The Daily Crescent.

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The Daily Crescent

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Later from California.

The steamship Illinois, from Chagres, with California news to the 15th ult., arrived at New York on the 18th inst. The intelligence generally is not of the average interest or importance. The San Francisco Herald of the latest date, in its summary prepared for the steamer, says:

The leading event of interest, and one which has been the chief topic of discussion in political circles during the past fortnight, is the election for State and county officers, which was held on the 3d inst. In this county the whigs obtained an average majority of 695 for state officers. For county officers the honors are about equally divided. The returns from several of the frontier counties have not yet been received, and there is still a doubt as to the result for Governor. The vote is very close; both parties claim the victory, and the official returns can alone decide the question. The remainder of the democratic State ticket, including Messrs. E. C. Marshall and McCorkle, for Congress, are elected. The Legislature will be democratic in both branches, and will, no doubt, elect a democrat to the U. S. Senate immediately after organizing. The vote throughout the State is small.

A most important step has been taken by the inhabitants of the Southern counties, desirous of dividing the State and forming a Territorial Government for that portion. Two addresses have been issued to secure concert of action, and a convention of delegates has been called to assemble at Santa Barbara on the third Monday in October. Delegates have already been appointed to attend from Santa Clara, San Diego, and other counties. All the members of the Legislature recently elected from that section of the State are pledged to urge a division at the ensuing session.

Crime has most sensibly diminished throughout the State, and no execution has taken place, either here or in the interior, since the sailing of the last steamer. The Indians in the Southern part of the State are quiet; those in the North, in Trinidad and Klamath counties, are becoming somewhat troublesome.

The gold diggings continue to yield rich returns to the labors of the miners. The auriferous quartz veins are being extensively worked, and generally with great success. The amount shipped by the steamer Panama, which leaves to-day, $1,700,000, exhibits no falling off in the production of gold in our State. In the dry diggings miners are only waiting for the rainy season, to take out large amounts of gold.

San Francisco has recovered from the two great conflagrations of May and June, and has been rebuilt in far better style than before. Numerous fire-proof brick and stone buildings have been erected, and many others have been commenced. Altogether, the condition of affairs in our State is highly satisfactory.

The Election.—The latest returns, as far as received, show a majority of 422 for Reading, the whig candidate for Governor.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, writing from San Francisco, thinks there can be no doubt of Reading's election, but the vote is so close, the official returns alone can decide the result.

The rest of the Democratic State ticket runs considerably ahead of Bigler, and are all elected with the exception possibly of the candidate for Surveyor General. Mr. Herron, the whig candidate for this office, runs nearly as well as Reading.

Messrs. E. C. Marshall and McCorkle, democrats, for Congress, are elected. The Legislature will be democratic in both branches, and will no doubt elect a democrat to the United States Senate immediately after organizing. The vote throughout the State is small.

From reliable returns thus far received, the whigs have elected two State Senators and the democrats eleven. One whig and five democratic Senators hold over. The Senate consists of twenty-three members. To the Assembly fourteen whigs, twenty eight democrats, and two independents have been elected. The House consists of sixty-three members, of which thirty-two is a majority.

Division of California.—There was to be held in Monterey on the 15th October, a Convention of Delegates from the counties of Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angelos, and San Diego, for the purpose of effecting a severance of the State. The counties of the South do not feel able to support the expenses of a State Government, and are desirous of becoming a "Territory," to escape the onerous taxation to which they are now subject.

The counties above enumerated polled about one thousand votes, and the whole income from agriculture and commerce scarcely equals in the aggregate the amount of the taxes.

They ask no conditions, further than permission to become a territory of the United States, without any provisions concerning slavery; and they are willing to assume their pro rata share of the "State debt," providing the General Government refuses to release them from that obligation.

Mining News.—The news from all the mining regions is of the most encouraging character, as regards the amount of gold which will be taken out. The dry diggings will be most successfully worked during the winter, and the rain will be likely to present little obstacle to the working of the quartz mines.

Many companies are preparing to work quartz mines with improved machinery, and we shall expect to hear of a heavy yield from those mines. Supplies are being rapidly sent forward, and there seems to be no well founded reason to suppose that less work will be done through the winter than the past summer.

Destructive Fires.—A very serious fire occurred in Spanishtown or Yeelis, on the Calaveras River, during the night of the 6th ult., by which about one hundred and fifty houses and tents were destroyed, with the greater portion of their contents. The loss is estimated at $250,000.

The following is a list of the principal losses by the fire at Marysville, Sept. 10:

Freiman & Co., about $6000; Mitchell & Nunes, $8000; Joseph & Co., building, $1800, stock $5000; Schwab & Schmidt, $15,000; Simmerly, meat market, $1000; J. and C. Levy & Co., $10,000; Wolf & Co., $3900; Tuscan & Figle, $4000; M. Goodman, $5000.

New houses were being rapidly erected where the fire occurred.

The Indians.—The Alta California says: "Dr. O. M. Wozencraft returned to this city on the night of the 10th instant, from his tour in the Indian district. He has concluded treaties with eight tribes of Indians. He will remain in this city a few days, and then repair to the Consumnes River, in El Dorado county, and also to Lawson's Ranch, on the Sacramento, for the purpose of treating with deputations of the hostile tribes in that region.

Miscellaneous.

A disease has made its appearance among the Chinese population of San Francisco, having many of the symptoms of the cholera, and in some instances resulting fatally. The physicians report a great number of the sick, chiefly of the dysentery, the prevailing malady of this season of the year.

The rainy season has commenced a half month earlier than usual.

The Mormons are making strenuous exertions to effect a purchase of a very extensive property to the southward of the Pueblo, with the intention of establishing a permanent settlement. The terms are already agreed upon, and the agent of the Mormon party is at present in this section of the country, making arrangements to pay the first instalment.

The Grand Jury of San Francisco have asked to be discharged, in consequence of the exercise of the pardoning power by the Executive. The Judges, however, refused their request.

On the 11th of September a duel took place between Capt. Tolen and A. C. Russell, Esq., at San Francisco; nodamage done.

No executions have taken place since the sailing of the last steamer.

Died in San Francisco, on Tuesday, September 9, after an illness of two weeks, Reuben Ryneders, aged about 40 years formerly of New Orleans.

Married in San Francisco, on Tuesday, September 4, Mr. J. L. Haskell, of New York, to Miss Eliza Ashton, of New Orleans.

Commercial Intelligence.

Review of the Market.—Since last steamer, a good many goods have been sold, but sellers being anxious to realize, noimportant change in the most of articles can be noted.

Boots and Shoes.—We are perfectly satisfied, if not one package should arrive for the next twelve months; the interest of both shippers and the trade generally would be promoted.

Hardware.—It is only a few articles that are scarce, and those are but known to the trade. Axes are very dull and abundant. Liquors—The stock has materially increased, and the lower grades are very plenty. Lumber—There has been more firmness in the market, and prices are pretty steady. Metals—Only sell as wanting, and any great increase of stock would cause a decline. Provisions—Hams have improved materially, and this may cause a better feeling in pork; but the stock of pork is so heavy and the demand so light, that it would take more than a year to clear the market. Shippers should take into consideration that the mining districts are filled with game, and the restaurants of California are generally kept by persons from France, who use but little pork in their arrangements.

Tobacco.—The market is well supplied, and any excess of receipts will cause a material decline. Seamen's wages keep up, and cause considerable difficulty to outward-bound vessels. Labor meets with its due reward, in all branches.

Breadstuffs.—Since our last, it has become so evident that we can expect no important supplies from any quarter, and the stock here being reduced to about a supply equal to the consumption, for about ninety days, prices have risen, and the market has an upward tendency.

From Panama.

Our dates from Panama are to October 3. The Star of that date says that on the 1st a courier had arrived with dispatches to Gov. Diaz, informing him that General Thomas Herrera, leader of the Government forces, had subdued the remaining revolutionary forces in the Republic, under command of Gen. Borrera, in the province of Antiogua.

An account had been received at Panama of a mutiny on board the schooner Sharon, on the 12th, when at Acapulco. She was ordered by the United States Consul to lie under the guns of the Vandalia, and the mutineers were arrested.

The great specie train of the Pacific Company was robbed when seven miles from Panama. After riding several miles, Captain Garrison came up with the train and found it in the wildest confusion.

Three of the guards had been shot, and were lying in the road, two in a dying condition. The robbers had made off with one box of gold, but being delayed by its weight, were overtaken and fled, two being captured. Thomas Summers, of New York, Dr. Berry, of New Orleans, Laban Manning, of Illinois, and Charles Cromwell, (colored,) of New York, are in custody, charged with the offence. The Panama Herald publishes a report of the examination of Dr. Berry. He stated that the robbery was planned by J. G. Burch and Dr. Roberts, the latter being the captain of the gang. Of these two the Herald remarks:

Burch is a man well known in this city. He is an American, well educated, and by profession a lawyer, we believe. He was, for a brief period after his arrival here, connected with the Orleans Hotel. Since then he has done little of any thing but dissipate and gamble. He has spent some time on the Realjo route, where, it is said, he kept two or three hotels. He is a man of talents, which, if properly bestowed, would secure him a position of high character in the estimation of his fellow men.

Dr. Roberts came here from California about six months ago. He is an Englishman—shrewd, cunning, smart, of extraordinary intelligence and wonderful conversational powers. His education is of a high intellectual character, but he is bold, daring and desperate. He has resided some years in Mexico, and speaks the language fluently. A more accomplished rogue cannot be found in any country.

The Panama Herald has the following in reference to traveling over the Isthmus:

"The roads are now in their worst condition, and traveling, consequently, of a difficult and fatiguing character. The Cruces road is literally lined with the dead bodies of mules. Yet with all this, traveling over this route is constantly increasing, as we perceive by the large numbers crossing at this time. Notwithstanding the bad state of the roads, we know several persons who came from Cruces in four hours and a half, within the past week. In a very short time the heavy rains will cease and the traveling begin to improve."

The Panama Star has a letter from San Juan del Sud, giving an account of the riot (which we published some time ago), to which the government troops and some American emigrants were parties. It says:

"The excitement was, and is still, very great; and the Americans threaten great things. The man that was killed is Isaac Jerome, last from Panama, a boatman; he had thirty-five wounds on his body, mostly bayonet stabs."

The Star adds, respecting Jerome, whose name will be familiar to our readers:

"The unfortunate Jerome, mentioned by our correspondent as having been killed, is the heroic sailor who, several years since, immortalized himself by saving, at the imminent risk of his own, the lives of a large number of persons from the wreck of a vessel met at sea. Poor fellow! he was a thorough sailor, of noble and generous disposition, and all who knew him can but grieve that his end was not more peaceful and less barbarous."

From the Sandwich Islands.

The Alta California contains the following interesting intelligence:

Through the kindness of Captain Griffin, of the schooner Curlew, from Honolulu, we have been placed in possession of important and afflicting intelligence from the whaling fleet of the North Pacific.

It appears that the whole whaling fleet had wintered in the Gulf of Anadir, in the northern part of the sea of Kamschatka, in Russia, Asia, and on the coming of spring had set sail for Bhering's Straits; but, in attempting to pass through into the Arctic Ocean, the fleet was environed by ice, and eight or nine vessels were totally wrecked. The crews of the destroyed vessels are reported to have reached the main land in safety; but it is said that in some disturbances afterwards with the natives, eleven of the whalemen lost their lives.

It was supposed that some sixty more vessels had shared the fate of those mentioned above, and it was quite impossible to tell how many more would be likely to be lost in their attempts to escape from the ice.

The general result of this season's whale fishing is set down as a total failure.

It is thought that the whole fleet (some 600 sail, we believe) are now wending their way as rapidly as possible to the north-west coast, for the purpose of refitting and endeavoring to retrieve their ill fortunes.

The English expedition, sent to Bhering's Straits in search of Sir John Franklin, have discovered nothing, and in consequence of the difficulty of working through the unusual masses of ice, have abandoned the undertaking, and are about returning home.

The Polynesian, of August 2, thus reviews the present commercial condition of the Islands, and the general business prospects:

"The trade of this port continues depressed to a degree seldom if ever known before, and prices are still lower than reported formerly, with moderate sales. The market is over stocked with most kinds of goods, while several large cargoes are known to be on the way hither, and some of them overdue.

"Money is scarce, and is being constantly taken out of the country, while for the staples of the Islands no demand now exists, and consequently but little money is brought here for circulation."

Kossuth's Address.—We have before us the address of Kossuth to the people of the United States, which has been in the hands of Major Tochman, at Washington, since February last. Because of the negotiations pending with the Turkish government at that time, having for its object the liberation of Kossuth, it was thought best not to publish it then.

