

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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LOVE, MUSIC, AND MOONLIGHT.

‘Twas on a balmy eve of June,
While softly gleamed the rising moon
Above a pillowing cloud, whose snow
Seemed bathed in that celestial glow—
All sounds of earth and air were mute,
When first I heard thy silvery lute;
Bright was the eve, and blest the hour
When first I saw thee, beauty’s flower.

The calm, the scene, the fairy tone—
Into my thoughts like light have gone;
Entranced by earth, the stars around
Blue heaven seemed twinkling to the sound
As floated far the notes along.
The blackbird hushed his evening song;
The murmuring stream and rippling sea
Grew still, and listened, envying thee.

Oh, what an ecstasy, that night,
Kind fate bestowed to sound and sight—
The sight was what we meet, perchance,
Only in page of old romance;
The sound was like the lover’s breeze,
That steals at night to woo the trees;
And mingling, both made poor earth seem
Not man’s abode, but fancy’s dream.

There beauty’s circling zone subdued
The spirit to love’s melting mood;
The radiant and the rare combined
Of sin and grief the sense to blind;
No gloomy doubts or dreams oppressed
The bright elision of the breast;
And of few sorrow, like the grey
Of twilight from the glance of day!

Floated the elfin music fine
Through net-work of the egplantine,
While moonbeams pierced the leaves be-
tween
And there thou stood’st all glowing bright
With alabaster brow of light,
As ’twere an angel come to see
What a thing a world like ours can be!

[The following pleasant article was read
as a prize essay at a late anniversary cele-
bration of the Albany Female Academy.]

THE AGE OF JONATHAN.

By MISS MARY MATHER, OF FLINT, MICH.

The most disagreeable period of human life is that questionable era when one is neither boy nor man—that graceful self-conceited age so fraught with mischief, colt-breaking, bird’s nesting and orchard-robbing; so brim-full of worldly courage, debating societies, pomatum and old pistols. When vanity is yet uncurbed by reason, and the destructive propensities are rampant; when the sentiments, if they exist at all, are in limbo, and the rule energies and activities are impatient of the least restraint. When one is a representative of all unattractive good-for-naught creatures. When he is, in short, pragmatical as a learned pig; whistling and crowing from dawn till dark like a musical chattering—and as continually on the aggressive of a courageous-barking puppy.

Yet, in spite of all this, how beautiful and significant is youth! For beneath this rough exterior we perceive the germ of a noble ardor, a self-sacrifice and enthusiasm seldom found when years and cares, and disappointments have embittered life, and robbed the future of its glory.

Historians tell us that nations, like individuals, have their allotted period of existence; that they come forth from the night of barbarism to the freshness and poetry of youth—reach a certain point of advancement, grow old and feeble, and finally perish. Greece and Rome died centuries ago, leaving us a few voluminous, posthumous relics to this effect. China, more plangent, has existed much as do ammonia in fossil beds, in a cold-blooded, dormant state, without pulsation or the consciousness of being. Standing on the shores of the new world, and observing the restlessness and recklessness, the perverse and lawless spirit at work, we are led to exclaim, it must be so!—Every thing here indicates the transition stage, the boyhood of the nation.

What other are wild-cat speculations, Mexican and Cuban expeditions, than mere watermelon stealing and boy-buccaneering of heronries? What Ohio Legislature and United States Senate controversies but the polemics of Fisticuff in his sixteenth year.

Reasoning from experience, this young Jonathan of the nineteenth century must be short-lived. Promoted to “striped trousers” at so tender an age, so early thrown upon his resources, evincing such precocious shrewdness at bargains—must not his maturity and old age arrive with a proportional rapidity?

There is one hope for him. He has shown no remarkable genius for music, painting nor poetry. His healthy mediocrity in these branches permits the hope that he may survive the usual melancholy fate of premature genius. Besides, a hardness and insipidity were early developed in him by rough toil among granite hills and unproductive valleys; by roving the forest and warring with his wolf and the savage unit, like the young shepherd of other days, he feared no Goliath. Quite in accordance with

the disrespectful tendency of his age, was it, that his first essay of military gallantry should have been to flog his mother.—Time and reflection have as yet begotten no shame for so unnatural an act. Far otherwise! It is his boast at debating societies, stump orations and Fourth of Julys. Indeed, but for his enthusiastic veneration of “smartness,” his mad demonstrations of worshipful respect to superannuated captains and generals of militia—and his eagerness to apothecize whatever is deemed superior in pirouetting or novel-writing: we might question if his organ of reverence be not wholly flattened and dissolved. What effect the melodious bewitchments of the Swedish songstress will produce upon him, is a curious problem. Will his intoxication stop short of delirium tremens?

In spite of one instance to the contrary, Jonathan is the most gallant soul alive.—The age of chivalry never produced a more tender and heroic champion, not of high-born dames and maidens of glorious beauty, but of that trustful and refined idea which we name womanhood. He is almost too courteous and submissive, for “frailty” grows presuming, and hardly deigned to acknowledge his civilities.—Unthanked, he carries basket and bird-cage, umbrella, bandbox and baby, while she as a matter of course leans helplessly upon his good-natured left elbow. In travelling by car or stage-coach, how noticeable this amiable trait. When a lady enters, John doggedly adheres to his comfortable cushioned corner, surveys her with a cool and indifferent stare, and resumes his nap; but Jonathan instantaneously unpockets his hands, expectorates to the left, and resigns his seat. Such a politeness should not be unacknowledged because “he chews.” All boys of a certain unreasonable age grow lantern-jawed upon spruce gun and Burgundy pitch, but a little reflection teaches them better. We notice indications of a growing sense on this point and promise that he will yet reform in time to save his teeth and his nervous constitution.

But there is one feature in his case which strikes us as lamentable, and tending to lamentable results. Let loose to browse at will upon the luxuriant pasturage of this new world, gluttony is growing upon him unaware. His chief idea of happiness—his home of bliss, is eating. His holy-days are festivals, and he expresses his gratitude for every blessing by gourmandizing. According to his vocabulary Thanksgiving means pumpkin-pie, cider and roast turkey; Christmas and New-Year are defined ahickon-sak and sausages; Fourth of July every thing eatable, not to say digestible. His soirees and conversations are great displays of whip cream and confectionery, got up often with much taste and expense; and which the main enjoyment of the evening consists in disfiguring and devouring. It is remarkable that this felicity should be so hurriedly despatched, but it accords with his eager and avid nature. Years and experience alone, teach men to eat, Nature is more kind to other animals.

This fierce and restless energy bears the appearance of an unhealthy excitement. What is it that keeps him moving from tenement to tenement every first of May? What keeps him continually guessing, and expecting, and whistling, and drumming on his chair? What is it that impels him to carve his name so industriously in rocks and caves where none but bats and wood-pigeons will find it? Is it destructiveness, a thirst for immortality—or the utter impossibility of quietude that possesses him, to scrawl his ungraceful autographs on trees where they must soon grow out of all legibility, on the walls and window panes of steamboats and hotels, on barn doors and the fly leaves of circulating library books? We find such traces on the pyramids of Egypt, on the colossal pillars of the cave Elephanta, and on the door posts of the Greenbush houseboat. But this is not all. His analytic mind is seldom satisfied without chipping off specimens of every thing curious. His taste for this species of plunder is as indiscriminate as voracious, and he prizes equally a bit of Napoleon’s coffin half a pair of chop sticks, a pinch of the chrysalization supposed to be Lot’s wife, a three cornered scrap of satin mopped from the dress of Madam Justen’s wax figures, a few hairs stolen from the mummy at the Museum, or a corner of the gothic railing at the capitol. These are all the more valuable if a little expertness is requisite to obtain them.

Plymouth rock had the honor of the first salute from his peg boots. Therefore it is a celebrity; and he never passes without carrying off a fragment of it.—Besides he builds little specimens into the corners of his meeting houses and distributes small bits among his friends by way of amulet. In this manner the whole rock had ere now been destroyed, but that commercial interests required that a wharf should be built over it.

No respect for “storied urn or animated bust” deters him. He will shy a stone at the frieze of Washington’s monument, as unconcernedly as at the street lamp.—Red Jacket’s wooden monument was twice renewed, and twice whitened to the ground, when Placide erected him one of marble. From this the name and inscription are partly effaced, and the whole upper portion destroyed. A chief told me Jonathan did it. Why did not his mother teach him that a simple flower, or blade of grass plucked there would be a far more useful and respectful memento of the great sachem?

He would blast off Anthony’s nose merely

for the sake of seeing it tumble into the water, with as much nonchalance as he would pocket the nose of the Belvidere, or eject tobacco juice upon the master pieces of Persico and Canova.—He loves birds; yet he cannot see an innocent warbler quietly perched upon a spindicely aiming a pebble or an old pistol at it, and the result is almost surely fatal to poor Peede.

A fearful spirit of unrest, headlong and heedless as that which drove the swine into the sea, seem to have dominion over him. Sometimes it assumes the appearance of insubordination, and raises Astor Place and Philadelphia riots; and at other times it is a spirit of preserve and pickle jar exploration, eager to search out the mysteries of the moon, or Symme’s Hole—or some forbidden orchard. It goes him into the forest in pursuit of wild-cares and grizzly bears,—up and down the prairie in hot chase after the mustang and fierce buffalo,—or across boundless waste and wilderness to lay his sun-burnt and fevered cheek upon the yellow, cheerless sands of the Sacramento. Though he travels by steam and write with lightning, yet it hurries him faster and still faster, up and down Wall street and Quay street, over bales and boxes, from Lands’ End to the Horn, hither and thither, in the mad pursuit of wealth, or fame, or novelty, or whatever promises the great desideratum, excitement, it leaves him no time for the soothing enjoyments of home, no quiet, no repose.—What wonder that some shrewd observers have already discovered a few premature gray hairs among his yellow locks!

Poor Jonathan! With all his eccentricities he is a noble young fellow. Although a little hasty, he bears no malice in his heart, and with a generosity worthy a more thoughtful, gives liberally of his store to his famishing neighbors. His hospitable doors are open to the pauperism of the whole world, and his welcome is not the less hearty because thousands yearly through them.—Extreme and indiscriminate in his charities, as in every thing, he makes all these unfortunate brethren equal participants with himself in his household government. And but for the intelligence—the converse with political economy and the constitution of Jonathan which they usually evince at the polls, it would be manifest indiscretion in him to allow them this privilege without some previous instruction. Certainly, they will never abuse his generosity.

There are a thousand openings of good for this hair brained aspiring youth, and although he has been rather impertinent to his superiors, and used profane terms, and shaken his fists in the halls of legislation, he will yet grow up to be a gentleman. The expenses of young life will expend itself in a few more “expeditions,” or in making western clearings, and he will “settle down” in a seat and tasteful mansion, far different from the windy, capacious and gaudy edifice he now “moves to” yearly. He will yet cherish the arts from a love of what is true and beautiful; he will, as freely as he now does from ostentation. He will take time to eat his dinner, and allow the robins to build in his orchard, and the errors and ignorances of his youth will be forgotten, or remembered only in old ballads, as are those of Robin Hood and the merry men of Sherwood Forest.

ROTTEN & BROKEN BANKS.—Be on Your Guard.—Every few days we receive accounts of the breaking of banks, running away of the officers with the capital, and leaving the “dear people,” for whose “special benefit” the institutions are chartered, to get the notes redeemed the best way they can. The Savannah Republican says:

“One-half of the banks in Louisiana are either closed or worthless. Of three banks in Illinois one is closed. Mississippi has but one good bank.—The banks in Florida are all bad; and those in Arkansas are no better. Of twenty nine banks in Georgia, thirteen are pronounced worthless, three more with bills too bad to be sold, and one doubtful. Seventeen out of twenty-nine have toppled down within a few years in one State. If banks were left like individuals—to provide for their own credit, or have none, these enormous frauds upon the public would be less numerous, if they did not entirely cease. For a bonus, or some other bribe, the legislature lends its cloak to a gang of swindlers to make them appear like honest men, in order that they make their gains out of the pockets of those whom circumstances compel to take their bills. In fact the legislature has no right, upon any fair principle, to endorse the bills of a bank without being themselves liable as endorsers.

Speaker of the House.
The following is a list of the gentlemen who have been announced as candidates for Speaker of the next House of Representatives.

