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POETRY.

REGARD DUE TO THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS.

There is a plant that in its cell
All trembling seems to stand,
And bends its stalk, and folds its leaves
From each approaching land :—
And thus there is a conscious nerve
Within the human breast,
That from the rash and careless hand
Sinks and retires distressed.
The pressure rude, the touch severe,
Will raise within the mind
A nameless thrill, a secret tear,
A torture undefin'd.
Oh ! you who are by nature form'd
Each thought refin'd to know !
Repress the word, the glance that wakes
That trembling nerve to woe.
And be it still your joy to raise
The trembler from the shade,
To bind the broken, and to heal
The wound you never made.
Where'er you see the feebling mind,
Oh, let this care begin ;
And though the cell be never so low,
Respect the guest within.

LADY HUNTLEY.

THE DUELLIST.

Here read of Cain the curse and crime,
In characters unwin by time.—BYRON.

About ten years since, I passed a few days in the family of a country friend ; some recent events have revived my recollections of this visit, and impressed them with peculiar interest.

My friend is a noble relic of the old-fashioned southern gentry ; there is a free-hearted generosity in all his sentiments, an almost romantic delicacy in all points of honourable feeling. In his youth he was a gallant soldier and distinguished officer ; and though the rustic stains which have gradually obscured the original elegance of his manners, occasional gleams of high polish bespeak the man who's camps and courts had seen.

Thirty years of peaceful retirement on his own estate, and in the bosom of a beloved family, have imperceptibly transformed the high-spirited enthusiastic warrior into the amiable pacific country gentleman. But a strong love of military views and feelings still pervades the character of my old friend ; and notwithstanding the natural sweetness of his temper, and the usual urbanity of his manners, the slightest failure in customary punctilio, makes "the angry spot" glow on his dark, wrinkled brow, and more than once he has converted a trifling offence into the subject of a deadly feud. God in mercy has spared him the accomplishment of murder, how far he has incurred its guilt, His righteous record alone can determine.

Yet he is not without religious notions and feeling, after his own confused fashion. A country life cherishes that sentiment of natural religion, which more or less exist in every human bosom ; and often, when walking forth in the spring of the year, the country all brightening around him, the vernal hum of insects, and gay songs of birds, have created such a solemn gladness within him, that before aware he had reverently lifted his hat from his head, and blessed God. Or, listening to the blustering autumn gale, or a dying evening fire, such a sad seriousness has stolen upon him, that he grew weary of the world, with all its day-light vanities, and deemed them transient and unprofitable as the fading embers before him. But this sentimental devotion is the natural homage of a feeling heart ; my friend goes a step further ; he is the stout opposer of infidelity, and has often told me, with the overflowing complacency of an applauding conscience, that he "thanked God he was no philosopher, he could heartily believe the no philosopher, he could heartily believe the Christian system, with all its difficulties." Accordingly, we find the "big ha'-Bible" holding its decent state upon his parlour table ; and hither, when visited with any uncommon

affliction, he is seen duty repairing for consolation ; this perhaps being the only occasion on which its folded pages are unfolded to the light.

Such was my friend as I remember him some ten years since : amiable, dignified and graceful in all the relations of life, and possessing just so much religion as passes current with the world, without casting a solitary influence upon his own heart and practice. The same lax principles concerning religion pervade his visible character ; an amiable propriety is present in all the arrangements of his family, an anxious solicitude in relation to their moral and intellectual improvement ; religion alone is forgotten—not dispised, but neglected.

His son, a bold and beautiful boy, soon caught the reflection of the leading traits of his character. Gazing on his father's sword, and listening to the history of all its victories, his bosom early swelled with that incipient passion which was to rule his future destiny ; and if sometimes a secret shudder passed over his childish frame, as he marked the dark blue stain of blood upon its glittering blade, it was soon succeeded by a thrill of boyish rapture at the recollection of his father's glory. But it was not only the story of his honest fame, won in his country's battles, that was poured like burning lava upon young Edwin's proud, susceptible mind ; the eager child received with avidity the obscurely hinted relation of *honourable murder*, kindling into a kind of fierce but troubled joy, as all its inflammatory principles were developed before him.

