

POETRY.

The following is probably the most perfect specimen of Alliteration extant. Whoever has at any time attempted to indite an acrostic, is aware of the embarrassment of being confined to particular initial letters.—Here the whole Alphabet is fathomed, and each word in each line claims its own proper initial. It is worthy the indefatigable perseverance of another Dean Swift.

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,  
Sally by battery besieged Belgrade;  
Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
Dreading destruction's devastating doom:  
Every endeavour, engineers essay,  
For flame, for fortune,—fighting furious fray:—  
Generals against generals grapple—gracious good!

How honours Heaven, heroic hardihood!  
Intimate, indiscriminate in ill,  
Kinmen kill kinsmen,—kinsmen kindred kill!  
Labour low levels lowest, longest lines—  
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines!

Now noisy noxious numbers, notice nought  
Of outward obstacles opposing ought;  
Po' patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,  
Quit quaking, quickly quarter, quarter quest.  
Russo returns, religious right redounds,  
Sawarrow stops such sanguinary sounds,  
Treach to the Turkey—triumph to thy train!  
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraines!  
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain;  
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were

Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?  
Yield ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!  
Zenos, Zarpater's Zoroaster's zeal,  
And all attracting—arms against appeal."

VARIETIES.

**THE DUEL.**—In the year 1805, when the peace of Filsut 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 Prussian Officers, who were stationed at Hamburg, received furloughs, or were dismissed from 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 September, several of these officers having dined together, and sacrificed rather freely at the shrine of the jolly God, adjourned towards evening to the exchange Coffee House, the most noted hotel in the city. They entered singing and shouting in the 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, impatient, self-willed, and presuming. When they entered the public room in this house, in a manner, they observed an individual of small stature, clothed in black, seated alone at a table, he held in his left hand the Journal of the day, whilst his right supported a pipe. He paid but little attention to his formidable host of blasphemers, scarcely deigning to raise his eyes from the paper which 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 stepping upon the back, said with a smile, "Gentleman, pray—An't my friend a good evening. From your appearance I should take you to be a schoolmaster—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 sensible. 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 man in black calmly turned towards the entrance of the inner room, and coolly said, "Water, another pipe."

"Well done!" resumed the young impudent, "I have gained something now—ever."

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 putting out an immense volume of smoke; he then deliberately resumed his former occupation.

"Perhaps I was mistaken in your character," continued the baron; "you may be the *quidnunc* of a village, and perhaps, are endeavouring to commit to memory the news which that Journal contains, to impart it correctly to your friends and neighbours. But you smoke like a Swiss. That cursed pipe causes you great inconvenience? It was a second time broken. Without evincing by a gesture, or any visible change of countenance, or the least appearance of anger, the man in black coolly repeated his first demand, "Water, another pipe."

"What a melodious voice," resumed the baron, "Such patience must be the attribute of an angel or devil. I would give 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 longer."

The baron, with his companions, accordingly adjourned to a neighbouring 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 proportionably buoyant, when the little man in black entered the room and slowly approaching his chair, struck him gently on the shoulder, and requested to speak with him in another apartment. The lieutenant 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 labour under a trifling mistake, which I must be at some pains to correct. I am neither a tailor nor a schoolmaster. I have the honour to be a Post Captain, in the English navy, very much at your service. You have grossly insulted me, and I demand satisfaction; if you refuse it, I shall find means to obtain it. To-morrow morning at six o'clock I shall await you here. Bring pistols with you."

The astonished lieutenant, who during this address had risen from his chair, changed countenance more than once, and answered only by a bow of acquiescence; he doubtless dared not to 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 surely be singularly endowed with courage and skill!—Such were the ideas that 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 the company 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 highly 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 appoint 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 officer what distance he would prefer; he answered, fifteen paces. "That 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 fail, my valet has my orders."—The Major represented that such a proceeding was contrary to the usage of 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 have often used, 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 in the air.—The man took a handkerchief out of his pocket. "That is too large," said the captain, "find something else." He then 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 the 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, 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.—Now sir, I am ready.—A dead man, for if you miss you are a dead man."

The lieutenant presented his weapon; drew his trigger—and the ball passed thro' the Englishman's hat.