- John S. Rhea, Armstrong.
- John Cessa, Bedford.
- J. D. Leet, Washington.
- J. B. Packer, Northumberland.
- J. S. Haldeman, York.
- W. J. Jackson, Philadelphia.
- Jos. E. Griffin, Fayette.
- A. S. Feather, Berks.
- E. A. Penniman, Philadelphia.
- Wm. Dunn, Clinton.

They say the female students attending the Medical College in Philadelphia, are quite expert in cutting and carrying dead bodies supplied them for dissection. They seem to like it.

A Remarkable Death-Bed Scene.

The following is an extract from the life of JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, by Hugh A. Garland, which has just been published: Next morning (the day on which he died) Dr. Parrish received an early and an earnest invitation to visit him. Several persons were in the room, but soon left it, except his servant, John, who was much affected at the sight of his dying master. The Doctor remarked to him, “I have seen your master very low before, and he revived; and perhaps he will again.” John knows better than that, sir.” He then looked at the Doctor with great intensity, and said in an earnest and distinct manner, “I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves, whom I have manumitted, and for whom I have made provision.”

“I am rejoiced to hear such a declaration from you, sir,” replied the Doctor, and soon after proposed to leave him for a short time, to attend to another patient. “You must not go,” was the reply; “you cannot, you shall not leave me, John I take care that the Doctor does not leave the room.” John soon locked the door, and reported, “Master, I have locked the door and got the key in my pocket; the Doctor can’t go now.”

He seemed excited, and said, “If you do go you need not return.” The Doctor appealed to him as to the propriety of such an order, inasmuch as he was only desirous of discharging his duty to another patient. His manner instantly changed, and he said, “I retract that expression.” Some time afterwards, with an expressive look, he said again, “I retract that expression.”

The Doctor now said he understood the subject of his commingling, and presumed the Will would explain itself fully. He replied in his peculiar way—“No, you don’t understand it; I know you don’t. Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves—a will may manumit them, but provisions for their subsequent support requires that a declaration be made in the presence of a white witness; and it is requisite that the witness, after hearing the declaration, should remain with the party and never lose sight of him, until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John. You see the propriety and importance of your remaining with me; your patients must make allowance for your situation. John told me this morning—master, you are dying.”

The Doctor, with entire candor, replied, that it was rather a matter of surprise that he had lasted so long. He now made his preparations to die.—He directed John to bring him his father’s breast button; he then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old fashioned, large sized gold stud. John placed it in the button hole of the shirt bosom—but to fix it completely, required a hole on the opposite side. “Get a knife,” said he, “and cut one.” A napkin was called for, and placed by John over his breast. For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly roused up and exclaimed—“Remorse! remorse!” It was thrice repeated, the last time at the top of his voice, with great agitation. He cried out—“let me see the word. Get a Dictionary; let me see the word.” “There is none in the room sir.” “Write it down then—let me see the word.” The Doctor picked up one of his cards, “Randolph of Roanoke”—“shall I write it on this card?” “Yes, writing more proper.” The word remorse, was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. “Write it on the back,” he exclaimed—it was done and handed him again. He was extremely agitated—“Remorse! you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it, whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation.—But I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon. Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word, which was accordingly done. “What am I to do with the card?” inquired the Doctor. “Put it in your pocket—take care of it—when I am dead, look at it.”

The Doctor now introduced the subject of calling in some additional witnesses to his declarations, and suggested sending down stairs for Edmund Badger. He replied—“I have already communicated that to him.” The Doctor then said—“With your concurrence, sir, I will send for two young physicians, who shall remain and never lose sight of you until you are dead; to whom you can make your declarations—my son, Dr. Isaac Parrish, and my young friend and late pupil, Dr. Francis West, a brother of Capt. West.”

He quickly asked—“Captain West of the Packet?” “Yes sir, the same.” “Send for him—his the man—I’ll have him.” Before the door was unlocked, he pointed towards a bureau, and requested the Doctor to take from it a remuneration for his services. To this the Doctor promptly replied, that he would feel as though he were acting indelicately, to comply. He then waived the subject, by saying—“In England, it is always customary.”