It was a scene that might have drawn tears of mournful anticipation from every benevolent and considerate observer ; the rosy innocence of the happy, careless child, the father's pride and joy, at the very moment that his unconscious lips distilled the fatal passion—and a little further on, in melancholy prospect, the bloody grave of youth, and quickly descending to it, the gray hairs of broken-hearted age.

This sketch of my friend was a necessary prelude to the little history which follows.

Shady Grove was the name which his ancestors gave to the leafy forest beneath whose shelter they reared the roof-tree of their family ; but the woodman's axe has gradually encroached upon its ancient shadows, and narrow strip of woodlands, previous on every side to the sunbeams, is its only remaining relief. Still the name is jealously preserved by the present possessor, who delights in pointing out the mouldering stumps, whose shaggy circumference bespeaks the noble majesty of the vanished forest ; and as he views these blackened remains, contrasting verdant meadows of rustling rice, or sandy fields of blooming cotton, he not unfrequently indulges a strain of pensive moralizing upon decayed greatness, and upstart wealth and honour.

Shady Grove, like most of the country establishments of the south, presents a strange combination of elegance and meanness, wealth and poverty ; reminding us of those descriptions which travellers have given us of Eastern cities, where the lordly shadow of the place falls upon the uncounted howel of the peasant. So it is here ; the lofty dwelling, with its beautiful verandahs, painted balustrades, and universal elegance of arrangement, contrasts strangely with the negro village, which, close at hand, presents its ragged street of ill-constructed cabins.

I arrived at my friend's house late in the fall of 18— . A rich October sunset shed over the scene that pensive, but most exquisite charm which belongs alone to that season of tender luxurious melancholy, when dying nature waxes around her, her loveliest but most evanescent drapery. The sight of my friend in florid old age excited a thousand accordant emotions, and though we had both passed that season of life which is marked by very lively exhibitions of feeling, yet the cordial grasp and listening eye, witnessed to each other the recollected joys and sorrows of other years.

I arrived in a time of holiday sport and relaxation ; the only son, a youth of fourteen,

was enjoying his first vacation at home ; and hence it was every body's business to be happy, from my friend himself, seated in his old arm-chair, contending pleasures, to the noisy negro rabble without, whose merry shouts incessantly proclaimed Master Edwin's return. There is something irresistibly infectious in that happiness which springs from the affections. I soon felt its delightful exhilaration ; indeed my friend in the simplicity of his heart declared, that the very cricket in the hearth chirped his shrill vesper in a merrier note than usual.

A tall, dark-eyed youth was young Edwin's companion ; his father, in sketching to me the strength and tenderness of their mutual affection, strongly reminded me of the beautiful scriptural description of youthful friendship, as "passing the love of woman."

Herbert Owens has been Edwin's play-fellow since he broke away from his nurse ; they have but one heart and one portion, no "mine and thine" comes between them. Herbert is a few years the oldest, and when they go away from me into the world, I shall confidently commit Edwin to his keeping."

Such were the happy anticipations of my sanguine friend, as we watched the two youths sauntering arm in arm along the river, or heard their mingled voices in many shrubs from the echoing woods. Still I have them in my mind's eye as they looked returning from their forenoon's sport, their arms fondly linked together, their sun-burnt faces glowing with heat and each animated countenance reflecting the most cordial affection upon the other ; alas ! that I should ever have beheld so melancholy a reverse of the picture.

My visit was so short, but so full of affectionate happiness, that it casts a cheerful ray over all my recollections of that period. Even now I feel a tender softness at my heart as I recall each gentle trait of lovely, youthful friendship. Surely, I thought, those hands are clasped for the long journey of life ; no unkindness shall sever, no solitary struggle befall them ; kindly they will sustain each other in life, and sweetly soothe in death. I looked upon the grave sweetness of Herbert's countenance, and then upon the radiant happiness of Edwin's, and thought, "Herbert shall guide and restrain Edwin, and Edwin shall cheer and sustain Herbert."

Several years passed before I renewed my acquaintance with these interesting young men ; it was at the close of their collegiate course that they established themselves in—, for the more convenient pursuit of their professional studies.—They called upon me immediately, and Edwin presented a short letter from his father, affectionately commending his son to my attention, "as though," added my amiable friend, "dear Herbert is almost as good a guardian as he can have."

I was astonished to find how completely a few years had transformed their slight, stripling figures into the dignified proportions of manhood ; their boyish softness and arch vivacity, too, were gone, but I traced with pleasure the same cordial kindness between the two friends.

Time went on, and every day seemed tripping the promise of their youth ; Herbert was steadily ascending that steep.

"Where fame's proud temple shines afar," and Edwin, the frank, light-hearted youth, had drawn around him a large circle of affectionate friends. Both promised to add largely to the usefulness and happiness of their generation. And often, as I con-templated their rising virtues, I would say to myself, and sometimes solemnly admonish each of them, "one thing thou lackest." They were too amiable to resent, but they were far too proud to listen to me. Ah, had they inclined their minds to my words, what deep incommunicable wounds had many hearts been spared !

My retired, sober habits, led me into very different scenes and pursuits from those frequented by young men of such high fashion ; yet occasionally they did cross my path, and gradually I traced a painful alteration in them. They were no longer inseparable companions. In my evening walks I often met Herbert,

alone, with downcast eyes and a moody abstraction as countenance ; and when I inquired for Edwin, his brightened colour and embarrassed manner betrayed some lurking evil. Edwin, too, sometimes passed my legit with strange friends, with a flushed countenance, and an eye sparkling with other feelings than those which once lighted its mild, affectionate beam.

At last the painful mystery was solved. A political difference had estranged the two friends. A political quarrel had burst the golden links of affection, and a friendship which had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, was rashly sacrificed in a moment of thoughtless heat.

I was deeply grieved ; I had loved the two lads when first I saw them under their father's roof ; I loved them for their generous attachment ; further acquaintance had increased this sentiment, and now I grieved to see them rashly casting from their a treasure dearer than Plutus's mine, richer than gold. I resolved to visit them, to appeal to their reason, to their affections ;—and I doubted not that their own hearts would second my exertions. I think I have something of the milk of human kindness in my composition—at least, I had kindled into a perfect glow of benevolent feeling in contemplating his anticipated work of charity, when the following communication was suddenly laid before me.

Sir,—Understanding that you feel a particular interest in Mr. Edwin F—, I feel it my duty to apprise you that Mr. Owens and himself, a few minutes since, left town, with an intention of settling their difference in mortal combat. They have chosen the usual ground near the city.

A FRIEND.
I was inexpressibly shocked ; for a moment emotion paralyzed exertion ; but mastering all my fortitude, I hastened, as fast as my trembling limbs could bear me, to the place indicated by my informant. It was a little cluster of bins, whose melancholy shadows had often been believed with tears and blood. I had scarcely gained sight of the group now stationed beneath them, when the report of pistols pealed like thunder over me ; I staggered blindly forward, for my aged eyes were dazzled by that deathful flash. I remember nothing distinctly until I found the mangled body of Edwin encircled in my arms, his fair, lifeless face drooping to the earth like a broken lily. The shock was so sudden, so stupefying, that I neither moved nor spoke, until the calm, though concerned manner of the assistants in the dreadful tragedy, raised my slumbering indignation. "Ye men of blood," I cried, "ye deliberate butchers of rash, thoughtless youth, surely the voice of this blood which ye have shed, will pierce the heavens with its cry."

At that moment I looked up and saw the wretched murderer. Instantly my feelings were diverted into a new channel ; pity mingled with horror as I contemplated his mangled form and woe. I resigned the lifeless corpse and approached him. He stood in the very attitude in which he had done the deed of death, his arm still extended, his hand firmly grasping the handle of a pistol. But his face—oh ! its horrid glare of supreme misery ! each rigid muscle stretched to an agony of tension—his colourless lips, and livid countenance, all wore that nameless horror of expression which belongs to the murderer alone. He looked like Cain when Abel's innocent blood smoked at his feet. Miserable sinner ! when I saw his punishment thus, greater than he could bear ; I forgot his crime in its consequences ; and laying my hand on his arm, I pulled him gently away. He was perfectly passive ; I accompanied him to his lodging, and remained with him all that night, for I dreaded some new horror.

I will not describe his feelings ; it is a subject too awful for the indulgence of scene painting. There are sins which for a time we may roll, as a sweet morsel, under our tongues ; but it is not so with murder. He that violates the sacred sanctuary of human life, feels the instant curse descend upon him ; the deadly canker has fallen upon his heart