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The Modest Retort.

A specious nabob in the East
Hoghty, being great, purse proud, being rich,
A general, or general at least,
I have forgotten which—
Had to his family a noble youth,
Who set it from England in his patron's suite
As a quack and booby, and in truth,
A last-draw party, and good repute.
The youth had sense and spirit;
But yet with all his sense,
Excuse his ill-usage
Obscured his merit.
One day at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His Honor proudly free, severely merry,
Conceded it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his Secretary
"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft or trade,
Did your good father gain his livelihood?"
"He was a soldier, sir," Modest said,
"And in his line was reckon'd good."
"A soldier, sir, and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to read;
And why did not your father make
A scholar, pray of you?"
Each parent, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modest, bowing low,
Said, (craving pardon if too free he spoke)
"Sir, by your leave, would I know
Your father's trade?"
"My father's trade!"—by heavens that's too bad!
My father's trade—why blockhead thought me mad!
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, and I'd have you know!
"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modest said with a blush on his brow,
"I say why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

AN EXEMPLIFICATION OF TRUE CHRISTIAN HONESTY.

The following line of Pope,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"
has been pronounced unworthy of that celebrated poet, for as much as honesty is but a vulgar virtue, as common to the meanest as to the greatest abilities. Honesty, though commendable, is so far from being one of the noblest of human qualities, that the honest man may, nevertheless, be but a plain simple man, of contracted intellect, of very little education, and of a low condition. This the noblest work of God! Fy upon such nonsense!
Now, to adjust this matter between the poet and the critic, it will be necessary to take a cursory view of the different standards of honesty, according to one or other of which, reputedly honest men square their conduct, and adjust the different principles by which they are governed.
Men sometimes act honestly from policy, rather than from a principle of probity. They believe, and believe aright, that "honesty is the best policy." According to this sound maxim, they mean to act, and they greatly find their account in it. In short, none are wiser in their generation than those who are honest altogether from policy. While carefully minding to keep themselves within the hedge of the law, they, without mercy or pity, take every advantage that the law will let them. These are your hard honest men, who are honest merely for their own safety and profit, and are just as selfish in their honesty as in every thing else. True enough, the poet is worthy of reprobation if he meant them. But though the fear of disgrace or punishment, and the desire of a fair character, may give birth to a creditable but contracted and spacious kind of honesty, which has in it nothing of the dignity of virtue; yet the truly honest man, however low in circumstances or mean in parts, is one of Virtue's nobility.
The truly honest man would be just as honest without law as with it. Guided by the paramount authority of conscience, he neither withholds nor exacts sight on the mere plea that civil law is on his side.
The truly honest man is he who makes it a cardinal point to do to others as he would be done unto; and who decides with justice, when self-interest and justice are in opposite scales.
The truly honest man is never ostentatious of his honesty. Ostentation of it is always an ill sign; it looks like putting on a patch to hide a blotch.
But enough of definition. One good example is worth a score of definitions; and the following example all will allow to be a good one. The anecdote is given in St. Pierre's Studies of Nature:

"In the last war in Germany, a captain of the cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troops, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley in which hardly any thing but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage; on perceiving it, he went up and knocked at the door; out

comes an ancient Heron, with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can see my troops foraging." "Presently," replied the Heron, "The good old man was led before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley:—"There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replies his guide, "and you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and re-mounted. The officer, upon this, says to his conductor, "Father, you have given your self and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it is not mine."

Such an example of honesty, I repeat, is worth a score of definitions. Here we behold the express form and visage of genuine christian honesty, acting on the principle of loving one's neighbor as one's self. And what though the exemplar was an obscure and lowly man, distinguished neither for parts nor learning? In the moral frame of his mind there was a nobleness of heavenly origin; a nobleness far superior to eminent natural parts, which belong alike to the best and the worst of human beings.
Compare this humble Heron, or Moravian, with the illustrious chiefs who figured in that German war, and whose bloody deeds are emblazoned on the page of history. Compare his disinterestedness with their selfishness; his philanthropy with their greedy avarice; and fell ambition; his tender and scrupulous regard to the rights of his neighbor with their unfeeling spirit of plunder and rapine;—and judge which party is entitled to stand higher on the scale of genuine honor.

