

and obstinate, nor did there appear much chance of his apologizing for his rude conduct. Next morning, Lubben, although somewhat ashamed of his last night's escapade, expressed his determination to meet Sturmwald at all hazards, the more especially as he was now aware of his wonderful skill in pistol shooting, and consequently feared that any backwardness on his part might be attributed to unworthy motives. However, hour after hour elapsed without any communication from our late guest. My surprize was extreme; for I should almost as soon have doubted my own existence as the courage of Sturmwald.

"No! this man *could* not be a coward; every thing that I had witnessed of his character and bearing, forbade such a supposition. What, then, could be the motives which produced his present singular forbearance?—Whilst agitated by these painful doubts, a note was placed in my hands from Sturmwald, requesting my immediate presence at his house.

"On my arrival, I found my friend walking hurriedly to and fro on the lawn. He immediately joined me, and we proceeded to the house, the passages of which were filled with trunks and baggage, all betokening the approaching departure of its present occupant.—On reaching the dining-room, he motioned me to take a chair. After eyeing me for a moment, he said, 'You are no dissembler, at least; I perceive that you are both surprised and displeased with my present course. Yes! I leave this place in an hour; but I think it due to both of us, that you should become informed of the motives which govern my actions.—When we have dined, therefore, I will relate to you the occurrences of my past life, that you may be enabled to form a correct opinion of my present determination. I have undertaken an unpleasant task, but I shall not shrink from it.' Our dinner passed off heavily enough.—When the cloth was removed, and we were alone, Sturmwald filled a large tumbler of wine, drained it, passed the rhemish to me, and thus began. 'I am the only remaining descendant of one of the proudest, and I may add, poorest families in Poland. An only son, brought up in an old, secluded, dilapidated castle, surrounded by serfs alone, to whom my will was law, it is not surprising that I should have acquired an imperious and haughty disposition, especially as it was rather encouraged than checked by my father, an officer of high rank in the Prussian service. I, also, was destined to a career of arms. At the age of twelve, I was sent to a Prussian seminary, where my fierce

temper, and my hardy frame, soon rendered me the leading boy of the school. I fear I was a tyrant. All boys, and most men, are so, when afforded an opportunity. My reign, however, was not of very long duration.—About six months after my arrival, a boy whom I shall call Charles, was sent to the same institution. He was handsome, lively, and good-tempered, but, as I soon discovered, brave and high spirited. One day shortly after his arrival, I gave him some imperious order, which he laughingly but firmly refused to obey. A single combat was the immediate result.—After a desperate conflict, to my unutterable mortification, I found myself completely vanquished. My young conqueror bore his victory with moderation, and even made some advances to intimacy, which I repelled with sullen disdain. My downfall gave undissembled joy to the whole school. A dethroned despot meets with no sympathy, and is only too happy if he can avoid contempt. It was here that were planted the seeds of the bitter hatred I afterwards bore for this youth, which has exerted such an overwhelming influence on my destiny. After my defeat, my school life became odious to me, and after much importunity, I prevailed on my father to remove me to another institution. At the proper age, I entered a celebrated university, where I bore my full share in the wild excesses which unfortunately characterize the German students. The midnight debauch, and the morning duel, filled up but too large a space in my college life. At length it was time to enter the army, which I did as a cornet of Hussars. Think me not a boaster when I say that I soon acquired the reputation of an active and promising young officer. I loved my profession, and studied its details with ardor. Shortly after my debut in arms, Charles, who was also destined to a military life, joined the regiment to which I was attached. This event caused me much uneasiness and disquietude. I had neither forgotten nor forgiven his youthful triumph at school, and I regarded him with vague feelings of dislike and antipathy, which rendered a daily intercourse with him annoying, and almost insupportable to my proud and haughty spirit. He, however, soon became a general favourite with all classes of his comrades. His daring and impetuous courage, his open and frank disposition, his graceful and handsome form, and, above all, his unvarying and unconquerable good temper, procured him the love and esteem of the whole regiment.—At first, his manner to me was warm and