

In 1790, a Captain Maerae fought and killed Sir George Ramsay, for refusing to dismiss a faithful old servant who had insulted Captain Maerae. Sir George urged, that even if the servant were guilty, he had been sufficiently punished by the cruel beating that Captain Maerae had given him. As soon as the servant heard that his master had been killed on his account, he fell into strong convulsions, and died in a few hours. Captain Maerae fled, and was outlawed.

In 1797, Colonel Fitzgerald, a married man, eloped from Windsor with his cousin, the daughter of Lord Kingston. Colonel King, the brother, fought Colonel Fitzgerald in Hyde Park. They fired six shots each without effect; and the powder being exhausted, Colonel King called his opponent "a villain," and they resolved to fight again next day. They were, however, put under an arrest, when Colonel Fitzgerald had the audacity to follow Lord Kingston's family to Ireland, to obtain the object of his seduction from her parents. Colonel King hearing of this, repaired to the inn where Colonel Fitzgerald put up. Colonel Fitzgerald had locked himself in his room, and refused admission to Colonel King, who broke open the door, and running to a case of pistols, seized one, and desired Colonel Fitzgerald to take the other. The parties grappled, and were fighting, when Lord Kingston entered the room; and perceiving, from the position of the parties, that his son must lose his life, instantly shot Fitzgerald dead on the spot.

In 1803, a very singular duel took place in Hyde Park, between a Lieutenant A., of the navy, and a Captain I., of the army. Captain I. had seduced the Lieutenant's sister. Lieutenant A. seemed impressed with a deep sense of melancholy: he insisted that the distance should be only six paces. At this distance they fired, and the shot of Captain I. struck the guard of Lieutenant A.'s pistol, and tore off two fingers of his right hand. The lieutenant deliberately wrapped his handkerchief round the wound, and looking solemnly to heaven, exclaimed, "I have a left hand, which never failed me." They again took their ground. Lieutenant A. looked steadfastly at Captain I., and casting his eyes up to heaven, was heard to utter "forgive me." They fired, and both fell. Captain I. received the ball in his head, and died instantly: the lieutenant was shot through the breast. He inquired if Captain I.'s wound was mortal. Being answered in the affirmative, he thanked heaven that he had lived so long. He then took his mourning ring off his finger, and said to his second, "Give this to my sister, and tell her it is the happiest moment I ever knew." He had scarcely uttered the last word, when a quantity of blood gushed from his wound, and he instantly expired.

These are practices in a *Christian* country.

#### PROMOTIONS.

Promotion is not always the reward of merit; men are frequently advanced to offices of trust and profit, who have no claims whatever to such advancement. The page of history affords numerous illustrations of this. Louis XI. King of France, promoted a poor priest whom he found sleeping in the porch of a church, to a station of dignity, that the proverb might be verified, that to lucky men good fortune will come when they are asleep. James I. King of England, created George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and loaded him with wealth and honours, merely for his personal beauty. M. de Chamillart owed his promotion as Minister of France, to his being the only man who could beat Louis XIV. at billiards. Sir Walter Raleigh was indebted for his elevation to an act of gallantry towards Queen Elizabeth—spreading his cloak for the Queen to walk upon—and Sir Christopher Harton was indebted for his promotion to his dancing.—General Jackson has elevated men to high offices, not because they were specially qualified, but for the reason that they had been zealous in his cause, and were ready to obey his will.

#### THE FEMALE CONVICT SHIP.

BY THOS. HAYNES BAYLEY.

The tide is in, the breeze is fair,  
The vessel under weigh;  
The gallant prow glides swiftly on,  
And throws aside the spray:  
The tranquil ocean, mirror-like,  
Reflects the deep blue skies;  
And, pointing to the destin'd course,  
The straighten'd pennon flies.

Oh! none of those heart-cradled prayers  
That never reach the lip,  
No benedictions wait upon  
The fast-receding ship:  
No tearful eyes are strain'd to watch  
Its progress from the land;  
And there are none to wear the scarf,  
And none to kiss the hand.

Yet women throng that vessel's deck—  
The haggard, and the fair,  
The young in guilt, and the depraved,  
Are intermingled there!  
The girl, who from her mother's arms  
Was early lured away—  
The harden'd hag, whose trade hath been  
To lead the pure astray!

A young and sickly mother kneels  
Apart from all the rest;  
And with a song of home she lulls  
The babe upon her breast.  
She falters—for her tears must flow—  
She cannot end the verse;  
And nought is heard among the crowd  
But laughter, shout, or curse!

'Tis sunset. Hark! the signal gun—  
All from the deck are sent—  
The young, the old, the best, the worst,  
In one dark dungeon pent!  
Their wailings, and their horrid mirth,  
Alike are hush'd in sleep;  
And now the female convict-ship  
In silence ploughs the deep.

But long the lurid tempest-cloud  
Hath brooded o'er the waves;  
And suddenly the winds are roused,  
And leave their secret caves;  
And up aloft the ship is borne,  
And down again as fast;  
And every mighty billow seems  
More dreadful than the last.

Oh! who that loves the pleasure-barque,  
By summer breezes fann'd,  
Shall dare to paint the ocean-storm,  
Terrifically grand?  
When helplessly the vessel drifts,  
Each torn sail closely furl'd;  
When not a man of all the crew  
Knows whether she is hurl'd!

And who shall tell the agony  
Of those confined beneath,  
Who in the darkness dread to die—  
How unprepared for death!  
Who, loathing, to each other cling,  
When every hope hath ceased,  
And beat against their prison-door,  
And sbrick to be released!