One of the best religious confessions extant, is that of Zoroaster, a rich politician, who probably had been not a little dishonest and extortionist:—"Lord, one half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-fold." This is practical orthodoxy.

Of the Moravian sect commonly called the United Brethren.

Extract from Napoleon and his Times.
"The Emperor's tent was pitched on the field of battle (Banzen), near a solitary inn, which had been the headquarters of the Emperor Alexander during the two preceding days.

"I will now," pursued the Duke de Vicenza, "relate to you a circumstance which is very honorable to a man whom I know you highly respect,—I allude to our excellent Larrey. An immense ambulance had been established at a little distance from headquarters. In the evening the Emperor visited it, with the view of stimulating, by his presence, the zeal of the surgeons, whose number was very small in proportion to the multitude of wounded. The Emperor remarked that many of the young conscripts had lost two fingers of the right hand; and it struck him that they had mutilated themselves purposely for the sake of evading military service. Larrey decidedly pronounced the suspicion to be unfounded. The Emperor, never less, retained his opinion, and in a tone of great displeasure, declared that every man who might be guilty of such disgraceful conduct should be shot.

"It was a serious affair; and there could be no doubt of the necessity of checking so dangerous an example by severe punishment. Larrey, with his characteristic humanity and generous feelings, took up the defence of his patients; but unluckily, his defence did not appear to be grounded on convincing proofs. The Emperor, with his accustomed pertinacity, determined to inquire into the matter, and the result was the confirmation of his belief that the wounds, which were all uniform, were not the result of accident. Larrey suffered the word injustice to escape him. The Emperor turned pale with anger; but he suppressed all expression of his displeasure. Larrey, as if inspired by a sudden thought, cast his eyes towards some poor creatures who were creeping about the ambulance. "Come hither, conscripts!" said he, in his gruffest tone of voice. Even now, I can severely refrain from laughing, when I think of Larrey turning up his sleeves to his elbows, and armed with his history, running eagerly towards the soldiers, who shrunk back in alarm, exclaiming—'We are not wounded, Doctor!' Larrey pursued them, and seizing one of them by the arm, dragged him forward, saying: 'Come this way, blockheads. Now load your muskets and range yourselves in three ranks, the foremost kneeling, and fire. Obey me without delay, or I will cut off your ears. Now, sir, observe, if you please.' The soldiers fired, and the man who was in the foremost rank cried out he had received a wound in the right hand. 'Well done!' exclaimed Larrey, triumphantly, and then, hurrying to the assistance of the wounded man, he said—'Never

mind, my lad, never mind—come with me, I'll dress your wound; it will be healed in a few days. It is nothing at all."

"The proof was convincing. The uniform wounds observable in the right hands of the soldiers, had all been caused by the hurry and unskillfulness with which the young conscripts discharged their muskets. They held them in too inclined a position, and consequently the balls frequently struck the hands of the soldiers who were kneeling in the foremost rank.

"Larrey," said the Emperor, "you are a clever and an excellent fellow! I am very glad that you have proved me to be in the wrong; but at the same time—"

"At the same time, Sir," interrupted Larrey, without ceremony, "let every man mind his own business."

"The Emperor could not refrain from laughing."

APOLOGUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.
One day in spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm trees in the garden of the king, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and absorbed in thought. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him, and said, "Why starest thou musing under the palm trees?" The youth raised his head and answered,

"Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle;"—"A wish," said the prophet with a smile, "which I entertained myself, in my juvenile years."—"And was it granted?" hastily asked the prince. "A man of God," answered Nathan, "came to me, bringing a pomegranate seed; 'observe,' said he, 'what this seed will turn to.' He thereupon made with his finger, a hole in the earth, and put the seed in the hole and covered it. Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth; but no sound had I perceived them, than the leaves separated, and from between them arose a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem became every moment higher and thicker. The man of God thereupon said to me, 'take notice!' and, while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem, like as seven branches on the candlestick of the altar; I was astonished, but the man of God motioned to me, and commanded me to be silent, and to attend. 'Behold!' said he, 'new creations will soon make their appearance.' He thereupon brought some water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past, and let all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odour. 'Whenever,' exclaimed I, 'is this perfume and this refreshing shade?' 'Seest thou not,' said the man of God, 'the scarlet blossom, as, shooting forth from among the green leaves, it hangs down in clusters? I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around us as the autumn blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen, than the red pomegranates appeared suspended among the leaves, like the almonds on the staves of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound amazement." Nathan then ceased speaking. "What is the name of the Godlike man?" asked Solomon, hastily. "Dost he live yet?"—"where dost he dwell?"—"Son of David," replied Nathan, "I have related to thee a vision." When Solomon heard these words he was troubled in his heart, and said, "How canst thou deceive me thus?" "I have not deceived thee, son of Jesse," rejoined Nathan. "Behold in thy father's garden thou mayest see all that I have related to thee. Do not the same thing take place with every pomegranate and with other trees?" "Yes," said Solomon, "but imperceptibly, and in a long time." Then Nathan answered: "Is it therefore less a divine work, because it takes place silently and insensibly? Study nature and its operations; then wilt thou easily believe those of a higher power, and not long for miracles wrought by a human hand."

The Incomparable Russian.—In the summer of the year 1810, as a lady was walking with her child upon the banks of the Canal of St. Catharine at Petersburg, the child suddenly slipped from her hand, and fell into the Canal. The mother in despair was going to plunge after her child, when a young man prevented her, and promised her instant assistance. He took a fine large spaniel that followed him and threw him into the water, calling out as loud as he could, Bring him.—Bring him; the sagacious dog instantly dived, and when he came up again, was seen holding the child by the shirt collar; he quickly swam to the shore, and laid his precious burden gently down at the feet of the mother. She in an ecstasy of joy, took the child in her embraces, between him and the dog. The father of the child appeared;—"I return you sir, [said he to the young man] a thousand thanks; you have saved the life of my only child."

"Your thanks," [said the young man] are more justly due to the kind Providence of the Almighty which brought me hither."—"Accept a thousand rubles as a reward for your humane exertions."

"Excuse [said the young man] my declining your handsome offer; you are in fact much more indebted to the exertions of my dog than to me." "Well then, [said the gentleman] I will give you a thousand rubles for your dog." "A quarter of an hour ago [replied the young man] I did not think him worth a thousand rubles; but he has saved the life of a human being; I would not take a thousand for him." The young man then rushed into the crowd of spectators, and the enraptured father and mother could not by any inquiry find out who he was. The Emperor Alexander was informed of the affair, and was desirous to discover the young man; but the search he ordered to be made, although diligently pursued, was fruitless.

From the Old Monthly Magazine.

THE CUP OF POISON.

Weevil, unfortunate as he was in his jokes, was no less so in his more serious attempts; his whole career was one grand mistake—eloping with a sweet young lady who was reported "to be a fortune," he discovered too late to retract that she was the dowryless daughter of an extravagant insolvent. To add to his disappointment, Mrs. Weevil proved an incorrigible shrew, whose eloquent tongue annoyed him unceasingly.

Proud, however, of his boasted talents and abilities, Weevil resolved to tame her; and after pondering for some months upon the subject, resolved to put in form the following novel and extraordinary experiment:
Having purchased some white arsenic, upon the paper of which was duly printed "arsenic—poison," he consigned the deleterious mineral to the flames, and replenished the envelope with white sugar. Watching his opportunity when Mrs. Weevil was in her tantrums, he calmly proceeded to the closet, and pouring out a cup of milk, mixed up the sweet potion.

"Jane," cried he in a most melancholy tone, stirring up the potion with the fore-finger of his right hand—"Jane, listen to me for a few short moments—I shall not long be a burthen to you."

His look and impressive manner silenced the storm. Quaffing the draught at one gulp, he cast the cup into the grate, and threw the paper on the ground.

"What have you done?" shrieked Mrs. Weevil, snatching up the paper, and turning pale as Parisian marble.

"Poison!" muttered Jesse, with the most thrilling tragedy-look he could assume; and clasping his hands to his face, he buried his head in the cushions of the sofa.

A shriek, followed by an awful silence, ensued. Jesse ventured to peep between his fingers, expecting to see his rib extended on the hearth-rug in a swoon, but she had vanished.

