

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH

W. H. Jacoby, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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### Choice Poetry.

#### TELLING THE BEES.

Here is the place; right over the hill  
Runs the path I took;  
You see the gap in the old wall still,  
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.  
There is the house, with the gate red-barred,  
And the poplars tall;  
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,  
And the white horns tossing above the wall.  
There are the beehives ranged in the sun;  
And down by the brink  
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-errant  
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.  
A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
Heavy and slow;  
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.  
There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Zoroaster's farm.  
I mind me how with a lover's care,  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,  
And cooled at the brook side my brow and throat.  
Since we parted, a month had passed,—  
To love, a year;  
Down through the beeches, I looked at last  
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.  
I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain  
Of light through the leaves,  
The sundown's blaze on the window-pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves:  
Just the same as a month before,—  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable the vine by the door,—  
Nothing changed but the hive of bees.  
Before them under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went, dreadingly, the chore-girl still,  
Dropping each hive with a shroud of black.  
Trembling, I listened: the summer sun  
Had the chill of snow;  
For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all must go.  
Then I said to myself "My Mary weeps  
For the dead, and the trees  
Haply her blind old grandfere sleeps  
The fret and the pain of his age away."  
But her dog whined low; on the doorway still;  
With his case to his chin,  
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.  
And the song she singing ever since  
In my ear sounds on,—  
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremony was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

### DEPTH AND TEMPERATURE OF THE OCEAN.

Lieut. Berrymann, of the United States Navy, who was lately engaged in oceanic surveys, says, in a late report, that five hundred miles north of Bermuda he found the greatest reliable depth ever obtained, it being only four miles, and accompanying this were thermometrical observations of a singular character, indicating phenomena never before discovered or conceived, and which at this moment are an unsolved problem to the scientific world. In a long series of experiments the temperature was indicated as existing ten, fifteen and twenty degrees below freezing point. This may be owing to the defective instrument, but if so a consistency of error was preserved almost beyond the possibility of chance. A series of experiments taken at various depths would indicate gradually decreasing temperature, from ten degrees on the surface to but ten or fifteen degrees at a depth of one or two miles. Scientific men at home have pronounced this extreme rigidity of the waters to be one of the most unaccountable natural phenomena that has ever been observed.

### SALE OF CIRCASSIAN GIRLS.

The London Post thus speaks in a recent number of the traffic in Circassian girls in Turkey: "Perceiving that when the Russians shall have reconquered the Caucasus this traffic in white slaves will be over, the dealers have redoubled their efforts ever since the commencement of the peace conference to introduce into Turkey the greatest possible number of women while the opportunity of doing so lasted. They have been successful that never perhaps at any former period was flesh so cheap as it is at this moment.—There is an absolute glut in the market, and dealers are obliged to throw away their goods, owing to the extent of the supply, which, in many instances, has been brought by steam, under the British flag. In former times, a "good middling" Circassian was bought very cheap at £100, but at the present moment the same description of goods may be had for £5.

When some of his courtiers endeavored to excite Philip the Good to punish a prelate who had used him ill—"I know," said he, "that I can revenge myself, but it is a fine thing to have revenge in one's power and not to use it."

A GENTLEMAN presented a face-coller to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way, "Do not let any one else trample it."  
"No, my dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

## Bill Jenkins' Troubles on the First Night of his Marriage.

Bill Jenkins was a very modest man; and although he had mingled with the world at barbecues, shooting-matches, bar-rooms, and at many of the *lectera* places where men may occasionally be found—yet he was modest, very—whenever placed in the company of ladies. He trembled when a pretty girl would speak to him, and felt like a culprit at the stand, when he was called upon to "see Miss So-and-so home." Bill could never explain or account for this singular timidity. He would sing, frolic, and be as wild as a rover when among men, but a petticoat would unnerve him instantly.

Lucy Ann Liggins, a young widow, had "set her cap" for Bill, and she was determined to head him or die. Bill, to tell the truth, loved Lucy, and was miserable out of her company as he was timed in it—but as to "popping the question," that was impossible. Lucy knit purses, hemmed handkerchiefs, worked shirt bosoms and gave them to Jenkins, as well as several gowns, but still Bill would not "propose." Lucy declared to him repeatedly that she loved him, and was miserable when he was absent from her, and her happiness in life depended upon her being his wife—but Bill was dumb. At last Lucy was determined that he should "hear thunder," and when he next visited her, after some preliminary soft talk on her part, she very affectionately said:

"Billy, my dear when are you going to ask me to marry you for I want to get my dress ready?"

Bill fainted on the spot, and harts horn and water were applied for half an hour before he was finally restored.  
"What has been the matter, Miss Lucy?"  
"Oh, nothing much. You fainted when we were about to ask me to marry you—but I told you yes—and oh, how happy we will be when we are married! I will love you so dearly; and as you said next Thursday, why, I am willing the wedding should be then—my dear Billy, how I do love you!"

"I am willing, Miss Lucy," was all that Jenkins could articulate, while Lucy almost kissed him into fits. What a glorious victory!

Here we ought to stop, but justice to our narrative requires that we should proceed to the finale.

The "next Thursday" had come, and Jenkins was trembling at the approach of the evening—something seemed to harrow up his mind very much, and no friend even would be able to communicate his feelings.

"You are not afraid, certainly to go up and get married—why, to marry such a beautiful, charming, and intellectual being as Mrs. Liggins, I should wish that time would fly like news upon the electric telegraph line. Cheer up, Jenkins—cheer up!"  
"Oh," replied Bill, "you don't know what distresses me, I can go up and get married, that is easy enough, but there is one thing I am satisfied I never will be able to do in the world, unless Lucy will assist me."  
"Explain yourself, my dear fellow," replied his friend, "and if I can with propriety I will endeavor to render you comfortable."  
"But Jenkins could not explain—he dared not—it was his timidity—he saw the Rubicon before him, and he knew that he could not pass it—but he was determined to get married and trust luck and Lucy.

The night came—and they were married. All were merry; the laugh, chat, the dance, made up a lively party until midnight—they commenced to disperse, and at one o'clock, Bill Jenkins was left "solitary and alone" in the hall. Lucy Ann had retired, and her bridesmaids were off in a distant room.—Bill Jenkins' waiters and friends had gone home with the ladies. Bill was now at the point where he thought his firmness would fail him. His situation was a peculiar one. He was not certain which was Lucy's room although he had been told—and even had he known he could not go to it.

The watchman cried "past two o'clock," and yet Jenkins was still alone and apparently engaged in reading an old Almanac, which by chance had been left in his coat pocket. An old female darky, who resided in the family had been prevailed upon by the ladies who had noticed Jenkins' bashfulness to show him the bedroom, and she accordingly introduced herself to him in a modest style as she well could.  
"Mr. Jenkins," she replied, "tis past two o'clock."

"Oh yes—I know it, I'm going home in a few minutes. Old woman, where's my hat?"  
"It's in Miss Lucy's room sir—you can get it there if you'll go in. Mr. Jenkins, why don't you go to bed? Miss Lucy is there waiting for you—don't be so modest—the ladies will laugh at you. Come with me, and I'll show you the room, for I want to put out the lights and go to bed."

The old woman seized hold of Jenkins and pulled him along until she got out of the hall, and his gaze was fixed for a moment on the entry door—but she was determined to put him in Miss Lucy's room, and after violent efforts succeeded. There he stood with the knob of the door in his hand—but the old darkey had been smart enough to lock the door on the outside. Lucy pretended for some time to be asleep, but that sort of gammon would not answer. At last she said:

"My dear Billy, what is the matter with you?"  
"I want my hat!" screamed Jenkins, and Lucy knowing his modesty, leaped out of the bed, and after caressing him for some time, Billy went to bed with his clothes and

boots on, and—trembled till morning.  
How Jenkins subsequently managed "matters and things in general," can be known by application to his dear Lucy Ann.

Reader, strange indeed as it may appear, there are many Jenkins all over the world; but the free-masonry of wedded life draws the curtain before the eyes of the uninitiated. Going to bed on the first night after marriage must be among the delicate situations in life. Ask your married neighbor how it was with him. We have no experience exactly in that way.

REGULAR HABITS OF INDUSTRY.—Industry is of little value unless it be regular. No good is gained by working by fits and starts. To avoid the formation of habits of irregularity, endeavor to go upon a fixed determinate plan, in reference both to your ordinary avocation and your periods of study and reflection. To a steady perseverance in the plan you have laid down for yourself, add the virtue of punctuality. One half of the people you meet with have no accurate idea on this important matter. They make life a play, and what is truly ridiculous, many of them perform their parts very badly. Instead of being punctual, they care not how they keep their parts very badly, and thus punctual men get ahead of them. Many complain that they are prevented from being punctual by the multiplicity of their engagements. But this, in most instances, is a delusion; all men may be punctual to the extent which is necessary to gain them a reputation for regularity, if they choose.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, says Dr. Franklin, or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern when you should be at your work, he sends for his money the next day.

WHY MOUNTAINS ARE COLD.—It is a curious scientific fact that the atoms of air, as we ascend, are at greater distance from each other. If the distance between any two atoms is diminished, they give out heat, or render it sensible; whereas if the distance between them be increased, they store it away. The upper strata are sensibly colder than the lower, not because the atoms have less heat, but because the heat is diffused through a larger space when the atoms are further apart. Oneprond of air at the level of the sea, within the tropics, may be said to contain as more heat than the same weight at the top of the highest mountain, perpetually covered with snow. It is for this reason that the same wind which is warm in the valley, becomes colder as it ascends the sides of the mountain. The diminishing pressure allows the air to expand and store away its heat. It is, therefore, not the snow on the top of the mountain which cools the air, but it is the rarity of the air which keeps the snow still from melting. As a general law, the decrease of temperature amounts to 1 degree, Fahrenheit, for every three hundred feet in perpendicular height.

A YOUNG GOURMAND.—The New Bedford Mercury says, it has recently been made acquainted with facts in relation to a juvenile of this city, whose eating propensities exceed even those of Dickens' "fat boy." He is thirteen years of age, well formed and weighs eighty pounds. Here is a bill of fare which he entirely demolished a few days since by way of a lunch, viz: 2 quarts of beef soup, 6 3-4 lbs. beef, 12 biscuits, and a quantity of citron; having taken as a preparatory, half a pound of raisins, and four green apples. On another occasion he devoured two large sausages, raw; 1 lb. head cheese, 1 pint of scollops, raw, and four apples, before taking his regular dinner, which he enjoyed as usual. By way of ordering lunches, he has been known to make way with, in two days, 100 doughnuts, 50 one cent cakes, and four mince-pies. A seven pound turkey barely supplied him for dinner. He has no fondness for tea or coffee, and never drinks water at his meals. Unlike Dickens' "fat boy," he is not given to somnolency, and has never been caught napping over a "mutton-pie."

DIRECT TRADE OF VIRGINIA.—The Hon. John Y. Mason, our minister to France, has written to the President of the James River and Kanawha Company, describing in very complimentary terms the signal ability and success with which the Hon. Wm. Ballard Preston had fulfilled his mission to France in regard to a direct trade with Virginia. It appears that an arrangement has been made with the Orleans Railroad Company by which a line of steamers is to be run between San Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire, and Norfolk, in Virginia. Judge Mason states that at the mouth of the Loire, "the French Government is constructing the most magnificent artificial harbor in the world. Opening to the ocean, a ship sailing between that point and the Chesapeake Bay avoids the channel, and will find her route shorter by a considerable time than between Havre and the same point." He adds that the Orleans Company has a large capital is the best managed concern in France, and owns a net work of railroads which cover one-third of the Empire, connecting Paris with the ocean, and connecting with other lines to Switzerland, Italy and Germany.

A sailor who was beating his wife, was asked if he did not know she was the weaker vessel? "If she is, she ought not to carry so much sail," replied Jack.

## NEVER SAY FAIL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.  
Keep pushing—'tis wiser  
Than sitting aside,  
Sand dreaming and sighing,  
And waiting the tide;  
In life's earnest battle,  
They only prevail  
Who daily march onward  
And never say fail.

Ahead, then, keep pushing,  
And elbow your way,  
Unheeding the envious,  
All asses that bay;  
All obstacles vanish,  
All enemies quail  
In might of their wisdom  
Who never say fail.

In life's rosy morning,  
In manhood's fair pride,  
Let this be your motto  
Your footsteps to guide;  
In storm and in sunshine,  
Whatever assail,  
We'll onward and conquer,  
And never say fail!

FORCE OF HABIT.—In an established church in a village in a neighboring parish, says the Athol Guide, a few Sundays ago, one of the Bonifaces of the place fell asleep, a circumstance which nobody regarded as very extraordinary. Soon, however, he began to snore, to the very considerable scandal of the congregation, when an elder behind endeavored to rouse him from his slumbers by nudging him with his elbow. After a time this process had its effect; the man of the gill-stoup awoke, but not altogether to the consciousness of his position, for leisurely opening his eyes, staring wildly about him, he exclaimed, in a voice sufficiently audible, "Coming, sir coming!" The preacher paused, the congregation tilted, and the newly-awakened man gaped, and looked vacantly around, quite unable to assign any reason for the excitement.

PREVENTION OF PITTING IN SMALL POX.—Mr. Starin, the senior surgeon in the Gurney Hospital for diseases of the skin, has communicated to the Medical Times a very important plan, which he has adopted during the last fourteen years, for preventing pitting in small pox, and which he states has always proved successful. The plan consists in applying the aetium caustic, or any vesicating fluid, by means of a camel hair brush to the apex of each spot or pustule of the disease on all the exposed surface of the body, until blistering is evident by the whiteness of the skin in the parts subjected to the application, when the fluid producing it is to be washed off with water of thin arrow root gruel.

A GRAVE PICTURE.—The following, from one of the Hong Kong papers, furnishes a brief, but truly graphic picture of the attack upon the city of Canton: "During the brief pauses, everything was still as death in the City—no shouting, or sounds of confusion; not a human being was to be seen either on the city side or on Honam, but it seemed as if the stern form of the Destroying Angel was crouching over the fated and unhappy city, awaiting his victims into silence. The shells were whirling through the air, their track marked by fizing of their fiery fuses, twinkling like stars during their revolutions, till at last, arriving at their destinations, there was a flash and an explosion which told how accurately and fearfully these engines of destruction do their work. Some of these shells reached—even to Gough's Fort, and fragments were found there the following day. The rockets, too, seemed to be hissing about in every direction, and of elliptical shell from the French ships caused no little astonishment as they hurried through the air with a noise not unlike that of an immense humming top. The scene was one replete with awe, and dreadfulness must have been the sufferings of the poor people thus made to answer for the sins of their rulers."

THE LITTLE BLACK BONY.—"Chon, you reckonem tat little black bony I pye mit the better next week?"  
"Yah, vot of him?"  
"Nothing, only I dinks I get cheated buddy pad."  
"So?"  
"Yah. You see, in de yurrah place, he is blind mit bote legs, unt lame mit von eye: Den ven you gits on him to rite he reres up behint and kicks up before so varner as shack mule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, and so sooner as I straddle his pack he gommence dat vay; shust like a rakin peam on a boatsteam; unt ven he gits tone, I was so mixed up mit everydinks, I fints myself zitting around pacwards, mit his dail in my haunus vor de pride."  
"Vell, vot pe you a going to done mit him?"  
"Oh, I vixed him peter as clam up. I hitch him in te cart mit his tail vere his het ought to pe; den I gif him about dozen cuts mit a bitceow; he starts to go, put so soon he see to cart before he makes packwards. Berty soon he stumbles behint, unt sits tone on his haunches, unt looks like he feels purty shame mit' himself. Den I dakes him de rite way, unt he goes off, so goat as anybody's pony."

FULLILLING DUTY.—It is pleasant and comfortable to pursue those paths, however rough and thorny, in which we feel assured the Lord has commanded us to walk. How joyfully is everything undertaken, begun and accomplished, that comes to our hearts as a Divine Commission. We then run and are not weary; we walk, and are not faint.

## THE BLADENSBURG DUELLING GROUND.

The March number of Harper's Magazine contains a history of this fatal duelling ground, from which we take the following account of the Mason and M'Carty duel, which occurred in 1819:

MASON AND M'CARTY.  
One of the most desperate of those melancholy encounters which have made this place so memorable was that of the 6th of February, 1819, between Gen. Armistead T. Mason, previously a Senator in Congress from Virginia, and Col. John M. M'Carty, a citizen of the same State. The difficulty between them had existed some time. It originated in that most prolific source of personal enmity, politics. The parties were second cousins; but notwithstanding this, their quarrel appears to have been prosecuted with an animosity as unsparring as their relationship was intimate. Several months previous to the final meeting, a violent altercation had taken place between them at Leesburg, in consequence of Mason's having questioned M'Carty's right to vote. M'Carty at once challenged Mason, but in his challenge he prescribed the terms and conditions of the duel. This dictation of terms Mason would not submit to; and consequently by the advice of his friends he declined the challenge. At the same time, however, he sent word to M'Carty that he was ready to accept a regular challenge, in a proper form. M'Carty paid no attention to the message, but forthwith published Mason as a coward. Mason then sent a challenge to M'Carty, which M'Carty declined on the ground of cowardice in Mason, as shown by his refusal to fight in the first instance. At this juncture a number of Mason's friends united in a letter, begging him to take no further notice of M'Carty.—Although Mason was burning under a sense of the wrongs he had received, he yielded to their entreaties, and the affair was to all appearances at an end.

Some months afterward, however, while riding to Richmond in the stage, with a gentleman of high military and political standing, he was told that he ought to challenge M'Carty again. This he decided to do as soon as he reached Richmond. It was in vain that his friends now endeavored to dissuade him. He would not listen to their appeals. In the language of the card subsequently published by them, "he had resolved on 'challenging M'Carty, in opposition to all the advice they gave, and all the efforts they made to dissuade him." To free himself from the embarrassments and restraints imposed by the laws of Virginia in regard to duelling, or influenced, perhaps, by a determination not to violate her statutes while holding his commission, as General of Militia, he resigned, made his will, and addressed M'Carty an invitation to the field. In this note, which, better than any description portrays the spirit in which the controversy was conducted, he says: "I have resigned my commission for the special and sole purpose of fighting you; and I am now free to accept or send a challenge and to fight a duel. The public mind has become tranquil, and all suspicion of the further prosecution of our quarrel having subsided, we can now terminate it without being arrested by the civil authority; and without exciting alarm among our friends. . . . I am extremely anxious to terminate at once and forever this quarrel. My friends — and — are fully authorized to act for me in every particular. Upon receiving from you a pledge to fight, they are authorized and instructed at once to give the challenge for me, and to make immediately every necessary arrangement for the duel, on any terms you may prescribe."

This note, which fully betrays Mason's inflexibility of purpose, and which, it is stated, was never read by M'Carty, was written before any interview had taken place between General Mason and his seconds, and was inclosed to them in a letter containing positive instructions for their government. He writes them: "You will present the enclosed communication to Mr. John M'Carty, and tell him at once that you are authorized by me to challenge him, on the event of his pledging himself to fight. If he will give the pledge, then I desire that you will instantly challenge him in my name to fight a duel with me. . . . Agree on any terms that he may propose, and to any distance—to three feet, his pretended favorite distance—or to three inches, should his impetuous and rash courage prefer.—To any species of fire-arms—pistols, muskets, or rifles—agree at once."  
Acting under these instructions, Mason's seconds called on M'Carty as the bearers of his challenge. M'Carty again refused to receive any communication from Mason, for the same reason as before. A violent personal altercation then took place between M'Carty and one of Mason's seconds, the latter insisting strongly that the challenge should be received and accepted, and the former obstinately declining to receive it. The quarrel became so violent that the parties were near fighting. At last, Mason's seconds having threatened to post M'Carty as a coward unless he accepted the challenge, M'Carty agreed to fight. It would appear from this, that though Mason's friends in general, and even one of his seconds, strove to prevent the duel, it was forced upon M'Carty by the other.

If the spirit which animated Mason in this unfortunate controversy was headlong and uncompromising, that which impelled M'Carty was apparently none the less so.—It is said he would consent to no meeting that afforded any possibility for the escape of either. Reckless of his own life, he determined that if he fell his antagonist

should fall with him. He therefore would only consent to meet Mason on such terms as must, in all probability, result in the destruction of both.

With this object in view, in accepting the challenge his first proposal is said to have been that he and Mason should leap together from the dome of that Capitol. This was declined as wholly unseasoned by the Code. He next proposed "to fight on a barrel of powder," "which was objected to," says the seconds, "as not according with established usages, as being without example, and as calculated to establish a dangerous precedent." He next proposed to fight with dirks in a hand-to-hand encounter. This was also declined for a like reason: "His final proposition was to fight with muskets, charged with buck shot, at ten feet distance. These terms were hardly less calculated to insure a fatal result to both than those which had been previously objected to; but, desperate as they were, since they were clearly within Mason's letter of instructions, and perhaps were not considered "as calculated to establish a dangerous precedent," they were finally, with some modifications, accepted. The distance, it was agreed, should be twelve feet, instead of ten, and a single ball was substituted for buck-shot.

In extenuation of the unusual terms of combat proposed by M'Carty, it is said that he was exceedingly averse to fighting his cousin, and desired to escape the acceptance of the challenge, if he could possibly do so without incurring the imputation of cowardice; and that he could see no other way of escape than by naming such terms as Mason's friends were not likely to agree to. Mason appears to have been aware of his desire to avoid a conflict; for in his correspondence he seems to have apprehended some difficulty in extracting from him a pledge to fight. This pledge, it seems, finally proposed did not have the designed effect of causing them to be rejected.

On Friday evening, the 5th of February, the parties drove out to Bladensburg, accompanied by their friends that they might be convenient to the ground on the following morning. The intervening time was spent in completing their preparations. One man remembers that his father a blacksmith, was called up at midnight to repair one of the muskets. He suspected the purpose for which the weapon was to be used, and sturdily refused to mend it. His scruples, however, were finally quieted, and he was induced to exercise his craft upon it by being told that it was to be used in a shooting match that was to take place the following day.

And so it was; but the worthy blacksmith little knew the stake that was to be shot for.  
On Saturday morning, the 6th of February, 1819, at 8 o'clock, the parties met. The contemplated meeting, it is said was generally known at Bladensburg, and many of the citizens accompanied or followed them to the ground to witness the encounter. It was snowing violently at the time.

The ground selected for the combat was the usual path near the road, but another and similar path just around the point of the hill on the right, about two hundred yards from the bridge. Mason had on, at the time a large overcoat with long skirts; M'Carty, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, presented himself stripped to his shirt, and with his sleeves rolled up, that he might have the free use of his arms. All the preliminaries having been arranged, the parties were placed—M'Carty facing up the brook, and Mason down—and then at the word, with the muzzles of their muskets almost in contact, both fired. Mason fell dead, his life literally blown out of him.—M'Carty was severely wounded, his antagonist's ball entering his left wrist, and tearing its way through the muscles of his arm toward his shoulder. That both were not killed seems little less than a miracle.

Mason's musket is said to have caught in the skirt of his long overcoat, as he was in the act of raising it to his shoulder; and to this accident, as it unsettled his aim, it is thought M'Carty was indebted for his life. Mason never spoke from the time he took his place upon the ground. He lay nearly as he fell. On his person were found letters to his relatives and friends in regard to the disposition of his body in case of his death. Three distinct wounds were discovered in his left side, besides one in his left elbow. This circumstance at first gave rise to a suspicion of foul play on the part of M'Carty; but by a post-mortem examination it was ascertained that the ball had struck the elbow bone, and had been split into three parts, each of which had entered the body. These parts were weighed, and were found to correspond nearly with the weight of the ball that had been agreed upon.

The seconds of General Mason conclude their account, published at the time, by saying that the affair, although fatally, was honorably terminated; and that the deportment of the friends of M'Carty, "throughout the whole business was correct."

For several days afterward the spot exhibited melancholy evidences of this terrible conflict. The ground was dark with gore, and the bushes, for some distance around, were bespattered with blood, and hung with shreds of clothing and fragments of flesh, blown from the body of the slain by the force of the explosion.  
M'Carty recovered from the wound in his arm, but never from the more fatal wound inflicted upon his mind by this unnatural encounter. He had escaped death, but he could not escape the recollection of that fearful field. If his after life can be taken as furnishing any indication of his feelings, it bitterly did he repent that he had been induced to swerve from his original determination not to engage in this contest. We have been told, by those who knew him, that from that hour he was changed, and that his subsequent duelling was provided with this terrible as those he suffered of his existence.

## AMUSING.

A few miles below Poughkeepsie, New York, there now lives, and has lived for several years past, a worthy clergyman, a man however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village, to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr. — in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly nearly hid the little clergyman from view. However, the congregation out of respect managed to keep their countenances, and with over-pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the pulpit, and a squeaking tremulous voice proclaimed in usual tones the text: "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid." A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused, and turned all sorts of colors. Many in the general uproar left the church and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with his sermon, so abruptly broken off. Afternoon came, and the little man, standing on a foot-stool had a fair view of his audience. The text was announced in due form. "A little while and ye shall see me, and again a little while and ye shall not see me." In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and stepping back lost his elevated footing and disappeared from all his hearers.

IMPORTATION OF FRUIT TREES.—Trees are imported in bales and cases, chiefly from France, England, and Scotland; and seeds are invoiced by the ton. There aggregate value for the season it is difficult to calculate; but, as the nurserymen chiefly import through a single agency in this city, some approximation may be made. The largest nurseries in the United States are in the vicinity of Rochester, where there are something like 2,000 acres of young fruit trees in process of culture. A single firm has as many as 400 acres. At Syracuse there is a nursery of 300 acres, and very large ones are to be found in nearly all the principal western cities—even in Des Moines and Dubuque, which were recently in the heart of the wilderness. The destruction of trees by the severity of the two last winters and the rapid settlement of western lands, but more than all the encouragement of the culture of domestic fruit afforded by the formation of numerous agricultural societies throughout the country, have given an impetus to the business, which is still unappreciated.

A COW AND CALF.—A certain gentleman was telling a story, a few days ago, how a sleigh had run against a cow, knocked up her trotters, and upset her into the vehicle.  
"Where you in the sleigh at the same time?" asked one of the auditors.  
"Yes," was the response—"What of that?"  
"Why nothing only, that then there was a cow and calf together."

GIVE HIM UP.—"Are you an Old Fellow?"  
"No sir, I've been married for a week."  
"I mean do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?"  
"No, no; I belong to the Order of Married Men."  
"Mercy, how dumb! Are you a Mason?"  
"No, I am a carpenter by trade."  
"Worse and worse; are you a Son of Temperance?"  
"Both you, no; I am a son of Mr. John Gosling."  
The queerest went away.

The Sunday Atlas, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says:  
"Hurrah for the girls of '76!"  
"Thunder," cries a New Jersey paper "that's to darned old. No, no—hurrah for the girls of 17!"

THE WAY HE DIED.—The *ne plus ultra* of ludicrous epitaphs is to be found on a grave-stone in Oxford, N. H.; as follows:  
"To all my friends I bid adieu;  
A more sudden death you never knew:  
As I was leading the old mare to drink,  
She kicked and killed me quicker'n wink."

An exchange tells of an editor who went soldiering and was chosen Captain. One day at parade, instead of giving the orders "Front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed, "Cach two dollars a year, in advance."

We saw a drunken man lately trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

A young man without money, among the ladies, is like the moon on a cloudy night he can't shine.

A drunkard upon his death-bed demanded a glass of water before receiving divine consolation. "Upon one's death-bed," he observed, "it is but right to be reconciled with our mortal enemy!"

Honesty ought to shine through and illustrate the whole sphere of our action.