

...sinking it a very natural result of leaving a body with a pistol bullet in its side, lying in his majesty's park.

Major Williams obtained six weeks leave of absence, the very day the duel was fought.

Mr. Irving made very light of the legal proceedings; but Charles, in his own mind, could not divest himself of anxiety. The duel had been fought at an irregular distance; he had overheard the expression of Mr. Leeson's second, "it will be regular murder;" and just before the pistol had been placed in his hand, Major Williams had said to him, "remember there is no time for foolery now," words which Charles feared that others might have overheard, and which, manifestly, were meant as advice to shoot his antagonist if he could; for I believe he was correct in his opinion, that when two gentlemen challenge each other to deadly combat, and fire loaded pistols each towards the other, with the best aim they can, it alters quite the character of the transaction if anything has occurred, which would give reasonable ground for suspicion, that either of them did all this with any intention of shooting the other.

Charles, therefore, entertained reasonable fears that all the circumstances I have mentioned, by furnishing grounds for such a suspicion, would tell against him on his trial. His imagination was haunted with the most dismal visions of the future, perhaps only the reflection of remorse for the past.

He could not but feel remorse: None of my readers can know, I pray they may never know the feelings of the man, that has ever, under any circumstances, taken away a life. Blood, no matter how justly shed, leaves a stain upon the hand that sheds it. The shadow of the murderer's curse darkens where the curse itself does not fall. "He who sheddeth man's blood," still walks in the gloom of that shadow. It is a terrible consciousness to feel that you have been forced to cut short a fellow-being's days. The soul darkens under the solemn sanction by which He who gave it guards the awful sacredness of human life.

If this feeling attaches itself to the mere act of taking away human life, even where the necessity that justifies it is the most plain, much more did it exist in all its bitterness, when Charles had shed a fellow-creature's blood under circumstances, the propriety of which he could not help feeling questionable. Not but that he reasoned himself in the belief that it was an act of self-defence—in truth, it was so when he was engaged in combat; and why had he thus placed himself in a position in which he was forced to take another's life to save his own—in defence he reasoned with himself, of those charities of social life, which it is the first duty of every man to guard from aggression.

He might have calmed all the secret upbraidings of his conscience by this reasoning, if it had not been that he saw, in the glance of Ellen, her judgment that he had done wrong. He dare not allude to the subject in her presence; but there was an air of calm and resigned melancholy about her, which seemed to denote that a wound was rankling at her heart. The bloom of health had fled from her pale cheek, and often did the large tear fall unbidden from her eye.

Charles could not but mark the change. Day after day he passed in her society, until his whole soul became absorbed in the passion that preyed on it. Yet there was something in the calm and settled melancholy of her look—in the quiet sorrow that dimmed her eye—in the meek paleness of her cheek, which, while it added to her loveliness, seemed to awe into silence even love.

A few weeks thus passed, and the time came when Charles and his companion surrendered themselves to trial. A previous intimation from Mr. Leeson's friends had assured Mr. Irving that they would take no steps to prosecute. The trial was a mere matter of form; the prisoners were arranged for the murder of Edward Leeson—a jury were impanelled—no witnesses appeared—and a verdict of not guilty was pronounced.

The day of his trial he drove home with Mr. Irving in his carriage. The joy of that gentleman manifested itself in a manner more expressive than was usual. He repeatedly shook Charles's hand.

"Well, my boy," he cried; "it's all over now—not guilty—it can never come against you again. It was far better for you to stand a trial, not guilty—huzza, my boy."

His joy subsided a little into a reflective mood. "Well, this is a glorious constitution under which we live—no man can be twice tried for the same offence. Quiet forever, my boy—it is a glorious constitution."

Charles heartily concurred in the eulogium on the free genius of British law. "Your aunt must see you a free man," cried the good-hearted old gentleman, as he desired the coachman to drive to the cottage. Charles's heart fluttered in his bosom at the direction.

