

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 staggered 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 agonizing 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."

TO THE SNOW DROP.

Full oft the poet has essayed to sing
Thy merits, simple flower, nor quite in vain,
Yet not to thee may I devote the strain,
Of eulogy; but to that glorious King,
Who bids thy silver bell his praises ring,
And doth thy leaves so delicately vein;
Making thee meek and modest through thy mien,
The darling of the progeny of spring.
Ah! many a brighter flower the vernal gale
Will kiss, but none to which affection clings
As unto thee; who, as the strong sun flings
His brightness on thee, dost so meekly veil
Thy face; as at the Light celestials hail
The seraphim, theirs cover with their wings.

THE BREEZY HILLS FOR ME.

From hill to hill I love to tread
With steps secure and fleet;
Blue, cloudless skies are o'er my head,
Wild flowers beneath my feet.
My spirit sighs not to recall
Gay scenes of festal glee;
Fair nature's smiles surpass them all,—
The breezy hills for me!

How fresh, how pure, the balmy air!
How sweet the song-birds' strain!
Almost it grieves me to repair
To busier haunts again.
Bright images within my mind
Are springing glad and free;
Life's weary cares seem left behind,—
The breezy hills for me!

And thoughts of deeper, better worth,
Forth at the spell arise;
Here, may my heart oft mount from earth
To commune with the skies.
Here, in Thy works, O Lord of Power,
Thy bounteous grace I see;
Here may I duly seek Thee more,—
The breezy hills for me!

MAN'S FRAILTY.

How few and evil are thy days,
"Oh, man, of woman born!"
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways;
—Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light:
Youth blossoms with the breeze;
Age, withering age, is cropped ere night
—Man like a shadow flees.

And dost thou look on such a one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fall the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
—Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
—O hide me till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave,