

not was attended by his late opponent, whose greatest joy was to anticipate his wants; and the only consolation left him is the knowledge that his care preserved his life for a time.

The result of this deed upon the prospects of a promising young officer was of a very melancholy description. From the nature of the wound (through the shoulder joint,) it became impossible for him to raise his arm for any serviceable purpose; his professional prospects were blasted for ever, and he retired from a service in which, had he been able to remain, there was every reasonable prospect of his becoming one of its ornaments, to die broken-hearted in his native land.

THE STUDENTS' DUEL.

This duel occurred in a German university town;—the names here given are fictitious, the real names being withheld for various reasons; the circumstances, however, are strictly true.

The cause of the following melancholy tragedy was a woman, an opera dancer, possessing but a moderate share of talent in her vocation, but many personal graces; she was also as artful and cunning as she was beautiful.

Her house was open to all the gay and idle, and the wild and dissipated young men frequenting the University she looked upon as her spoil. From them she gleaned a rich harvest, for many claimed to belong to the proudest families in Germany. To her natural beauties she added the capricious and flattering graces of the coquette; and she also possessed the deceitful and dangerous art of inspiring several suitors with violent attachments to her person at the same time. *The Jewish King's description of persons of her class cannot be surpassed for fidelity:—*

"The lips of a strange woman drop as a honey comb, and her mouth is smoother than oil."

"But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword."

"Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell."

Among the many who paid their devotions to her shrine were two students, named Zabern and Ritter, and each believed he was the favoured object of her choice; they of course regarded each other as inveterate foes. These young men became her dupes; and she fostered their mutual dislike, it is supposed, without reflecting upon the results. Very little was requisite to blow their pent-up and heated rancour into open hostility—and the crisis soon came. Zabern meeting Ritter on the stairs leading to her apartments, inquired in a haughty manner the nature of his business there; and the reply being equally haughty, a blow from Zabern's cane struck Ritter to the

ground. After some further altercation, they parted to meet again in a valley near the town, to fight until the death.

The following is a description of the murderous affair:—

A circle is drawn upon the ground, the dimensions having been determined upon by the parties.

When the principals are in the circle, they are not allowed to retire from it, nor permitted to fire until the signal is given.

Immediately after the signal, they are permitted to fire at discretion, when they like, and also at what distance they like within the circumference of the ring, but on no pretence can they put a foot outside of it without violating the laws of the duel.

Let us suppose the principals armed, and in the circle anxiously waiting for the signal, and glowing with hatred and revenge. Near the circumference of the ring, and opposite to each other, stood the two principals, and upon hearing the word "fire," Ritter took aim and shot his ball into Zabern's chest, who staggered a few paces, but did not fall. By an effort almost superhuman he turned slowly round, death strongly marked in his face, and staggering up to the place where Ritter stood with his arms folded, who waited his fate with apparent composure.

With calculating cruelty, Zabern pressed the muzzle of his pistol against the forehead of Ritter, and grinning a ghastly smile of mingled hatred and revenge, was in the act of pulling the trigger, when death arrested his finger, and uttering one loud agonising scream, he fell back upon the earth, the weapon exploding harmless in the air.

Doubtless the advocates of duelling will applaud the unshaken firmness of Ritter. Listen to the end.—"Though his opponent was dead, yet Ritter moved not; there he stood in the same fixed attitude; the only mark upon his person was, like Cain's, upon his brow. Zabern's pistol had left the impression of its muzzle—the dead man's brand was there. Physically, he had sustained no hurt, but mentally was he wounded past all redemption. The few short, fleeting moments of the duel had crowded within their narrow compass the withering effects of an age. The intensity of his feelings in his trying situation had dethroned his reason, and from that hour he walked the earth "the statue of a man."

UNWILLING does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others; for these we prepare ourselves; we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered—*Sterne*.