THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT EASTON, MD.

T. K. ROBSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

Two Dollars cash in advance, or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid in advance. Clubs of Twenty, *Thirty Dollars* in advance.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞ Books received will be promptly noticed under editorial head.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

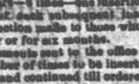
One square—12 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be marked til, and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices 1½ times ordinary rates, 20 Cents per line for each insertion.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.



EVENING LINE BETWEEN BALTIMORE AND EASTON, OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE AND CHOPTANK RIVER LANDING.

On and after Saturday, March 30, 1878, the steamers HIGHLAND LIGHT and KENT will leave pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, at 5 p. m. daily (except Sunday) for Easton, Deakes Mills, Goldsborough's Wharf, Oxford, Clearly Point, Wallace's Landing, Chamblin's Point, Jackson Point, Bartlett Creek, and Moffitt's wharf, extending Monday, Wednesday and Friday trip to Denton, stopping at Dover Bridge, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Kingston, Shipp's Point, Towers, and Potter's Landing.

For Baltimore, steamer leaves Denton at 12 m on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, and leaves daily (except Sunday) Redman's Wharf at 3, Cambridge at 4 and Shipps at 6 p. m. (making all intermediate landings) arriving in Baltimore 6 a. m.

FOR MILES RIVER FERRY.

The Steamer CHAMPION will leave same pier every Tuesday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry (Easton); returning same day, leaving Miles River Ferry at 12 m., stopping at Annapolis both ways. Feb 23.

Freight and Passengers taken for all stations on the Delaware & Chesapeake, and Dorchester & Delaware Railroads.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, President.
Office 56 Light street, Baltimore.

Fall and Winter Arrangement of 1878.

THE STEAMER

OLIVE,

CAPT. E. N. DODSON.

After Monday, September 9th, the steamer Olive will run as follows;

For Baltimore—Leave every Monday, Tunis' Wharf at 9 a. m., St. Michaels 10 a. m., Claiborne 10:45 a. m.

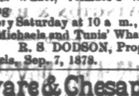
Leave every Wednesday and Friday, Wye River at 7 a. m., Tunis' Wharf 9 a. m, St. Michaels 10 a. m., Claiborne 10:45 a. m.

Returning—Leave every Tuesday and Thursday, at 10 a. m., for Claiborne, St. Michaels, Tunis' Wharf, Trimble's Wharf and Wyelanding.

Leave every Saturday at 10 a. m., for Claiborne, St. Michaels and Tunis' Wharf.

R. S. DODSON, Proprietor.
St. Michaels, Sep. 7, 1878.

Delaware & Chesapeake



RAILWAY.

Fall and Winter Arrangement.

ON and after Monday, Sept. 23d, 1878, trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.
Easton, Leave,	7 30 AM
Woodland,	7 45
Cordova,	7 55
Hillsboro,	8 10
Ridgely,	8 25
Greensboro,	8 45
Goldsboro,	9 00
Henderson,	9 15
Marydel,	9 25
Slaughters,	9 40
Kenton,	9 55
Clayton, Arrive,	10 10
Wilmington,	12 10 PM
Philadelphia,	1 45
Baltimore,	3 35
New York,	5 10

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 2.
New York, Leave,	8 25 PM
Baltimore,	6 50 PM
Philadelphia,	8 00
Wilmington,	9 30
Clayton,	11 20
Kenton,	11 35
Slaughters,	11 50
Marydel,	12 05 PM
Henderson,	12 15
Goldsboro,	12 30
Greensboro,	12 50
Ridgely,	1 05
Hillsboro,	1 20
Cordova,	1 35
Woodland,	1 45
Easton, Arrive,	2 00

All Freights must be at the various stations at least Thirty (30) Minutes before starting of trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.

J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.
Easton, Sept. 17th, 1878.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, Proprietor

Office next door to the Easton Star Office.

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodations for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and carriages for hire at all times. Travel ra promptly sent to any part of the county or adjoining counties.

In hiring horses, 12 hours is considered a day, 6 hours a half day.

Hack for all trains to and from all landings, to convey passengers with dispatch.

A daily Stage line to the Railroad. Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive in Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner.

