

all till you find it brought up by the handkerchief, and then fire!" The appointed signal was given; both fired at as nearly the same moment as possible, but with unequal success. My adversary's bullet passed through my hat; mine was more unerring in its aim; he reeled and fell. My first impulse was to rush towards him, but I was arrested in my course, by my second, who stood close beside me. "Remain where you are, sir," said he; "he may yet stand another shot." This was not, however, the case; the ball had entered his shoulder, and, as the wounded man lay waltering in his blood, he said, with a look of reproach to my companion, "B——n, this is all your doing." We conveyed him to a neighbouring hut, till the shades of evening allowed us to convey him on board his ship. As he walked off the ground my companion said to me, "You doubtless wondered why I rather placed you at twelve than sixteen paces. Know, then, that at the latter distance your adversary was a dead shot. At twelve it occurred to me, that he might, by chance, fire over you; that, unaccustomed to that distance, he might not correctly allow for the parabola described by the ball on leaving the pistol; the result," he added, with a smile, "has proved that my calculation was correct. Had you, too," he added, "allowed your arm to have fallen with greater force, the shot would have taken effect lower, and might" (this was said very coolly) "have proved fatal. But I must not find fault with you, as it was your first essay." On the following morning my generous friend, my preserver in fact, my adversary, and his friends sailed for the States. I have never seen them since, or even heard of them, save a few short lines sent me by a vessel they spoke at sea, to inform me that the wounded man was doing well.—*Monthly Magazine*.

THE COMET OF BIELA, OR COMET OF 1832.—This comet was discovered on the 27th February, 1832, by M. Biela, at Josephstadt, in Bohemia, appearing as a small round nebulosity; it was seen by M. Gambart, at Marseilles, 9th March following, and afterwards observed at most of the European observatories. It continued visible till the beginning of May. On determining the elements of this comet, it was soon found that these had a great resemblance to comets which had appeared in the years 1772 and 1806; a closer investigation proved the identity of the three. An anomaly, however, appeared in the period of revolution, which, in one of its returns, was completed in 2460 days, and in the other 2469 days. This inequality was found to be owing to the action of the planet Jupiter, near which the comet had passed in the years 1782, 1794, and 1807. Allowing for these perturbations, and a similar influence in May, 1831, the following are the elements, as calculated by M. Damoiseau.—Passage of the perihelion, 1832, November, 27.4808, Paris. Meantime, reckoning from midnight:

Longitude of the perihelion	109 56' 45"
Longitude of the ascending node	248 12 24
Inclination	13 13 13
Eccentricity	0.7517481
Semi axis major	3.53683

The comet will be nearest to the earth on the 22d of October when its distance will be only fifty millions of miles. This is the comet concerning which so many forebodings were entertained on the continent; many individuals firmly believing that, in the year 1832, it would come in contact with the earth, and prove its destruction. The alarm appears to have originated in the French capital which seems especially accessible to these terrific apprehensions. In the year 1773 the celebrated La Lande wrote a memoir on cometary influence, which was intended to be read by him at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences. The memoir however was not read, but its subject was whispered abroad, and at length it was asserted, that a comet had been announced "que dans un an, dans un mois, dans huit jours" would occasion the destruction of the world. The popular tumult at length increased to such a degree that the Lieutenant of police requested Mr La Lande to re-establish the public tranquility by explaining the nature of the memoir. The terrors of the Parisians were not, however, allayed till the memoir itself was published.—*Time's Telescope* for 1832.

Eclipse in 1832.—In the next year there will

be but two eclipses, both of the sun. The first will take place on Feb. 1, and will be invisible at Greenwich; the second takes place on July 17, visible at Greenwich, begins 2 hours 31.4 min. p. m., ends 2 hours 28.1.2 min. digits eclipsed one-fifth. On the 5th of May the planet Mercury will appear, like a black spot, to move over the sun's disc.

FROM THE BOUQUET FOR 1832.

THE SEA-FIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

PROUDLY the tall ship beats aside the spray;
And, like a water-spirit, takes away
Mid light and beauty—hear the thrilling shout
By the throng'd multitude peal'd hoarsely out—
A nation's glad farewell of hope and pride!
Away she floats along the yielding tide,
Her canvas spread to woo the favoring gale,
Which sighs and shivers in each bellying sail.
From the tall vessel, hark! a thrilling cry—
"St. George for England! We will 'do or die!'"
Well may she bear her bravely: for she goes,
Powerful and proud to meet her country's foes!
Another—and another!—They have pass'd
In their stern beauty—and each lowering mast,
Like a faint streak on the horizon's verge,
Still marks their progress o'er the ocean-surge.
Now lingering friends forsake the sudden'd strand,
Waving, although unmann'd, the kerchief'd hand,
And beauty, whose young heart has now no home,
Save with the loved one journeying o'er the foam,
Wipes off her tears to gaze once more in vain
For those she may not look upon again!
The slightest heaving of the wind-touch'd wave,
To her sacred spirit seems affection's grave:
And not a whisper of the sportive breeze,
But is a voice of terror from the seas—
Mothers and sisters, a fond heart-bow'd train,
Turn, like the loved one, to their homes again,
And seem with tears to chide the willing wave,
Which bears away their beautiful, their brave!

