

D. W. MOORE, Editors & Prop'rs.
A. J. HEMPHILL, Editors & Prop'rs.
THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.
A Weekly Paper, will be published at the following low Rates:
1 YEAR IN ADVANCE \$1 00
1 YEAR IN 3 MONTHS 1 25
1 YEAR IN 6 DO 1 50
1 YEAR IN 9 DO 1 75
1 YEAR IN 12 DO 2 00

THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.



A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.
Clearfield, Pa., October 26, 1849. Number 18.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING:

1 square of 15 lines, or less, 1 insertion	\$0 25
do do do 3 do	1 00
do do do 6 do	2 00
do do do 12 do	3 50
do do do 24 do	6 00
do do do 48 do	10 00
do do do 96 do	18 00
do do do 180 do	30 00
do do do 360 do	50 00
do do do 720 do	80 00
do do do 1440 do	120 00
do do do 2880 do	200 00
do do do 5760 do	300 00
do do do 11520 do	500 00

Books, Jobs and Blanks
Of every description, printed in the very best style, and on the shortest notice, at the COUNTRY DOLLAR Office

TRIAL OF LORANTZ ALLMAN, FOR THE MURDER OF HIS BROTHER GODFRIED, IN BRADY TOWNSHIP, CLEARFIELD COUNTY, IN SEPTEMBER 1848.

CONCLUDED.
Thursday morning, Feb. 1st 1849.
Court met at 9 o'clock.

Frederick Zeigler, recalled.—I think the wound could not possibly have been inflicted from the road, and he was, in my opinion, shot from behind; I think the shot must have been from behind; I thought the hole behind the lowest.

Eli Rishel, recalled.—I am acquainted with the locality of the ground; examined it particularly; could not see how he could possibly have been shot by accident; had he been going towards Marshall's the shot must have come from behind, a little to the left, as the hole behind was a little to the left of the centre of the head, and the front hole a little to the right—nearly level; the old road was on the right of the body behind, and on the contrary side from that in which the shot must have been fired.

Cross ex.—According to my opinion he could not have been shot from the road; not too far, but the thick and shape of the ground would stop the course of a ball.

Joseph Lines, recalled.—The corpse was moved after I came; the back-part of the head was much decayed, and the bones shattered; the fragments appeared to have been pressed inward; the appearance in front was, that the fragments were pressed outward.

Cross ex.—The head was so much shattered behind that we could make no examination of the bullet hole.

John Caville, recalled.—I went along the old road till I came to where a horse was hitched; heard the people talk, but could see no one; the hill was steep, and very thickly from the road to the top of the hill; another thick back of where the body lay.

Mrs. Elizabeth Zeillock, sworn and interpreted.—On Wednesday morning after Godfried was lost Lorantz came to our house and inquired after the men; I asked him if it was true that Godfried was lost; he said yes; I told him that by all means he should hunt him; he said "he is in the woods dead." I asked what reason he had for saying so; he said nothing, but looked to one side; I asked him if they had quarrelled; he said "as much as with this log." I was going to milk; then he said on Thursday the people should gather at Allsbaugh's and hunt for Godfried.

Louisa Allman, sworn and interpreted.—I am the widow of Godfried Allman; was married on the 5th September, 1848; Godfried left me to go over to his house on Wednesday (the next) morning; Lorantz came over on Tuesday and asked where Godfried was; father sent the little boy back with Lorantz to see if Godfried had taken his wedding clothes with him; the boy did not return that evening, and not returning soon in the morning, I went over myself to see after them; when I came Lorantz was not at home; after a while he came; I asked him where he had been; he said at Ogden's and Allsbaugh's; I told him I wished to see the clothes; he told me I could see them; they were all there; I said to him that I knew not what to make of it that there was not more clothes missing, and asked him if he thought any person had killed him going along the road; he said "a man must watch very minutely to know when my man would go out of the door;" I asked him what he had been working at on the Saturday he left; he said "they were ploughing all day, and unhitched in good time, and went into the house together—that your husband seated himself upon the bench, and I made fire—your husband sat thinking and was very thoughtful, and then I asked "what are you considering?" and he said "he wished so much to go to Marshall's,"—he then told me to hurry with the supper, and went to washing and shaving himself, and when he had about half shaved himself he said "Lorantz came and shaved me, it does not go good"—I went to shave him and he said "go way, you hurt me more"—I finished the supper, and we ate together; after supper Godfried dressed himself, and I went over to Aurand's for salt, saying to your husband "is this the last time I will bake?" he said "it may be so."