"Where the dickens has she gone?" cried he, rising. "Jane"—no answer. He rested on his elbow and listened. A trampling of many feet upon the stairs aroused him from his posture; and the next moment his better half rushed wildly into the room, followed by three men and the servant maid.

"My dear Mr. Weevil," said the foremost gentleman in black, in whom Jesse recognized a neighboring apothecary—"what could have compelled you to this rash act?"

Weevil was already alarmed by the crowd which he had so unexpectedly brought about his ears.
"What act?" demanded Weevil.
"You have swallowed poison!"
"Nonsense, nonsense," said Weevil.
"Where is the cup, my man?"
"He has thrown it away," replied Mrs. Weevil, sobbing aloud, "but here is the horrible paper."
The apothecary looked at the paper, shook his head, arched his shoulders, and then looked significantly at his assistants, who immediately laid violent hands upon the disconcerted Weevil, and threw him upon the sofa.

"What in the devil are you about?" demanded Jesse, glaring wildly upon the medical operator, as he drew a stomach pump from his pocket.

"You must submit, sir," said he, "resistance will avail you nothing."
"Pooh! pooh! nonsense—'pon my soul 'twas only a joke!—a mere ruse—don't be a fool," cried Jesse, struggling.
"May I die if—"

The forcible introduction of the admirable machine put an end to further opposition. Weevil kicked and plunged in vain. The whole operation was admirably performed; and feeble, spiritless and exhausted, the unfortunate patient was left extended on the couch.

The apothecary promised to send a composing draught immediately, and left him in the meanwhile to the tender care of his wife, who alternately wept and scolded; winding up her hysterical harangue with a bitter remark upon his cruelty in wishing to leave her unprotected!

An Uncolored Account of a Colored Duel.

A duel between two darkies—a regular built affair, conducted according to the most strict and punctilious provisions of

the code of honor, came off one morning last week. The fight took place with pistols, of the most approved fashion, at sun rise, on a small branch of the Metairie road. We do not know what the origin of the difficulty was, except that one of the parties, to use the phrase of one of the spectators, "was crossed in lub by de oder, and dat him nous hab satisfasheun."

We have learned, from one who was present at the combat, the particulars as they transpired. They were substantially as follow:

After having taken their stands one of the seconds noticed that owing to their positions, the sunbeams set his principal a winking and tolling his eyes. This was a sufficient ground for interfering, and he called out to the other second with

"I say, niggs, I puts my weto on dat position. Its agin de rules ob all de codes of hona I be eber seen. De frection of de sun shines rader too severe, and makes my principal roll him eye altogether too much."

"Wy, wy look here, didnt we chuck up a dollar for de choice ob ground, and didnt I get him myself?"

"Yes, I knows you did; but den fair play's a juba, and I see no notion ob sear my fren composed upon and lose all de advantage."

"Well, niggs, I see no notion too, I see just as good a right to hab no notion as you is, and I exists on actin de matter just as we is—and—"

At this juncture a friendly cloud settled the matter at once by stepping in between the sun and the belligerents. The two first causes again took their positions, and all the little preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol ready cocked from his second. Both manifested a tolerable degree of spunk, although a bluish paleness spread itself over their black cheeks. The second who was to give out the fatal order which might send them out of this world now took his ground. Raising his voice he began—

"Gentlemen, your time am come."
Both signified their assent.

"Is you ready? Fiah! one, two, tree."
Bang, pop, went both pistols at once, one ball raising a dust right in the middle of the road, while the other took a "slantindicular" course in among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one.

It was now time to interpose, and one of the seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation the challenged darky stepped forward and said to his antagonist,

"Niggs, is you satisfied?"
"I is."

"So is I, and I see glad to get off so. Next time dey catches dis niggs out on sich a foolish exhibition as dis dey'll hab to fetch me, dat dey will for sartun."

"Dem's my sentiments, ezactly," retorted the other. "When your ornamental instrument of def went off I declar I thought I was a zon child; but I see so happy now—gosh, let's shake hands and go back to our abocations."

In five minutes time all hands—enemies, friends, darkies, whites and all—were on the road home to work, perfectly satisfied with the sports of the morning. Pic.

Pensive admirers preferred by the Ladies.

I have remarked, that the general type of my sex almost invariably prefer those gentlemen who are of a grave and sentimental turn, provided always that the gravity does not proceed from dullness, but from a reflecting cast of mind, which increases their respect while it adds to the interest they experience. I have known a pale face and pensive manner make impressions on female hearts that had successfully resisted the attacks of ruddy countenances and exhilarating gaiety; the possessors of these attributes, being more calculated to amuse than interest, are rarely remembered when absent. Women seldom forget the man who makes them sigh; but rarely recur to him who may have been displayed in his *bons mots* and good stories. He therefore, who will captivate the fastidious taste of the sex, must eschew too frequent smiles, even though he may have fine teeth, and must likewise avoid occasioning or promoting the exhibition of those pearly ornaments in her he wishes permanently to please.

Lady Blessington.

The following interesting fact is related by Audubon in his Ornithological Biography. In speaking of the Zenaida dove he says: "A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well known key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of luxury, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply

moved was he by notes of any bird, especially by those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be, "the noblest work of God," and honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers; but no danger seemed to him to be comparable with the danger of one's living in the violation of human and divine laws; and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends.

A Curious Case.—A case of ordinary dimensions, was lately presented to a gentleman of Newcastle, England, which contains within it the following materials: Two ink-stands, pens, penknife, ivory folder, lucifer matches, sealing wax, a water-stamp, wax taper, several sheets of post letter paper and card paper, a complete and highly finished set of drawing instruments, ivory rule and scales, lead and hair pencils, India rubber, India ink, and a beautiful and well posed magnetic compass; the whole so arranged as to adjust any instrument being used with facility!

The Eastern "penny papers" keep up an eternal chatter about their women. Can they find nothing better to talk about?

We are astonished at you, Mr. News. In the name of all that is beautiful and good, what can there be on this dull earth more worthy to talk about, to write about, or sigh for, to die for, to cry for, or even to be for, if need be, than woman—angelic woman?

Tremendous Waterspout.—On Wednesday morning, September 25, about five o'clock, the village and neighborhood of Kingscourt, county of Caven, to the extent of four or five square miles, was visited for upwards of six hours, by a tremendous water-spout, most destructive in its consequences. The village being situated on the side of a mountain, with much difficulty resisted the overpowering torrent, which rolled from the heights with accumulated power;—several houses were overthrown and left a prey to the devastating element. (Gormacca, the seat of Mr. F. Pratt, was so completely and so suddenly overwhelmed, that 20 men where required, knee deep in the water, to keep out the flood from the parlor and drawing room. The greatest loss, however, on this melancholy occasion, was sustained by the poor people, whose flax, hay and corn were indiscriminately borne down by the torrent to a distance of several miles, and swept in one common mass into the lake of Ballylin.

Dublin paper.

The following singular circumstance is said to have lately occurred at Baden: A young Austrian count, having had uncommon good luck at roulette, brought home and carefully locked up 30,000 florins (about 65,000 francs.) When he rose in the morning, not only his gold was gone, but to his astonishment, his old faithful servant Fritz was missing also. In about a week's time, to his surprise, Fritz made his appearance. "And where do you come from?" said the count. "From Vienna." "What have you been there for, and what's become of my money?" "Why, sir, I thought you would play again and loose your money; so I took it home, and here is your father's receipt for it."

We understand that a gentleman bought a complete volume of the "Knickerbocker" a few days since at public auction—when lo and behold! he found every number of the work had his own name written on the back. He had inquired at the post office in vain for a year past, and supposed that they had been mis-sent, till he came across the stray so luckily.

New Orleans Pic.

An honorable sentiment.—The Boston Daily Evening News says—

"There is nothing we loathe or despise more than a man who, while in the employ of another, betrays and makes public those errors and follies which he would have no opportunity to become acquainted with, did not the hand which he snaps round him with bread."

Boasting.—A man boasting of his honesty is generally a rogue—of his courage, generally a coward—of his riches, generally not wealthy—of his democracy, generally despised by those who may chance to know him—of his wit, popularity and high-standing, always a fool.

The juries in the Canadas are sent to a hotel, and their expenses paid until they come to a decision.

None are more loath to take a jest, than those who are most forward to bestow it.