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LITERATURE.

THE DUEL.

TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH.

In the year 1805, when the peace of Tilsit put a stop to the conquests of Napoleon in Germany, the King of Prussia, exhausted by his astonishing efforts to maintain the war against France, reduced his army to the peace establishment. Consequently many officers who were stationed at Hamburg, received furlough or were dismissed from the service for a time; and a life of military danger and activity gave place to habits of idleness and dissipation.

In the early part of the summer several of these officers, having dined together, and sacrificed rather freely at the shrine of the folly god, adjourned towards evening to the Exchange Coffee House, the most noted hotel in the city. They entered singing and shouting in a most tumultuous manner, setting at defiance the rules of propriety and decorum. The youngest of the joyous band, the Baron de V—, who bore the commission of a lieutenant in the army, was about twenty-five years of age, wealthy, handsome, and elegantly formed. But his mind did not correspond with his person; he was vain, insolent, self-conceited and presuming,—when they entered the public room, they observed an individual of small stature, in a dark suit, seated alone at a table; he held in his hand journals of the day, while his right supported a pipe. He paid but little attention to the entrance of this formidable host of blackguards, scarcely deigning to raise his eyes from the paper he was reading. The young Baron, doubtless offended at an appearance of indifference, which he thought bordered on contempt, approached the man in black, and familiarly slapping him on the back said, with a smile of bitter irony, 'Ah! my friend, good evening. From your appearance, I should take you to be a school-master, or, perhaps, a tailor—am I right?—Where is your goose?'

The citizen raised his eyes, and fixed them for a moment on the countenance of his interrogator, and then resumed the perusal of the journal.

'God forgive me my sins,' continued the Baron, 'he will not answer me.—Come my little fellow, we must be more sociable. Ah! I perceive the reason of your silence; that pipe incommodes you. As I must hear the sound of your voice, allow me to relieve you.' So saying, he snatched the pipe from the hand of the stranger, and dashed it to pieces on the floor; a piece of wit which his companions applauded with shouts of laughter.

Without laying down the Journal, the insulted individual turned towards the entrance of the inner room, and coolly said: 'Waiter, another pipe.'

'Well done!' resumed the young impertinent, 'I have gained something, however. I made him open his mouth.'

The pipe was brought, filled and lighted, and the citizen continued to peruse the journal, as if nothing had happened.

'My little man,' said the Baron, 'where do you belong? In what village do you exercise your talents? What! No answer! Have you resolved to enter into no conversation with me?'

Here the insulted person again raised his head, and looked the officer full in the face, at the same time puffing out an immense volume of smoke; he then deliberately resumed his former occupation.

'Perhaps I was mistaken in your character,' interrupted the Baron, 'you may be the quidnunc of a village and perhaps endeavouring to commit to memory the news which that paper contains, to impart it correctly to your friends and neighbors. But you smoke like a Swiss. That pipe causes you great inconvenience.' It was a second time broken.

Without evincing by a gesture or any other visible sign of countenance, the least appearance of anger, the man in black coolly repeated the first demand.—'Waiter, another pipe.'

'What a melodious voice!' resumed the Baron. 'Such patience must be the attribute of an angel or a devil. I would give you a thousand florins to see you in a passion. It would be delicious sport!'

An old Major, whose embroidered coat was decorated with Military orders, and on whose German Physiognomy was depicted frankness, true courage and loyalty, who entered the Coffee House with these hair-brained youths, now addressed the Baron in a low voice, but which notwithstanding could be heard in all parts of the room.—'My young friend, you are insulting a stranger without provocation—you are foolishly guilty of a great impertinence and your conduct, and that of your applauding comrades, begins to disgust me. I beg you will pursue this foolish joke no farther.'

The Baron with his companions accom-

panyingly adjourned to a neighboring room, and commenced playing at cards. To judge from their numerous jokes, followed by loud peals of laughter, it would seem that the young officer's folly and impudence were already forgotten. An hour passed away, all was mirth and jollity, the Baron had gained a considerable sum, and his spirits were proportionately buoyant, when the little black man entered the room, and slowly approaching his chair, tapped him gently on the shoulder and requested to speak with him in another apartment. The Baron regarded him with a look of disdain over his shoulder, uttered an ill-timed jest, and laughed in his face.

'Sir,' said the man in black, in a decided and manly tone, 'you glabor under a trifling mistake, which I must be at some pains to correct. I am neither a tailor nor a schoolmaster. I have the honor to be a Post Captain in the English navy, very much at your service. You have insulted me, and I demand satisfaction.—To-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, I shall await you here. Bring pistols with you.'

