

dropped from Bavar's right hand, and blood was trickling from his arm upon the snow.

"We are satisfied, gentlemen," said Mr Briggs, joyously, as he ran towards Mr Rydal, and shook him warmly by the hand. "Eet us go, Harry," he continued, and leave Mr Bavar with his friends."

"I am not satisfied, if you are," growled the southern lieutenant through his teeth. "Take your place again sir, and Fulton, load that pistol for me."

"Are you mad, Bavar?" said Fulton, in low, firm tones; "you know that you are hurt."

"You wish to drive me mad, do you exclaimed the furious man, grinding his teeth, and glaring upon his friend. "I know that I am hurt, and I wish to pay that new England hoghead back his bullet."

"I wash my hands clear of all that follows," Bavar, said Fulton, firmly. "Gentlemen," he continued, turning to our party, "I take you to witness that I refuse to act in this affair."

Self-will becomes a passion with some men, as well as pride or hatred; and Bavar's self-will and revenge seemed battling for supremacy with each other. He tried to grasp the pistol with the stiffened powerless fingers of his right hand, and then when they refused to close on it, he seized it with his left, and dashed it at the head of Lieutenant Rydal. He stormed, he raved, and imprecated, he threatened, and he defied, but the calmness of Rydal was superior to his anger, and we walked rapidly to our boat in order to embark.

"You will not remain and give me one shot at you, then—only with my left hand, too?" cried Bavar, in fury. Rydal seated himself in the barge, without deigning to reply, and Briggs and I quietly followed his example. "Coward, dog!" shouted the bleeding southern, in wild entreating tones, "only one shot!"

"Stand, there, will you madman," cried Alandro Dias, passionately, as he caught him by the collar; "stand back, I say."

"Stand thou back, hog," cried Bavar, furiously, and he dashed his left hand in Alandro's face.

"Were you fifty times lieutenant," muttered the angry foretoman, as he grappled with the wounded man, "you should pay for this." So saying, he tripped up the heels of the duelist, and, throwing him heavily on the snow, sprang into the barge, which immediately shoved off, and stood towards the frigate.

The public manner in which this quarrel originated forced the parties to a trial by court-martial, and there being a majority of slave-state officers on the jury, Lieutenant Rydal was reprimanded as the originator of the affair, and ordered ashore for three months upon account of the injuries which he had dealt to Lieutenant Bavar. As might have been expected, this sentence so utterly disgusted the youth that he threw up his commission and took to farming. Ay, such is the influence of slavery in the United States, that to express sympathy for a negro is to breathe the direst treason, and ruffians can insult and almost commit murder upon him who dares to claim a common humanity for the man or woman whose skin is scarcely darker than his own. So ended the only duel I ever saw.

## POMPEII.

It is better to see the Royal Museum here before visiting Pompeii, as in that way you get some idea of what the contents and turning of that city were, when first discovered beneath its sepulchral mound of ashes. Everything that was not too hot or too heavy has been transferred hither from the above site and from Herculaneum; and Royal Halls are fitted up like arcades in a bazar, but with ware 200 years old. You turn from noble specimens of the antique in fine arts, to the simple objects of domestic householdry and portraits of domestic life:—"Plato's head" and a group of horses, would have thrown Benvenuto Cellini into raptures. Then the bronzes—what a show! In lamps, bells, tables, ovens—they beat us of the nineteenth century hollow; our portable kitchens and coffee biggins, "Etnas," egg-boilers, are not so original as we fancy, many of our new patents were, it seems, taken out by the Pompeians long ago. But the kitchen department, bake-house, larder, and confectionary, surviving on the frescoed panels, will serve you for a dinner if you have any soul at all. Under that glass-case is a collection of the veritable articles taken from board and shelf in the excavated house—eggs, calcined by the heat, oil in enamelled bottles, spice conserves, and a loaf of bread, black, but unbroken, stamped with the baker's name in one corner. Around are wainscots from the halls and bedrooms of Pompeii, the frescoes having been carefully lifted and transported hither. You may learn the arrangements of a battery or larder in the "old style," or if satirically given, may see what "caricatures" were like some 2,000 years since. The "heroic" is not lacking either. Here is Achilles educated by Chiron, and appearing at Admetus's court. The Trojan shepherd too, on Mount Ida, is here with the three rival claimants, awarding the coveted apple, and receiving in guerdon the ruins of his country. All the figures wear the "pallium," attesting the Greek origin of Pompeii. I did not see the "toga" once. Of the Etruscan vases I am ashamed to speak; nothing less than a volume could do them justice. In the frescoes, the human form is nobly depicted, but the landscapes are confused and faulty in perspective. Our visit to Pompeii was made on a festa day, when free admission is granted to the lower classes; there was no lack of humble picnics on the broken banks,

and gay holiday dresses enlivened the streets of the overwhelmed city. I thought the forum the most interesting spot in the Kingdom of Naples. So many classical objects grouped on a commanding platform would always be admirable; but here are features of sterner interest, reminding one of the forest glade where they have been busy with the axe. Many columns are fallen, many stand; dismantled temples and voiceless theatres are gathered round their forms antique; but much of their colouring and cornice fresh as if of yesterday. After pondering the savage awhile you lift up your eyes and Vesuvius confronts you, looking down on the scene of his havoc like a silent battery over a battle field. He appears harmless now, brilliant colours are on his vast flanks, and the light fleecy clouds are coquetting with his broken summit, but yet he is not to be trusted; that thin blue film that floats away from his crater, tells of a loaded magazine within, and none can say when it may explode. Pompeii is perhaps a mile and a half long; the amphitheatre, an enormous excavation, lies away from the rest of the town; Murat cleared all this part. In the streets the very stones are a speaking record; you tread the identical pavement whose surface is unchanged in seventeen hundred years; the carriage wheel-ruts are in the granite, and the marks made by the iron tire is visible in the rut. Shop fronts are open, but the inmates apparently not yet stirring. Here you enter a palace and admire the frescoes and arabesques on its walls, its courts, fountains, and baths, but where is the host? This next is evidently a hospitable mansion, and your Saxon sympathies are enlisted by the old spelling of the auspicious word "Have," mosaicked on the threshold; but pass the portal and you will inherit no vocal welcome: all is real, but all is dumb, and your own footstep echoed back from the angle of the wall reminds you that you are a stranger and a barbarian, pacing the hearth stone of a departed lord. In the house of Diomedes most is shown; a rich citizen, who could afford to give his daughter a handsome suit of apartments. We went into the cellerage; a long passage at the bottom of a stair where some old discoloured amphora still remain, like ghastly sentinels of buried mirth. Here was probably made the last rush of the unhappy inmates to escape from the devouring element. On a wall near its extremity the outlines of a human figure are visible, and indelible stains made by fire and blood! We were three hours and a half in Pompeii; it was like a walking dream. The fees are not heavy, but are always levied on strangers.

## THE OLD MAN'S PLAIN.

'Tis bleak December, cold and drear,  
The wintry windpipe shrill and high;  
The red deer crouch within their lair,  
And wild birds to the thickets fly.  
The hoar frost silvers hedge and tree,  
Now sparkling in the pale moon ray.  
The world seems growing old to me,  
For I'm a weary, old and grey—  
A weary, weary, old and grey.  
The Christmas chime, in olden time,  
Rang out a joyous peal for me;  
The yule log blazed with mirth and merrime,  
And laughter echoed cheerily.  
But now, alas! how changed the scene,  
How sadly sounds that peal to day;  
The world is not what it hath been,  
And I'm a weary, old and grey.  
A weary, weary old and grey.

I miss the happy faces now,  
That circled once our festive board,  
When pleasure lighted every brow,  
And every touch was friendship's chord;  
While now like harp of shattered string,  
Whose melody hath passed away,  
I droop a soulless, faded thing,  
Forsaken, weary old and grey—  
A weary, weary, old and grey.

But hush! what sounds come stealing o'er,  
Like seraph choir mine aged ear?  
Snares that my soul hath loved of yore,  
When all was mine that made life dear.  
A light gleams o'er me—yes, hear,  
The bells chime forth their olden lay,  
And feel with every gushing tear,  
That I alone am old and grey—  
A weary, weary, old and grey.

## New Works.

### NOTES OF A VOYAGE.

#### MARINE SCENERY.

(From Arthur's Mission to the Mysore.)  
The marine scenery of the tropics exceeded in splendour and variety all my anticipations. During the day the sky formed a superb dome of stainless and polished azure; while lighted from above by its one magnificent lamp, it constituted an object passing beyond the beautiful to the highest order of the sublime. At evening those two features of scenery were displayed in a combination scarcely attainable in any other field of nature. As the sun sank to the ocean, heavy clouds gathered about him, like horrors round a death-bed. But as the soul that is departing in faith makes pain, feebleness, and poverty but the means of more fully displaying its graces; so the setting sun made each cloud a prism whereby to analyze

his golden light and exhibit its variety of hue. The whole hemisphere glowed with indescribable beauty. All around the horizon islets of gold were floating on the bright blue surface of the "ocean hung on high;" while in the west, the assemblage of gorgeous forms and dazzling tints was such as to produce a bewildering ecstasy. The prevailing hues were burnished gold and the pure prismatic red; but all the primitive colours were present, and formed themselves into combinations so lovely and so various, as equally to outstrip the vocabulary and delight the eye: the "pale translucent green" of Bishop Heber was one of the most pleasing; while the blue, now combining with the red, now displaying its own brightest tints, exhibited every variety, from the deep purple of the pansy to the lightest blue of an infant's eye. On the craggy sides of many a mountain cloud were pencilled, with inconceivable effect, every hue that is delicate or brilliant, till the impoverished expression is glad to escape the difficulty of specifying by the aid of Mrs. Hemans' adroit summary, "the rich hues of all glorious things."

#### A SABBATH EVENING.

I particularly remember, and shall never forget, one Sabbath night in those glowing latitudes. On gaining the deck, after our usual evening service, the scene which met our eye was not calculated to dissipate, but to renew, the feelings of devotion. It was one of those nights to be witnessed only on a tropical sea, when the moon and stars seem so bright, so large, so near, as almost to make you think you are looking on other things. Orion was stretching his giant frame across the mid heaven, his "studded belt" seeming newly set with richer gems. From the west Venus shone a long stream of silver light, which danced on the wavelets of the peaceful sea. In the extreme north hovered the Great Bear, at once the memento of past scenes and the ornament of the present. A few degrees above the opposite horizon shone the four bright stars of the Southern Cross. Marshalled under these leaders the celestial host thronged in countless multitude around their peerless queen; and the Milky Way was spread abroad, as the white banner of their peaceful march. That host was sublime from its very numbers, and the impression became overwhelming by the thought that, though the least of them all was a sun, and the nearest at a distance too great to be measured even by the giant hand of modern science, yet all were made, sustained, scrutinized, and ruled by the great Being, whose presence at our lowly devotions had been shedding such sweetness on our souls. We felt it was a time to worship. The temple was not to be sought. One of God's own rearing was encircling us, and "reason's ear" heard, from the spheres suspended in its dome a silvery chime, summoning us to praise and prayer.

#### A STORM, AND ITS LESSON.

I could not help comparing the storm, when at its height, with the anticipations raised in my mind by descriptions of that spectacle. In almost every case you are told of mountain-waves, and that you cannot conceive the terrors of the scene. Now, the fact is, you find no wave anything like a mountain; and most probably, you have carried your conceptions to a pitch by which the reality loses much of its effect. While you remain below, the roaring of the wind and the rush of the sea make the voice of the storm fearfully impressive; and to look at the waves from the narrow cabin windows, you are obliged to assign their height by imagination, for you cannot by the eye. It is here, where you feel the shock, and listen to the roar of the tempest, without being able to watch its movements, that the impression is most appalling. The ship pitches, writhes, and trembles beneath you, every joint in her giant frame groaning doleful complaints against the violence with which she is assailed. The howling of the wind, the rush of the seas making a highway of the deck, the moaning of the ship, sound like the shock of the onset, the struggle of contending feet, and the cries of the wounded.

On deck the scene is truly grand. The sky is black, rugged, and shifting; the wind terrible, with its alternate gust, "seugh," and lull; the sea heaped up into a ridge of low hills on either side. The ship lies wriggling in the dale like a winter tree, the masts stripped of their clothing, the storm-staysail being the only stitch of canvas set. A billow is rushing forward, with its white crest shaking like a lion's mane. Nearing the bow, it looks so lofty, that she must be overwhelmed, but with mingled delight and apprehension; you see her rear herself upon its base; then rapidly mounting, till the summit is gained, she dashes forward, as if rejoicing in her escape. At that moment a cross sea strike on the weather-bow with a dull sound, like the stroke of a battering ram; the noble bark shudders like a child in a thunder-clap; and while you are quivering by sympathy, a fierce surge careers along the deck, making your firmest grasp needful to prevent being borne away. When you emerge, the ship is reeling on the top of another wave, as if to shake off the moisture of her last immersion; and just as this passes from under her, it strikes fiercely on the counter, in seeming anger at being foiled in its assault. While staggered from the effect of this afterblow, a broken sea, like an ambush attacking in flank, dashes suddenly upon the weather-beam. Instantly the topmasts seem nearly touching the water; the firm hold of rope or bulwark can scarcely save you from sliding down the almost vertical deck; it seems impossible the ship can wriggle. Volumes of water rushing over you confirm the impression that the moment of danger is come

but a counter swing restores you to your footing, and shows the bow plunging bravely into another billow.

