

# Southern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

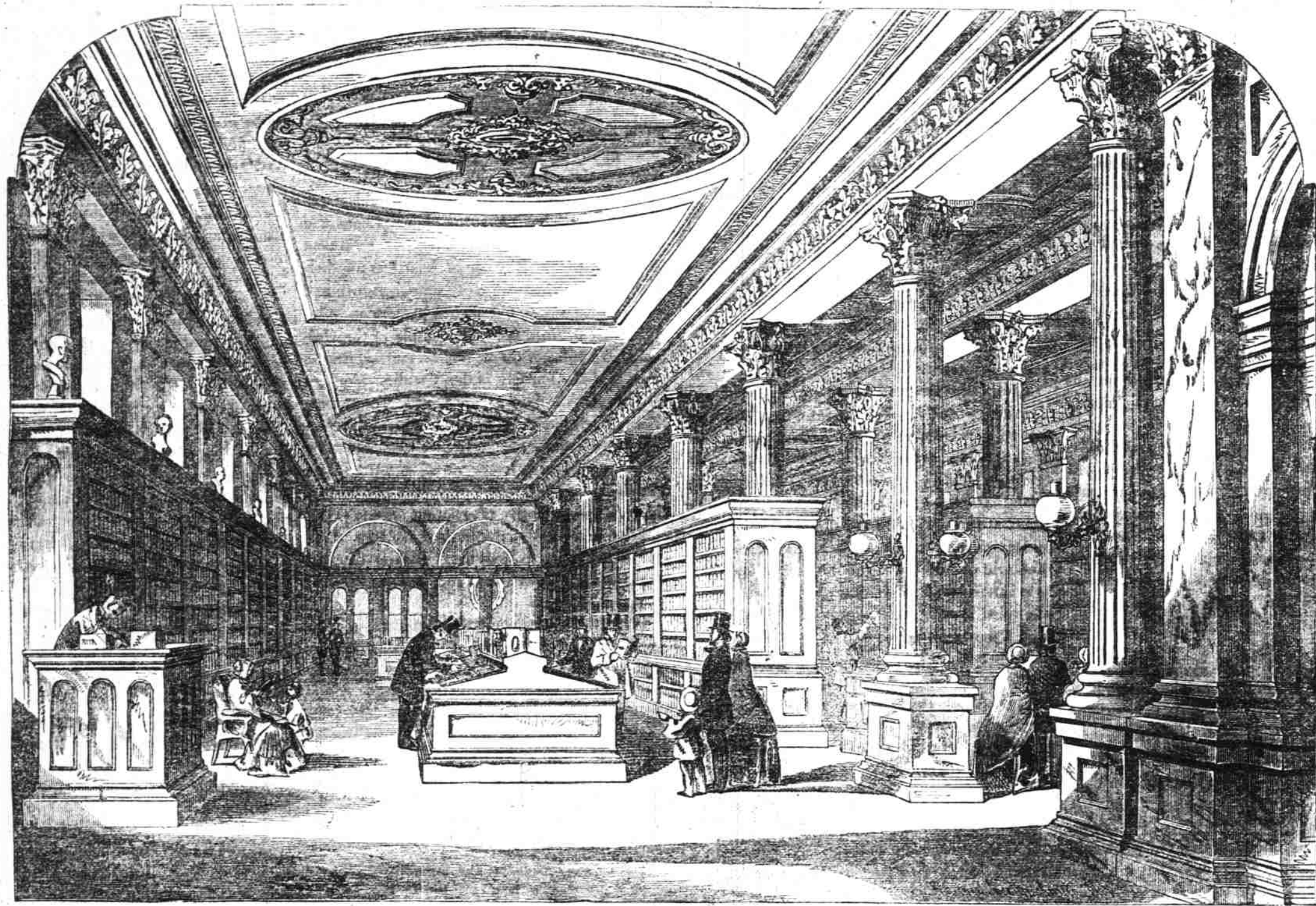
TERMS,  
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Devoted to all the Interests of The South, Literature, Education, Agriculture, News, the Markets, &c.