The witnesses were now sent for and soon arrived. The dying man was propped up in the bed, with pillows, nearly erect. Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had a blanket over his head and shoulders; and he directed John to place his hat on, over the blanket, which aided in keeping it close to his head. With a countenance full of sorrow, John stood close by the side of his dying master. The four witnesses—Edmund Badger, Francis West, Isaac Parrish and Joseph Parrish, were placed in a semi-circle

in full view. He rallied all the expiring energies of mind and body, to this last effort. “His whole soul,” says Dr. Parrish, “seemed concentrated in the act. His eyes flashed feeling and intelligence. Pointing towards us with his long index finger, he addressed us.”

“I confirm all the directions in my Will, respecting my slaves, and direct them to be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support.” And then raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with his open hand on the shoulder of his favorite John, and addressed these words—“especially for this man.” He then asked each of the witnesses whether they understood him. Dr. Joseph Parrish explained to them what Mr. Randolph had said in regard to the laws of Virginia on the subject of manumission—and then appealed to the dying man to know whether he had stated it correctly. “Yes,” said he, and gracefully waving his hand as a token of dismissal, he added—“the young gentlemen, will remain with me.”

The scene was now soon changed. Having disposed of that subject most deeply impressed on his heart, his keen penetrating eye lost its expression, his powerful mind gave way, and his fading imagination began to wander amid scenes and with friends that he had left behind. In two hours the spirit took its flight, and all that was mortal of John Randolph of Roanoke was hushed in death. At a quarter before 12 o’clock, on the 24th day of June, 1833, aged 60 years, he breathed his last, in a chamber of the City Hotel, No. 41, North Third street Philadelphia.

The Pin and the Needle.

Lew Smith, the cute and philosophical editor of the Madison Record, tells the following witty fable, which is good as any thing we have seen out of Esop. A pin and a needle, says this American Fontaine beign neighbors in a quarrel basket, and both being idle, began to work, as most idle folks are apt to do.

“I should like to know,” said the pin, “what you are good for, and how you expect to get through this world without a head.” “What is the use of your head,” replied the needle sharply, “if you have no eye?” “What is the use of an eye,” said the pin, “if there is always something in it?” “I am more active and can go through more hard work than you can,” said the needle.

“Yes, but you will not live long.” “Why not?” “Because you have always a stitch in your side,” said the pin. “You are a poor crooked creature,” said the needle.

“And you are so proud that you can’t bend without breaking your back.”

“I’ll pull your head off; if you insult me again.” “I’ll put your eye out, if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread,” said the pin.

While thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

Bread Pudding vs. Plum Pudding.

The editor of the Evansville Journal writes as follows on being presented with a piece of bride’s cake.

With the wedding notice in another column, we received from the fair hand of the bride a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on. Well, we put it under the head of our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant, and blessed with an easy conscience, soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little editor so happy. It was “my love,” “dearest,” “sweetest,” ringing in our ears every moment. Oh! that the dream had been broken off here. But no, some evil genius put it into the head of our dusky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord. In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

“My dear,” said we fondly, “did you make this?” “Yes love—ain’t it nice?” “Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life.” “Plum pudding, ducky,” suggested my wife.

“O no, dearest, bread pudding, I always was fond of ‘em.” “Call that bread pudding?” exclaimed my wife, while her pretty lips curled slightly with contempt. “Certainly, my dear—reckon I’ve had to eat enough at Sherwood House to know Bread pudding, my love, by all means.” “Husband, this is really too bad. Plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir, and my pretty wife’s brow flashed with excitement.

“My love, my sweet, my dearly love, exclaimed we soothingly, “do not get angry; I’m sure it’s very good, if it is bread pudding.” “But, sir, I say it ain’t bread pudding.” “And, madam, I say it is bread pudding.” “You mean, low wretch,” fondly replied my wife, in a high tone, “you know it is plum pudding.”

“Then, ma’am, it is so meanly put together, and so badly burned, the devil himself wouldn’t know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that.” “It is plum pudding!” shrieked my wife as she hurled a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself ‘tapping the claret’ from my nose.

“Bread pudding!” gasped we, pluck to the left leg.

“Plum pudding!” rose above the din, as I had a distinctive perception of feeling two plates smash across my head.