The highest market price paid for corn, hay, oats, blades and straw.

Farmers' and Merchants

Packet Line

The Schooners

Clara M. Leonard

and

Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are new and built out of the very best material. Orders left with Messrs. G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt st., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. Grain bought or taken at the lowest freight rates. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owners risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the lowest cash price. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, a continuance of the same.

C. R. LEONARD & BRO.

Office in same room with R. B. Dixon on Dover street, Easton.
may8,77

SAM'L MULLIKIN,

House, Sign and Ornamental

PAINTER,

Easton, Md.,

Offers his services to all wanting first class or cheap work done in his line.
je 15-6m

Oranges, Lemons, Cocoanuts, Figs, Raisins, &c.

Fresh invoice just received. Oranges 2 cts. per dozen. G. W. MINNICK
opposite the Bank.

Tinware—

Every description on hand or made to order. Orders for Roofing and Spouting relied and promptly executed. T. C. Nicols.

The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1878. VOL XIV.—NO. 8.

Immense Display

OF

ELEGANT CLOTHING!

AT

Irresistably LOW PRICES!!

THE NEW

CLOTHING HOUSE,

CHAS. N. OHM & SON,

230 W. PRATT ST.

(Iron Front Building), Near Hanover.

Handsome Shirts of Cheviot,

ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC,

In All Colors and Designs.

THE LEADING FABRICS for this Season

Made to Order at $15, $18, $20, 25, and $30.

Sep24,78

SUMMER GOODS.

JACOB WILLIAMS, on Market space, announces his late return from the city, with a full line of

Cheap Goods,

including

Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Wood and Willow Ware, Crockery, Glass & China,

and a variety of other articles for family use, all purchased especially with a view to May court. Jurymen and witnesses, and others, call and pay your expenses by saving money on your summer purchases. may21,78

HATS! HATS!

Spring Stock Just Arrived!

Straw Goods a Specialty!

Mackinaw Hats

Cheaper than ever before sold in Easton. A great variety of

Children's Hats Very Cheap!

My friends and the public are requested to call and examine my stock as I am sure I can give satisfaction in both quality and price.

T. H. LINTHICUM.

Talbot House

RESTAURANT,

(Formerly White House,)

No. 186 West Pratt Street,

(Between Maltby and Green House.)

BALTIMORE.

HENRY BANNING, Proprietor.
jun18-3m

STRAW GOODS.

Have just received my full stock of Straw Goods of all descriptions.

Taylor's Mackinaw Hats

a Specialty.

M. W. RIGGINS.

Herd Book Jersey Bull

CHROME.

I have purchased of Jas. W. Tyson, Esq., of Baltimore, the registered Jersey Bull "Chrome," Herd Register No. 1718, by "Druid," Herd Register No. 239; out of "Mat," Herd Register No. 2798, and offer his services to the public at $15.00 per cow.

"Chrome" was dropped Sept. 16 1875, is a solid dark color, black switch and tongue, with all the other fashionable points of this justly admired breed.

Robert Hough,
may26,tf "Knightly," Miles River Neck.

Red C. Safety Oil

New—Non-Explosive—Ruby Red!!

GIVES a brilliant white light and is the best illuminating oil in use. Price within the reach of all and its use a measure of economy. For sale by

G. LACEY EATON, Easton, Md.

CROQUET,

Base Balls & Bats.

A full stock, better and cheaper than ever before offered in this market.

G. W. MINNICK,
opposite the bank.

BEST

Salt Fish for Sale

All kinds at the Provision Store of J. M. P. Stevens, on Dover street.

TO PREVENT

Yellow Fever,

TAKE

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

It Saved the People of Savannah, Ga., who used it during the Terrible Epidemic of 1876.

MESSRS. J. H. ZEILIN & Co.,

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, Engineers on the Georgia Central Railroad in grateful obligation for the benefits we received from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator during the Yellow Fever Epidemic in Savannah, Georgia, in the summer and fall of 1876, desire to make the following statement: That during the aforesaid Epidemic, we used the medicine known as Simmons Liver Regulator prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co., and though exposed to the worst miasmatic influences of the Yellow Fever by going in and coming out of Savannah at different hours of the night, and also in spending entire nights in the city during the prevalence of this most fatal epidemic, with but the single exception of one of us, who was taken sick, but speedily recovered, we continued in our usual good health a circumstance we can account for in no other way but by the effect, under *Providence*, of the habitual and continued use of Simmons Liver Regulator while we were exposed to this Yellow Fever malaria.

Respectfully Yours,

C. B. PATTERSON, JAMES L. MALLETTE,
JOHN R. COLLINS, MILTON F. COOPER.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS have stood for 30 years the Standard favorite for the relief of Torpid Liver, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, and all derangements of the Liver. Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of Liver Complaint, which compelled me to quit work.—Wm. Andrews, Engineer. "I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They have cured hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills."—Thos. Adams, Big Spring, Kentucky. Price 25 Cts. Sold by all Druggists and country Store Keepers. H. R. SELLERS & CO., Prop'r, Philadelph. Pa.

Henry & Goldsborough, Agents, Easton.

Freights Reduced

ON

Wye, Miles and Choptank Rivers,

By the Schooner DEXTER, Capt. Greenbury Marshall, and the Schooner WILLIAM HAYWARD, Capt. Nicholas C. Marshall.

These boats will run to any points on above rivers for the accommodation of farmers. Rates reduced to 4 cents per bushel.

G. MARSHALL.
sep10

Thirteen Cents a Day

will secure to your family $5,000!! in the

Virginia Mutual Protector Associat'n

of Richmond, Va.

Life Insurance at actual cost. Why not buy what you want; get what you pay for; stop when you please, and keep your money in your own pocket? This home union was organized February, 1879. It has paid for losses $303,257.00 at a cost to the beneficiaries of $6,023.97. The same insurance on the old plan would have cost $24,244.69!! The premiums are not paid in advance, but assessments of each 1 loss are made every two months. Lives insured for $1,500 only. For further particulars address

J. S. BTINGTON,
General Agent, Washington, D. C.

By permission I refer to Thos. K. Robson Esq., Easton.

Sept. 17th, 1878 tf

Pickles, Pickles!

Chamber Pickles by the hundred or dozen; also, Pickled Chow Chow by the pint, something very nice; try it.

John M. Mason.

Royal Blue Soap.

This soap contains all the blue necessary for blueing clothes. It lasts good on any other soap. It is as cheap as any soap, and saves the expense of blue. Try a cake. For sale by

Smith Williams.

Rothery Roman Liniment and Holman's Cactus and Oil. For sale by Henry & Goldsborough.

Select Poetry.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

Now the city sleepeth,
The night is calm and sweet.
The city anthems sleep—
There's silence in the street.
Oh! how my heart feels lonely
As the chill shadows fall;
But the spirits softly whisper,
I hear their voices all:
Loved and lost! they sigh,
And grief shall never die,
Through weary, weary time,
Shall sound the dismal chime,
Loved and Lost!

Now sinks the falling lamp—
All through the lagging night,
I hear the tender accents—
I see a figure bright.
Restore the golden hours—
Sweet vision, linger! stay!
The Spirit softly whispers,
And it (also) vies away—
Loved and Lost, they sigh
And grief shall never die,
All through the weary time
Hark to the dismal chime,
Loved and Lost.

So pass the heavy hours,
I chide the long delay;
And the night so still and dark,
I wait the lingering day.
At last the blissful summons,
What notes my heart enthrall;
I'm coming, I am ready!—
I hear their voices call—
Loved, not Lost! they cry,
For love shall never die,
And so through endless time,
Shall swell the joyful chime,
Loved, not Lost!

—*The London Graphic.*

Select Story.

Franklin and His Mother.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, after the decease of his father, returned to Boston in order to pay his respects to his mother, who resided in that city. He had been absent some years, and at that period of life when the greatest and most rapid alteration is made in the human appearance; at a time when the querulous voice of the stripling assumes the commanding tone of the adult, and the smiling features of the youth are succeeded by the strong lines of manhood. The doctor was sensible, such was the alteration of his person, that his mother could not know him, except by that instinct which it is believed can cause a mother's heart to beat violently in the presence of a child, and point the maternal eye, with a quick and sudden glance, to a beloved son.

To discover the existence of this instinct by actual experience, Franklin resolved to introduce himself as a stranger to his mother, and to watch narrowly for the moment in which she should discover her son, and then to determine, with the cool precision of the philosopher, whether that discovery was the effect of that instinct of affection, that intuitive love, that innate attachment, which is conjectured to cement relatives of the same blood, and which, by according the passions of parent and child, like a well-tuned viol, would, at the first touch, cause them to vibrate in unison, and at once evince that these were but different chords of the same instrument.

On a sullen, chilly day, in the afternoon, the doctor knocked at his mother's door and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He found the old lady knitting before the parlor fire—introduced himself by observing that he had been informed she entertained travelers, and requested a night's lodging. She eyed him with that cold look of disapprobation which most people assume when they imagine themselves insulted, by being supposed to exercise an employment but one degree below their real occupation in life; assured him that he had been misinformed—that she did not keep a tavern; but that it was true, to oblige some members of the Legislature, she took a number of them into her family during the session; that she had then four members of the Council, and six of the House of Representatives, who boarded with her—that all the beds were full; and betook herself to knitting, with that intense application which expressed, as forcibly as action could do, if you have concluded your business, the sooner you leave the house the better. But upon the doctor's wrapping his coat around him, affecting to shiver with cold, and observing it was very chilly weather, she pointed to a chair and gave him leave to warm himself.

The entrance of her boarders precluded all further conversation—coffee was soon served, and the doctor partook with the family. To the coffee, according to the good old custom of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pipes, and a paper of McEntire's best, when the whole family formed a cheerful smoking semi-circle before the fire. Perhaps no man ever possessed the colloquial powers to a more fascinating degree than Dr. Franklin; and never was there an occasion when he displayed those powers to a greater advantage than at this time. He drew the attention of the company by the solidity of modest remark, instructed them by varied, new and striking lights in which he placed his subject, and delighted them with amusing anecdotes. Thus employed, the hours passed merrily along until eight o'clock, when, punctual to a moment, Mrs. Franklin announced, supper. Bustled with the household affairs, she fancied the intruding stranger had quitted the house immediately after coffee, and it was with difficulty she could restrain her resentment when she saw him, without molestation, seat himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family.

Immediately after supper she called an elderly gentleman, a member of the Council, in whom she was accustomed to confide, in another room, complained bitterly of the rudeness of the stranger, told the manner of his introduction into the house, observed that he appeared like an outlandish man, and she thought had something very suspicious in his appearance; concluding by soliciting her friend's advice with respect to the way in which she could most easily rid herself of his presence. The old gentleman assured her that the stranger was certainly a young man of education, and to all appearance a gentleman; that perhaps, being in reduced circumstances, he had said an exhibition to the lateness of the hour, and advised her to call him aside and repeat to him her inability to lodge him. She accordingly sent her maid to him, and then, with as much temper as she could command, recapitulated the situation of her family, observed that it grew late, and mildly intimated that he would do well to seek different a lodging. The doctor replied that he would by no means incommode her family; but that, with her leave, he would smoke one pipe more with her boarders and then retire.

He returned to the company, filled his pipe, and with the first whiff his powers of converse returned with double force. He recounted the hardships—he extolled the piety and policy of their ancestors. A gentleman present mentioned the subject of the day's debate at the House of Representatives. A bill had been introduced to extend the prerogatives of the Royal Governor. The doctor immediately seized upon the subject—expatiated Colonial rights with new and forcible arguments, was familiar with the names of the influential men in the House when Butler was governor, recited their speeches, and applauded the noble defense of the chamber of rights.

During a discourse so appropriately interesting to the company, no wonder the clock struck eleven, unperceived by the delighted circle; nor was it wonderful that the patience of Mrs. Franklin grew quite exhausted. She now entered the room and before the whole company, with much warmth addressed the doctor; told him plainly she thought herself imposed on; observed that it was true she was a lone woman, but she had friends that would protect her, and concluded by insisting on his leaving the house. The doctor made a slight apology, deliberately put on his great coat and hat, took a polite leave of the company, and approached the street door, lighted by the maid and attended by the mistress. While the doctor and his companions had been enjoying themselves within, a most tremendous snow storm had, without, filled the streets knee-deep, and no sooner had the maid lifted the latch, than a roaring north-easter forced open the door, extinguished the light, and almost filled the entry with drifted snow and hail. As soon as the candle was relighted the Doctor cast a woeful look towards the door and thus addressed his mother.

"My dear madam, can you turn me out of your house in this dreadful storm; I am a stranger in this town, and shall certainly perish in the streets. You look like a charitable lady; I shouldn't think you could turn a dog from your door on this tempestuous night."

"Don't tell me of charity," said the offended matron. "Charity begins at home. It is your own fault to tarry so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like your looks or your conduct, and I fear you have some bad designs in thus introducing yourself to my family."

The warmth of this parley had drawn the company from the parlor, and by their united interference the stranger was permitted to lodge in the house; and as no bed could be had, he consented to repose on an easy chair before the fire. Although her boarders appeared to confide perfectly in the stranger's honesty, it was not so with Mrs. Franklin; with suspicious caution she collected her silver spoons, pepper box and porringer from her closet, and after securing the parlor door, by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the plate to the chamber; charged the negro man to sleep with his clothes on; having taken every precaution, she retired to bed with her maid, whom she compelled to sleep in her room.

Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused her domestics, unfastened the parlor door with timid caution, and was agreeably surprised to find her guest quietly sleeping in the chair. A sudden transition from extreme mistrust to perfect confidence was natural. She awaken ed him with a cheerful good morning, inquired how he had rested, and invited him to partake of her breakfast, which was always served previous to that of the boarders. "And, pray, sir," said the old lady, as she sipped her chocolate," as you appear to be a stranger here, to what distant country do you belong?"

"I, Madam, I belong to the city of Philadelphia!" The doctor declared, he for the first time saw his emotion in her.

"Philadelphia?" said she, and all the mother surveyed her eye. "If you live in Philadelphia, perhaps you know our Ben."

"Who, madam?"

"Why, Ben Franklin; my Ben. Oh! he is the dearest child that ever blest a mother!"

"What," said the doctor, "is Ben Franklin, the printer, your son? why he is my most intimate friend; he and I lodge in the same room."

"Oh! God forgive me!" exclaimed the old lady, raising her watery eyes to heaven—"and I suffered an acquaintance of my Benny to sleep on this hard chair, while I, myself, rested on a good bed.

GRENADA.

The Work of the Pestilence.

A Rochester (N. Y.) journal publishes a portion of a private letter from a clergyman at Jackson, in this diocese, regarding the course of the yellow fever in its vicinity, from which the following is taken, describing the condition of Grenada and the devotion of the Rev. Mr. McCracken, of St. John's parish.

Four hundred and two weeks ago was a flourishing little town of some 3,000 people. Now it is almost blotted out of existence. It was a pretty place, full of flowers, with many pretty houses, nicely kept grounds, many happy families, and full of business. For days when the fever came, and in New Orleans and the people there began to seek refuge and were granted shelter in many places, the people of Grenada held meetings and sent an invitation to New Orleans telling the panic-stricken people there to come to them. They opened every house, provided against extortion, and subjected themselves to crowding and all inconvenience—not for profit, but for humanity. The yellow fever came visited Grenada, and they were confident that it could not gain a foothold among them. But on Sunday morning they were struck as if by lightning. Before Monday morning many were dead. On the next Sunday there were but fourteen well white persons left, and now but five or six. Even the nurses and physicians sent from Memphis and New Orleans fell victims, and some of them, though long accustomed to the disease, died in terror. Many died through lack of attention. Entire houses, close together, had their families, one of seven and one of nine persons, some were taken sick, then others, and finally all of both families, and when discovered the next day it was too late to do more than close their eyes and bury them. One gentleman arriving in Holly Springs heard that some of his relatives, who were sick, had buried, or were buried, every eleven in their family. Entire rows of houses were left vacant. We sought to go by ourselves, but so far from having lost fidelity to the Constitution, we hugged it to our bosom and carried it with us. Brave Union men of the North, followers of Webster and Fillmore, of Cass and Douglas, you who fought for the Union for the sake of the Union, you who ceased to fight when the battle was ended and the sword was sheathed, with you we have no quarrel. We felt your heavy arm in the midst of the struggle, but above the roar of the cannon we heard your voice of kindness calling "Brother, come back."