VOL. III.—NO. 28.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 132.



INTERIOR VIEW OF D. APPLETON & Co's BOOK STORE, N. Y.—For description, see "Cosmos's" Letter.

## SELECT POETRY.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

### DON'T PROPOSE.

Only don't propose to me! I really like you so;  
We suit each other charmingly, at ball or feast, you know;  
We can brighten for each other best the revels  
Careless hours,  
We can gather from each other still, the moment's  
Passing flowers,  
We ever best can gladden life's river as it flows  
Through sunny beds and quiet—but I hope you  
Won't propose!

No voice suits mine so well as yours in gay duet or  
Song,  
No other arm can guide me safe through the pol-  
ka's whirling throng;  
No other laugh re-edges half so merrily to mine,  
No other hand so tastefully my bouquet flowers  
Can twine!

None save me half so cleverly from notes—my  
Dearest foe;  
I cannot do without you—oh, I hope you won't  
Propose.

Why will you try for sentiment? you never used  
To talk  
Of ought but fun or nonsense, in long quadrille or  
Waltz,  
Why will you sigh? I really like your ringing  
Laugh the best;  
Why from at me for, lingering with another joy-  
ous guest?  
Why will you talk of hopes and fears? why hint  
At friendship's close,  
You never used to tease me so—oh, I hope you  
Won't propose.

You know I should refuse you—I must love before  
I wed!  
What should we two do together when the summer  
Sun has fled?  
And, then, we must be strangers—must pass each  
Other by,  
With flushing cheek and distant bow, and cold  
Averted eye,  
Why down our gay companionship to so dolorous  
A close?  
We like each other much too well—I hope you  
Won't propose.

Let us, still be smiling when we part, and happy  
When we meet;  
Let us together pluck the bloom of the flowers at  
Our feet;  
Let us leave the deeper things alone, and laugh  
And sing and dance;  
And flit a little now and then, to spend an hour  
Perchance,  
Oh, there's a deal of pleasure in sunny links like  
These;  
Don't break the rose ties just yet—DEAR CHARLEY  
DON'T PROPOSE.

KATIE.

## SELECTED STORIES.

### THE DUEL.

ONE September I went down to Bath to recruit a little dyspepsia, which had become some months' impeding on my diaphragm. Among the pleasant acquaintances I made was that of a young officer of dragoons, who occupied the adjoining apartment to my own. He was singularly unfitted for his vocation—for he was of slight build, and delicate in his looks and demeanor. He looked as if he was better fitted for a life of quiet retirement in some country rectory, than one of bustle in a barracks or camp. He had traveled extensively, however, and was very communicative upon every subject except himself and his family.

One afternoon, just before twilight, we were

together in the pump-room, talking about quitting it for a promenade, when, as we passed a group who seemed to be strangers just arrived, I felt my companion's arm twitch in my own, and his frame shudder. He stopped, as of course did I, being arm-linked with him. He half-turned toward the group, when I heard the words:—"Why, Julia Langton was my body's favorite" followed by a laugh from one, and a sly nod from another, directed towards a foreign-looking fellow who, as these things were said and done, stroked his whiskers very complacently, and looked knowingly, but before I could carefully scan him, the young officer sprang from my side towards the group, and with extraordinary fierceness, cried:—"you are a band of liars!"

Instantly the similarity of name just bandied with his own crossed my mind.

"Hollo! who the devil are you?" cried one of them, whilst all stared.

"Pooh, he's drunk—the Bath waters have proved too much for him," said another.

"Which of you spoke of the lady just named?" said my late companion.

"Oh, jealous, is he—jealous by the gods!" responded the person with the whiskers, as he stroked them more complacently than ever—"but don't disturb yourself, sir, I can't spare my little Julia, anyhow!"

The words had scarcely crossed his lips when he fell prostrate on the floor, felled by a blow from the young officer, whose arm, if slender, was versed either in science, or was powerfully nerved. Instantly the other companions sprang upon him, while the fallen man was bleeding from the nose. His face otherwise was white with mingled fight, surprise and rage. He was raised from the ground by his friends.

