

the loved dead, and the living who must soon follow him to his rest, whose spirits even then seemed to visit and to cheer his memory and his hope."

Mr. Clay's countenance immediately after death looked like an antique cast. His features seemed to be perfectly classical; and the repose of all the muscles gave the lifeless body a quiet majesty, seldom reached by living human being. His last request was that his body might be buried, not in Washington, but in his own family vault in his beloved Kentucky, by the side of his relations and friends. May he rest in peace in his honored grave!

A DUEL IN 1830.

I HAD just arrived at Marseilles with the diligence, in which three young men, apparently merchants or commercial travelers, were the companions of my journey. They came from Paris, and were enthusiastic about the events which had lately happened there, and in which they boasted of having taken part. I was, for my part, quiet and reserved; for I thought it much better, at a time of such political excitement in the south of France, where party passions always rise so high, to do nothing that would attract attention; and my three fellow-travelers no doubt looked on me as a plain, common-place seaman, who had been to the luxurious metropolis for his pleasure or on business. My presence, it seemed, did not incommode them, for they talked on as if I had not been there. Two of them were gay, merry, but rather coarse boon-companions; the third, an elegant youth, blooming and tall, with luxuriant black curling hair, and dark soft eyes. In the hotel where we dined, and where I sat a little distance off, smoking my cigar, the conversation turned on various love-adventures, and the young man, whom they called Alfred, showed his comrades a packet of delicately perfumed letters, and a superb lock of beautiful fair hair.

He told them that in the days of July he had been slightly wounded, and that his only fear, while he lay on the ground, was, that if he died, some mischance might prevent Clotilde from weeping over his grave. "But now all is well," he continued. "I am going to fetch a nice little sum from my uncle at Marseilles, who is just at this moment in good-humor, on account of the discomfiture of the Jesuits and the Bourbons. In my character of one of the heroes of July, he will forgive me all my present and past follies: I shall pass an examination at Paris, and then settle down in quiet, and live happily with my Clotilde." Thus they talked together; and by-and-by we parted in the court-yard of the coach-office.

Close by was a brilliantly-illuminated coffee-house. I entered, and seated myself at a little table, in a distant corner of the room. Two persons only were still in the saloon, in an opposite corner, and before them stood two glasses of brandy. One was an elderly, stately, and portly gentleman, with dark-red face, and dressed in a

quiet colored suit; it was easy to perceive that he was a clergyman. But the appearance of the other was very striking. He could not be far from sixty years of age, was tall and thin, and his gray, indeed almost white hair, which, however, rose from his head in luxurious fullness, gave to his pale countenance a peculiar expression that made one feel uncomfortable. The brawny neck was almost bare; a simple, carelessly-knotted black kerchief alone encircled it: thick, silver-gray whiskers met together at his chin; a blue frock-coat, pantaloons of the same color, silk stockings, shoes with thick soles, and a dazzlingly-white waistcoat and linen, completed his equipment. A thick stick leant in one corner, and his broad-brimmed hat hung against the wall. There was a certain convulsive twitching of the thin lips of this person, which was very remarkable; and there seemed, when he looked fixedly, to be a smouldering fire in his large, glassy, grayish-blue eyes. He was, it was evident, a seaman like myself—a strong oak that fate had shaped into a mast, over which many a storm had blustered, but which had been too tough to be shivered, and still defied the tempest and the lightning. There lay a gloomy resignation as well as a wild fanaticism in those features. The large bony hand, with its immense fingers, was spread out or clenched, according to the turn which the conversation with the clergyman took. Suddenly he stepped up to me. I was reading a royalist newspaper. He lighted his cigar.

"You are right, sir; you are quite right not to read those infamous Jacobin journals." I looked up, and gave no answer. He continued: "A sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have seen service?"

"Yes."

"You are still in active service?"

"No." And then, to my great satisfaction, for my patience was well-nigh exhausted, the examination was brought to a conclusion.

Just then, an evil destiny led my three young fellow-travelers into the room. They soon seated themselves at a table, and drank some glasses of champagne to Clotilde's health. All went on well; but when they began to sing the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, the face of the gray man began to twitch, and it was evident a storm was brewing. Calling to the waiter, he said with a loud voice, "Tell those blackguards yonder not to annoy me with their low songs!"

The young men sprang up in a fury, and asked if it was to them he alluded.

"Whom else should I mean," said the gray man, with a contemptuous sneer.

"But we may drink and sing if we like, and to whom we like," said the young man. "*Vive la République et vive Clotilde!*"

"One as blackguardly as the other!" cried the gray-beard tauntingly; and a wine-glass, that flew at his head from the hand of the dark-haired youth, was the immediate rejoinder. Slowly wiping his forehead, which bled and dripped

with the spilled wine, the old man said quite quietly "To-morrow, at the Cap Verd!" and seated himself again with the most perfect composure.

The young man expressed his determination to take the matter on himself; that he alone would settle the quarrel, and promised to appear on the morrow at the appointed time. They then all departed noisily. The old man rose quietly, and turning to me, said: "Sir, you have been witness to the insult; be witness also to the satisfaction. Here is my address: I shall expect you at five o'clock. Good-night, Monsieur l'Abbé! To-morrow, there will be one Jacobin less, and one lost soul the more. Good-night!" and taking his hat and stick, he departed. His companion the abbé followed soon after.

I now learned the history of this singular man. He was descended from a good family of Marseilles. Destined for the navy while still young, he was sent on board ship before the Revolution, and while yet of tender years. Later, he was taken prisoner; and after many strange adventures, returned in 1793 to France: was about to marry, but having been mixed up with the disturbances at Toulon, managed to escape by a miracle to England; and learned before long that his father, mother, one brother, a sister of sixteen years of age, and his betrothed, had all been led to the guillotine to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. Thirst for revenge, revenge on the detested Jacobins, was now his sole aim. For a long time he roved about in the Indian seas, sometimes as a privateer, at others as a slave-dealer; and was said to have caused the tricolor flag much damage, while he acquired a considerable fortune for himself. With the return of the Bourbons, he came back to France, and settled at Marseilles. He lived, however, very retired, and employed his large fortune solely for the poor, for distressed seamen, and for the clergy. Alms and masses were his only objects of expense. It may easily be believed, that he acquired no small degree of popularity among the lower classes and the clergy. But, strangely enough, when not at church, he spent his time with the most celebrated fencing-masters, and had acquired in the use of the pistol and the sword a dexterity that was hardly to be paralleled. In the year 1815, when the royalist reaction broke out in La Vendée, he roved about for a long time at the head of a band of followers. When at last this opportunity of cooling his rage was taken from him by the return of order, he looked out for some victim who was known to him by his revolutionary principles, and sought to provoke him to combat. The younger, the richer, the happier the chosen victim was, the more desirable did he seem. The landlord told me he himself knew of seven young persons who had fallen before his redoubted sword.

The next morning at five o'clock, I was at the house of this singular character. He lived on the ground-floor, in a small simple room, where,

excepting a large crucifix, and a picture covered with black crape, with the date, 1794, under it, the only ornaments were some nautical instruments, a trombone, and a human skull. The picture was the portrait of his guillotined bride; it remained always veiled, excepting only when he had slaked his revenge with blood; then he uncovered it for eight days, and indulged himself in the sight. The skull was that of his mother. His bed consisted of the usual hammock slung from the ceiling. When I entered, he was at his devotions, and a little negro brought me meanwhile a cup of chocolate and a cigar. When he had risen from his knees, he saluted me in a friendly manner, as if we were merely going for a morning walk together; afterward he opened a closet, took out of it a case with a pair of English pistols, and a couple of excellent swords, which I put under my arm; and thus provided, we proceeded along the quay toward the port. The boatmen seemed all to know him: "Peter, your boat!" He seated himself in the stern.

"You will have the goodness to row," he said; "I will take the tiller, so that my hand may not become unsteady."

I took off my coat, rowed away briskly, and as the wind was favorable, we hoisted a sail, and soon reached Cap Verd. We could remark from afar our three young men, who were sitting at breakfast in a garden, not far from the shore. This was the garden of a *restaurateur*, and was the favorite resort of the inhabitants of Marseilles. Here you find excellent fish; and also, in high perfection, the famous *bollenbresse*, a national dish in Provence, as celebrated as the *olla podrida* of Spain. How many a love-meeting has occurred in this place! But this time it was not Love that brought the parties together, but Hate, his step-brother; and in Provence the one is as ardent, quick, and impatient as the other.