Henry Knarr, recalled.—On Sunday 17th September, before we left Allman's and see if he could get the boy to turn the wind-mill; he came along to the barn and the new group; then I said, "if they had been together the new ground might have been sown;" he said, "yes, if he would have been in the mud, but I am in the mud over the ears;" I told him he could work as heretofore, and need not be in the mud; he said he could not do that, as it was calculated for two hands, and now he was alone—we were still walking on while he said these things. Then I said Lorantz, "if I had known that my husband would wander round the world in this way, then I would have taken you;" he said, "yes, you will say this many a time;" we then parted and he went to Aurand's and I went on. He said I should make such a fuss, that the people would

laugh—they would begrudge it to me.—This was on Wednesday, Lorantz courted me—can't tell when he came often—he stopped coming about Easter; he asked my father if he could have me; my father told him that he could not have me, that I was too young; Godfried was not here then; Godfried commenced courting me, can't tell for certain whether it was in May or not; think it was; he came in June and July; I was not willing to marry Lorantz.

Cross ex.—Godfried said nothing to me about going away.

By the Court.—The calculation of Godfried was to go to Lorantz's and live with him; we were to go whenever we got ready. No time set.

By the Prosecution.—On Wednesday the last expression that Lorantz made to me was "that I should not make such ado about it, as it would gratify the people."

Christian Haack, sworn.—Lorantz came to my house about two weeks before Godfried was married and staid all night; when he got up in the morning he said he had no rest—he could not sleep at nights—that he was always afraid something might happen his brother Godfried. He then left.

Nathaniel Rishel, affirmed.—I was along with the company on Sunday searching for the body; when forming the line in the clearing, father pointed the course to go; he said the reason why he pointed out this course was that he had been watching the course of the ravens; when he said this, Lorantz, who was standing erect, dropped his head, and got very red in the face; I was within a rod of him; when the body was found I ran up to father, and Lorantz had just got to Godfried's feet and exclaimed "O, my! O, my! O, my! what will I do now! what will I do now!"

Cross ex.—I was standing within one or two rods; I am sure this is what he said; I asked him if he heard a shot on Saturday; he came to me in field where I was ploughing, and there asked me if I did not hear a shot on Saturday; I told him I did not. This was Wednesday after the Saturday Godfried was missed.

Charlotte Allman, recalled.—I heard Godfried say "I am so tired living—I am so tired living—I have a mind to shoot myself;" can't tell when; sometime in the summer; heard him say so a couple of times; Lorantz came to this country first; I came after both brothers were here.

Cross ex.—Brothers Godfried and Lorantz were sitting together talking about everything, when Godfried said he would shoot himself; it did not make me afraid; can't give any reason for his saying so; Louisa Marshall washed clothes for both brothers; did not know Godfried was courting her for sure; I have earned my own living ever since I came to this country; I first lived with brother; lived with him one summer; then went away; went to him again, and was there a few days and left again.

G. L. Reed, sworn.—[The witness was shown a draft.] This is a correct draft; the distances are correct; open woods where the body lay; 8 or 10 rods back, underbrush and thickly; below where the body lay, is a steep bank, thick brush of all sizes, underbrush, sapplings and trees; think a ball might possibly pass from the road to where the body lay, and kill a man standing on his feet; no path at the body to be seen; the ground was covered with leaves when I was there; immediately back towards Allman's the path was visible; could see the road after going down the hill partly through the thicket.

By the Court.—From where the body lay to Aurand's it would be 125 or 150 rods, in a straight line.

F. P. Hursthal, sworn.—I was where it was said the body was found; I saw the road previous to going down to it; there is a rising ground between Aurand's and Allsbaugh's; immediately where the body was said to have been found it was quite open; Aurand showed me the spot; I remarked the stump of iron-wood sappling; I had understood it had been cut for a broom; there were splinters on it. When I was there the leaves had fallen, about the 20th of October; went out to see the ground, locality, &c.

Here the evidence on the part of the defence closed.

REBUTTING TESTIMONY.
W. C. Pealy, sworn.—I was on the ground before the body was removed; could not see the road from where the body lay, in a straight line; might by looking to the east; it curves; I went straight up from the road.

Mrs. Allsbaugh, recalled.—I can't say how high the sun was when I heard the shot; think it was about six o'clock in the evening.

"Do no flatter, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with."
"Read no letters, books or papers in company."
"Come not near the books or papers of another so as to read them."
"Let your countenance be cheerful, but in serious matters be grave."
"Let your discourse with others on matters of business be short."

The Court adjourned till 2 o'clock.
Thursday afternoon.
The Court met at 2 o'clock.

Joseph Lines, recalled.—When shot in wood bullets are generally flattened; if

the gun is loaded right the neck will go foremost; I think this bullet was not fired into wood; the crease cut in the bullet I think could only have been made by coming in contact with bone; all balls over 1 grain shot into flesh and blood have a different stain from one shot into wood.

Cross ex.—The crease, or mark in the bullet could not have been made by cutting it out of a tree—it is on the wrong side—it was not done with an axe or tomahawk.

Frederick Zeigler, recalled.—I have observed bullets that were shot through animals; this from appearances, has been shot through blood and bones; I think this crease was cut in by a bone.

J. F. Weaver, Esq., opened the defence in a very feeling and impressive address, after which the following testimony was given:

John Aurand, sworn.—On Saturday evening Lorantz came down to my house, about 8 minutes before sundown, and asked for a pint of salt; he was not long there; it was not more than 3 minutes before sundown, or 3 minutes after it. I went to his house on Sunday morning—he was baking bread. When he was at my house for salt I asked if Godfried had left and gone over to his wife; he said "yes, a little bit ago." Then he said "to-morrow Godfried and his wife were coming over, and on Tuesday they were going to move."

I said, if they come over, they shall also come to my house. He went up and got the salt, and then went to the barn yard where my wife was milking. On Sunday I was at his house perhaps ten minutes, and went home again—don't know that any thing was said about baking; I think he was threshing on Monday; he came to my house in the evening for bags.

Cross ex.—saw Lorantz on Wednesday; he asked me if I heard a shot on Saturday; he came to me in field where I was ploughing, and there asked me if I did not hear a shot on Saturday; I told him I did not. This was Wednesday after the Saturday Godfried was missed.

Charlotte Allman, recalled.—I heard Godfried say "I am so tired living—I am so tired living—I have a mind to shoot myself;" can't tell when; sometime in the summer; heard him say so a couple of times; Lorantz came to this country first; I came after both brothers were here.

Cross ex.—Brothers Godfried and Lorantz were sitting together talking about everything, when Godfried said he would shoot himself; it did not make me afraid; can't give any reason for his saying so; Louisa Marshall washed clothes for both brothers; did not know Godfried was courting her for sure; I have earned my own living ever since I came to this country; I first lived with brother; lived with him one summer; then went away; went to him again, and was there a few days and left again.