"So will I serve any one who insults my sister," said the officer, Cornet Langton, as he extended his card, and rejoined me, with his excitement somewhat subsided. The cool air of the street reassured him, and he revived.

"It was my sister, sir," said he, in explanation—"my only relative, who unfortunately was educated at a fashionable school, and is coquetish and fond of admiration; but as pure and holy in virtue as a saint. To think of her being named in a public place like that!"

I endeavored to calm him. I spoke of the probable thoughtlessness, rashness, and ignorance of the men; but it was hard to calm him.

"Of course I shall be challenged," said he.

"I think not," I answered. "When they learn the relationship, it will be seen at once that you could have done nothing else. He will withdraw the expression, and you the blow."

He slightly laughed, and said—"perhaps so; but I am prepared to fight for my sister's honor, at all hazards!"

We parted for the night, and sure enough in two hours' time, one of the party waited upon me at my room, and said—

"Sir, I am Mr. —, the second of Mr. Rupert Rawden, whom your friend struck. I am referred to you as his friend."

"What, already?" inquired I.

"Yes, and the meeting must be to-morrow morning."

"That is as we say," responded I—"for we challenged. It is a short time."

"The insult was given in a shorter time than that," said the man, with some bitterness, yet still lofty in his politeness.

"Well, be it so," I said. "Cornet Langton will agree to it, I am sure. Pistols, I suppose, and ten paces?"

My antagonist nodded, and said—"I suppose you know who my friend is?"

"I have no idea—never saw him before."

"Well, he's a most accomplished shot, and as sure as the sun rises your friend will be killed. I give you this hint, that no precautions may be neglected for the living."

"We parted, and I returned to Langton. He was sitting in his accustomed seat by a writing desk. He was in dishabille, turning over some papers, and before him lay a portrait.

"Here she is now," he said, holding it before me, "as she was in her tenth year—during Julia—as I used to draw her in her little wagon on the Brighton sands. We are motherless and fatherless now dear one, but I will protect your honor," and he covered the picture with kisses.

"But now to business," said he. "When am I to shoot him?"

This was in a tone of affected hilarity.

"Perhaps it may be altered," said I, gravely.

He tried to get up a laugh, but then said, solemnly—"I shall not fall. Do you see this ring? It has the motto of our family, given it years ago by royal license on the field of victory for deeds of valor: 'Deus proceq' nit le droit'—(God will protect the right!) I shall shoot him for I am right!"

"You make no will, then? You give no directions whatever?" said I.

"None. I tell you I shall not fall, nor be harmed."

I thought of what my antagonist of a second had said about his principal being a good shot, but reflected, if I repeated it, it might unnerve him; so, seeing his mood, I encouraged him, and in a short time we were quite gay—that is, to appearance—but I have no doubt he was as sinking of heart as myself.

We sat and chatted until daybreak, and he told me the story of his life. There was little of romance or general interest in its details; a recital of happy existence—love and domestic bliss—only one slight shade, and that his sister's coquetry of manner, giddiness, and thoughtlessness, which had often made her the subject of observation, but never before of insult. She was now in London with a distant connection. She, with himself, had a little landed property, from which some reasonable income was derived.

As soon as the dim light of approaching day struggled through the window we pursued—he to a bath, and I to an adjustment of pistols and little particulars. The former I had borrowed of a friend in an adjoining street, who had been on the continent. By a queer device the sight was tipped with a delicate diamond, and the trigger, pressed when its gleam obscured the object from the eye, he said, was indicative of certain death. It seemed reasonable, and I felt my spirits rise, notwithstanding the other was so unerring a shot. Our toilets were soon made, and we walked some mile and a half to the designated spot—a field, with a wood on one side, and a copse on the other. We found our adversaries already present—they had robed down, and had been waiting. Two other things in our favor; for even to the bravest the expectation of a crisis is harassing and depressing—the time before it must be filled up entirely to make the mind most tranquil. As we walked we talked, and our nerves were cool. We saluted, I approached my opposite, and whispered—"Will your friend withdraw the remark?"