It is now my turn said the captain.—I was last evening a butt for your raileries, for your sarcasms: Without provocation you insulted me, covered me with humiliations: I was a schoolmaster; a tailor; a village babler; What am I now? a man? And what are you? a miserable wretch! a poltroon, trembling with fear. The death which in a few minutes you will receive from my hand, already surrounds you with shadows. The great tyrant's icy hand is already extended over you—your lips are livid; your eyes are glazed; and your visage is as pale as the winding sheet, which in a few hours will envelope your limbs. 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? I have you a last adieu to send to a mother, a father, a sister, or any other person who is dear to you? I will willingly grant you time to make any arrangements which you think necessary."

The young man muttered something, of which a humble, "I thank you sir," was all that was intelligible.

In that case," resumed 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 and terrified spectators of this imposing scene, who by a spontaneous impulse, unheeded 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 the weapon, he turned towards his valet, who stood near 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.

CHOLERA IN FRANCE.

Mr. Willis's sixteenth letter, published in the New York Mirror, contains an account of the Cholera in Paris. It is exceedingly interesting. The following are extracts from it:—

The churches are all hung in black; there is a constant succession of funerals; and you cross the streets and handbarrows of the sick hurrying to the hospitals at every turn, in every quarter of the city. It is very hard to realize such things, and it would seem very hard even to treat them seriously. I was at a masquerade ball at the *Theatre des Varietes*, a night or two since, at the celebration of *St. Cyrone*, or half-lent. There were some thousand people, I should think, in fancy dresses, most of them grotesque and satirical, and the ball was kept up till seven in the morning, with all the extravagant gaiety, noise and fun with which the French people manage such matters. There was a *cholera waltz* and a *cholera galopade*, and one man immensely tall, dressed as a personification of the Cholera itself, with skeleton armour bloodshot eyes, and other horrible appurtenances of a walking pestilence. It was the burden of all the jokes and all the cries of the hawkers, and all the conversation; and yet probably nineteen out of twenty of those present lived in the quarters most ravaged by the disease, and many of them had seen it face to face, and knew perfectly its deadly character.

Mr. Willis gives the following account of his visit to the Hotel Dieu, to which he obtained admission through the assistance of a friend who borrowed for him a diploma. He waited outside ten minutes before he was admitted:—

In the whole time that I had been there twelve litters, bearing the sick, had entered the Hotel Dieu. As I exhibited the borrowed diploma, the thirteenth arrived, and with it a young man, whose violent and uncontrolled grief worked so far on the soldier at the door, that he allowed him to pass. I followed the bearers to the ward, interested exceedingly to observe the first treatment and manner of reception. They wound slowly up the stone staircase to the upper story, and entered the female department—a long low room containing nearly a hundred beds, placed in alleys scarce two feet from each other. Nearly all were occupied, and those which were empty my friend told me were vacated by deaths yesterday. They set down the litter by the side of a narrow cot, with coarse but clean sheets, and a *Sac de Charite*, with a white cap and a cross at her girdle, came and took off the canopy. A young woman, of apparently twenty-five, was beneath, absolutely convulsed with agony. Her eyes were started from the sockets, her mouth foamed, and her face was of a frightful livid purple. I never saw so horrible a sight. She had been taken in perfect health only three hours before, but her features appeared to me marked with a year of pain. The first attempt to lift her produced violent vomiting, and I thought she must die instantly. They covered her up in bed,

and leaving the man who came with her hanging over her with a mone of one deprived of his senses, they went to receive others who were entering in the same manner. I inquired of my companion how soon she would be attended to. He said, "possibly in an hour, as the physician was just commencing his rounds." An hour after this, I passed the bed of this poor woman, and she had not yet been visited. Her husband answered my question with a choking voice and a flood of tears.

I passed down the ward, and found nineteen or twenty in the last agonies of death. They lay perfectly still, and seemed benumbed. I felt the limbs of several, and found them quite cold. The stomach only had a little warmth. Now and then half a groan escaped those who seemed the strongest; but, with the exception of the universally open mouth and upturned ghastly eye, there were no signs of much suffering. I found two who must have been dead half an hour undiscovered by the attendants. One of them was an old woman, nearly grey, with a very bad expression of face, who was perfectly cold—lips, limbs body and all. The other was younger, and looked as if she had died in pain. Her eyes appeared as if they had been forced half out of their sockets, and her skin was of the most vivid and deathly purple. The woman in the next bed told me she had died since the *Sac de Charite* had been there. It is horrible to think how these poor creatures suffer in the midst of the provisions that are made professedly for their relief. I asked why a simple prescription of treatment might not be drawn up by the physician, and administered by the numerous medical students who were in Paris, that as few as possible might suffer from delay. "Because," said my companion, "the chief physicians must do every thing personally, to study the complaint." And so, I verily believe, more human lives are sacrificed in waiting for experiments, than ever will be saved from the results. My blood boiled from the beginning to the end of this melancholy visit.

I wandered about alone among the beds till my heart was sick and I could bear it no longer; and then rejoined my friend, who was in the train of one of the physicians, making rounds. One would think that a dying person should be treated with kindness. I never saw a rougher or more heartless manner than that of the celebrated Dr—, at the bedside of these poor creatures, a harsh question, a rude pulling open of the mouth, to look at the tongue, a sentence or two of unexpressed commands to the students on the progress of the disease, and the train passed on. It discouragement and despair are not medicines, I should think the visits of such physicians were of little avail. The wretched sufferers turned away their heads after he had gone, in every instance that I saw, with an expression of visibly increased distress. Several of them refused to answer his questions altogether.

On reaching the bottom of the *Salle St. Monique*, one of the male wards, I heard loud voices and laughter. I had noticed much more groaning and complaining in passing among the men, and the horrible discordance struck me as something infernal. It proceeded from one of the sides to which the patients had been removed who were recovering. The most successful treatment had been found to be punch, very strong, with but little acid, and being permitted to drink as much as they would, they had become perfectly intoxicated. It was a fiendish sight positively. They were sitting up, and reaching from one bed to the other, and with their still pallid cheeks and blue lips, and the hospital dress of white, they looked like so many emaciated ghouls. I turned away from them in horror.

On reaching the lower staircases, my friend proposed to me to look into the *dead room*. We descended to a large dark apartment below the street level, lighted by a lamp fixed to the wall. Sixty or seventy bodies lay on the floor, some of them quite uncovered and some wrapped in mats—could see distinctly enough by the dim light, to judge of their discoloration. They appeared mostly old and emaciated.

P. S.—I began this account of my visit to the Hotel Dieu yesterday. As I am perfectly well this morning, I think the point of non-contagion, in my own case at least, is clear. I breathed the same air with the dying and the diseased for two hours, and felt of nearly a hundred to be satisfied of the curious phenomena of the vital heat.

Is it possible that the world can have used a word five or six thousand years without a meaning?—a word that has been laid as one great foundation stone of the science of morals and politics?—a word for which blood has been shed, poetry has been written, speeches have been uttered, and metaphysics tortured into all imaginable and unimaginable attitudes?—What is right?—Every body knows, but nobody can tell. It is a grand secret—the most wonderful secret in the world; for it is a secret that every body keeps and nobody divulges. The best definition we ever heard of it is, that what's right is right. Attempting to go farther than this we get into Indian philosopher's notions of the elephant and tortoise. The truth is, that in looking after an abstract, eternal principle of right, up like the man who hunted about with a candle and lantern for a mathematical line—a thing all length, and without breadth or thickness; "for," quoth he, "if the whole science of mathematics depends upon lines, will you tell me that there is no such thing to be found as a mathematical line?—The word right is just such another *ignis fatuus* as the word will, leading us a fine dance.

"Over bog and through mire,  
Through bramble, through briar."  
The thing is too close for us to see it distinctly, and it plagues us as the painted fly on the parson's spectacles. So that what we cannot get at by the light of day we go hunting about for with the candle of metaphysics. And what is metaphysical research, after all, but poking about with a farthing rush light in a dark room, to find that there is nothing to be found? We have heard of the right of private judgment—any, to be sure, every body has the right of private judgment, but every body has not the right of publicly expressing or acting upon his private judgment. A man may go to Constantinople, and shut himself up in a quiet apartment, and think that Mahomet was an arch impostor, and that his disciples are a set of noodles to have been galled by him. He may exercise the right of private judgment; but if he makes his judgment public, they of Constantinople will soon make him cry *peccati*. But have the Constantinopolians any right to punish him? It is not right that every body should have the right to say what he will concerning any abstract question? Ay, there's the rub.

What's right is right,—of that there can be no doubt; but the question is, "Is the right a right right?" A hackney coachman has a right to his fare; a lawyer has a right to his fees; a parson has a right to his tithes—"Stop, stop! Do you mean that no power can deprive a parson of his tithes?" I mean no such thing; I only mean that a right is a right as long as it exists, but when the right is taken away, it no longer exists, and no one can have that which is not—"Poh! but you are making no progress in the argument; you are merely asserting truisms."—We have progressed as far as possible. We have not, indeed, made the distinction, which the searcher for metaphysical abstractions desires, between right right and wrong right. That is the desideratum, and will be to the end of time. Old Sarum has a right to send two members to Parliament: is that right?

We wish we could lay our hands on Tooke's Dictionary of Parley; but we cannot, and we must try what recollection will do. Tooke derives right from *rectus* ruled. Now, that ought to end the dispute at once; but it did not in Tooke's quarto, and it will not by our quotation. If a rule be made, conformity to that rule is right. Abstract right is abstract moonshine. Right implies, and cannot exist without a standard. A general standard for all particulars cannot be found, because all those who may search after the general standard are hampered by the prejudices of particulars. Antecedent to law there could be no rights; and only as long as the law exists do those rights exist which are founded upon them. Laws could not, for more accurately speaking, would not be made if there were no power of enforcing obedience; law, therefore is founded on power, and right is founded in law. And all we can say to the contrary notwithstanding, makes aakes right. We have a right to shoot birds, for birds will nothing us for so doing; we have no right to shoot men, for they will hang us for so doing. Had Alexander Selkirk any rights on the island of Juan Fernandez? He had a right to everything; to all the birds that he could catch and no more. He was

"Monarch of all he surveyed,  
His right eye was sore to dispute."  
But suppose five hundred able bodied men with their women and children, habited with on the same island; what would become of his right then? He might have talked metaphysics to them; but if they were hungry they would not have heeded his metaphysics, and would soon make a cake of laws for themselves; and what then would Alexander have done?—he could have been monarch no longer.

On Monday at the CORNER STONE of the New GAIL, about to be erected in this town, was by ELISHA ANDREWS, Esq., High Sheriff of the County, assisted by the Officers and Members of the East of Star Lodge, in presence of a number of Magistrates, Managing Committee, and a large number of Ladies and Gentlemen.—The Throne of Grace was addressed by the Rev. Dr. ALLEY, Rector.—Several Odes, a number of Journals, and a Plate, with the following inscription, were then deposited:—

On the one side:  
HIC DEPOSITUS EST  
Lapis angularis carceris commutatus Charl.  
A. D. MDCCCXXXII.  
ANNO REGNI GUILLIELMI QUARTI,  
DEI GRATIA BRITAN.  
REGIS.  
FIDELI DEFENSORIS TERTIO.  
ARCH'D. CAMPBELL, MILE. BART. G.C.C.E.  
PROVINC. NOBIS BRUNS.  
PREFECTUS.

and on the reverse:  
Committee for Building the Gail:  
E. ANDREWS, Esq. High Sheriff,  
P. SCUDS, Esq. Judge of com. Pleas,  
H. HATCH, Esq. Barrister,  
B. ROBINSON, Esq. Dy Prov. Treasurer.  
Architect,  
D. D. MORRISON.

After the usual ceremonies were performed, an appropriate Address was delivered by J. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq. The Members of the Masonic Fraternity then returned to their Hall, where they were soon joined by the High Sheriff, a number of Magistrates, Managing Committee, and a number of other gentlemen, and partook of refreshment provided by the Contractor. The weather, which had been very dull for some time previous, was uncommonly fine, and every person engaged in this interesting ceremony appeared to be highly gratified.—1b.

LINENS DRILLS &c.  
Just received per Frederick.  
220 P. PIECES LINENS & UNIONS;  
Fine LINEN and UNION  
DRILLS;  
Damask NAPKINS and Table LINENS; Best Linen Threads, Brown Hollands, &c.  
For sale at the lowest prices, by  
P. DUFF & Co.  
Prince William Street, St. John.  
18th June, 1852.