G. L. Reed, sworn.—[The witness was shown a draft.] This is a correct draft; the distances are correct; open woods where the body lay; 8 or 10 rods back, underbrush and thickly; below where the body lay, is a steep bank, thick brush of all sizes, underbrush, sapplings and trees; think a ball might possibly pass from the road to where the body lay, and kill a man standing on his feet; no path at the body to be seen; the ground was covered with leaves when I was there; immediately back towards Allman's the path was visible; could see the road after going down the hill partly through the thicket.

By the Court.—From where the body lay to Aurand's it would be 125 or 150 rods, in a straight line.

F. P. Hursthal, sworn.—I was where it was said the body was found; I saw the road previous to going down to it; there is a rising ground between Aurand's and Allsbaugh's; immediately where the body was said to have been found it was quite open; Aurand showed me the spot; I remarked the stump of iron-wood sappling; I had understood it had been cut for a broom; there were splinters on it. When I was there the leaves had fallen, about the 20th of October; went out to see the ground, locality, &c.

Here the evidence on the part of the defence closed.

REBUTTING TESTIMONY.
W. C. Pealy, sworn.—I was on the ground before the body was removed; could not see the road from where the body lay, in a straight line; might by looking to the east; it curves; I went straight up from the road.

Mrs. Allsbaugh, recalled.—I can't say how high the sun was when I heard the shot; think it was about six o'clock in the evening.

"Do no flatter, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with."
"Read no letters, books or papers in company."
"Come not near the books or papers of another so as to read them."
"Let your countenance be cheerful, but in serious matters be grave."
"Let your discourse with others on matters of business be short."

The Court adjourned till 2 o'clock.
Thursday afternoon.
The Court met at 2 o'clock.

Joseph Lines, recalled.—When shot in wood bullets are generally flattened; if

Seduction of a Young French Girl, and Murder of her Seducer.

Before the Assizes of the Department de la Dordogne, a trial has been brought to its close, which has attracted the attention of all France. The accused, Jacques Duboyer, was arraigned for the wilful murder of Hilaire Delap, a gentleman of fortune. On several other counts he was charged with attempt to kill; barbarous treatment, &c. The following are the facts of the case:

Duboyer, a man of most respectable connections, wealthy and much esteemed, having successfully held the situation of mayor of Bergerac, administrator of the district of Dordogne, and member of the legislative assembly, lived for more than twenty years at the manor of Maynard, in the borough of Progrieux, Canton la Force. He was married and had seven children, two sons and five daughters, two of whom Cecile and Eugenia, alone remained unmarried. A year ago, when Cecile was on a visit to her friend Moleau, she made the acquaintance of Hilaire Delap, who, though a near neighbor of her father's, never visited his house, on account of some difficulties, which many years ago, had arisen between the two families. Delap was a fine young man, accomplished, and of engaging manners, quite calculated to arouse the passions of Cecile, who being of a rather romantic union with her, a further inducement to give him her love. They became attached to each other, though Mr. Moleau, with whom Cecile visited, frequently represented to her the danger of setting her affections on a man whom he knew her father would never receive as his son-in-law; he begged her to abstain before it was too late, but Cecile took no notice of these warnings, and besides receiving the daily visits of her lover, they frequently met on their walks. Mr. Moleau was at last obliged to intimate to Delap, that his visits at the house would no longer be agreeable, by which means the open interviews of the young people were put a stop to. Very soon, however, he found out that she still met secretly, and fearful of the responsibility he had taken upon himself, he wrote to his friend Mr. Duboyer, giving him a statement of the whole affair, and requesting him to take his daughter home, where no doubt, he would find means to separate the two lovers entirely. Duboyer immediately attended to the summons. He and his wife came down to take Cecile away, and while at Moleau's house, Delap called on them, begging them to forget the old feud, and give him the hand of his daughter in marriage. A family council was held, and the offer of Delap rejected. He was acquainted of the result, and requested to abstain from further and useless pressing the matter. Duboyer and his family returned to Maynard on the 6th of January. During the journey home, and the first week after their return, Cecile was low spirited and desponding. She never alluded to the cause of her sorrow, never spoke of her lover. She received the kindest treatment from her parents, but she was also closely watched, and every opportunity of meeting or corresponding with Delap cut off. Her quiet submissive demeanor soon made her guardians less vigilant. Cecile again received permission to go out, sometimes alone, but generally in company of her eldest sister. On one occasion only, Delap was seen loitering about the public walks, and the sisters returned home before he could come up with them. This was the only time Cecile was known to have seen Delap since her return from her friend Moleau.

On the 20th of July a large party assembled at the manor of Maynard. The youngest son of Mr. Duboyer, Charles, was to be engaged to Jenny Trollet, a young lady of Nismes, and the guests were invited to celebrate the event. After discussing a splendid dinner, the party adjourned to the grounds, and then spent a few hours at the card tables. At nine o'clock, Mr. Duboyer enquired for Cecile, who was no longer in the saloon. He was told that she had retired to her room, suffering from a severe headache. Mr. Duboyer requested his wife to look after her, and bring her down, if she felt well enough to join them at the supper table. The mother went to Cecile's chamber, and found it locked inside. After knocking several times, the daughter admitted her; she was undressed, looked pale, and said she intended to lay down, as her head was by no means better. Mrs. Duboyer entered the room with her, and began a conversation. She was going towards the bed to arrange the pillows in the most comfortable manner for the sufferer; when Cecile stopped her, and begged to be left alone. The mother, not knowing what to think of this, pushed her aside, at the same moment the bed curtains were thrown open, and a man, Delap, jumped out and cast himself at her feet to implore her pardon and silence. Mrs. Duboyer was overcome by grief and amazement. Grieved beyond measure by the dishonor of her daughter, and the stain on her family and the vitiated morals of her, she had watched from childhood with a mother's tender

care, amazed at the boldness of the villain, who thus wantonly ruined the object of his depraved love, and blighted the happiness of her parents, Mrs. Duboyer could find no words to express her feelings and her indignation. She left the room undecided what course to pursue, and joined her husband at the supper table. Her extreme pallor and excitement could not escape observation. Mr. D. could not say anything was the matter, but, receiving no answer, he began to fear something serious had happened to Cecile, and went himself to look after her. A few seconds after his disappearance, the party assembled around the festive board, were startled by a cry, immediately followed by a loud report. Charles Duboyer knew his father's voice, and ran to the assistance, followed by most of the guests. In Cecile's chamber they heard a noise, and found, when getting there, Mr. Duboyer standing over the prostrate body of Delap, beating his head with the butt end of a pistol which he had held in his hand. Cecile, too, lay on the floor without giving signs of life. Mr. Duboyer was restrained from further violence, and a medical gentleman, who happened to be one of the invited party, took Delap under his care, but found life quite extinct. Thus ended the joyous party at the mansion Maynard. At the trial it was proved that the death might have ensued from the shot wound found on Delap's body. It was however, the opinion of the physicians, that the blows on the head, having fractured the skull, were the immediate cause of death. It was further proved that the pistol, which the act was consummated, was the property of Delap, and Cecile, who had only fainted during the bloody scene, and was in the act of shooting her father, when this one closed with him, during which affray the pistol had been discharged. Numerous witnesses came forward to prove that the act could not have been premeditated, as the father went unarmed into his daughter's room. The prosecution contended that Duboyer had been a witness of a correspondence going on between the young people, and had got up the party in order to give Delap an opportunity of entering the house unobserved. They asserted that Duboyer's strong passions had inclined him to sell his daughter's honor for the sake of revenge upon her victim. No evidence, however, appeared to support this assertion, and so far as a negative can be proved, everything tended to show that the correspondence had been carried on clandestinely. The Court acquitted Mr. Duboyer of the charge of murder, but found him guilty of an assault with intent to kill. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, 1000 francs, and 25,000 francs damages to the relatives of the deceased.