He shook his head, and answered, in a low tone—"He says he is right, and he will not; and that your friend's sister is his mistress—and he can prove it by letters now in the pouch of his jacket. This, of course, would, when exposed, only be a fresh reason for a meeting!"

I saw that this was so, and we began to prepare. Tossing for the choice of a position—which I had been, while talking, cautiously examining as to locality—I won. He took the word to fire without a moment's hesitation, although the work of design and deliberation of the few moments before; I chose it, and managed to place the corner with his back to the east, where a slouch was beginning to rise, and in range of a church spire just beyond over the hilly ground where we stood. I handed my friend the pistol, and whispered these words—"When the sight is midway between his shoulders, press, and you have him; and if you miss, don't stir."

He was cool, beautifully cool, and nodded assent. The two took position.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" said my opposite.

There was no answer.

"I take it you are ready; and you will fire after me, and before five."

He paused a moment, and said, "I will now count, and then in a quick tone, said—"Raise; one, two, three, four, five."

The corner fired at three, the other at five, and both stood firm.

"They have missed," said I as my adversary came to me; "and shall we have another fire?"

"Of course," he answered; "and you understand why," as we prepared the other pistols.

The antagonist of Cornet Langton left his position, and crossed to a stick near by, where he had hung his coat, and drawing his pocket-handkerchief, blew his nose. It was an act of affective nonchalance. My friend kept his post and did not stir, but took the pistol mechanically.

"I shall fetch him this time," I heard the other whisper to his second, as he resumed his pistol.

There was the same pausing—the same drill of preparation—the same words as before—when both fired, and together.

The corner was unharmed, while the other fell, with a ball through his neck.

"You see I was right," said he; "I should not be touched. God has protected the right."

He has indeed, I thought, as I mechanically placed in his hand the first pistol, which I had reloaded, and took from him the discharged messenger of death.

I approached the fallen man, who was evidently in a dying condition, and was unable to articulate. The "Bath surgeon" was by his side, and shook his head at me. The unfortunate man tried to speak; but at last, finding this in vain, he drew a letter from his vest, and pointed to his coat. I understood at once. It was brought him. He took out three or four, and handed them to me, pointing at his opponent, who now stood about twenty feet off, with his back resolutely turned, and holding the pistol rather carelessly. I knew I had loaded it, and that he was in danger. I knew that the letters might be important, if the intimation given me was correct. I approached him with them in my hand. "He says they are from her," said I. He made no effort to take them, but his face became ashy pale.

"I don't believe it was his response. "He is a double liar!"

"Men don't die with lies on their lips," said I, sternly.

"Well, you may read them, if you choose."

I began one; it was full of tenderness, and could admit of but one construction. His frame shook with emotion.

"How is it signed?" said he.

"I showed him the bottom of the paper, where was traced "Julia Langton."

His eyes glared—he muttered a curse—then sobbed once—"My poor sister!" and quick as thought, and before I could anticipate his motion, he raised the fresh loaded weapon to his brain, fired, and fell dead!

Horror-struck, I ran to the other. He too had just expired, and the souls of the two duelists quitted mortal strife together.

I shall not dwell upon the immediate sequel, nor my after reflections. They were too painful for remembrance. My friend was decently buried in the Bath church-yard, and I left for town immediately, to avoid comment and arrest. I took my friend's personal effects with me, comprising his little valuables and papers, and determined to see the erring and unfortunate sister who had caused this doubled calamity. I said to myself, "if she be not wholly lost, that will, at least bring her to a repentant life." From the second who officiated with me, I learned her residence, and thither I went on the night of my arrival. I knocked at the door of the house, and inquired for Miss Langton. "There was no such name in the house," I remembered that she perhaps passed by the name of her betrayer, and corrected my request by substituting Mrs. —.

"It's up stairs," said the maid, eyeing me suspiciously.

I ran up, but as my foot touched the upper stair, a light form bounded forth from a door almost into my arms—then as quickly stepped back. I saw it was she.

"Well, what message? He is well, you say he is, don't you?"

