plumes, and gleaming schlagere