

friendly in the highest degree; but finding his advances repelled with haughty coldness, he soon desisted from any attempt at intimacy, and contented himself with treating me with a lively and good-humoured carelessness. My manner to him, I doubt not, was frequently rude and almost insulting, but my ill-natured and sarcastic sallies, were always so gracefully and neatly parried and retorted, that in the keen encounter of our wits, he universally came off the conqueror. I began to regard him as my evil genius. I had always piqued myself on my skill at billiards. On one occasion, when we chanced to be together at the billiard room, a match was proposed between us by the bystanders, which I could not well decline. We played, and I was beaten. In the riding-school, and fencing-room, I had hitherto stood preeminent, I was now equalled, if not excelled. If we gamed, he always won, and I as surely was a loser. He was a favorite among the women, and frequently triumphed where I had failed. You may think these trifles; to me, they were rankling and bitter injuries. But an event soon occurred which added an additional pang to my previous annoyance and mortification. One day our regiment charged a corps of French lancers, and, in the melee, my horse fell, throwing me to the ground with considerable violence. Although somewhat bruised and stunned, I could perfectly well observe what was passing around me. In a few moments Charles' troop came up at full speed, and I saw him rush into the thickest of the fray, fighting with as much coolness and gayety as if he had been in a ball-room. As I attempted to rise, one of the enemy rode at me with levelled lance; bruised and shaken by my fall as I was, I have little doubt that the French trooper would have put a speedy end to my existence, but at the very instant when all hope had deserted me, Charles spurred his horse towards my antagonist, and with one blow of his sabre, sent him headlong from the saddle. The tide of conflict rolled away, and I managed to retire to the rear, suffering much from my bodily injuries, but more in mind, when the bitter reflection forced itself upon me, that I was indebted for my life to the last man upon earth to whom I would willingly have owed an obligation. When we met the next day, common decency required that I should make some acknowledgments of the important services which had been rendered me, and I accordingly returned him my thanks, but in confused and rather ungracious manner. Charles re-

ceived them with his usual careless gayety, assuring me that I absolutely owed him nothing, and that he had not perceived my misadventure, but had merely attacked my opponent in the hurry of the battle, casually, and without any peculiar aim or object. Time rolled on, and we at length retired into winter quarters, in a fortified frontier town; but my feelings of hatred remained unchanged and unchangeable. I have now to approach a period of my life, the remembrance of which is bitter to me, and almost makes me regret the task I have undertaken. Here Sturmwald paused, but filling a tumbler with wine, he drained it, and continued. 'In the town of——, in which were our quarters, lived a beautiful married woman, Amalie von——. It was my fate to see and love her to distraction.—Nay, never blush for the matter; these things will happen in the best regulated communities, to say nothing of garrison towns. Besides, her husband was a brute, a frequenter of wine-houses, a mere sot. I am, (for my curse,) of a fervid temperament, and give always a loose rein to the feeling that may happen, at the time to sway me. Amalie was young, beautiful, intellectual, and in her presence, I enjoyed moments of fierce and unmixed ecstasy. I had thought for some time, however, that I had observed, on her part, a cooling of passion.—One night that I had accompanied her to the theatre, I could not but notice that her looks frequently wandered, and that her expression was anxious; and when I attempted to engage her in conversation, she was cold, constrained, absent. With an awakening feeling of jealousy, I keenly watched each truant glance, and at length became aware that the object of her future attention was my detested foe.—From the theatre to Amalie's home, I was a silent prey to conflicting emotions of jealousy, love and despair; arrived there, my pent up passions burst forth with uncontrollable violence. She was, of course, by her own account, an injured innocent—all the sex are so in similar circumstances, and we at length parted with a mutual agreement to meet no more. A week passed by, and on calm reflection, I began to think I might have been too hasty in condemning her on such slight grounds; besides, I felt, or I fancied that I could not live without her. Alas! in this world we are forced to forego many things which we had thought necessary to our very existence. In this relenting mood I had determined to revisit her, and attempt the renewal of an intercourse which had become but too