The astonished Baron, who during this address had risen from his chair, changed countenance more than once, and then answered only by a bow of acquiescence; he dared not trust himself to speak, lest his tongue should betray his terror. The Captain politely saluted the rest of the company, and left the house.

With him departed all the gaiety of the lieutenant. He became thoughtful and taciturn; his mind wandered from the game and he soon lost more than he had gained. He was unnerved with terror, while reflecting on the consequences of his folly. What an advantage must an adversary possess over him, who could bear with so much calmness a series of degrading insults; and who could propose a duel with such imperturbable sang froid! Such an antagonist must be singularly endowed with courage and skill! Such were the ideas which continually passed through his mind.

When the company separated, they all agreed to meet at the same place at the appointed hour. But it is not to be supposed that all slept equally well during the night.—When they assembled next morning at the Coffee House, they found the Englishman before them at the rendezvous; but he was now dressed in a splendid suit of the naval uniform of his nation. He was attended by a valet, who carried a case under his arm.

He requested the officers to accept of some refreshment; and they entered into conversation, when the Englishman gave indications of possessing a cultivated mind, and a knowledge of the forms of society and good breeding.

At about eight o'clock, he arose from his chair, and begged the Prussian officer to select the spot where their quarrel must be decided, adding, that he was a stranger in the city, and that all places were alike to him. The Baron named the open pastures, lying between Hamburg and Altona.

When they arrived on the ground the Englishman asked the Prussian what distance he would prefer; he answered 'fifteen paces.'

'The distance is too great,' resumed the Englishman; 'you will miss me. Call it ten if you please.' And his proposition was accepted.

The Major now made the observation that the Captain had no second; 'That is of little consequence,' said the Englishman, 'if I fall, my valet has my orders.' The Major represented that such a proceeding was contrary to the usage in affairs of this kind, and that if such a formality was neglected, the duel could not take place—but he politely offered to assist in that capacity.

When the ground was marked out and each of the principals had taken his station, the Captain asked his antagonist significantly, if he had good pistols—for said he, 'I have a pair which I often use, and which never miss their man. I will give you a proof of their excellence.'

He then called his servant and ordered him to throw something into the air.—The man took a handkerchief from his pocket.—'That is too large,' said the Captain, 'find something.' He took from his pocket a dried prune; 'That will do,' exclaimed his master. The fruit was thrown into the air, the pistol was fired, and the prune was shattered into a thousand pieces. At this extraordinary proof of address, the spectators were struck with astonishment. As to the poor Lieutenant he was more dead than alive.

The captain now resumed his station and requested his antagonist to fire; but the Major interposed stating that it was contrary to the custom of their country; that the offended party had an undoubted right to make the first essay and after his fire was returned, the rest should be decided by chance.

'My friend,' replied the captain, 'if I should suffer myself to be influenced by your opinion, this young gentleman would never have another opportunity to test the quality of his pistols. I must have my own way in this particular; and after I have settled the affair with this gentleman, each of his companions who amused themselves at my expense last evening, and who instead of restraining the impertinence of their friend, laughed at his ridiculous follies, must one after another front the muzzle of my pistol. Now, sir, I am ready.—Take good aim—for if you miss me, you are a dead man.'

The lieutenant presented his weapon, drew the trigger, and the ball passed through the Englishman's hat.

'Now, sir, it is my turn,' said the captain. 'I was last evening a butt of your ralleries, and your sarcasms. Without provocation you insulted me; and covered me with humiliations. I was a school-master; a tailor; a village babbler.—What am I now? A man! And what are you? A miserable wretch; a poltroon, trembling with fear. That death which in a few minutes you will receive from my hand, already surrounds you with shaddows. The grim tyrant's icy hand is already extended over you—your lips are livid, your eyes are glazed, and visage is as pale as the winding sheet, which in a few hours will envelope your body. Your feeble limbs can hardly support you; for insolence and cowardice go hand in hand together. But before my bullet pierces your heart, tell me, have you any arrangements to make? Have you a last adieu to send to a father, a mother, a sister, or any other person who is dear to you? I have here the materials necessary for writing; and willingly grant you time to make any arrangements which you think necessary.'

The young man muttered something, of which an humble 'I thank you,' was all that was intelligible.

'In that case,' said the Englishman, 'since reconciliation between us is absolutely impossible, and it is necessary that your blood should wash out the affronts which I have received, I beg you to implore, by a fervent, but brief mental prayer, the mercy of the Eternal Power.'