Mr. Irving's delight at Charles's acquittal appeared to have carried him quite away from his usual sobriety of demeanour. "Jane," he cried, as soon as he entered the cottage, "come and see your nephew quite free; not guilty, huzza?" Mrs. Irving heartily embraced Charles, and welcomed him, as she said, back to liberty. Her congratulations, however, were mixed with tears. There was one however, who met him pale and trembling—she had no congratulations either on her countenance or her lips.

she held out her hand, and with an effort she murmured, "Charles, I am glad—you are—acquitted."

"Come, come, Ellen," cried her uncle, the ardent character of whose joy deemed such cold congratulations peculiarly inappropriate; "come, Miss, you are more glad than any of us. No pretence," he added, in a significant tone. Charles's face became scarlet—a slight tinge passed over the paleness of Ellen's cheek. She sat down without speaking, and took up her work, which was lying on the table.

"Well, well," said her uncle, "you women are the queerest beings in creation; it's well for them," he added, smiling, "that keep clear of you. There she is, happy in heart to see her cousin back, and she looks as if she was ready to cry; woman always cry on their wedding day—I suppose it's the best method of expressing joy. Here—here," he added impatiently, "I know it all, Ellen," and he caught her hand. "Here, Charles, take her hand—I know it all." But the hand was sternly withdrawn. The old gentleman was surprised. "Perverse, perverse," he muttered. "Here, Jane, we'll leave them to themselves. Charles may make something of her; I can't."

Without giving her time for resistance, he hurried Mrs. Irving through an open casement into the garden, leaving the young people alone. Ellen did not raise her eyes from her work, but her face was deadly pale. Charles stood leaning on the mantle piece; for some minutes he was silent.

"Ellen," he said at last, "Ellen, there is no need of affectation between us; you know I have loved you long—don't you, Ellen, know that I have loved for years?"

"I do, Charles," replied the other calmly, without raising her eyes. Charles drew a chair close to her; she was trembling violently. "And, Ellen," he added, softly, "may I not believe that you have loved me?"

The other made no reply; tears fell large and fast upon the embroidery at which she was working. Charles laid his hand upon her arm; his own heart was throbbing violently; she started—she looked full in his face.

"Charles," she said, "there is no need of affectation; I have loved you, but never, never speak to me on the subject again."

There was an expression of agony mingled with determination, in the manner she made the request, that gave it more the appearance of a command.

"Ellen, dear," said Charles, but he knew not what to add; it was a pause of deep and painful embarrassment to both; "will you not be mine—mine forever?"

She had risen from her seat, pale and breathless; she seemed like some marble statue, chiselled with incomparable skill; her hair, black as the raven's wing, fell down in glossy ringlets; the blood had left her lips.

"Charles," she said, evidently with an effort; "Charles, never, never speak to me on this subject again; it must not be; I dare not—no, I dare not; you have taken away a fellow-creature's life; I dare not—I would share with your poverty and suffering, but I dare not share God's displeasure."

As she uttered these words, she looked up to heaven, as if for support. Charles reasoned with her; he addressed to her the arguments by which he had silenced his own conscience—"It was self-defence," he said.

"Self-defence!" she answered; "Charles, dear, do not deceive yourself; why did you meet him in mortal combat? It was not self-defence that took you to the place."

"No, Ellen," he answered, "but it was the defence of what is dearer to me than life; I could not hear you spoken lightly of; I risked my life first."

"Charles, dear," she answered, in a tone of tenderness; "Charles, will this be a good excuse to your God for taking away the life he gave? What harm did those words do me? Were they worth being washed out by the blood of an immortal being?"

Charles was awed by the solemnity of her manner—"No man could listen to it, Ellen, and not punish it."

"Vengeance is mine, Charles, God says; it was not for you to take it from him—it was not for you to send a sinner to his presence."

