

such an one there shall also be an awakening; and when he shall stand before his Judge, from his heart shall be called up all these black thoughts, that shall stand fearfully forth, as the mark, the brand upon his vesture, of a cursed immortality.

Oh, then, as we kneel upon the grave, and pray that our death may be "the death of the righteous, and our last end like his," let us strive and pray against *thought sins*, lest they make their graves in our hearts, and blight our spirits with their curse. Let us pray that, during our earthly life, our inner and unseen world may be peopled by spirits from the heaven, that may first brighten our existence here, and afterwards bear up our souls on their angel wings to their own blessed home!



THE UNFINISHED DUEL.

I ONCE happened to be travelling in Prussia, in a public conveyance, and by good fortune with gentleman'y and agreeable companions; among whom, was a middle-aged cavalry officer, of the Prussian army. The major, (for he held that rank,) had been of no little service to his temporary travelling companions, for it is very certain that in a military and despotic country, no one can so effectually repel the insolence and exactions of inn-keepers, post-drivers, conductors, postillions, and such other geniuses, as a military man of rank.—He was a most rigorous curtailer of tavern bills, and a single glance from his keen dark eye, and at his very sufficient cane, was quite enough to quell the incipient impertinence and brutality even of a German landlord. In fact, the worthy militiaire would have called into active requisition the services of his walking stick with as much vigor and unconcern, as he did those of his Meerschaum; and oh, ye gods, how he did smoke! As to the rest, our travelling companion was agreeable, frank, communicative, a little precise, (from his profession, perhaps,) and with a figure nobly proportioned, and regimentals of most unexceptionable cut and finish.

During our journey, the major entertained us with the narration of various "moving accidents by flood and field," with love adventures during the piping times of peace, and all those various incidents which go to make up the eventful life of a soldier. Among these one struck me at the time, as remarkable, and I will attempt to relate it as nearly as I can in the gallant major's own words.

"I entered the army at an early age, pursu-

ant to the custom of my country, which makes all the younger sons of poor nobles legitimate food for powder. Thanks to Napoleon, we had plenty of fighting, and my hopes of promotion were becoming flattering, when the bloody field of Waterloo sent poor Napoleon to St. Helena, and me to vegetate in quarters in a small garrison town. Gentlemen, you have never been in garrison, at least I presume not; unless you had, it would be quite impossible for me to make you fully comprehend the tediousness and ennui of such a position. To play billiards day after day at the same miserable table, with the same persons, to make love to the same little *grisettes*, to dance with the same eternal partner, and listen to the same dull jests from their worthy papas,—it is not to live, it is merely existence in its most vegetative form. The dulness of this rascally place seemed at length to become infectious, and attacked even the junior officers of the regiment, who might be seen sauntering about in listless groups, exchanging, ever and anon, sympathizing yawns and conjugating the verb ennui, in all its moods and tenses. However, I at least had one source of amusement, which served in some degree to while away the time. I was fond of shooting, and I found my dogs and gun real treasures. During my sporting rambles, I had frequently seen an uninhabited country house of some pretensions to elegance of architecture, and whose grounds and shrubbery, although waste and neglected, were well laid out and pretty. In time, from frequently passing this house, and sometimes resting under its solitary and deserted porch, I began to take quite a fancy to the place, so that at length scarcely a week passed by, that I did not visit the old mansion. There, stretched on the ground, at my ease, under some over-shadowing tree, listening with half closed eyes to the hum of busy life wafted by the breeze from the neighbouring town, I gave myself up to delicious day-dreams, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.'

"Thus passed my uneventful life, when a trifling indisposition confined me to my quarters for a week. When sufficiently recruited, I proceeded to visit my old haunts. On approaching my old house, (for I had begun to feel towards it a species of ownership,) what was my surprise and annoyance to find manifest tokens of its being occupied. Smoke was actually curling above the old trees so long unconscious of such a visitation. It seemed almost a personal affront. These feelings of irritation, however, soon vanished, and gave