I followed her into the room and closed the door.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" said she. I had to, for I was collecting my thoughts. My duty was a very delicate one, particularly as I saw before me a light, fragile beauty, who was not unlike, in form and appearance to the unfortunate corner.

"What have you heard?" said I.

"Here, here," said she, bringing forth a crumpled letter from the folds of her dress. "He wrote it the night before, and said he was to fight my brother. It is some horrid mystery, for I have no brother."

"No, madam," I answered solemnly, "for he too is dead."

"He too—he too?" she exclaimed.

"There are two grave-yards which claim them," I rejoined.

"Explain. Two dead—who are they?"

"Unfortunately, I thought to myself; but I could not speak; so I mechanically handed her the letters signed by "Julia Langton."

She took them in her hand—read them for a line or so—looked in my face a searching inquiry—and swooned.

When she recovered, for I dashed a wine-glass full of water in her face, and laid her upon a couch by an open window—although pale as marble, she seemed to remember all and said—"It is a dreadful mistake. Take them to the real Julia Langton, at her aunt's, in — street; she will explain all, when you add to whatever story you have to tell, Clara Ellis—my name. I cannot hear you now—to-morrow—to-morrow. It is enough to know that my Charles, my idolized Charles, is dead!"

"Idolized mistakenly," thought I to myself, remembering his public boasting in the pump-room, at Bath—a public desecration of a trusting heart.

I left her, and sought the real Julia Langton, (as she phrased it) with a mind full of perplexity and mystery. What could it mean? Why should "Clara Ellis" be quoted for another?

I saw the lady, and not to make more painful in detail a story which can scarcely be surpassed in real or fictitious life, for its mistakes, misfortunes, and tragical events, I told her all, showing her the letters. She was insensible for hours. The father and physician both came, and I was commanded to wait below. I believe it was thought to send for an officer, and apprehend me. I began to think I ought to be in custody, for I spread tragedy wherever I moved.

Hours passed by. I was still in the dark as to the mystery and the fearful mistake—so much so that I could not, alas! bring to life the duellist and the suicide. Nor was it until next day, after again seeing Miss Ellis, that I learned the matter. The unfortunate Clara Ellis had been a school governess in the place where Julia Langton had been educated. Her seducer, by some strange recollection of names, arising from the two being out together, and his hearing the name of one and not the other, had attached it to her on a chance meeting in the school garden. Not knowing to what unhappy lengths it would lead, and being of a romantic turn, she did not, at first, undeceive him; and when enticed by his arts and persuasions, she fled the place, and soon became a mistress where she hoped to be a wife, it became convenient to keep up the name of a pure and virtuous woman. She loved him to distraction; but still she had a loving father—a poor curate in the north of England—to whom she, as his daughter, would be dead. The letters which caused the whole thing were written by her, and signed with her assumed name.

What became of her I know not; but the unfortunate sister of the doubly unfortunate corner, only lingered a year, and literally died of a broken heart.

Never in the course of my professional experience have I read of or witnessed a more complicated tragedy—a more strange entangling of the threads of human destiny.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

### A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM BURTON.

AFTER my discharge from the hospital at Havana, I shipped in the American barque Independence, Captain Robert L—, bound to Valparaiso, and thence round the Horn to the western coast of North America. She was a large vessel, of some seven hundred tons register, with a handsome poop, top gallant forecaste, and all other points of a flash ship. The captain was a native of Jersey, and the crew were a mixture of Americans, British and Spaniards, with a sprinkling of woolly-heads, or "snow balls," as we called the negroes.

We had not been a week out, ere very great dissatisfaction prevailed among the crew, for the captain, with unaccountable perversity, did not allow us half enough junk (i. e. salted beef) to our meals; and even what we did get, was what sailors call "old horse," viz. hard, tough, lean, stringy stuff, devoid of nourishment. The usual allowance of junk on ship-board is one pound and a half for each man per diem; but I am sure we did not get more than half that quantity. The captain used to come on deck every morning, and stand by the steward as he weighed out the junk from the "harness cask," to see that we did not get an ounce over what he had ordered. On the other hand, this captain allowed us thrice as much grog as is usual. But sailors, although very fond of rum, can't live upon it; and three quarters of a pound of "old horse," and a few rotten biscuits, quite alive with "weevils," was a poor day's allowance for a hearty fellow.