In vain did Charles reason, and argue, and entreat. The simple girl answered every argument by an appeal to the words of the Bible. "Thou shalt not kill," sternly did she refuse to be entreated. "I did love you," she said, "but my duty demands that I should forget that. I would have borne anything, but I dare not displeasé my God; perhaps it is a mercy. My foolish head had dreams of happiness here below; they are gone forever. I will now think only of God."

She uttered these words in the spirit of one of these religionists who, in the Catholic church, solemnly dedicate themselves to God; indeed, as she spoke—her hands clasped in the attitude of attention; the calmness of resignation settling with a lovely radiance on her pale and sorrowful features; her eyes turned upwards, as if to gaze henceforward only on heavenly things—she might, but for her dress, have been the original of the beautiful picture of "the nun."

Charles still hoped that time would wear away, in Ellen's mind, the stern resolution which now alone seemed to interfere between him and perfect happiness. But when weeks had passed away, and no change came over the spirit of that

dream of duty, he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair; he looked upon it as a judgement from God for having taken life. I might tell of scenes of suffering such as seemed enough to atone for guilt far worse than his. There were in the dark and gloomy history of the next few months, a chapter of truth which many might pronounce too highly coloured even for romance; it is time, however, that I should bring this chapter to a close.

Ellen's health and spirits declined so much, that her mother removed to the south of England, in hopes that the change might restore her. Mr. Irving, who was deeply attached to his niece, accompanied her. Some short time afterwards, Charles Wilson left the country without bidding me farewell. I supposed that he had gone to some foreign climate, in the hopes of finding an early grave. I heard nothing of any of the party until, some months afterwards, casting my eye over one of the English papers, I met the following announcement, under the head of marriages:—

"In the church of South Molton, Devonshire, by the Reverend the Archdeacon of —, Charles Wilson, Esq., Barrister at Law, to Ellen, only daughter of the Reverend Charles Irving, late rector of —, in the diocese of Dublin."

Many years had elapsed, when I saw them both happy and honoured in the midst of a growing family. Mrs. Irving was sitting by their fireside in a venerable arm chair, smiling on the domestic circle. Mr. Irving had died full of years and honour, and left all his wealth to his nephew and niece, with the exception of an annuity to his maiden sister, who spent the rest of her life wheeling about in a wheel-chair and drinking the waters at Bath. Charles had taken the name of Irving, and transferred himself to the English bar, where he had settled down into a snug situation.

I am glad, so perhaps will be my readers too, that over the close of one, at least, of my gloomy chapters, a gleam of sunshine has been cast.

### From the Harrisburg Intelligencer Oct 26. **ANOTHER DISTRESSING CALAMITY.** **Hill-fated Harrisburg.**

Three months since it was our painful duty to record the destruction of half a square of Harrisburg. In the deepest regret we are again called upon to perform a similarly sad task.

On Sunday afternoon, about five o'clock a fire was discovered in the carpenter shop of Messrs. Hollman & Simons, (who were heavy sufferers by the late fire,) between Fourth and Fifth streets, fronting on the east side of Market. The alarm was at once given, but the dry lumber burnt with such fury, that before the engines could take effect several frame buildings in the vicinity were on fire, and the flames soon communicated to the school and lecture building attached to the Lutheran church. The grocery store of Mr. Hutton, on the corner of Market and Fourth streets, was in the mean time emptied, & the building torn down to save those adjoining.

The roof of the lecture building which was within a few feet of the church, and burnt furiously, threw volumes of flame to a considerable height, and covered the holy edifice with fire. The cornice was in a few moments ignited, and so great was the heat that it continued to blaze even under a full stream of water from one of the engines. Every effort that could be made in the awful hour, was put in requisition to save the church—but in vain. The whole roof, from the inside gable to the belfry, was soon in a blaze; the flames leaped with lightning rapidity up the spire—the four points, highly combustible, were almost instantly enveloped; and the great elevation prevented any water reaching with advantage. The sacred but ill-fated building was then reluctantly given up, and after burning an hour or two presented a woful spectacle of charred walls and smouldering ruins.