Hark! to the thunder of the fearful fight—
"St. George for England! Heaven defend the right!"
See, where the smoke in stifling vapours curl'd,
Its death-enshrouding banner has unfurl'd—
Mark, where the shiver'd sails and cordage fly—
Where naked masts tower vainly to the sky,
Or, 'mid the cannon's mingled roar and flash,
Fall in wild ruin with a sudden crash!
Nor fall alone—the fearless and the brave,
Are borne down shrieking to the foaming wave;
Striving in vain the angry surge to breast,
Or buried deep beneath the billow's crest—
While some, grown bold amid their agony,
Cling madly to each ruin floating by,
And make the pang more bitter still to die!
A moment's hope—a thought of life and home—
A fiercer battle with the blinding foam—
A cry for help, re-echoed by the note
Of the loud cannon's death-proclaiming throat—
A long, wild gaze, till the strain'd eyestring crack.
The anguish to feel strength and grasp grow slack—
The shrieks of drowning comrades sinking fast,
The maddening dread of being the **LOST** and **LAST**—
Well may the wretches prostrate in the wave,
Shrink with fierce loathing from so dark a grave;
And rallying all their energies that hour,
Put forth the remnant of their shackled power—
One closely clings, with wild and maddening hope,
To the rent timber, and the sever'd rope;
While some, lost comrade, with despairing eye,
Looks up to Heaven in his dark agony,
As though he felt how vain were all the care
Of man to save, while hope was only there!
Another, frenzied by the giddy spray
Of the rude billows, casting thought away,
Waves his rough hand towards the scene of strife,
And with the shout of battle yields his life!

'Tis past—the combat's din is hush'd and o'er—
The cannon's fearful voice is heard no more—
A joyful cry peals out with set of sun—
"St. George for England! Lo, the fight is won!"

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"LIBERAL NOTIONS."

From the earliest of my recollection, I have always entertained liberal notions of men and things. I have such a thorough and hearty contempt for meanness of spirit, and for people of narrow ideas, that I can scarcely regard them with common patience. My father and mother, and my old scamp of a schoolmaster, endeavored to chain down my aspiring spirit, and to degrade my soul, by instilling into my youthful mind narrow and confined ideas; but I was incapable of receiving them, and I spurned them as a duck, when she shakes her feathers, scatters the water from her back. I do really think that common arithmetic has a tendency to fill the mind with mean and pettifogging notions. There is something so ridiculously contemptible in that silly accuracy of adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, even to the niceness of a single farthing. I never in my life could make a sum in arithmetic precisely right, and what in the name of common sense can a trifling half dozen or so, one way or other, signify? That exceeding accuracy of calculation shows a narrow mind. My old foot of a schoolmaster told me, that if I did not do my sums right, I should never be able to keep a set of books. Contemptible fellow! I did imagine that I was ever going to let myself down to the meanness and sordidness of book-keeping!

Look at those fellows who keep books! What a mean, dull, clod-pated race of mortals they are,—no wit, no fire, no imagination, no spirit, no humour among them. Look at them lumbering up to the city by coach-loads every morning from Islington, Pentonville, Somers' Town, Paddington, Chelsea, Highgate, Hampstead, Camberwell, Peckham, and from ten thousand other places; and then lumbering back again in the evening, so stupefied with book-keeping, that they can hardly tell the difference between beef and pudding. They spend their whole lives among figures, and so they never make a figure in life. But if I was disgusted with common arithmetic, how much greater was my contempt for fractions—bits, pieces, odds and ends, cheese-parings, hair-splittings. People may well call them vulgar fractions. Why, if I was too liberal to care for ten or a dozen, one way or other, was I likely to care two straws for fractions,—for halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths?—Nonsense! I told the man so to his face. "Sir," said I, 'give me leave to tell you, that I shall not chain myself down to your trumpery fractions; I have had plague enough to learn your common rules, and I will not stoop my aspiring spirit to calculate sums less than a farthing. Give me the generosity and nobleness of spirit that is above the meanness of calculation.'

