

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE!

VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 41

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1861.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,603.]

LIFE INSURANCE.

THOMAS WELSH, Esq., has been appointed Agent of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, for Columbia and neighborhood. This is an established Company, persons wishing to provide for their families in case of death will call on the agent and get insured. Columbia, July 10, 1859.

COLUMBIA IRON FOUNDRY, OPPOSITE THE CANAL BASIN, COLUMBIA, PA.

THE subscriber has removed to the extensive shop connected with the Columbia Iron Foundry, which has been thoroughly fitted up with modern and extensive machinery, and is now prepared to manufacture Steam Engines, and all kinds of machinery, Machinery for Furnaces, Forges, Mills, Factories, &c. &c. Iron and Brass Castings finished to order. Bridges, Castings, and all kinds of work, repaired promptly attended to. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

REMOVED. JOHN SHENBERG'S FURNITURE WARE ROOMS.

THE undersigned having removed his Furniture Ware Room and Manicure Parlour, from his old building, to the new building at the corner of Third and Market streets, and the public to give him notice. A large and elegant stock of Furniture, Carpets, &c. &c. JOHN SHENBERG, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

CABINET WARE AND CHAIR WORK. A large and elegant stock of Furniture, Carpets, &c. &c. JOHN SHENBERG, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

More New Goods AT THE CORNER OF THIRD AND MARKET STS. JUST received, a fine assortment of Ladies' Shoes, of various styles, Black, Brown, Red, Green, Blue, and all colors, and all kinds of Men's Shoes, Boots, and all kinds of Footwear. Also, a large stock of Groceries, and all kinds of Goods. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

Ropes, Ropes, Ropes. 400 COILS just received and for sale, at wholesale and retail, and for export, at the Columbia Rope Works, Columbia, Pa. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

GEORGE J. SMITH, Wholesale and Retail Bread and Cake Baker. Constantly on hand a variety of cakes, breads, and all kinds of Pastry. Also, a large stock of Groceries, and all kinds of Goods. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

FOR RENT. THE room in the New Hotel, now occupied by J. Thomas Welch, Esq., for sale, at the Columbia, February 21, 1859.

Soap and Vinegar. 20 BOXES of Duff's Brown Soap, 20 barrels of Vinegar, and all kinds of Groceries, and all kinds of Goods. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

SALT! 1000 Sacks of Salt just received, and for sale, at the Columbia, July 3, 1859.

NOTICE. ALL persons indebted, on the Books of the undersigned, to pay to the undersigned, on or before the 1st of April, 1859, the amount due. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

COMMISSION BUSINESS. THE subscriber has made arrangements and is now prepared to receive on commission, at his office, North side of Walnut street, Columbia, Pa. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

COAL, LUMBER, WOOD OR TILES. He will give the lowest prices for any quantity of the above articles, to any amount. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

THE COLUMBIA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Second St., below Union, Columbia, Pa.

IS prepared to receive all orders for STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS, SHAFES, PULVERIZERS, PUMPS, and all kinds of Machinery, and all kinds of Goods. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

JANE'S Expectant, Jayne's Laxative, and all kinds of Medicines, and all kinds of Goods. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

NEW GROCERY STORE. THE subscriber has removed to the new building at the corner of Third and Market streets, and is now prepared to receive all orders for Groceries, and all kinds of Goods. JOHN Q. DENNEY, Columbia, July 3, 1859.

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Advertisements. For one square, first insertion, 10 cents. For each subsequent insertion, 5 cents. For a month, 30 cents. For three months, 80 cents. For six months, 1 dollar 50 cents. For a year, 3 dollars.

Large Advertisements. For one square, first insertion, 25 cents. For each subsequent insertion, 10 cents. For a month, 1 dollar. For three months, 2 dollars 50 cents. For six months, 5 dollars. For a year, 10 dollars.

DR. HOFFER, Dentist, Office, Front Street 4th door from Locust street.

PHYSICIAN. Office, Front Street 4th door from Locust street.

THOMAS WELSH, Esq., Agent of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company.

H. M. NORTH, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

S. Atles B. Okius, D. D. S., Dentist, Office, Front Street 4th door from Locust street.

Harrison's Columbian Ink. A superior article, for writing, and for printing, and for all kinds of work.

We have just received Dr. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding and Patent Suction and Brace for Lungs. It is a new and improved article, and is now in use by all the leading Physicians.

Prof. Gardner's Soap. A superior article, for washing, and for cleaning, and for all kinds of work.

GARDNER'S Compound Syrup of Iodine. A superior article, for curing, and for all kinds of work.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE. A superior article, for binding, and for all kinds of work.

IRON AND STEEL. A superior article, for building, and for all kinds of work.

DUTCH HERRING. A superior article, for eating, and for all kinds of work.

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Selections.

Boa Constrictors. The gloomy forest in which I witnessed what I am about to relate is situated at a short distance from the town of Dielky, in the East India Island of Timore.

On a small plot of ground where stands a group of about fifty buildings of most fantastic shapes, each surrounded by its own inclosures, live and die a few sickly Europeans and a number of Malays who blacken their teeth with betel, areka, and lime.

Here they live, and near them—so near indeed that he can reach them at a single bound—lives the terrible boa constrictor, who only devours myriads of insects when he happens not to have pounced upon a buffalo in his rapid flight.

The buffalo is the boa's natural food. The moment he has seized upon an animal of this description, he drags him toward one of the sturdy giants of the forest, enfolds him, squeezes him, and stifles him, in spite of his sharp horns, his frightful bellowing and his sturdy shoulders; then covers him with slime, his rough tongue searing at once to caress and injure his victim; he kneads his body, he stretches it out and pounds his bones, and when these hideous preparations are completed, and his reptile instinct tells him that his victim is in a state to be devoured, he lets it fall, and placing himself at full length opposite the lifeless buffalo's head, opens his jaws, the elasticity of which is almost beyond credence—till his rings creak as they draw nearer each other, and then draws a long breath, when the quadruped is sucked in by a series of jerks, and no sooner is its body half engulfed than the voracious boa grows calm, feels drowsy, and at length falls asleep as if wearied by a struggle that has exhausted his strength.

If the boa was alone before he attacked the buffalo, and if his female is asleep at some distance from him, you may then approach in full confidence, for you have nothing to fear from his strength, his slime, nor his open jaws that are yawning like some vast furnace. I have said that he is asleep, but it would be more correct to say dead, for he is as insensible as the trunk of a tree.

There is no glory as you may perceive in killing the boa in the state of torpor in which he is thrown at the beginning of his loathsome repast, but as no one thinks of glory in the daily war waged against this hideous reptile, the best plan is to take him in the midst of his feast, and for several men to kneel down from his head to the middle of his body, as if before some venerated idol, and then to place a poisoned arrow on a string made of the entrails of fish, and at a given signal, to let fly simultaneously at this crawling Lucullus, who is struck by death in the midst of his feast.

Hunting a boa is far more perilous, and, for my part, I should a thousand times prefer attacking a tiger or a hungry lion in the desert, than the dreaded boa constrictor in the forest. Bullets are ineffectual against him—for how were it possible to direct them with a sure aim in the midst of his rapid undulation, as the flickering of a flame? Besides, where is your enemy? You fancy you hear him rustling under your feet, when he is hanging by the last rings of his tail to some high branch, swinging to and fro ready to dart upon you, and crush you to atoms as he would a buffalo. It may be, as there is no stinging to be feared, that you may have sufficient presence of mind to divide the reptile's body with your sword; but for my part, I should give myself up for lost the moment his slimy body had encircled me in its folds, and I should only rely in the success of your attempt, if you assure me you are born a Malay, and inhabit Timore.

The depredations on the herd of buffaloes belonging to the Europeans and to the Rajahs tributary to the Resident of Dielky, committed by the boas of the forest adjoining this unfortunate colony, had become so frequent and so fatal that the Governor, Jose Pinto Alocoradas de Azevedo Souza, determined at length to organize hunting parties for the purpose of destroying, or at any rate driving away, these dangerous reptiles.

For this purpose he enlisted a number of stout-hearted, energetic men, who were not afraid of entering the gloomy forest by day or by night, and making war on its dread rulers. Their weapons consisted of the formidable *crick*, whose undulating blade is generally stepped in yellowish gum, of the up-stee, and of short jagged arrows that are placed in the shape of a fan, on their chests, and which they dart at the monster whenever they surprise him asleep. But so many of the hunters fell victims to the reptile, that they at length gave up this mode of attack, for which condemned felons were chiefly employed.

After these unsuccessful attempts, which would have finished by depopulating the Island far more rapidly than dysentery or the most pernicious fevers, Don Jose Pinto determined to set fire to the wood-aven at the expense of a general conflagration throughout the island. He, however, adopted every precaution required under the circumstances, and as soon as the buffaloes that were sent forward to be sacrificed to the reptiles, had given token of the presence of one or more of these monsters, he caused a quantity of trees to be felled in a circle round the spot thus indicated. And as the serpent remains in a state of torpor for some months after his repast, the courageous wood-cutters laid

only to be on their guard against these reptiles which had not yet gorged themselves, but were not sufficiently bold to attack a troop of men ready to repel them.

No sooner were the time honored trunks felled to the ground, together with the luxuriant branches, so varied and so fantastic in their shapes, than whole armfuls of dry leaves were cast into a heap in the middle, these were set on fire, and the fire was continually fed by fresh fuel cast in from the outer circle, and then through the fitful undulations of the lambent flames the dreaded boas might be seen writhing round and round in the fiery circle, and their struggles to escape from death; then leaping at a bound to the topmost branches of the trees, and attempting to clear the belt of flames that surrounded them—in but in vain were their endeavors. They fell exhausted in the midst of the furnace, and breathed their last amid the horrors of so agonizing a death.

Some of them, however, as Don Jose Pinto assured me, contrived to leap beyond the scene of danger, rushed upon the intrepid Malays, several of whom forfeited their lives before the reptiles could be subdued.

But it is when the boa comes forth from the gloomy and silent forests, and scours the plain to enjoy the light and the sunshine, that human life is in the greatest jeopardy, even in the most securely closed habitations. The boa constrictor possesses all the cunning and hypocrisy of the jackal and the tiger; he crawls along stealthily through the grass, following all the sinuosities of the soil, so as not to make a noise by striking against any object that might impede his progress. He stoops his head beneath the leaves and branches of the shrubs, and then raises it up again with due caution, having previously listened to ascertain whether there might be some easy prey near at hand, after which he crawls onward in the direction of the spot he aims at, when suddenly by a series of rapid bounds and evolutions, that can be compared to nothing more aptly than the steamer on the mainmast of a vessel dallying with the wind, he twists himself now to the right, now to the left, then turns backward, and anon leaps forward as though he were seized with a vertigo. But in this favored state the boa has marked his victim and his greedy eye has at once discerned which animal will afford him the largest digestion.

Such of the natives of Timore as are employed on plantations open to the incursions of the boa, have therefore devised the following stratagem: They tie up a buffalo with strong ropes to a tree or rock, with created openings, where they can ensnare themselves in safety, while they are enabled to watch their enemies' manoeuvres. The boa now rushes upon its victim, and the suppressed roar of the buffalo soon proclaims the reptile's triumph and the feast that follows.

But it must not be imagined that when the monster is impelled by hunger he acts in the cautious manner I have just described—just the contrary; at such times his bearing is bold and decisive; he towers proudly above the tall heath, uttering a hissing sound like the moaning of the wind in a tempest, and following as straight a line as an arrow shot out of a bow by some practical hand. Then, oh! then, was to the unhappy man upon whom this hideous reptile is about to rush! Nothing can save him from his deadly grasp, and frequently have several fallen a prey to his voracity, when he stalks with a rapidity far exceeding that of the nimble tiger.

It is difficult to comprehend the wonderful elasticity of the boa's jaws. His head is no larger than a man's two fists put together; his jaws expand without any great effort, and engulf masses of astounding enormity. Thus when the whole body of the buffalo has been consigned to his living tomb, you may see the boa's scaly skin distended by a number of domes, while the victim's horns rise up like two sharp peaks, as if about to pierce through the hard walls of a prison.

But of all sights in the world, none is at once more curious and more frightful than an encounter between two boas, which are contending for a female or for a buffalo.

Don Jose Pinto and I witnessed an encounter of this kind one evening, taking care, however, to keep at a respectful distance.

We took our positions on a lofty Belvedere, from whence, though at a distance of about a thousand footsteps from the scene of action, we could hear the sonorous hissing—more like gusts of wind than anything else—of combatants about to enter the lists. We saw the scattered branches on the ground rising like whirlwinds in mid-air, impelled by the rapid evolutions of the two infuriated combatants, and flying like rockets in all directions. The two boas reached at a bound, the solid branches of a couple of trees standing near each other; and then there was a kind of lull, only interrupted by the terrific rustling of the foliage, in which the voracious combatants lay ensconced.

On a sudden the trees quivered all over, and two sturdy cables rushed at each other. These cables were the two inveterate foes hanging by the last ring of their tails, each to a branch, entwined in each other's folds, like cemented stones of a bridge; and poised above the abyss below. Sometimes they formed a convex, and at other times a concave arc; then they remained motionless awhile; yet even during their apparent immobility, they would crush and pound each

other's rings, and under this seeming calm there was rage, despair, and gnashing of teeth. The body of one of the boas must drop lifeless to the ground, and the other fall asleep beside his vanquished foe.

The struggle had lasted about a quarter of an hour, when the two champions, as if by mutual agreement, loosened their hold of each other, and retreated each to his former station, till the hostilities should be resumed. The war-ory was a kind of stifled hiss, but more prolonged than the two first we had heard, after which both monsters slid down the smooth trunk of the tree they had chosen for the field of battle, and then followed a violent attack as rapid as lightning's fierce onslaught, and the last agonies of one of the combatants seemed almost simultaneous. One of the reptiles had drawn his adversary within his vortex, and the rings of his tail were relaxing their hold by slow degrees. The bodies of the two monsters were now side by side, and stretched at full length. One was motionless, the other more agitated, and after carefully coiling himself round the tree, he at length stifled his adversary within his deadly embrace.

Whatever the moralists may say, or popular opinion may be, there is no class of "sensation" reading more eagerly pursued than such as detail scenes of violence and blood-shed. The "duello" has prevailed amongst all races, civilized and barbarian, from the remotest antiquity, and is not likely to be radiated while men are urged by hot passion, or ideas of punctilious honor, prevail in professions and communities. I read recently in a newspaper, a chronological sketch of the numerous duels which have been fought upon the renowned fighting ground at Bladenburg; and I propose to throw together a brief account of several duels and affrays that have taken place in our country at various times—giving facts as I heard them, without pretending to minute accuracy.

I have not the newspaper item alluded to before me—but I believe there is some error in the account of the duel between Mason and McCarty (1829, I think), and there are some facts omitted, which I will add.

Mason and McCarty were brothers-in-law—Mason a man of hot and irascible temper—McCarty of a resolute but better controlled disposition. For some offense Mason challenged McCarty, who objected to a deadly combat with one so closely related to him, and offered to apologize. An apology was refused, and McCarty notified that he would be forced to fight, unless he proceeded with the challenge. McCarty then named his terms—that both parties should sit upon a log of powder and then fire it. This was rejected by the seconds as barbarous. McCarty then proposed that both should go upon the cupola of the Capital at Washington, and leap from it hand in hand—but this was also pronounced inadmissible. He then named muskets, loaded with two balls each, and eight paces, saying that he would kill Mason—he did, being unharmed himself. The newspaper account says that McCarty's hair became white soon after, which I suppose is a mistake. I knew him ten years after the duel, and his hair was then brown, with no signs of being gray, and was so long as to fall upon his shoulders.

An incident in the subsequent life of McCarty exhibits the determined character of the man. Somewhere about twenty-five or thirty years ago, and before the pre-emption system had modified the rude and high-handed ways which prevailed in the disposal of public lands, Col. McCarty, with three or four friends, went from Virginia to attend a public land sale. On the day before the sale, the squatters in that region, according to the energetic system of that energetic and very useful class of our fellow citizens, notified all strangers present of what lands they should bid upon, and that any attempt to bid for any others would be summarily settled at the peril of the intruding bidder, and they were not met that trifled, or often failed in this kind of patriotic duty.

At the moment the auctioneer was about to commence the sale, Col. McCarty stepped forward and requested a moment's delay.—He then stated to the crowd—and there was no lack of fierce, or those plesing arguments, rifles, pistols, and knives around—that he had been warned not to bid for certain lands now about to be offered for sale; that he recognized no authority but the law of the land; that he should allow no man to control his rights by threats; and then announcing himself and friends by name and as from Virginia, he added that they intended to bid for whatever lands they saw fit, among those about to be offered, and any man attempting violence would do so at his peril. He then drew a brace of pistols; his friends did the same and the bidding commenced. The Virginians bid as they pleased for the forbidden lands, but no fight resulted.

An instance resembling, in its circumstances, the duel between Mason and McCarty, occurred near one of the Virginia court-houses, and while the court was in session, some years ago, between Dr. Branch T. Archer, a distinguished actor in the early struggles of Texas, and of an eminent Virginia family, and a young relative. The young man, for some rather slight cause, challenged Dr. Archer, who endeavored to avoid a duel for the same reason that made

McCarty fight Mason. The young man in this case, peremptorily, and with threats demanded a meeting, which was finally conceded. They fought in a grove at five paces, the sound of the pistols interrupting the proceedings of the court. The young man was shot dead at the first fire. Archer afterwards fought a knife duel in Texas, with a Spaniard—their left hands tied together—and killed his antagonist. He was one of Gen. Houston's most bitter and unsparring foes, but never could bring "Old Sam Jacinto" to fight.

It is stated of the celebrated Bowie, that he settled an amicable controversy with a Spaniard about the relative merits of his terribly famous knife, and the Spanish long knife, by a knife duel with their left arms tied together. At the word, Bowie, by a powerful jerk, turned the Spaniard around, passed his knife into his body, and turned it—the Spaniard sinking down a dead man. Bowie coiled round the cord and let the dead body fall, with as much indifference as though it had been a log. This, of course, was the most satisfactory and convincing proof that he had the best of the controversy.

One of the most melancholy fights that ever took place in Virginia, occurred about thirteen years ago, in Manchester, across the James river from Richmond.—It was between John Hampton Pleasants, long a very able and popular editor of the Richmond *Whig*, and Thomas Ritchie, jr., son of the celebrated Thomas Ritchie, for twenty years the contentant editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, in the political newspaper field, with Pleasants. It was the fatal cause of a bad feeling, which had been smoldering for some years, although there can be little doubt that outside friends were more active than the principals, in stimulating the matter into a death struggle.

Pleasants had been challenged, a few years before the encounter at Manchester, by William F. Ritchie, husband of Mrs. Mowatt, and eldest son of Thomas Ritchie, senior. The challenge was accepted—the terms being at Clark's Springs, about two miles from Richmond—hot guns, loaded with twelve buckshot—twelve paces—the guns to be placed, uncocked, upon the ground, at the feet of the Principals, to be raised at the word and fired at will. The duel was to have taken place at five o'clock in the morning, but by the exertions of two distinguished citizens was fortunately postponed in shape for adjustment about two hours before the affair was to come off.

The settlement was just and honorable to both parties, but there was a lingering bitterness that finally led the younger Ritchie to charge Pleasants with cowardice, editorially. This led to the fight, for it was not a formal duel, although the terms were settled, and seconds were upon the ground. The parties were to stand sixty yards apart, armed as they saw fit. Pleasants had a revolver in his pocket, two pistols in his belt, and a Roman sword. At the word, Pleasants commenced the advance, and was directly fired upon by Ritchie, who stood in his place and fired deliberately, using a stick or cane, held horizontally, as a rest. While advancing under fire, Pleasants discharged one pistol, but otherwise made no use of his arms until he came in front of Ritchie, when he exclaimed, "Now you know I am no coward!" then fired three pistol, made a pass or two with his cane sword, and fell. Five shots had struck him, wounding him mortally. He died in about three days.

Twenty years ago, and still later the pleasant town of Vieckberg used to have regular "sensations" from fights between the editors of the *Whig* and *Sentinel*. The editor of the *Sentinel* was an Irishman by birth and from Philadelphia. His writings were virulent to the extreme, and his relish for a fight was seasoned even above that degree of zeal which has so celebrated the rivalry of "Donnybrook Fair." He was finally removed to a more serene existence, in a street fight with a gentleman named Jackson, who went all the way from New Orleans for the purpose of shooting him, which he did.—The tone of the *Sentinel* was not abated by this little incident—but always had its "fighting editor," who chivalrously encountered all comers, occasionally wiping out one of them or maiming an adversary; but three or four of them "went under" in succession, while engaged in this pleasing pastime.

A duel which came off about twenty years ago, between Gholson and Prentiss, in Mississippi, created considerable excitement in the region where it occurred. The origin was a political difficulty, Gholson being an ardent Democrat, and Prentiss a stout Whig. Gholson was a noted duelist, had killed his man more than once, and was a "dead shot." Prentiss had no laurels of that kind, but he was known as a man of great nerve and resolution. The affair, as is usual in that region, was attended by a large number of enlightened and highly interested critics, and this was a case of superior excellence and attraction. Among the betting fraternity, Gholson "had the call," but some bettors were made that both men would fall; and this showed the sounder judgment, for the first fire Gholson leaped three feet from the ground, with a ball through his heart, and Prentiss, wheeling round, fell his, but only from a smart flesh wound. A gentleman who had seen many duels, and witnessed this, told me that Prentiss was the only man he ever saw who fell without any sign of discomposure, and with entire calmness.

Special Message of Gov. Curtin.

Correspondence between the State and National Authorities in regard to the Military from Pennsylvania.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, Harrisburg, May 2, 1861.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania: GENTLEMEN.—In my communication to you of the 30th of April I had the honor to say that a requisition had been made for twenty-five additional regiments of infantry, and one of cavalry, for the service of the national government.

As that order was countermanded by a telegraphic dispatch on the evening of the 30th ult., and by a written order received this morning from Major General Patterson, I feel it to be my duty to lay the subject before you for your consideration.

The first order made upon me by the Federal government was for sixteen regiments of infantry, which, by a subsequent order, was reduced to fourteen. The order was filled immediately and I continued to receive companies for the reasons assigned in my message of April 30th, until twenty-three regiments were mustered into the service of the United States.

The order from Major General Patterson, of the 25th of April, was in the following terms:

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON, Philadelphia, April 25, 1861.

His Excellency, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania—Sir, I feel it my duty to express to you that the force at the disposal of this Department should be increased without delay.

I, therefore, have to request, your excellency to direct that twenty-five additional regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry be called forthwith, to be mustered into the service of the United States. Officers will be detailed to inspect and master the men into service as soon as I am informed of the points of rendezvous which may be designated by your excellency.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

R. PATTERSON, Major-General.

Commenced immediately to raise the additional force; and a large number of companies were accepted from different parts of the State and from which we had not taken companies to fill the first requisition. Many of the companies are here and on their way to the rendezvous and camp at Wilkes, in Pittsburg. The officer of the United States army detailed to master companies into service at Pittsburg has been withdrawn, and no more companies will be mustered into the service at the different points of rendezvous, established by the Government, in the State.

The letter from Major General Patterson rescinding the order for additional regiments is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, April 30, 1861.

To his Excellency A. G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania—Sir.—On the 25th inst. I addressed you a communication expressing my opinion that the force at my disposal was inadequate, and suggested that twenty-six additional regiments be added to the Pennsylvania contingent. Since that date other States have furnished a number of disciplined troops, well armed and equipped, sufficient for the present requirements of the service at the national capital, and it will, therefore, be inexpedient to accept the services of more than three months volunteers.

The three companies referred to in my communication of the 25th are required for immediate service, and one troop will be on duty to-morrow.

A call may be made for an additional force of volunteers to serve for two years of the war, but the authority therefor will be provided in time to cause no delay or inconvenience.

The government informs me that no more than three months men will be required, plans having been adopted to increase the army in