Two buildings; one frame, the other brick, between the church and Market street, were saved by extraordinary exertions. The row of buildings on the opposite side of Fourth street were also successfully protected. The ware-houses at the canal, a square distant, in the direction in which the wind blew, were in much danger from the sparks, which flew like flakes of snow, and fell fast and thick upon the roofs, but were promptly quenched. The grave-yard attached to the church intervened, and happily so, for had there been buildings on that ground, they must inevitably have been destroyed.

The dwelling houses of Mr. Simons and the widow Shannon were burnt. It is reported that Mr. Simons' property, as also that of Messrs. Hollman and Simons and Mr. Hutton, was insured. The church was not, and of course, the loss falls heavy on the congregation, who, in addition to the loss of the church, were fated to witness their burial ground necessarily thrown open, and the tombs defaced by falling timbers and the accidents inseparable from the scene. The church was built during the late war, and cost, as we understand, about \$15,000.

We are not informed as to the origin of the fire. Some suppose it to have been the work of an incendiary, as no fire had been used in the shop for several days. It is not a little singular that calamities should thus follow Messrs. Hollman and Simons, and that this conflagration should rage immediately across the street from the destructive scene of July.

The entire loss is estimated at \$25,000.

**APPREHENDED TROUBLES ON THE CANADA FRONTIER.**—We regret to learn, (says the New York Star,) from such authority as we cannot question, that there is a sullen but determined resolution existing in large and extended masses of the population on the frontiers to renew this winter the scenes of the past year. The earl of Durham had nearly consummated on his part, all the measures which would go to prevent an occurrence so much to be deplored; but the scepter of power was dashed from his hands, just as the preparatory and preventive arrangements were on the point of completion. This unwise act was permitted by the government as an expiatory sacrifice to appease the clamor of Lords Brougham and Lyndoch, who, more congenial in those Tory and aristocratic sympathies common to all parvenu nobility than their apparently hostile position would seem to indicate, appeared, on this occasion, under the dissembling and anomalous aspect of Siamese twins in conjoint defence of the rights of British subjects! This has given new hope to the disaffected; and there is still slumbering unappeased, an unconquerable desire, on the part of some of our people, to do their utmost to revenge the outrage on the Caroline, and to co-operate with the aggrieved and now apparently subjugated insurrectionists of the provinces. We trust that, without fear or favor, such vigorous preparations will be made by our authorities as will, at least, preclude the possibility of violent acts, which, in spite of the present feelings of amity between Britain and America, may irrevocably plunge both countries into a bloody and protracted war.

The escape of Colonel Karnes from the party of Mexicans who recently attacked him near Coliad, would seem to have been truly providential, if not an instance of the truth of the declaration, that Fortune favors the brave. In the act of putting his foot into the stirrup to mount his horse, he was fired upon, and dragged some distance by the frightened animal before he could extricate himself. On doing so he instantly faced his enemies, drew his pistol and fired, while they discharged their pieces at him, but without effect. He continued to confront them, and by his admirable coolness succeeded at length in gaining a wood, by means of which he escaped. *N. O. Bulletin.*

**Attempt to poison.**—Two negro women servants of Joseph Charles, of St. Louis, conspired to poison the whole family. We learn from the Bulletin, that on Sunday the 17th inst. while the family were at Church, their conversation was fortunately overheard by a faithful domestic, and their hellish design frustrated. They had obtained a phial, containing poison, which when discovered, they emptied and attempted to hide; it was afterwards found, and the few drops remaining, on being analyzed by Dr. King was pronounced rank poison. One of them is committed to stand her trial at the Circuit Court. *Philadelphia Gazette.*

**DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.** The American Sentinel, of Monday, contains the annexed account of a distressing occurrence, on Saturday last. It should be an ample caution to gunners, many of whom become so reckless in the use of pieces, as often to cause us to wonder at the comparative small number of accidents. Sportsmen cannot be to careful in handling their guns. Piece when charged, should in carrying, always be held at an angle of forty-five degrees; and whether charged or not, they should be handled with the same caution. If this were uniformly done, we should hear of a fewer accidents:

We learn that on Saturday a party, consisting of seven persons, among whom were Messrs. Murphy, Willden, Wallace and Ritenhouse, four of the city constables, went to the vicinity of Penrose's ferry, at the mouth of the Schuylkill, for the purpose of gaming. On leaving the public house at which they had stopped for a short time, Mr. Willden presented his fowling piece, in sport, at Mr. Ritenhouse. Just at this moment Mr. Wallace passed between the two when the gun, which was heavily loaded with shot accidentally went off, and its contents were unfortunately lodged in the face and head of Mr. Wallace. They were immediately conveyed by Mr. Murphy to the city, and taken to Dr. Geo. McClellan's, who did what was necessary, and they were conveyed from thence to their respective residences. We regret to learn, that there is some apprehension of injury to one of Mr. Ritenhouse's eyes. A few of the shot have been extricated from the legs of Mr. Wallace, but by far the greater number still remain in him.

**MURDER AT HARLEM.**—At a late hour last evening, information was received at the Coroner's Office, that a man named Hamblin, residing in 106th street, near the 5th Avenue, had murdered his wife by beating her in the most savage manner. The parties had lived together like cat and dog, and frequent fights took place between them, in which the woman came off second best. Yesterday morning another fracas occurred, in the course of which Hamblin beat his wife so unmercifully, that she expired under his hands, and he immediately absconded, before any of the neighbors knew of the occurrence. It is said that the corpse presents marks of the most inhuman and brutal treatment. *N. York Courier of the 29th.*

OFFICIAL RETURNS OF THE ELECTION FOR 1838.				
COUNTIES.	GOVERNOR.		AMENDMENTS.	
	RIT.	PORT.	FOR.	AGAINST.
Adams,	3310	1555	300	4420
Allegheny,	6038	4505	4450	5049
Armstrong,	1510	2781	2597	949
Beaver,	2457	1931	2525	1612
Bedford,	2386	2478	1087	2730
Berks,	3215	7101	5823	3983
Bradford,	2219	2420	4116	188
Bucks,	4177	4593	4095	3562
Butler,	1400	1653	2389	712
Cambria,	762	844	616	938
Centre,	1467	2589	2082	1565
Ches. Co.,	4971	4527	3879	5085
Clearfield,	474	792	999	204
Columbia,	1058	2616	1556	1506
Crawford,	1957	2304	3444	517
Cumberland,	2316	2743	2562	2419
Dauphin,	2843	1944	1052	3204
Delaware,	1751	1263	1299	1459
Erie,	2747	1565	3178	454
Fayette,	1984	2788	3022	1145
Franklin,	2560	2815	1728	3815
Greene,	1109	1849	2399	74
Huntingdon,	3687	2761	2640	5348
Indiana,	1723	1262	1248	1471
Jefferson,	421	591	593	356
Junata,	863	1049	637	4249
Lancaster,	8558	5508	2356	10089
Lebanon,	2228	1533	807	2573
Lehigh,	2849	2460	1792	2244
Luzerne,	2592	3132	3603	1141
Lycoming,	2146	2541	1932	2151
M'Kean, maj.,	185	301	2	—
Mercer,	2535	2325	1762	1475
Mifflin,	1109	1177	1069	1153
Monroe,	366	1248	209	209
Montgomery,	3748	4558	3690	4079
Northampton,	2556	3635	1641	3577
Northumberland,	1164	2144	867	2144
Perry,	883	1916	1916	1418
Phila. city,	7203	3156	3522	6792
Phila. county,	7705	7982	8093	5172
Pike,	117	523	—	—
Potter,	88	276	328	—
Schuylkill,	1608	2271	1460	1812
Somerset,	2244	883	556	2029
Susquehanna,	1264	1530	2083	412
Tioga,	594	1448	1974	16
Union,	2268	1595	440	3185
Venango,	828	1768	1887	448
Warren, unofficial,	528	564	1128	31
Washington,	3528	5461	4394	1576
Wayne,	538	1062	1380	90
Westmoreland,	2315	4561	4106	2224
York,	3257	4197	1235	5600
Total	124,424	180,968	117,598	118732
Ritner's vote.	124,424	117,598	—	—
Porter's majority.	—	6,544	8,866	—

### The death of Gov. Clark

The distinguished veteran CLARK, of Missouri, died at St. Louis on the first of this month. The following notice of that event is from the Missouri Republican.