Our first mate often remonstrated with the captain on his conduct, and plainly told him that the men would not long submit to it; but the only reply the captain made was to tell him to mind what he was about, or he would "break him and lace him up,"—meaning that he would send the mate forward as a common sailor, and work him to death. At length, after a long and fierce discussion in the forecabin, we all went aft one morning in a body, and complained through the carpenter, as spokesman, that we had not enough to eat. Captain L— listened without interruption, and then coolly turned round and said—

"Steward, go down in the cabin, and bring my pistols."

We looked at one another in silence.

In a couple of minutes the steward returned with the pistols, and with a face as pale as death, handed them to the captain. The latter coolly placed both on full cock, and laying them side by side on the top of the binnacle, crossed his arms, and glared round at every soul of us ere he spoke.

"Now men," cried he at length, between his teeth, "all I've got to say is, that you are mistaken if you think you are going to get the upper hand of me. I am your captain, and the law gives me power to do what I like. You didn't ship to bully me. Go forward to your duty, and the first man that hesitates, or gives me any jaw, I'll shoot him as I would a pigeon!"

We tumbled to the forecabin in a body, and for hours after the captain walked the deck, big with his achievement.

We had light baffling winds for many days, and the temper of the captain grew perfectly savage. By-and-bye came a calm, and he was a complete madman. He stormed and swore from morning to night, and "lazed" us all, from the cabin boy up to the mate. Our allowance of meat was worse than ever, and he stopped grog altogether, and put us on half allowance of water, under pretence that he feared to run short if the calm lasted. But when a breeze sprang up at the expiration of four days, our allowance remained the same—half meat, half water, no grog! The sailors grew half desperate, and curses both loud and deep were handled from mouth to mouth, and indistinct menaces uttered.

By-and-bye it grew whistled in the ship that the captain had had a *coupe de soleil*, or sun stroke, before leaving Havana, and that he had drunk freely of brandy ever since, and was consequently really insane to a certain extent. This would explain his conduct, and we were inclined to accept it as the proper solution; but the captain had certainly never yet committed any act which would legally be held proof of insanity; for all that he did, although highly cruel and tyrannical, was within the bounds of that fearful amount of almost irresponsible power that the law allows to sea captains.

We had been three weeks out, when it was my morning watch on deck. Six bells (seven o'clock had just struck, and I was engaged looking away the line of the log, which had been hoisted by order of the mate, then in charge of the deck, when Captain L— unexpectedly came out of the cabin. I noticed that he had a wild nervous look, for he glanced around and aloft, just as a man might do when suddenly aroused from a dream.

"This is a literal fact. The whims of sea officers are often very strange indeed. I once made a voyage in a Swedish ship, and the captain being laid up in the deck-house, almost in a dying state, the mate was lord paramount. He was a gigantic fellow, and was always complaining that the men didn't earn their salt; yet he treated them very well, and gave them a liberal allowance of beef and pork (both most excellent in quality), but not a drop of grog. He himself never touched me! I messed with him in the cabin daily for nearly a month, and the only food he ate was *torok*—dried cod-fish. This man would read his Swedish Bible in a loud monotonous voice for an hour at a spell, and then break off to tell me most indecent stories.

"The morning watch" is from four a. m. to eight, a. m. The first night watch is from eight p. m. to twelve p. m. The middle watch is from twelve p. m. to four a. m. "Bells" are struck every half hour; thus, when eight bells strike the watch is out.

"What's the course?" he abruptly demanded of the man at the wheel.

"South east by east, sir."

The captain then stepped up to the binnacle and looked at the compass. Turning round with an oath, he struck the man a blow in the mouth that knocked him away from the wheel, and thundered—

"You take the spokes in hand! You know no more about steering than your mother!"

(Such were the exact words, for I distinctly remember them.)

The poor fellow who was one of the best helmsmen in the ship took hold of the spokes again, the blood trickling down his chin, and muttered—

"I was steering to a hair's breadth."

"What's that you say?"

"I say I was steering as well as any man could, and you're a—tyrant, captain."

The captain's face grew black with passion, and the light foam flew from his lips, as he screamed—

"Mr. Jackson, make this fellow in irons! No, seize him up—clap a spread-eagle of him! I'll teach him to toe the mark!"

The mate Jackson, in vain attempted to soothe the madman, who compelled his officers to "seize up" the unfortunate sailor—that is, to lash his wrists to the shrouds, with his back bare for punishment. This is called making a "spread eagle." I dare not dilate on the sickening scene that ensued. Suffice it that the Captain, with his own hand flogged the man most brutally in the presence of all hands, and not a soul of us dared to speak.

That night we all signed a "round robin," that is, a paper stating a grievance or petition, with the names of the men written in a circle, so that no one can be pitched upon as the ring-leader—addressed to the chief mate, stating that we all felt that our lives were not safe in the hands of the Captain, as he is obviously insane, and requesting the mate to take the command of the ship, and place the captain in confinement. We sent this to Mr. Jackson by one of the boys, and in a quarter of an hour the mate came forward.

"Men," says he, "do you know what you are about? you are in open mutiny—and you know what the penalty for that is. For God's sake let us have no more of this. Capt. L— is captain, and his will is law. We must all submit to it. Were I to do my duty strictly, I should show this," pointing to the round-robin, "to the captain; but I don't want to make matters worse. Let us get to port, and then complain as you please. But for your own sakes and my sake—don't mutiny."

We all respected the mate, and his words made a great impression. We consulted together, and the prudence of the majority overcame the fierce impulse of the bolder spirits. It was, however, tacitly understood, that if matters grew much worse, we would risk the dreadful penalty of mutiny by seizing the captain, for we now considered he was undoubtedly insane, although the mate acted rightly enough in holding aloof at present, as the captain had not yet evinced himself incapable of managing the ship.

Whether any whisper had leaked out in the cabin, through the officers or steward, I cannot tell, but the captain undoubtedly suspected what had passed. At noon the next day, he came on deck, with a double-barreled gun in his hands, and deliberately loaded it with ball in our presence. When he had done this, he called all hands aft, and in language that sufficiently indicated, from its wild incoherency, that he was undoubtedly insane, he addressed the crew, winding up with the words—

"You think to get the upper hand of me, do you? You will mutiny—you will take the ship away from me! I'll make an example—I'll show you whom you have to deal with! Mr. Jackson, let those two men be seized up this minute, for I'll make spread eagles of them sure as I live."

As he spoke, the captain pointed to two of the nearest men—one an American, the other an Englishman. These poor fellows looked round at their messmates, and seeing how undecided all were, then suddenly turned and sprang into the rigging—running aloft for safety.

The captain's eyes glared like a wild beast's, and seizing his gun he shouted—

"Lay down this moment, both of ye, or I'll shoot ye!"

They saw the threatening movement and heard the command; but this only caused them to run up the rigging higher and higher. Twice more the captain hailed them, and then he raised his piece, and quick as lightning, levelled and fired. A burst of execration from us all followed, for the ball had struck the Englishman and broke his leg. He fell like a wounded bird into the main-top, and screamed in agony.

"Oh, God! what have you done, Capt. L—?" exclaimed the horror-stricken mate. "You have committed murder!"

"No, I have not," answered the captain, "I ordered the fellow down, and if he won't obey his mutiny, and the law will justify me in killing him, or killing you either—so mind what you say!"

The mate turned aside, and when one of the oldest seamen whispered in his ear—"Say the word, sir, and we will clap the madman in irons," he only shook his head, and buried his face in his hands.

Meanwhile the American, a fine young fellow, known by the sobriquet of "Boston Bill," had ascended to the royal yard, and was looking down on deck to see what course matters were taking.

"What's the course?" he abruptly demanded of the man at the wheel.

"South east by east, sir."