The First Duel in Arkansas

The following tragic events occurred many years ago, but are interesting now. During the canvass of an election district, General Conway and Mr. Crittenden were opposing candidates. They were both to speak at a certain place, and Crittenden, who was a perfect gentleman, and wished, if possible, to avoid a fight or any hostile feelings, spoke first. He had heard that General Conway was going to insult him so as to provoke a fight. He made a splendid speech; and entirely refrained from the use of language personally offensive to his antagonist. He wound up by saying, and his eyes shot lightning as he would utter words, in the heat of debate, towards him, such as could not be tolerated by the code of honor.

Conway took fire like powder at a torch. He bounded to his feet, and poured forth on the head of his opponent a torrent of the most bitter and burning denunciation. Crittenden rejoined with but a single sentence—"Your language, General Conway, admits of only one answer, and that, you may be sure, I will make right speed to give." He then descended from the platform, and attended by a few select friends, hurried away to his hotel. His second waited on Conway the same evening, and a hostile meeting was arranged for the following morning.

A vast throng collected at the time and place appointed, to witness the duel. The seconds were Colonel Wharton Rector for Conway, and Ben Desha for Crittenden. As the seconds in all such mortal combats are often more important, as respects the final result, than even the principals themselves, we may be pardoned for briefly sketching the two who acted in the present case.

Wharton Rector was a professed duelist, notorious alike for the number and fatality of his murderous conflicts. He was universally feared throughout the west, from St. Louis to New Orleans, and was also the young lady; but her name was saved, and he at the imminent peril of his own life was her preserver. Young Barnes is now confined to his room, and thought suffering greatly; is now doing well. Such instances of heroism are rare; indeed, and deserve to be recorded.—Osceola Advertiser.

Ben Desha, a son of the celebrated governor of Kentucky, had but recently emigrated to Arkansas. His prowess was not known, but only immigrated from his singular and striking appearance. He was a tall, pale, slender man, whose thin lip wore an everlasting smile, or sneer—one could hardly tell which, so ambiguous was his expression—and his eyes were small as an infant's, fierce, reddish, and unutterably piercing. Such dagger-like eyes, causing every gaze to quail, could never belong to a coward. This, at least, was the general belief of all who saw him. As soon as the parties appeared on the ground, they began to make their arrangements, and serious difficulties arose between the seconds on various points of order. While the dispute as to these was pending for almost an hour, Conway became restless, angry, and agitated, while Crittenden, trusting all to his friend, lay quiet on a blanket, with his eyes shut, as if enjoying a comfortable slumber.

Finally everything was settled, and the principals took their positions, with their pistols cocked, and their fingers on the triggers. All was ready, when to the astonishment of the spectators, Ben Desha hastily advanced, and seizing General Conway rudely by the shoulder, exclaimed—"D—n you, why do you not stand fair? Are you a coward?"

"If you do that again, I will shoot you, by Heaven!" shouted Wharton Rector, enraged at the shameful conduct of Crittenden's second.

While the two antagonists were thus standing in position, the spectators at a glance contrasted their aspect and bearing. Crittenden inherited the nobles of form, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a lofty countenance, frank and open in its expression, and wearing the seal of death-defying bravery. He stood, calm, collected, and unconcerned, like a rifleman about to fire at a mark. But Conway had a stern face, eyes as dark as night, and his look of indubitable courage was perceptibly tinged with revenge. Owing to the insults of Ben Desha, all his limbs were tremulous with rage.

At length Desha gave the word, in a voice that rang afar over the hills like the peal of a trumpet—"Fire!—One!—two! three!"

At the sound of "Fire!" Conway, still under the effects of the previous agitation, instantly raised his weapon and pulled the trigger. His bullet grazed the other's breast, and cut a button of his coat, without more injury. But Crittenden waited till the last echo of the word "two" and then his pistol exploded. With the roar, then his pistol exploded. With the roar, General Conway dropped to the earth like lead. The ball had pierced through his heart!