The whole scene is sufficiently awful; and if one but give way to fear or fancy, it must be easy enough to make the waves mountains, the gusts artillery, and to crowd the picture with gigantic forms of horror. The lesson of a storm is one of humility. Each cloud may be the engine of destruction; you cannot bid it burst elsewhere. Each blast may bring the additional strength necessary to crush you; you cannot divert its course. Each sea may capsize or overwhelm your ark; you cannot lighten its stroke by a single drop. Surrounded by agents all potent to destroy, there is not one on which your skill can work the least amelioration. The sky, the wind, the wave, are eloquently with the announcement—"God is all-in-all." You can do nought but meekly crave his compassion, or mutely await his will. And when the danger is past, man has had no hand in averting it. It came upon you, pressed you on every side, brought you to your "wit's end," showed human help to be vanity, and then disappeared. You are safe again; that safety is sealed with the hand of God, and attests itself its own gift. You see his agency through no obstructive instrument; you have been dealing directly with your Maker. Therefore "being glad, because they are quiet, they praise the Lord for his goodness."

## SPEECH OF LOT DOODLITTLE.

Member of the Legislature from New Jerusalem, Huckleberry county, Vermont, on the Bill for the protection of Hen Roosts.

Mostur Speaker.—I've sot here in my seat, and heered the opponents of this great national measure argy and expectorat agin it, till I'm purty nigh busted with indignant commotions of my lacerated sensibilities. Mr Speaker, are it possible that men are so in-fatuated as to vote agin this bill? Mr Speaker I blush to say that it am. Mr Speaker, allow me to pictur to your excited and denuded imagination, some of the heart rending evils that arise from the want of protection to Hen Roosts in my vicinity, among my constituents. Mr Speaker, we will suppose it to be an awful and melancholy hour of midnight—all natur am hushed in repose—the solemn wind softly moans through the waving branches of the trees and naught is heered to break the solemnly stillness save an occasional grunt from the Hog pen! I will now carry you in imagination to that devoted Hen House. Behold its peaceful and happy inmates gently declining in balmy slumbers on their elevated and majestic roosts! Look at the aged and venerable and highly respected Rooster as he keeps his silent vigils with patience and unmitigated watchfulness over those innocent, helpless and virtuous Hens and pullers! Just let your eye glance around and behold that dignified and matronly Hen, who watches with tender solicitude and paternal congratulations over those little juvenile Chicks, who crowd around their respected progenitor, and nestle under her circumambient wings. Now look, Mr Spake, am there to be found a wretch so lost and abandoned as will enter that peaceful and happy abode, and tear those interesting and innocent little biddies from their agonized and heart broken parents? Mr Speaker, I answer in thunder tones, there am! Are there anything so mean and sneaking as such a robber? No, there are not! You may search the wide universe, from the natives who repose in solitary grandeur and superlative majesty under the shade of the tall cedars which grow upon the tops of the Himmalah mountains in the valley of Josephat, down to the degraded and barbarous savages who repose in obscurity in their miserable wigwags on the rock of Gibraltar in the Gulf of Mexico, and then you will be as much puzzled to find anything so mean, as you would be to see the arth revolve round the sun twice in 24 hours without the aid of a telescope.

Mr. Speaker, I feel that I have said enough on this subject to convince the most obdurate member of the unapproachable necessity of a law which shall forever and everlastingly put a stop to these fowl proceedings; and I propose that every convicted offender shall suffer the penalty of the law as follows:

For the first offence he shall be obliged to suck twelve rotten eggs with no salt on 'em.

For the second offence, he shall be obliged to set twenty rotten eggs until he hatches 'em.

Mr. Speaker, all I want is for every member to act on this subject according to his consciences. Let him do this and he will be remembered for everlastingly by a grateful posterity. Mr. Speaker, I've done. Where's my hat?

The eloquent gentleman, according to the Boston Post's report, he donned his sealskin cap and sat down, apparently much exhausted.

## POLISH HONEY.

Poland is perhaps the greatest honey-producing country in Europe. In the provinces Podolia, Ukraine, Volhyla, in particular, the cultivation of the honey-bee has long formed an object of national importance; and in these, bee-gardens are not only very numerous and extensive, but they are also common in other parts of the kingdom. There are cottages in Poland, with very small portions of land attached to them, on which are to be seen as many as fifty hives; while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from one hundred to ten thousand hives. There are some farmers who collect annually more than two hundred