On account of the importance of other news, we are compelled to content ourselves with giving a few extracts from it:

In opening this address, Kossuth speaks of the nature of the request made by the Hungarians, through his agency, to the Austrian government. He says it was not the complete independence of his beloved country, nor any new rights and privileges, but simply these three things:

"First, that the inalienable rights, sanctioned by a thousand years, and by the constitution of my fatherland, should be guaranted by a national and responsible administration.

"Second, that every inhabitant of my country, without regard to language or religion, should be free and equal before the law—all classes having the same privileges and protection of the law.

"Third, that all the people of the Austrian empire, that acknowledge the same person as emperor, whom we Hungarians recognize as king—and the same law of succession, should have restored their ancient constitutional rights, of which they had been unjustly despoiled, modified to suit their wants and the spirit of the age."

The King and Royal family granted these requests, appealing to the sanctity of their oaths as a guarantee of their fulfillment, although, as he says, during three centuries, five Kings had sworn to grant similar requests to preserve the freedom of the people of Hungary and, afterwards, by their oats, broke their obligations and perjured themselves, still the Hungarians placed confidence in these last solemn promises, and were only awakened when the house of Hapsburg disclosed to the world their intention of reducing them to a more complete subjection, and for a purpose had already stationed in their land a large body of armed men ready to act in case the edicts of the court of Austria should be resisted.

The Hungarians ever desired an honorable peace, and were willing to submit to any reasonable terms; they asked the constitutional governments of Europe to interpose, that they would not bear them. Their proposition to the Austrian Government were spurned in the feet of the throne, nor would the haughty imperial family listen to aught that could be offered by or in behalf of them. They threw the ambassadors into prison, and some of them treacherously murdered, and the King issued his manifesto on the 4th of March, 1849, declaring "that Hungary should exist no longer."

This was the state of the affairs, when the brave men of Hungary commenced their struggle. They determined to protect their nationality or die in the attempt, and it world known how bravely they fought. They not because they lacked bravery, but because their enemies were so numerous.

Kossuth then speaks of the debt of gratitude which the people of Hungary owe to the United States and England. He says the all powerful people of this country, and the liberal government, inspired them with hope, and gave them encouragement by our deep interest in their cause, and our condemnation of the Austrian. While we hurled anathemas at the heads of the despots of Europe with one hand, we welcomed the exiled sons of liberty with the other.

He concludes his address thus:

"May God bless your country forever! May it have the glorious destiny to share with other nations the blessing of that liberty which constitutes its own happiness and fame. May your great example, noble Americans, to other nations the source of social virtue; or power be the terror of all tyrants—the protector of the distressed, and your free country ever continue to be the asylum for the oppressed of all nations."

The Duel.

The general peace of Europe, which followed the fall of Napoleon, passed the army of England from foreign service, and after reduction to one-third of its former number, it was distributed among the military stations within the kingdoms and provinces. A large number of the surviving officers of the field of Waterloo were garrisoned in Ireland. They were greatly men who had seen hard service, and preserved their honors and offices in the battle field; but a considerable number of new men received appointments through favor of their wealthy and powerful friends, and came among the veterans with commissions in their pockets which gave them high rank in the army. The old soldiers, naturally enough, looked upon these raw recruits as mere upstarts and intruders. They despised them for their inexperience, and hated them for the injustice they suffered by their promotion. In a profession where honor is gained by fighting the country's enemies, it will scarcely be thought immoral to hate the individuals rivals or supplanters. The Apostle John says that murder and hating one's brother go together. And King the military sentiment for the standard of honor, it is mean to beg or buy promotion, while other people have to fight for it. But this is one elsewhere, as well as in the British army, the offices which are thought the most honorable are often obtained by means the most dishonorable.

The hero of mystery was in this situation, and whether he deserved the judgement passed upon this claw or not, it certainly suffered it in full measure. He had obtained his commission, an office of Ensign, for the establishment of peace, and was quarters with some dozen or twenty officers of Wellington's army, in one of the cities of Ireland. An Ensign is the lowest commissioned officer, and the story, or pay, is so small, that it is a saying, "If an Ensign has wine for dinner, he must go without his supper." Our Ensign was very poor—he was friendless, very young, and constitutionally sly.

On the other hand, the officers of the station were generally all supplied with money, and had nothing to do to spend it; they lived fast and high, and were, by all their habits and tastes, unpleasant companions for such as he. Besides his retiring manner there was something else to him which disincline him to their society, and exposed him to their dislike; there was a certain air of self-respect, shewing refinement and a strict propriety of language and manners, which quietly, but all the more severely, rebuked their general looseness of conduct. They hated him for the manner in which he had entered the army, and still worse, for his personal character and demeanor among them. All this had its effect upon him also, and so to breach between them widened every day.

A certain amount and kind of courtesy he was entitled to by the rules of the service; this they gave him, but so sharply measured out, that every look was an afront, and every word an insult, and he might have had cause of quarrel at any moment he pleased. It was, in fact, the settled purpose of several of these men to drive him out of the army by their scoffs and sneers, or to drive him into a duel, and so dispose of him finally.

This grew worse continually. The contempt of the older officers for the young Ensign, and his repugnance to them, increased with every meeting, until they did no kind of respect to his feelings, and he avoided them with a caution that looked like antipathy. The worst of all was the evident conviction in the minds of the whole garrison that he was a coward—a character most shameful in a soldier, and in any man, a weakness that renders every other virtue worthless.

Poor fellow! he was alone, friendless and without a dollar in the world but his monthly pay. With these beggarly circumstances, he was a scholar and gentleman, with feelings rendered over sensitive by high culture and recent misfortune. But his chief impediment was a conscience—a religious sense of right, which left him no liberty to relieve himself, or mend his prospects by any means which the highest morality forbade. He suffered much every way, and most of it all, he endured for "righteousness sake." Of course he had the strength and nobleness which such a sentiment bestows; but it is easier to do great things than to bear little ones. There are more heroes than saints in the world. St. Peter was not afraid of the soldiers in the garden, but he was ashamed of his master in the judgment hall. To bear disgrace, and shame, and scorn, to stand quiet under suspicions that drive one out of society, for the sake of principle which nobody believes or respects, is cross-bearing.

Our young hero occupied the position of a soldier and a gentleman, with the character of a coward and a slave! It was a bitter cup, and his enemies kept it constantly to his lips.

One day he received an invitation, as a matter of course, to dine with the General in command, who had just arrived at the station. A meeting with his brother officers promised him no pleasure, and he knew nothing of him but by report of those who despised him. He managed to arrive at the latest allowed moment, and he contrived to procure a seat at the table next to the General, who, both as his host and superior officer, was bound to protect him from the insolence of the company.

I need not say how the dinner hour passed with him. Totally silent and neglected, except for the necessary notice of the General, the time, so full of pleasure to the company, wore away heavy and painful to him; but he was contented to escape rudeness, and made indifference comparatively welcome.

After the cloth was removed, the wine circulated, the company drank freely, the mirth grew loud, and the presence of our young friend was nearly forgotten, when a circumstance of a startling character brought him into notice. The General suddenly cried out:

"Gentlemen, I have lost my watch—I had it in my hand ten minutes ago, but it is gone." A painful suspense instantly followed; every man exchanged glances with his neighbor, until at last every eye settled with suspicion upon the young Ensign. Who but he, of all the company, could be guilty of such a crime? Besides, he was perhaps the only man near enough to the General to effect the theft. Such thoughts as these were in every mind; they left not the shade of a doubt. The miserable wretch was caught at last; and there was as little pity as respect felt for him.

"Shut the door," shouted the Colonel of the regiment; "let no man leave the room. The watch is among us, and it concerns every man present to fix the guilt where it belongs. I propose that a search be instantly made, and let it begin with me."

"By no means," interposed the General. "It shall not be so. No gentleman is capable of such an act. A hundred watches are not worth the impeachment of any gentleman's honor. Say no more about it. It has no special value above its price, and I care nothing about that."

"But, General" said the Colonel, "the watch is in the room. One of us must have it," looking sterily at the young Ensign, "and the rascal must be driven from the station. We cannot have a pick-pocket among us, and we cannot consent to leave it a moment in doubt who the wretch really is. There is no fear that the shame will fall in any unexpected place. We must finish the fellow now and be done with him."

The Ensign sat steady, motionless, but pale as death. The General had no doubt of it; and he was the more anxious to prevent the search on this account; but he was overcome, and submitted. A few minutes sufficed for the examination of every one present, till it came to the Ensign, who was left purposely to the last."

"Now, young man," said the Colonel, turning and advancing toward him, "now, sir, it is your turn;" his face looking perfectly savage with scorn and hate. "The watch, sir, without a word or a moment's delay!"

But a terrific change had passed over the long suffering, patient boy. He sprang from his seat with a scream so wild, so fierce, so full of agony, that every heart stood still a moment with surprise. In that moment, he had planted himself against the wall, drawn sword, and taken the attitude of defence.

"Come you to search me, sir, as you would a suspected thief? On your life, I warn you not to offer me that indignity. My dead body you may search, but not my living one. Approach now, if you dare. I defy the whole of you as one man."

Instantly the Colonel crossed swords with him in furious combat.

"Hold! peace! arrest them!" cried the General, and sprang forward himself to prevent the affray. At the first step, the watch rolled on the floor! He had missed his fob, and now the watch fell from its concealment in the violence of his movements. The company was electrified. The conduct of the Ensign was inexplicable! He had braved destruction, risked his reputation, and periled his life, on a point of honor too nice for his superiors to feel; and he had insulted and defied them all at one breath, and there he stood both justified and victorious before them!

It was too much to bear, for they were too much excited to understand it. Their determination was taken, and the company dispersed with resolutions set and purposes inflexible. The General seized the opportunity to apologize to the Ensign for the unhappy mistake which led to the quarrel, and requested him to call upon him that evening at a late hour.

Our hero was scarcely in his own room till the Colonel's challenge was presented to him. Without a moment's delay, he answered the second who brought it: "I will not accept this challenge to mortal combat. I am opposed to the duel in principle, and I will not be driven from my sense of duty. You all know what I have already endured rather than revenge or defend myself by taking life. I think you have done your worst, and I am prepared for it. I am my own master, and will not allow any man to dictate my opinions as a matter of right, or compel me to conduct which my heart and head condemn."

"Sir," replied the second, "you have seen fit to include me among the men who despise you, and you are right in that opinion. Let me tell you that cowardice and deceit, covered with preaching and canting, will not protect you. You have grossly insulted every gentleman in the garrison, to whom you were odious enough before, and you must either give them the satisfaction which the code of honor approves, or you must leave the army. Be assured of that."

When he met the General that night, and informed him of the challenge, and his refusal, the officer shook his head and looked at him sadly and earnestly, if not doubtfully.

"My dear young friend," said he, "I am afraid it won't do. These men will not be satisfied with an argument, and it is plain that you are not the man to make an apology while convinced that you are right, nor do I believe that they would accept any thing short of your resignation. You have somehow got the ill-will of the whole corps, and to-night you affronted them mortally. I am sure you cannot know how sharply your conduct and language touched them, and your triumph only aggravated the offence. And now, your refusal to accept the Colonel's challenge is, under the most favorable construction, an attack upon the code by which military men govern themselves toward each other. I see no escape. Fight you must, or your challenger will heap upon you such personal indignities as will make your life intolerable, or drive you into violence, which will amount to the same thing as accepting his challenge. I saw that in your eye one day which convinces me that you are as brave as Julius Cæsar. Yes, I saw something there braver than mere physical courage, and I felt its superiority; but you can not convert the world and reform the army soon enough to answer your own ends, and you must submit to its rules or be driven from it in disgrace. I honor your principles, for I understand them, but you can not maintain them."

Our hero's reflections that night must be left to imagination. The difficulties which surrounded him can be known only to those who have been tempted and tried to the utmost, with the world and their own necessities against them.

In the next morning he accepted the challenge. Having the right to choose the weapons, he named the small sword. When the Colonel heard this, with a touch of feeling which all his bitterness could not quite extinguish, he said: "Does the moth know that he is fluttering in the flame?" The second answered.

"I told him that you are reputed the best swordsman in the army, and begged him to choose pistols, which would give him some chance of equality in the fight, but he declined. In fact, I don't know what to make of this young fellow—like the sword he has chosen to fight with, he is so limber, and yet so elastic and mettlesome sometimes; he is such a mixture of Methodist, mute and madman, that I cannot make him out. And, Colonel, he is not a light bargain either, for any body. It seems to me that you were making nothing off of him yesterday, when the General interfered. The fellow actually stood up handsomely, and made very pretty play with his weapon. To tell the truth, I'm beginning to like him a little, and I feel sorry that he must be disposed of in your peculiar way."

The Colonel muttered grimly—

"If I much kill the coward, I am glad he shows sound pluck and capacity in the business; I don't want to be a boy-butcher."

The next morning at sunrise they met on the field of honor.

When the ground was prepared, and the champions stood armed and ready, the Ensign suddenly lowered his sword point, and addressing his antagonist, said:

"Sir, I am here under compulsion, merely. I do not consent to this practice. To me it is absurd and it is wicked. It settles no right, and redresses no wrong. Let me say, then, that if my patience has given way under my persecutions, and I have, by a hasty word or act, unjustly offended you, I am willing to retract it. What is your complaint?"

"Young man, I came here not to preach, but to fight. I came here not to confer with you about nice points in casuistry, but to punish your impudence; but if you have no relish for that, I will spare your life, on condition that you leave the army—take your choice."

The Ensign's answer was prompt and firm:

"You will have it so—I am guiltless," and the fencing began.

The seconds and witnesses had never seen such a display of skill, and they never dreamed of such a result. In five minutes the Colonel was disarmed, and at the mercy of the enraged and insulted boy!

Heated by the struggle, and excited by the imminent peril and bloody bitterness and fury of his enemy, he turned from him somewhat haughtily, with—

"I have taught you a lesson in sword play, and now I will set you another which you need even more—an example of moderation in success."

The Colonel's mortification and rage seemed to know no bounds.

"I accept no favors from such a canting, phrase making sentimentalist; such a mere fencing-master; such a trickster, and conjuring sword-player as you are," the Colonel burst out through his grinding teeth. "You knew well what you were about when you chose these toys to play tricks with. If you have a sentiment of honor left in you, let me have pistols. I tell you this quarrel is not made up. I will not have my life at your gift. You shall take it, or I will take yours. The quarrel is to the death, and there is a blow to clinch it," striking at the Ensign in a transport of passion, which he avoided with equal coolness and dexterity.

The seconds interfered, and the spectators cried "shame!" but it was clear enough that blood must flow before the parties should quit the ground. The Ensign's second, carried away by the excitement, urged him to accept the challenge, or change of conditions, for he despaired of any other adjustment.

"Will nothing satisfy this madman but my life?" said the young officer, deeply agitated.

"You have made him mad," said the second, "and there is nothing left for it but a fatal issue. You have the right to refuse, having already spared his life, and I will sustain you, but I do not advise it, for it will be unavailing in the end."

"I have gone too far," replied the Ensign, sadly, "too far from the line of strict principle, to recover it now. I cannot say longer say that I am opposed to fighting. I have broken down that defence by yielding to an expediency which I thought a safe one. Oh, it is horrible! I did not dream this morning that I might die a fool's death to-day."

"You will accept the offer," hastily interrupted the second; "you must be a good shot, with such an eye and hand, and such self-possession as you have shown to-day. If your pistol matches your sword, you cannot miss him, and upon my soul he deserves it, and I say let him have it. You accept."

The Ensign stood silent. The ground was measured, the pistols prepared, and the combatants stationed. The word was given. One—two—three. The Colonel's was discharged at the instant, and the Ensign stood untouched. He had reserved his fire, and had the right now to take deliberate aim. Steadily he raised his deadly weapon until it bore point blank upon the Colonel's heart, and then it rested a minute in terrible suspense; not a nerve quivered, not a limb trembled in either, and the spectators held their breath, hushed as the death they waited for, but suddenly wheeling, the Ensign marked a spot in a different direction, at twice the distance of his antagonist; and, pulling the trigger, delivered his ball in it breast high. It was a centre shot, and instantly fatal if a living man had stood there. The next instant, throwing down the pistol with a decision that could not be mistaken, he cried out, "I will go no farther in this wicked folly. If there is nothing else left me but murder and submission, I will submit."

The grandeur of his position was too striking now to be mistaken or denied. The Colonel was the first to acknowledge it. Twice within the hour he owed his life to the magnanimity of a man he had so much abused. That man was now vindicated, even by the hard laws of war and honor; he was neither trickster nor coward. Possibly the Colonel felt something of the higher nobility of the young man's principles, but I will not be sure of that. He found him brave and generous, and that was enough, without looking deeper for the hidden springs of the nobler life within him.

Advancing to him, he offered his hand, apologized frankly for all his misconduct acknowledged his misconception of the character which he had put to so severe a trial, and added that he was willing to owe his life to the "bravest man he had ever met either as friend or foe."

"Brave!" said the young man, with the color mounting to cheek and brow. "Brave! Colonel, pardon me. Heaven pardon me. True bravery consists in refusing to fight altogether. But I have betrayed a principle which I should have valued more than life; I have risked my life—not for that principle, but to satisfy a caprice; I am the miserable hero of a miserable falsehood, instead of the martyr of a great truth. My best confidence in myself, and men's praises only mock me."

REMARKABLE CURE.—Dr. Fryer, the celebrated Indian Doctor, has the credit of achieving some remarkable cures. We were shown the other day a slave belonging to the Old Lafore Steam Cotton Press, Third Municipality, who, we were informed, had been cured of consumption, or rather disease of the liver and lungs, with fever of the bowels. He was discharged by the Doctor, after being confined to his bed for many months. The negro appeared perfectly restored. We also saw, at the same time, a negro who had been cured of a severe cancer by Dr. Fryer. [Editor Louisiana State Sovereignty, Lafayette, May 28, 1851. my30 4tc Wtf

NEW GOODS—P. W. WOODLIEF, No. 13 Camp street, have just received per steamships Winfield Scott, Union and Empire City, and by the sailing packets from New York, Boston and Havre, a large, rich and fashionable FALL AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, heretofore unsurpassed in extent, variety and moderate price, which he now offers WHOLESALE AND RETAIL to his numerous patrons at very reduced prices. The stock consists in part of the following, viz: Super Brochè Antique Silks; Colored Armure Silks; Striped Poplins; Silks; High col. plain Peak de Soie; Black Brocade Fagonde; Extra heavy Gros de Rhine; Reversible and Chenè do; Reversible Damask and plain Peak de Soie; Extra rich Reversible and checkered Peak de Soie; Small and high colored do., for mixed; Marcellines and Florences, of every shade and colors; White satin and satin Italian; A few pieces superior heavy black and colored watered Poult de Soie; Colored Silk Velvets; Rich Chenè Satin striped and paint Cashmere Scarfs; French and English Merinos, Mousselines de Laine and Alpacas, new and choice, of every variety of shade; Plain, striped and plaid Poplins; Superior black and col'd plain and figured Canton Crapes; A large assortment of black and col'd embd'd and plain Crape Shawls, some extra rich; Merino, Cashmere and heavy rich Silk Shawls; Rich plaid Raw Silks; English, French and American Calicoes; A complete assortment of Eng'h, German and French Flannels; Superior white and col'd Silk Lisles and Half Hose; GLOVES AND MITTS, Black, Chamois, Kid, Castoreen, Silk, Pleaded and Plain, of every description. LACE GOODS. A large and elegant assort't of Valenciennes, English, French and German Laces, and do. Embroideries; Superior 6-12 and 12-4 Linen Sheetings; Damask Table Linens and Damask Table Linens and Napkins, new and splendid styles; 4-4 Irish and German Linens and Lawns; Linen Cambrics, Hdk'fs, plain; Embroidered and colored bordered Curtain Stuff, under'd goods and Silk and Woolen Damask, etc. PLANTATION GOODS. Super French Red Blankets; Heavy Grained Plantation do, very superior.

☞ P. W. W. would especially call the attention of factors and buyers to his stock of goods for their use. It is very complete and the articles have been selected with great care and judgment, the result of long experience in that peculiar line. oct 17

TO THE LADIES — My old customers and friends in general are hereby respectfully informed that I have just received a very extensive and well selected stock of FANCY and STAPLE DRY GOODS, to which I solicit the attention of purchasers, being able to offer every inducement in regards to price and style of goods. I have added to my stock a splendid assortment of TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, to which I invite buyers to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. In selecting my stock I have paid particular attention to Mourning Goods, such as Bombazines, Alpacas, Challys, Canton Crape, etc., and would request the public in general to give me a call before making their purchases. W. W. THOMPSON, 8 Chartres st. oct 1m

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