“Bread pudding!” we groaned in rage, as the chicken left our hand, and flying with swift wing across the table, landed in madam’s bosom.

Randolph’s Duel with Henry Clay.

“The night before the duel,” says General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, “Mr. Randolph sent for me. I found him calm, but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me that he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked, ‘Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning, Clay’s fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head, I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world one individual to pay this tribute upon mine.’ His eyes filled, and, resting his head upon his hand, we remained some moments silent. I replied, ‘My dear friend (for ours was a sort of posthumous friendship, bequeathed by our mothers.) I deeply regret that you have mentioned this subject to me; for you call upon me to go to the field, and to see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility, in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determination to throw it away. But on this subject, a man’s own conscience and his own bosom are his best monitors. I will not advise, but under the enormous and unprovoked insult you offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound, however, to communicate to Col. Tattall your decision.’ He begged me not to do so, and said ‘he was very much afraid that Tattall would take the studs and would refuse to go out with him.’ I, however, sought Col. Tattall, and we repaired about midnight to Mr. Randolph’s lodgings, whom we found reading Milton’s great poem. For some moments he did not permit us to say one word in relation to the approaching duel, and he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms on a passage of this poem, in which he was so enthusiastically indulgent. After a pause Col. Tattall remarked, ‘Mr. Randolph, I am told you have determined not to return Mr. Clay’s fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, I am only going to see you shot down, you must find some other friend.’ Mr. Randolph remarked that it was his determination. After some conversation on the subject, I induced Col. Tattall to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as his withdrawal, as one of his friends, might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At last, Mr. Randolph, smiling, said, ‘Well, Tattall, I promise you one thing: if I see the devil in Clay’s eye, and that with malice prepense he means to take my life, I will change my mind.’ A remark I knew he made merely to propitiate the anxieties of his friend.

“Mr. Clay and himself met at four o’clock the succeeding evening, on the banks of the Potomac. But he saw ‘no devil in Clay’s eye, but a man fearless, and expressing the mingled sensibility and firmness which belonged to the occasion.

“I shall never forget this scene as long as I live. It has been my misfortune to witness several duels, but I never saw one, at least in its sequel, so deeply affecting. The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph’s own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality had produced, about to meet in mortal combat. While Tattall was loading Randolph’s pistol, I approached my friend, I believed, for the last time. I took his hand; there was not in its touch the quivering of one pulsation. He turned to me and said, ‘Clay is calm, but not vindictive—I hold my purpose, Hamilton, in any event; remember this.’ On handing him his pistol, Colonel Tattall sprang the hair-trigger. Mr. Randolph said, ‘Tattall, although I am one of the best shots in Virginia with either a pistol, or gun, yet I never fire with a hair trigger; besides, I have a thick buckskin glove on, which will destroy the delicacy of my touch, and the trigger may fly before I know where I am.’ But, from his great solicitude for his friend, Tattall insisted upon having the pistol. On taking their position, the fact turned out as Mr. Randolph anticipated; his pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down.

“The moment this event took place, Gen. Jesup, Mr. Clay’s friend, called out that he would instantly leave the ground with his friend, if that occurred again. Mr. Clay at once exclaimed it was an accident, and begged that the gentlemen might be allowed to go on. On word being given, Mr. Clay fired without effort, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. The moment that Mr. Clay saw that Mr. Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility, he instantly approached Mr. Randolph, and said, with an emotion I can never forget—“I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds.”

A Polite Man.
“My uncle, deceased, was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube—the boat sank, and all the passengers went to the bottom. My uncle was on the point of drowning; he got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said: ‘Ladies and gentlemen, you will please to excuse me! and down he went!’

“In England nearly every manufactory of any consequence prepares the gas which it uses in lighting the factory—the machinery requisite not being very costly for preparing gas to a considerable extent.

“There were thirty six fires in New York last month, none of them, however, of any great consequence. The whole loss probably by fires in the month, will not exceed \$10,000, the majority of which is insured.

“American axes are reported to be far superior to the British. They are sent to Liverpool and sold in competition with the English manufacture.

“The Indians Constitutional Convention are still engaged in discussing the question of permitting negroes to hold a real estate and property in that State. It has created considerable excitement, and will probably be referred back to the people.