"The Governor for some time past has been complaining, and gave evidence of a rapid increase of his ailments, and the ravages of old age. Lately his illness greatly increased, and on Saturday night he breathed his last at the residence of his son Merriwether Lewis Clark, Esq. of this city. Though the event, from the age and feeble health of the deceased, was not unlooked for, it will not be the less regretted. To see the great, the good, those whom all are constrained to love as the benefactors of their country, and respect as their country's ornaments; whose names and whose histories are identified with all we know of the early history of our land; to see such men falling around us will bring a sigh from every breast, and a tear from every eye.

The name of Gov. Clark must ever occupy a prominent place on the pages of the history of this country. He arrived in St. Louis in the year 1803, and in company with his intrepid compatriot MERRIWETHER LEWIS, Esq. and a small band of selected men, performed the first journey across the Rocky Mountains to the mouth of the Columbia river. The history of the pioneer trip of Lewis and Clark, is familiar to every reader. After his return, he was appointed Governor of the Territory of Missouri, and subsequently Superintendent of Indian affairs for the western Division, which office he continued to hold until the day of his death. In the office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and in his intercourse with the Indians of the West, his services to the U. States have been pre-eminently valuable. He well understood the Indian character, and his whole intercourse with them was such as won their highest esteem, and their unbounded confidence. His name is known by the most remote tribes, and his word was revered by them every where. They revered him as a father, and his signature which is known by every Indian, even in the most distant wilds of the West, wherever shown, was respected.

He was 68 years of age when he died, and probably the oldest American settler residing in St. Louis. Through a long, eventful, and useful life, he has

filled the various stations of a citizen and an officer with such strict integrity, and in so affable and mild a manner, that at the day of his death malice nor detraction had not a blot to fix upon the scroll which the history of his well spent life leaves as a rich and inestimable legacy to his children, and the numerous friends who now mourn his death."

**HOSTILITIES ON THE SOUTH WEST FRONTIER.**—The Louisville Journal of the 6th instant, contains some important intelligence. It has already been mentioned, that a Mexican officer was recently killed in the northern part of Texas, and that instructions and a journal were found on him, from which it appeared that a plan was on foot, for forming an extensive organization of Indians in Texas and on the United States frontier, for attacking the Texian settlements on Red River and laying waste the whole country from Fort Gibson to Nacogdoches. General Arbuckle, on receiving this information and learning that large parties of Delawares and Cherokees had crossed over, and with a body of Mexicans were ready for the attack, ordered two companies of Dragoons to Fort Towson, to act as circumstances might require.

Gen. Arbuckle in a letter to the Governor of Arkansas, dated Fort Gibson, Sept. 6th says:—"Intelligence was received last night from Fort Jessup, which proves beyond a doubt that war has certainly commenced." A letter from a Mr. Green, dated about the 21st of August, at Lima, twenty-five miles east of the Tausse Washita, says, "we have direct information that Captain Farmer and thirty of his men have been killed on the Sabine, by the Indians, within the last three days. Blindness, Lewis," and several other plantations have been sacked, and their places surrounded, since Saturday, by the hostile Indians. The road is completely lined with wagons for the lower prairies."

Gen. Arbuckle has communicated all the facts of the case to the Governor of Arkansas, with orders to the commandant at Little Rock to furnish such ordnance as the Governor may require for the militia in the event of farther hostilities.

He that woos a maiden, must come seldom in her sight: