

had been attracted to the spot by the rumor of the duel, as well as several merchants and other inhabitants of the place. They one and all remonstrated with Captain Lovett for his folly in consenting to fight with the English military bully, who was represented as a practised duelist—an expert swordsman, and an unrivalled marksman, with a pistol, being sure of his man at twelve paces. Captain Lovett, however, did not show the least inclination to back out—but on the contrary, seemed more eager for the engagement—“I’ll give that quarrelsome fellow a lesson,” said he, “which will be of service to him—and which he will never forget as long as his name is Bigbee.”

The challenger with his forehead ornamented with a large patch to cover the impression left by Lovett’s knuckles, and his swollen eyes dimly twinkling with anger, accompanied by his second, soon made his appearance. He was followed by a servant with a pistol case, and an assortment of swords. He bowed stiffly to Captain Lovett—and Lt. James, approaching the Yankee, asked him if he was willing to fight with swords—as the challenged party had an undoubted right to select his arms.

“Of that privilege I am well aware,” replied Captain Lovett, “and mean to avail myself of it. I shall not fight with swords.”

“I expected as much,” resumed Lt. James, and have brought with me a beautiful pair of duelling pistols. What distance shall I measure off?”

“Eight paces.”

“Only eight paces!” cried Lt. James, “a little surprised. ‘O, very well!’—and he measured it off, and placed his man at his post. Then advancing to Captain Lovett, he presented him with a pistol.”

“I do not fight with pistols!”

“Not fight with pistols—after having refused to fight with swords? What brought you here then?”

“To fight!” shouted Lovett in a thundering voice, which made the officer start. “I am the challenged party, and have a right to choose my weapons, according to the laws of the *duello*, all the world over—and you may rely upon it that I shall not select weapons with which I am not familiar, and with which my antagonist has been practising all his life. Such a proceeding on my part, is not required by the rules of honor, which after all, is a mere chimera, but would be contrary to all the dictates of common sense. No.—I shall fight with the weapons of honorable warfare, with which I have ever been accustomed. Swords and pistols, indeed!”

“But, my dear sir,” cried the astonished Lieutenant, “we must proceed according to rule in this business. What weapons have you fixed upon?”

Captain Lovett said nothing—but beckoned to Mr. Starbuck, who approached him with great alacrity, bearing the two harpoons. He seized one of the formidable weapons, and thrust it into the hands of Bigbee, who seemed absolutely paralyzed with astonishment.

“My weapon,” said he “is the *javelin*—such as the Grecian and Roman knights often fought with in olden times—a weapon which no man who challenges another, can refuse to fight with at the present day, unless he possesses a mean and craven spirit.”

Thus saying he took the station which had been assigned him, at eight paces distant from his startled antagonist. He coolly bared his sinewy arm—grasped the weapon, and placed himself in an attitude. “I’ll bet,” said he, casting a triumphant look upon his friends, “a smoked herring against a sperm whale, that I’ll drive the harpoon through that fellow’s midriff the first throw, and will finish him without the aid of the lance. Mr. Starbuck,” fiercely continued Captain Lovett, in a loud and rough voice, such as is seldom heard, excepting on board a Nantucket whaling vessel, when a shoal of whales is in sight, “Stand by to haul that fellow in!”

The mate grasped the end of the line, while Captain Lovett poised his harpoon with both hand, keenly eyed the Captain, and shouted in a tremendous voice, “now for it,” and drew back his arm as in the act of throwing the fatal iron!

The Englishman was a brave man—which is not always the case with bullies—and he had often marched without flinching, up to the mouth of the cannon. But the harpoon was a weapon with which he was altogether unacquainted—and the loud and exulting tones of the Yankee Captain’s voice sounded like a summons to the grave. And when he saw the stalwart Yankee raise the polished iron—and pause for an instant, as if concentrating all his strength to give the fatal blow, a panic terror seized him—and when his grim opponent shouted, “Now for it,” and shook his deadly spear, the officer forgetting his vows of chivalry—threw his harpoon on the ground, fairly turned his back to his enemy—and fled from the field.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher’s stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man’s mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them.—*Addison*.

THE ROMANCE OF REALITY.

The following account of as romantic an Adventure with robbers, as any novel reader has ever encountered in his readings, which recently occurred in one of the southern counties of the Mississippi, is related in the Jackson (Louisiana) Republican, 27th ult. which journal derived its information from a letter written by a lady residing near the scene of action.

The Sheriff of the county had received, in his official character, a large sum of money—say 15 or \$20,000. Under pretext of a call from home for a day or two, he placed the money in the keeping of his wife, whom he charged to take good care of it.

Late in the evening of the day on which he left home, a stranger of genteel appearance called at the house, and asked permission to remain over night. Disliking to entertain a stranger during her husband’s absence, the wife of the Sheriff denied the request, and the stranger rode on. Directly after his departure, however, the lady came to the conclusion that she had done wrong in refusing, and sent a servant to recall him. The gentleman returned, and soon after retired to rest.

Late in the night three men disguised as negroes came to the house, called up the lady, and demanded possession of the money left in her charge. Believing that there was no help for it, she at length told them that the money was in the other room, and that she would go and get it for them.

It so happened that the money had been deposited in the room occupied by the stranger; and on her going for it, she found him up and loading his pistols. He had been awakened by the noise, and overheard most of the conversation between his hostess and the robbers.

Telling his hostess to be of good heart, he gave her a loaded pistol, and instructed her to go out and present the money to the robbers, and to shoot one of them dead—on doing which he (the stranger) would be ready for the other two.

With a courage and coolness that it is difficult to conceive of in a woman, she did as directed, and the robber who received the money fell dead at her feet. Another second, and the stranger’s bullet felled another robber. The third attempted to escape, but was overtaken at the gate by the stranger, and fell under the thrust of his knife.

As soon as practicable the neighbors were alarmed, and on washing the paint from the faces of the dead robbers, the one killed by the lady proved to be her husband, and the other two a couple of near neighbors.

VOICE OF THE WIND.—Mr. Head, the author of “North American Forest Scenes,” who passed a winter on the shores of Kempenfeldt Bay, an outlet of the Lake Huron, has described, in a very pleasing manner, the various natural appearances and events that give interest to an abode in those frozen regions. “I was,” says he, “occasionally surprised by sounds made by the winds, indescribably awful and grand. Whether the vast sheet of ice was made to vibrate and bellow like the copper, which generates the thunder of the stage, or whether the air rushing through its cracks and fissures produced the noise, I will not pretend to say; still less describe the various intonations that struck upon the ear. A dreary, undulating sound wandered from point to point, perplexing the mind to imagine whence it came or whither it went, whether aerial or subterranean; sometimes like low moanings, and then swelling into deep-toned notes, as if produced by some Æolian instrument; it being in fact and without metaphor, the voice of winds imprisoned in the bosom of the deep. This night I listened for the first time to what was now perfectly new to me, although I experienced its repetition on many subsequent occasions, whenever the temperature fell very suddenly.”

THE VILLAGE GRAVE YARD.—The following beautiful and eloquent extract is from the “Village Grave Yard,” written by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, of Boston:

“I never shun a grave yard. The thoughtful melancholy which it impresses is grateful rather than disagreeable to me. It gives me pain to tread on the green roof of that mansion whose chambers I must occupy soon; and I often wander, from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there, but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the pride of humanity, are all gone. Men are there, but their passions are all hushed, and their spirits are still. Malevolence has lost its power of harming; appetite is satiated; ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done raging; all disputes are ended; and revelry is over; the fellest animosity is deeply buried; and the most dangerous sins are safely confined to the thick piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the arch-angel and the voice of God.”

PROFESSIONAL LIFE.—The ambition of adopting “professional life,” of all kinds, at the present day, is the source of countless instances of misery. Every profession in England is overstocked; not merely the prizes are beyond the general reach, but the merest subsistence becomes difficult. “The three black graces, law, physic, and divinity,” are weary of their innumerable wor-

shippers, and yearly sentence crowds of them to perish of the aching sense of failure. A few glittering successes allure the multitude; chancellorships, bishoprics, and regiments, figure before the public eye, and every aspirant from the cottage, and the more foolish parents of every aspirant, set down the bauble as gained, when they have once plunged their unhappy offspring into this sea of troubles which men call the world. But thousands have died of broken hearts in these pursuits, thousands would have been happy behind the plough, or opulent behind the counter; thousands in the desperate struggles of thankless professions, look upon the simplicity of a life of manual labour with perpetual envy; and thousands, by a worse fate still, are driven to necessities which degrade the principle of honour within them, accustom them to humiliating modes of obtaining subsistence, and make up, by administering to the vices of society, the livelihood which was refused to their legitimate exertions.—*Blackwood*.

ATTACK ON THE CONVENT OF MONT ST. BERNARD.—A letter from Geneva gives the following account of the recent attack on the Convent of St. Bernard. A few months since a band of robbers attracted by the hope of plunder, (for there is generally a considerable sum in the treasury of the brotherhood, and trusting to their defencelessness, made an attempt on the place at night; and finding the doors locked and bolted, summoned the pious garrison to surrender. The fraternity endeavoured to dissuade the bandits from their enterprise by all the arguments which religion could suggest; and finding that their appeal was vain, and that the robbers were about to break through the doors of the refectory, they let loose their dogs, eighteen in number. If these noble creatures are mild and docile when despatched on errands of good—when irritated, or urged on in attack or defence, they are fierce and savage as wolves, with which they have been singly known to grapple, and even to face the bear. On this occasion they proved their wonted courage, for when sent forth against these foes, they each took their man, and notwithstanding a determined resistance on the part of the bandits, killed eleven of them, and wounded the others so severely that they were left for dead on the field. Many of the dogs fell victims in the encounter. The good fathers, forgetful of their wrongs after the conflict was over, carried the robbers that survived into the convent, dressed their wounds, and having healed them, sent them away with an exhortation, which, as far as the Convent of St. Bernard is concerned, will doubtless be effectual.

EXPERIMENT.—We witnessed an interesting experiment this forenoon on board the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, which was intended to illustrate the practicability of raising a vessel by means of cylindrical bags, placed under her bottom, and filled with atmospheric air. The bags were each of large size, capable of containing 2500 cubic feet of air. They were confined by means of ropes passing under the keel—and afterwards filled by two forcing pumps, propelling the air through tubes into the cylindrical floats. The bags were made of three parts of stout cotton calvass, made air and water tight by means of India rubber. The Cutter was raised considerably by this process—but the floats were made for a larger vessel, and when inflated, a large portion of them rose above the water. The utility of this apparatus—thus adopting a well known principle in pneumatics to practical use, must be obvious to every one. It will enable vessels with large draughts of water to pass over barred harbors, as New Orleans, Mobile, Ocracoke inlet, etc.—without lightering. It may be used also with advantage for various other purposes, as raising a vessel sunk in several fathoms of water, etc.—*Mer. Jour.*

A DEFINITION.—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, or fashion; but in mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you have dealings, are the essential and distinguished characteristics of a gentleman.

VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP.—Dr. Johnson, at a late period of his life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds:—“If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.”

RESIGNATION.—A head properly constituted can accommodate itself upon whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

A RARE COUPLE.—A couple at Arcis-sur-aube have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, the product of which has been twenty-five children—the youngest, who is a curate, performing the service.

“Never go a clamming at high water,” was the reply of an old fisherman to his son, who had written him, requesting the loan of twenty thousand dollars to enter into the flour speculation at ten dollars a barrel.