Then taking off his hat he looked round upon the mute terrified spectators of this closing scene, who by a spontaneous impulse, uncovered themselves likewise.—For a minute there reigned among the group a religious and solemn silence, which was interrupted only by the hard breathings of the suffering lieutenant.

At length seizing his pistol, and pointing it towards the lieutenant, he kept him for a minute in a state of the most horrible suspense; then suddenly raising his weapon, he turned towards his valet who stood near him, and handed him the pistol, 'Take it,' said he, 'This officer is not worthy the honor of dying by the hand of an Englishman.'

The next day the Baron, de V—, quitted that part of the country, and never resumed his station in his regiment.

THE SCOLDING WIFE.

Ux pen trembles in our hand, says the editor of the Empire City, as we write "Scolding Wife," for of all the torments on the face of the earth this demon is surely the greatest. Her horrible temper has driven her husband long since to the tavern, where, notwithstanding the terrible penalty he will have to pay for the associations, he meets, at least, with smiles and jovial companions.

A man could lie down in the swamps of Louisiana with a mosquito sticking at every pore of his skin, and bear it with more equanimity than the everlasting clack of a scolding woman's tongue.

What should be her pleasure—the care of the household—she makes a misery to herself and all around her—and particularly to her poor husband, who has to listen—if he expects peace and quietness—when he comes home to a meal, to a recital of all the "details of trouble" she has with her servants—how Billy drops a little oil on the landing which she knows will never come out, and how little Eliza, being left to take care of herself, whilst she was looking after the servant, threw her spoils of cotton into the fire, and lost every needle she had in the world. The husband anxious to mollify the irritation, says—'Never mind, my dear, let us have dinner; I will bring you plenty of spoons of cotton and needles when I come home this evening.'

'There, that is just like you; I declare, Mr. B., it is no use of my slaving and working, and saving, to make both ends meet, with your extravagant ways. Heaven knows your income is not so large that you can purchase spoons and needles when mischievous children chose to destroy them—but it is just like you! What do you care about your poor wife working

her fingers' ends off to make you comfortable?—not a bit, as long as your shirt buttons are attended to, and your stockings mended—that's all our poor women are worth.'

'But my dear,—
'Don't dear me sir; I'm not to be smoothed down by your fine words, for while I am about it, I will have my say. Do you see that, Mr. B.? Oh you do; it's a bit of cigar, it is. Well, I'm sure, and so in spite of all I have said, you go to smoking in the bed-room after breakfast. Upon my word, what will you do next! As tho' I hadn't worry and vexation enough with servants, with their nasty habits, but you must add to them.'

'D—n it, madam, am I to have my dinner?'

'There, that's right, begin and swear, it is so manly—to an unprotected female.'

'Soup, madam.'

'That's right; go on, go on.'

'No, madam, I will go off.'

A very straight coat-tail is seen dashing down the street, and in a few minutes an anxious but quiet looking gentleman is ordering a mutton chop at Parker's and drinking an uncommonly large glass of brandy and water. Meantime, the devoted wife is amusing herself with the hysterics, the only bad feature of which is, that she recovers.

JUDGE NOT.
Judge not!—though clouds of seeming guilt may dim thy brother's fame.
For fate may throw suspicion's shade upon the brightest name;
Thou canst not tell what hidden chain of circumstances may have wrought the sad results that take an honest name away
Judge not!

Judge not!—the vilest criminal may rightfully demand
A chance to clear himself before a jury of his land;
And surely one who ne'er was known to break his pledged word,
Should not be hastily condemned to obliquy unheard.
Judge not!

Judge not!—thou canst not tell how soon the look of bitter scorn,
May rest on thee, though pure thy heart as dew drops in the morn.
Thou dost not know what freak of fate may place upon thy brow
A cloud of shame to kill the joy that rests upon it now.
Judge not!

Judge not!—but rather in thy heart let gentle pity dwell;
Man's judgments err, but there is one who doeth all things well.
Ever, throughout the voyage of life, this precept keep in view—
'Do unto others as thou wouldst that they should do to you.'
Judge not!

Judge not!—for one unjust reproach on honest heart can feel!
As keenly as the deadly stab made by the pointed steel,
The worm may kill the sturdy oak (though slowly it may die)
As surely as the lightning stroke swift rushing from the sky.
Judge not!

THE CHILD'S SOLILOQUY.

Wish my mamma would please keep me warm. My little bare legs are very cold with these lace ruffles; they are not half so nice as black Jim's woolen stockings. Wish I had a pair of warm rubbers; wish I had a long-sleeved apron, for my bare neck and arms; wish I might push my curls out of my eyes, or have them cut off. Wish that my dress would stay upon my shoulders, and that it was not too nice for me to get on the floor to play nine pins. Wish my mamma would go to walk with me sometimes instead of Betty. Wish she would let me lay my cheek to hers, if I would not tumble up her curls or her collar. Wish she would not promise me something "very nice," and then forget all about it. Wish she would answer my questions, and not always say "don't bore me Freddy." Wish when we go out to the country, she would not tell me that all the pretty flowers will "poison me," wish I could tumble on the hay, and go into the barn to see how Debbin eats his supper. Wish I was one of those faisy little pigs. Wish I could make pretty dirt pies. Wish there was not a bit of lace, or satin, or silk in the world.

Wish I knew what makes mamma look so smilingly at aunt Emma's children (who comes here in their papa's carriage) and so cross at my poor cousins, whose mother works so hard and cries so much? Wish I knew what makes the clouds stay up in the sky, and where the stars go in the day-time. Wish I could go over on that high hill, where the bright sun is going down, and just touch it with my finger. Wish I didn't keep thinking about things that puzzle me, when no body will stop to tell me the reason for anything. If I ask Betty, she says,

'Don't be a fool, Master Freddy.' I wonder if I am a fool? If Betty knows much herself? I wonder why mamma don't love her little boy? I wonder when I am grown a man, if I shall have to look so nice all the time, and be so tired of doing nothing.—Fanny Fern.

PRINTING PRESSES, PULPITS AND FETTERLOCKS.

THERE are three great levers that govern the world. Without them the bottom would fall out, and society would be chaos again. The press makes people patriotic, the pulpit religious, but woman sway all things. There would be no going to church if there were no girls there, neither would there be any going to war were the soldiers to meet with no applause but from the masculines. Without the sunshine shed by women the rosebud of affection would never grow, nor the flowers of eloquence terminate. In short, she is the steam engine of life, the great motive power of love, valour, and civilization. In proof of this truth all history speaks trumpet-tongued.

ABERNETHY AND THE IRISHMAN.

It was on the first going through the wards after a visit to Bath, passing up between the rows of beds with an immense crowd of pupils after him—the apparition of a poor Irishman with the scantiest shirt I ever saw, jumping out of bed, and literally throwing himself on his knees at Abernethy's feet presented himself. For moments, every body was bewildered but the poor fellow, with all his country's eloquence, poured out such a torrent of thanks, prayers and blessings, and made such pantomimic displays of his leg, that we were not long left in doubt.

'That's the leg, yer honor! Glory be to God! Yer honor's the boy to do it! May the heavens be your bed! Long life to your honor! To the Devil with the spalpeens that said your honor would cut it off!' &c. The man had come into hospital about three months before, with a diseased ankle, and it had been at once condemned to amputation. Something, however induced Abernethy to try what rest and constitutional treatment would do for it, and with the happiest result.—With some difficulty the patient was got into bed, and Abernethy took the opportunity of giving us a clinical lecture about diseases and their constitutional treatment. And now commenced the fun. Every sentence Abernethy uttered, Pat confirmed. True, yer honor, darra lie in it.

His honor's the grate dooliter entirely! Which at the slightest allusion to his case off went the clothes, and up went the leg, as if he were taking aim at the ceiling with it. 'That's it, by gorra! and a bitter leg than the villain's that wanted to cut it off.' This was soon after I went to London; and I was much struck with Abernethy's manner; in the midst of the laughter stooping down to the patient, he said with much earnestness; I am glad your leg is doing well but never kneel except to your Maker.'

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

ONE of the earlier founders of the cotton trade in England purchased an estate in a neighbouring country from a peer, for several hundred thousand pounds. The house with its furniture was to remain precisely as it stood. When the purchaser took possession, he missed a small cabinet from the hall, worth some three or four pounds. He applied to the late owner about it. 'Well,' said the noble lord, 'I certainly did order it to be removed. It is an old family cabinet worth more from its associations than anything else. I hardly thought you would have cared about so trifling a matter in a large purchase.'

'My lord,' was the characteristic answer, 'if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and erous me for saying so, perhaps, if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had to sell it.'

When you hear a speaker using long-winded words, and four-story hisulatin generally, make up your mind that nature forgot to put any brains under his hat. Sleep words are generally piled up to cover the lack of sense in him who utters them. Short, sharp crisp words, and good sense, go in the same company, as naturally as girls, nonsense, beaux, and another new bonnet.

If a small boy is a lad, will two small boys make a ladder?

The man who was driven to destruction has had to walk back.
Did you ever know a person to believe you when you explained how you got a black eye?