My business was soon accomplished. It consisted in asking the young men what weapons they chose, and with which of them the duel was to be fought. The dark-haired youth—his name was M—— I——,—insisted that he alone should settle the business, and his friends were obliged to give their word not to interfere.

"You are too stout," he said to the one, pointing to his portly figure; "and you"—to the other—"are going to be married; besides, I am a first-rate hand with the sword. However, I will not take advantage of my youth and strength, but will choose the pistol, unless the gentleman yonder prefers the sword."

A movement of convulsive joy animated the face of my old captain: "The sword is the weapon of the French gentleman," he said; "I shall be happy to die with it in my hand."

"Be it so. But your age?"

"Never mind; make haste, and *en garde*."

It was a strange sight: the handsome young man on one side, overbearing confidence in his look, with his youthful form, full of grace and suppleness; and opposite him that long figure,

half naked—for his blue shirt was furled up from his sinewy arm, and his broad, scarred breast was entirely bare. In the old man, every sinew was like iron wire: his whole weight resting on his left hip, the long arm—on which, in sailor fashion, a red cross, three lilies, and other marks, were tattooed—held out before him, and the cunning, murderous gaze riveted on his adversary.

"'Twill be but a mere scratch," said one of the three friends to me. I made no reply, but was convinced beforehand that my captain, who was an old practitioner, would treat the matter more seriously. Young L——, whose perfumed coat was lying near, appeared to me to be already given over to corruption. He began the attack, advancing quickly. This confirmed me in my opinion; for although he might be a practiced fencer in the schools, this was proof that he could not frequently have been engaged in serious combat, or he would not have rushed forward so incautiously against an adversary whom he did not as yet know. His opponent profited by his ardor, and retired step by step, and at first only with an occasional ward and half thrust. Young L——, getting hotter and hotter, grew flurried; while every ward of his adversary proclaimed, by its force and exactness, the master of the art of fence. At length the young man made a lunge; the captain parried it with a powerful movement, and, before L—— could recover his position, made a thrust in return, his whole body falling forward as he did so, exactly like a picture at the Académie des Armes—"the hand elevated, the leg stretched out"—and his sword went through his antagonist, for nearly half its length, just under the shoulder. The captain made an almost imperceptible turn with his hand, and in an instant was again *en garde*. L—— felt himself wounded; he let his sword fall, while with his other hand he pressed his side; his eyes grew dim, and he sank into the arms of his friends. The captain wiped his sword carefully, gave it to me, and dressed himself with the most perfect composure. "I have the honor to wish you good-morning, gentlemen: had you not sung yesterday, you would not have had to weep to-day;" and thus saying, he went toward his boat. "'Tis the seventeenth!" he murmured; "but this was easy work—a mere greenhorn from the fencing-schools of Paris. 'Twas a very different thing when I had to do with the old Bonapartist officers, those brigands of the Loire." But it is quite impossible to translate into another language the fierce energy of this speech. Arrived at the port, he threw the boatman a few pieces of silver, saying: "Here, Peter; here's something for you."

"Another requiem and a mass for a departed soul, at the church of St. Gèneviève—is it not so, captain? But that is a matter of course." And soon after we reached the dwelling of the captain.

The little negro brought us a cold pasty, oysters, and two bottles of *vin d'Artois*. "Such a walk betimes gives an appetite," said the cap-

tain, gayly. "How strangely things fall out!" he continued, in a serious tone. "I have long wished to draw the crape-veil from before that picture, for you must know I only deem myself worthy to do so when I have sent some Jacobin or Bonapartist into the other world, to crave pardon from that murdered angel; and so I went yesterday to the coffee-house with my old friend the abbé, whom I knew ever since he was field-preacher to the Chouans, in the hope of finding a victim for the sacrifice among the readers of the liberal journals. The confounded waiters, however, betray my intention; and when I am there, nobody will ask for a radical paper. When you appeared, my worthy friend, I at first thought I had found the right man, and I was impatient—for I had been waiting for more than three hours for a reader of the 'National' or of 'Figaro.' How glad I am that I at once discovered you to be no friend of such infamous papers! How grieved should I be, if I had had to do with you instead of with that young fellow!" For my part, I was in no mood even for self-felicitations. At that time, I was a reckless young fellow, going through the conventionalisms of society without a thought; but the event of the morning had made even me reflect.

"Do you think he will die, captain?" I asked. "Is the wound mortal?"

"For certain!" he replied, with a slight smile. "I have a knack—of course for Jacobins and Bonapartists only—when I thrust *en quarte*, to draw out the sword by an imperceptible movement of the hand, *en tierce*, or *vice versa*, according to circumstances; and thus the blade turns in the wound—and *that kills*; for the lung is injured, and mortification is sure to follow."

On returning to my hotel, where L—— also was staying, I met the physician, who had just visited him. He gave up all hope. The captain spoke truly, for the slight movement of the hand and the turn of the blade had accomplished their aim, and the lung was injured beyond the power of cure. The next morning early, L—— died. I went to the captain, who was returning home with the abbé. "The abbé has just been to read a mass for him," he said; "it is a benefit which, on such occasions, I am willing he should enjoy—more, however, from friendship for him, than out of pity for the accursed soul of a Jacobin, which in my eyes is worth less than a dog's! But walk in, sir."

The picture, a wonderfully lovely maidenly face, with rich curls falling around it, and in the costume of the last ten years of the preceding century, was now unveiled. A good breakfast, like that of yesterday, stood on the table. With a moistened eye, and, turning to the portrait, he said: "Thérèse, to thy memory!" and emptied his glass at a draught. Surprised and moved, I quitted the strange man. On the stairs of the hotel I met the coffin, which was just being carried up for L——; and I thought to myself: "Poor Clotilde! you will not be able to weep over his grave."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR last Monthly Record reported the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention held at Baltimore on the 1st of June. On the 16th of the same month, the Whig National Convention met at the same place, and was permanently organized by the election of Hon. John G. Chapman, of Maryland, President, with thirty-one Vice-Presidents and thirteen Secretaries. Two days were occupied in preliminary business, part of which was the investigation of the right to several contested seats from the States of Vermont and New York. On the third day, a committee, consisting of one from each State, selected by the delegation thereof, was appointed to report a series of resolutions for the action of the Convention. The resolutions were reported at the ensuing session, on the same day, by Hon. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts. They set forth that the Government of the United States is one of limited powers, all powers not expressly granted, or necessarily implied by the Constitution, being reserved to the States or the people;—that while struggling freedom every where has the warmest sympathy of the Whig party, our true mission as a Republic is not to propagate our opinions, or to impose on other countries our form of government by artifice or force, but to teach by our example, and to show by our success, moderation, and justice, the blessings of self-government and the advantage of free institutions;—that revenue ought to be raised by duties on imports laid with a just discrimination, whereby suitable encouragement may be afforded to American Industry;—that Congress has power to open and repair harbors, and remove obstructions from navigable rivers, whenever such improvements are necessary for the common defense and for the protection and facility of commerce with foreign nations or among the States;—that the Compromise acts, including the fugitive slave law, are received and acquiesced in as a final settlement, in principle and substance, of the dangerous and exciting questions which they embrace; that the Whig party will maintain them, and insist upon their strict enforcement until time and experience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation, to guard against their evasion or abuse, not impairing their present efficiency; and that all further agitation of the questions thus settled is deprecated as dangerous to our peace; and all efforts to continue or renew that agitation, whenever, wherever, or however the attempt may be made, will be discountenanced.—These resolutions, after some discussion, were adopted by a vote of 227 yeas, and 66 nays. Ballotings for a Presidential candidate were then commenced, and continued until Monday, the fifth day of the session. There were 396 electoral votes represented in Convention, which made 149 (a majority) essential to a choice. Upon the first ballot, President Fillmore received 133, General Scott 131, and Daniel Webster 29 votes; and for fifty ballotings this was nearly the relative number of votes received by each. On the fifty-third ballot, General Scott receiving 159 votes, Mr. Fillmore 112, and Mr. Webster 21, the former was declared to have been duly nominated, and that nomination was made unanimous. Hon. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM, of North Carolina, was then nominated on the second ballot for Vice-President; and resolutions were adopted complimentary to Mr. Fill-

more and Mr. Webster; after which the Convention adjourned.

In reply to a communication from the President of the Convention, apprising him of his nomination, General Scott has written a letter, dated June 24th, declaring that he "accepts it with the resolutions annexed." He adds, that if elected, he shall recommend or approve of "such measures as shall secure an early settlement of the public domain favorable to actual settlers, but consistent, nevertheless, with a due regard to the equal rights of the whole American people in that vast national inheritance;"—and also of an amendment to our Naturalization laws, "giving to all foreigners the right of citizenship who shall faithfully serve, in time of war, one year on board of our public ships, or in our land-forces, regular or volunteer, on their receiving an honorable discharge from the service." He adds, that he should not tolerate any sedition, disorder, faction, or resistance to the law or the Union on any pretext, in any part of the land; and that his leading aim would be "to advance the greatness and happiness of this Republic, and thus to cherish and encourage the cause of constitutional liberty throughout the world." Mr. Graham also accepted his nomination, with a cordial approval of the declarations made in the resolutions adopted by the Convention.—Since the adjournment of the Convention, a letter from President Fillmore, addressed to that body, has been published. It was intrusted to the care of Mr. Babcock, the delegate in Convention from the Erie, N. Y., district, in which Mr. Fillmore resides; and he was authorized to present it, and withdraw Mr. Fillmore's name as a candidate whenever he should think it proper to do so. In this letter, Mr. Fillmore refers to the circumstances of embarrassment under which he entered upon the duties of the Presidency, and says that he at once determined within himself to decline a re-election, and to make that decision public. From doing so, however, he was at that time, as well as subsequently, dissuaded by the earnest remonstrances of friends. He expresses the hope that the Convention may be able to unite in nominating some one who, if elected, may be more successful in retaining the confidence of the party than he has been;—he had endeavored faithfully to discharge his duty to the country, and in the consciousness of having acted from upright motives and according to his best judgment, for the public good, he was quite willing to have sacrificed himself for the sake of his country.

The death of HENRY CLAY has been the most marked event of the month. He expired at Washington, on Tuesday, June 29, after a protracted illness, and at the advanced age of 75 years. His decease was announced in eloquent and appropriate terms in both branches of Congress, and general demonstrations of regard for his memory and regret at his loss took place throughout the country. His history is already so familiar to the American public, that we add nothing here to the notice given of him in another part of this Magazine. His remains were taken to Lexington, Ky., for interment.

The proceedings of Congress since our last Record have not been of special importance. In the Senate on the 29th of June a communication was received from the President communicating part of the correspondence had with the Austrian government con-

cerning the imprisonment of Mr. C. L. Brace. The principal document was a letter from Prince Schwarzenberg, stating that Mr. Brace was found to have been the bearer of important papers from Hungarian fugitives in America to persons in Hungary very much suspected, and also to have had in his possession inflammatory and treasonable pamphlets; and that his imprisonment was therefore fully justified. A letter from Mr. Webster to the American Chargé at Vienna, in regard to Chevalier Hulsemann's complaints of the U. S. government, has been also submitted to the Senate. Mr. W. says that notwithstanding his long residence in this country Mr. Hulsemann seems to have yet to learn that no foreign government, or its representative, can take just offense at any thing which an officer of this government may say in his private capacity; and that a Chargé d' Affairs can only hold intercourse with this government through the Department of State. Mr. W. declines to take any notice of the specific subjects of complaint presented by Mr. H.—In the House of Representatives the only important action taken has been the passage of a bill providing for the donation to the several States, for purposes of education and internal improvement, of large tracts of the public domain. Each of the old States receives one hundred and fifty thousand acres for each Senator and Representative in the present Congress: to the new States the portions awarded are still larger. The bill was passed in the House on the 26th of June by a vote of ayes 96, nays 86. The bill was presented by Mr. Bennett of New York, and is regarded as important, inasmuch as it secures to the old States a much larger participation in the public lands than they have hitherto seemed likely to obtain.

A National Agricultural Convention was held at Washington on the 24th of June, of which Marshall Wilder of Massachusetts was elected President. It was decided to form a National Agricultural Society, to hold yearly meetings at Washington.—The Supreme Court in New York on the 11th of June pronounced a judgment, by a majority, declaring the American Art-Union to be a lottery within the prohibition of the Constitution of the State, and that it was therefore illegal. An appeal has been taken by the Managers to the Court of Appeals, where it has been argued, but no decision has yet been given.—Madame Alboni, the celebrated contralto singer, arrived in New York early in June and has given two successful concerts.—Governor Kossuth delivered an address in New York on the 21st of June upon the future of nations, insisting that it was the duty of the United States to establish, what the world has not yet seen, a national policy resting upon Christian principles as its basis. He urged the cause of his country upon public attention, and declared his mission to the United States to be closed. On the 23d he delivered a farewell address to the German citizens of New York, in which he spoke at length of the relations of Germany to the cause of European freedom and of the duty of the German citizens of the United States to exert an influence upon the American government favorable to the protection of liberty throughout the world. It is stated that his aggregate receipts of money in this country have been somewhat less than one hundred thousand dollars.

In Texas, a company of dragoons, under Lieutenant Haven, has had a skirmish with the Cananche Indians, from whom four captive children and thirty-eight stolen horses were recovered. About the 1st of June a family, consisting of a father, mother, and six children, while encamped at La Mina, were at-

tacked by a party of Camanches, and all killed except the father and one daughter, who were severely wounded, and two young children who were rescued. A few days previous a party of five Californians were all killed by Mexicans near San Fernando. On the evening of the 10th of May seven Americans were attacked by a gang of about forty Mexicans and Indians, at a lake called Campacuas, and five of them were killed. A good deal of excitement prevailed in consequence of these repeated outrages, and of the failure of the General Government to provide properly for the protection of the parties.—Early in June, as the U. S. steamer Camanche was ascending the Rio Bravo, five persons landed from her and killed a cow, when the owner came forward and demanded payment. This was refused with insults, and the marauders returned on board. The steamer continued her voyage, and the pilot soon saw a party of men approaching the bank, and fired upon them. They soon after returned the fire, wounding two of the passengers, one being the deputy-collector of the Custom-house of Rio Grande, and the other his son. FROM CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 1st of June. There is no political news of interest. A party of seventy-four Frenchmen left California last fall for Sonora in Mexico, accompanied by one American, named Moore. Mr. M. had returned to San Francisco with intelligence that the party had been favorably received by the Mexican authorities, who had bestowed upon them a grant of three leagues of land near Carcospa, at the head of the Santa Cruz valley, on condition that they should cultivate it for ten years without selling it, and should not permit any Americans to settle among them. They had also received from the Mexican government horses, farming utensils, provisions, and other necessities, with permission to have five hundred of their countrymen join them. They were intending soon to begin working the rich mines in that neighborhood. Mr. Moore had been compelled by threats and force to leave them. On his way back he met at Guaymas a party of twelve who had been driven back, while going to California, by Indians. While on their way to Sonora, they had fallen in with a settlement of seventy-five Frenchmen, who treated them with great harshness, and would have killed them but for the protection of the Mexican authorities. This hostility between the French and American settlers in California is ascribed to difficulties which occurred in the mines between them. The Mexicans, whose hatred of the Americans in that part of the country seems to be steadily increasing, have taken advantage of these dissensions, and encourage the French in their hostility to the Americans.—Previous to its adjournment, which took place on the 5th of May, the Legislature passed an act to take the census of the State before the 1st of November.—The feeling of hostility to the Chinese settlers in California seems to be increasing. Public meetings had been held in various quarters, urging their removal, and Committees of Correspondence had been formed to concert measures for effecting this object. It appears from official reports that the whole number of Chinamen who had arrived at San Francisco, from February, 1848, to May, 1852, was 11,953, and that of these only 167 had returned or died. Of the whole number arrived only seven were women.—Nine missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church had recently arrived, intending to labor in California and Oregon.—The intelligence from the mines continued to be highly encouraging. The weather was favorable; the deposits continued to yield abundantly, and labor was generally well rewarded.