Thus ended the first great party duel in Arkansas. It was followed in swift succession by nearly a dozen more of like character, and, without a single exception, mortal, till the people themselves grew sick and wearied of the murderous exhibition. Crittenden survived Conway only a few days, and died of a torturing fever. His rival had the easiest death.—Sunday Times.

Daring and Noble Act.

A young girl rescued from a burning house.—Among the many examples of praiseworthy conduct which the last terrible fire in Oswego developed, one instance of daring intrepidity, and successful efforts of a young man deserves particular attention. In the third story of a wooden building on Front street, Mr. George Miller was lying dangerously sick, attended by his wife and daughter. After the former had been removed, it was ascertained that Miss Miller was yet in the building, the roof and sides of which were enveloped in flames, and her life imminently exposed. At this juncture, a young man about 18 years old, Mr. Mortimer Barnes, rushed up the staircase and succeeded in reaching her room. In endeavoring to rescue her she resolutely refused to go with him, being somewhat bewildered and under the impression that her mother was yet in the building, whom she declared she would not leave. While fruitlessly expostulating with her, the flames had reached the staircase, but young Barnes, nothing daunted, finding that she would not accompany him, gallantly seized and bore her down in the care of her friends. In this heroic exploit, he was badly hurt, but as was also the young lady; but her name was saved, and he at the imminent peril of his own life was her preserver. Young Barnes is now confined to his room, and thought suffering greatly; is now doing well. Such instances of heroism are rare; indeed, and deserve to be recorded.—Osceola Advertiser.

Ben Desha, a son of the celebrated governor of Kentucky, had but recently emigrated to Arkansas. His prowess was not known, but only immigrated from his singular and striking appearance. He was a tall, pale, slender man, whose thin lip wore an everlasting smile, or sneer—one could hardly tell which, so ambiguous was his expression—and his eyes were small as an infant's, fierce, reddish, and unutterably piercing. Such dagger-like eyes, causing every gaze to quail, could never belong to a coward. This, at least, was the general belief of all who saw him. As soon as the parties appeared on the ground, they began to make their arrangements, and serious difficulties arose between the seconds on various points of order. While the dispute as to these was pending for almost an hour, Conway became restless, angry, and agitated, while Crittenden, trusting all to his friend, lay quiet on a blanket, with his eyes shut, as if enjoying a comfortable slumber.

Finally everything was settled, and the principals took their positions, with their pistols cocked, and their fingers on the triggers. All was ready, when to the astonishment of the spectators, Ben Desha hastily advanced, and seizing General Conway rudely by the shoulder, exclaimed—"D—n you, why do you not stand fair? Are you a coward?"

"If you do that again, I will shoot you, by Heaven!" shouted Wharton Rector, enraged at the shameful conduct of Crittenden's second.

While the two antagonists were thus standing in position, the spectators at a glance contrasted their aspect and bearing. Crittenden inherited the nobles of form, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a lofty countenance, frank and open in its expression, and wearing the seal of death-defying bravery. He stood, calm, collected, and unconcerned, like a rifleman about to fire at a mark. But Conway had a stern face, eyes as dark as night, and his look of indubitable courage was perceptibly tinged with revenge. Owing to the insults of Ben Desha, all his limbs were tremulous with rage.

At length Desha gave the word, in a voice that rang afar over the hills like the peal of a trumpet—"Fire!—One!—two! three!"

At the sound of "Fire!" Conway, still under the effects of the previous agitation, instantly raised his weapon and pulled the trigger. His bullet grazed the other's breast, and cut a button of his coat, without more injury. But Crittenden waited till the last echo of the word "two" and then his pistol exploded. With the roar, then his pistol exploded. With the roar, General Conway dropped to the earth like lead. The ball had pierced through his heart!

Thus ended the first great party duel in Arkansas. It was followed in swift succession by nearly a dozen more of like character, and, without a single exception, mortal, till the people themselves grew sick and wearied of the murderous exhibition. Crittenden survived Conway only a few days, and died of a torturing fever. His rival had the easiest death.—Sunday Times.

Daring and Noble Act.

A young girl rescued from a burning house.—Among the many examples of praiseworthy conduct which the last terrible fire in Oswego developed, one instance of daring intrepidity, and successful efforts of a young man deserves particular attention. In the third story of a wooden building on Front street, Mr. George Miller was lying dangerously sick, attended by his wife and daughter. After the former had been removed, it was ascertained that Miss Miller was yet in the building, the roof and sides of which were enveloped in flames, and her life imminently exposed. At this juncture, a young man about 18 years old, Mr. Mortimer Barnes, rushed up the staircase and succeeded in reaching her room. In endeavoring to rescue her she resolutely refused to go with him, being somewhat bewildered and under the impression that her mother was yet in the building, whom she declared she would not leave. While fruitlessly expostulating with her, the flames had reached the staircase, but young Barnes, nothing daunted, finding that she would not accompany him, gallantly seized and bore her down in the care of her friends. In this heroic exploit, he was badly hurt, but as was also the young lady; but her name was saved, and he at the imminent peril of his own life was her preserver. Young Barnes is now confined to his room, and thought suffering greatly; is now doing well. Such instances of heroism are rare; indeed, and deserve to be recorded.—Osceola Advertiser.

Ben Desha, a son of the celebrated governor of Kentucky, had but recently emigrated to Arkansas. His prowess was not known, but only immigrated from his singular and striking appearance. He was a tall, pale, slender man, whose thin lip wore an everlasting smile, or sneer—one could hardly tell which, so ambiguous was his expression—and his eyes were small as an infant's, fierce, reddish, and unutterably piercing. Such dagger-like eyes, causing every gaze to quail, could never belong to a coward. This, at least, was the general belief of all who saw him. As soon as the parties appeared on the ground, they began to make their arrangements, and serious difficulties arose between the seconds on various points of order. While the dispute as to these was pending for almost an hour, Conway became restless, angry, and agitated, while Crittenden, trusting all to his friend, lay quiet on a blanket, with his eyes shut, as if enjoying a comfortable slumber.

Finally everything was settled, and the principals took their positions, with their pistols cocked, and their fingers on the triggers. All was ready, when to the astonishment of the spectators, Ben Desha hastily advanced, and seizing General Conway rudely by the shoulder, exclaimed—"D—n you, why do you not stand fair? Are you a coward?"

"If you do that again, I will shoot you, by Heaven!" shouted Wharton Rector, enraged at the shameful conduct of Crittenden's second.

While the two antagonists were thus standing in position, the spectators at a glance contrasted their aspect and bearing. Crittenden inherited the nobles of form, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a lofty countenance, frank and open in its expression, and wearing the seal of death-defying bravery. He stood, calm, collected, and unconcerned, like a rifleman about to fire at a mark. But Conway had a stern face, eyes as dark as night, and his look of indubitable courage was perceptibly tinged with revenge. Owing to the insults of Ben Desha, all his limbs were tremulous with rage.

At length Desha gave the word, in a voice that rang afar over the hills like the peal of a trumpet—"Fire!—One!—two! three!"

At the sound of "Fire!" Conway, still under the effects of the previous agitation, instantly raised his weapon and pulled the trigger. His bullet grazed the other's breast, and cut a button of his coat, without more injury. But Crittenden waited till the last echo of the word "two" and then his pistol exploded. With the roar, then his pistol exploded. With the roar, General Conway dropped to the earth like lead. The ball had pierced through his heart!

Thus ended the first great party duel in Arkansas. It was followed in swift succession by nearly a dozen more of like character, and, without a single exception, mortal, till the people themselves grew sick and wearied of the murderous exhibition. Crittenden survived Conway only a few days, and died of a torturing fever. His rival had the easiest death.—Sunday Times.