I believe the man was struck for a moment at the grandeur and sublimity of my ideas, for he looked upon me with emotion and astonishment, while a smile of admiration was playing upon his features; but presently, summoning up the whole schoolmaster within him, he replied: "All this is pretty talk—very pretty talk, indeed; but how am I to show my face to your father, if I neglect to teach you what you are sent here to learn. I am absolutely robbing your father."

"Well, Sir," said I, 'rob my father if you like, I am not so narrow-minded as to concern myself about that.'

"The boy is mad," said the fellow. Ah, that is the way I have always found it through life. Whenever any individual at all superior to the common run of mortals dares to act and speak from the generous impulse of a noble nature, forthwith all the low-minded sordid sons of calculation exclaim 'He is mad.' Poor narrow-souled wretches. They have no notion of anything that is free and generous; they are made to draw in harness—to follow a leader—never to act from the impulse of a towering spirit.

A few months after I had left school, my father said to me, "Bob," and I said "Yes Sir." "It does not appear to me, Bob," said my father, "that you are much the better for school." "No, Sir," replied I, 'nor to me neither: I think it a great mercy that I am none the worse. That mean-spirited fellow was always endeavouring to insult into me his own narrow notions, and making such a ridiculous fuss if a sum was not right to a farthing. Oh, Sir, I could not bear such beggerly notions. What is a farthing, more or less, to a gentleman, and a man of liberal ideas?"

My father shook his head, and said, "Now, my dear Bob, let me talk seriously to you. Then I shook my head in return, and said 'Now, my dear father, pray don't'

But my dear Bob, said my father, 'how do you expect to get through the world, without a little prudence and consideration? Why, as to the matter of that, Sir, replied I, 'I may get through the world sooner without prudence than with. But, said my father, it becomes a matter of importance that you should now choose a profession. On that point, I said, I am perfectly indifferent; but whatever profession I adopt, I hope and trust I shall carry into it the liberal ideas of a man of high spirit. What think you of the church? The Church. Why, there are some men of liberal notions in it, but yet they are under some kind of restraint, and it would not suit my liberal notions to undergo an examination by a Bishop's chaplain; those fellows are sometimes apt to ask a variety of impertinent questions, which no man of liberal notions would care to answer. Then the style of dress—very bad—always black,—no, Sir, that would never do. Besides, Sir, there are many pleasant amusements which a clergyman is debarred from, which no man of liberal notions would choose to surrender. No, Sir, the church will not do. The Law? As far as my observation has gone, I have fancied that the law contracts the mind; besides, Sir, law depends so much upon precedents and antiquated notions, and ridiculous out-of-the-way old fashioned acts of parliament, that ought to be buried out of sight and forgotten. Then, you know, there is no getting on at the bar without a great deal of labour and study, and poring over disgusting and wearisome books, which by no means meet the views of a man of liberal notions. Really Sir, with all due respect to you and my grandfather, I must take the liberty to say, that I have no such very high opinions of the wisdom of my ancestors. Old people, Sir, are much addicted to entertain narrow views of things; and law has so much to do with antiquity and by-gone notions, that I must decline it as a profession. Well, Bob, as you please; but you must do something,—what think you of physic? Don't like it, Sir,—can't bear the smell of Drugs. Then to have a gilt Galen's head, or pestle and mortar, over one's door, a transparency in the shop-window, advice gratis to the poor—to be called out of one's bed, or away from one's dinner,—especially if I was dining out, as men of liberal notions are very apt to do,—or to be called out of church, and suddenly woke in the midst of a sermon. To be accountable for all the crutches and caprices of jalap—bah. No, Sir, physic will never do for a man of liberal notions. But, Bob, you positively must do something. Must I, Sir, I am sorry for it; that word *Must* is very annoying to a man of liberal notions. What do you think of keeping shop? Can't you think of it at all, Sir,—bowing behind the counter to whimsical customers, whom I am longing to kick—What's the next article?—Oh, no; shop-keeping will never do for a man of liberal notions.

So I could never make choice of a profession from that day to this. What a pity it is that the state does not make provision for gentlemen of liberal notions; so that they need not be under the galling and degrading necessity of stooping to some trumpery profession or peddling employment to avoid starvation. I am really quite disgusted when I look around upon my old school-fellows, and see some of them riding in carriages, and others established in lucrative professions, who were once not half so well off as myself. They are rich to be sure, but they are not to be envied, for they have exceedingly contracted notions of things. Once they were hearty, generous, high-spirited fellows, ringing loud songs, and drinking deep cups; but now they are as grays as judges; as sordid as Jews, and as starved as old maids. They turn their backs on their old friends, and all their souls are absorbed in making money. Sometimes indeed, when I find my coat