We are here to no operate with you to do whatever we can in spite of all our sorrows to rebuild the Union, to restore peace, to be a blessing to the country, and to make the American flag, that our faith is intended it should be—the glory of America and the blessing of humanity.

But you, Gentlemen, who persecuted us, by your infidelities until you drove us out of the Union, you who then claimed to be the only friends of the Union which you had before denounced as a league with death and a covenant with hell, you who follow up the war when the soldiers who fought it have made peace and gone to their homes, to you we have no concessions to make. Martyrs owe no apology to tyrants, and while we are ready to make every sacrifice for the Union, secession, however defeated, and oppressed, will confess no sin to fanaticism, however bigoted and exciting. Yet, while we make to you no concession, we may say that: We come even to you in no spirit of revenge. We have but one ambition, and that is to add our political power to the patriotic men of the northern order to compel fanaticism to obey the laws and live in the Union according to the Constitution. We do not propose to compel you by oaths, for you never kept them in spirit, that the Union our great sire is, and we come as true as ever, and repair it. We wrenched the Union grievously when we left it, to be seized and rent and torn by a crew who had denounced it as a league with death and a covenant with hell. We ask you, gentlemen of the Republican party, to rise above all your animosities and to forget your old sins. Let us unite to repair the breach that distract and oppress the country. Let us turn our backs on the past, and be it said in future that he shall be the greatest patriot, who shall do most to repair the wrongs of the past and to promote the glories of the future."[Loud and sustained applause on the Democratic side of the House and in the crowded galleries.]

How eloquent, how ornate, how sublime and how crushing. We can well imagine that the people in the galleries were stirred by such eloquence. The Springfield *Republican*, edited by Samuel J. Bowles, Esq., one of the most able, as he was one of the most influential editors in the United States, pronounced this great effort of the distinguished Georgian, the most powerful and eloquent since the days of the great triumvirate—Clay, Calhoun and Webster.

In person, Mr. Hill is over six feet in height, well proportioned, and bears upon his every lineament the impress of rare intellectual power and culture. His manners are easy and graceful, and is extremely genial and pleasant in social circles.

THE DUEL.

A Story of Two Virginia Families.

In 1815, Armistead T. Mason, of Loudon county, Virginia, entered the Senate of the United States, young, handsome, wealthy, gifted, with all his family prestige about him. He was also quick to anger and very overbearing. When in the Senate, I believe he was the youngest member of the body. His brother had been a United States Senator before him, and was a nephew of the illustrious George Mason.

The McCartys were related, remotely in blood and closely by marriage, to the Masons, the sister of Armistead T. Mason having married William McCarty, afterwards a member of the House of Representatives. In 1819, when Mason had been about four years in the Senate, and when he was not much more than thirty years of age, there arose between him and John McCarty, brother of William, some difficulty of a political nature, which became more and more embittered by the influence of injudicious friends, until the usual result of such difficulties in those days was reached.

Mason had a young and devoted wife, with one child, a pretty little boy but a few months old. Their home was called Selma, in the county of Loudon. John M. McCarty was a brilliant young lawyer of the same county, and he was soon to be married to the lovely Lucinda Lee. When about to start for the field of honor, Mason persuaded his unsuspecting wife to go on a visit to his mother, who lived at the old Mason homestead, on Rappahannock River, a few miles distant. All were in total ignorance of his intentions. He left with his physician a letter directed to his mother, asking her, in case of his death, to go to his wife and comfort her.

They fought at Bladensburg. Mason fell at the first fire and never spoke again. The old physician and the writer's mother hastened to the young widow and the darling little boy, and had the dark task of telling first the dreadful news, and transforming a world which held nothing but beauty and happiness for them into a dreary desert, scarce better than the grave. Weeks passed, so overwhelming was her grief, before it became certain that she would regain her senses. Scarcely less heart-rending was the sorrow that bowed down the Senator's fond mother.

In the meantime McCarty had written to Miss Lee, relating what he had done, giving her a week for reflection, and asking her to tell him, at the end of that time, whether she could marry him after what had happened. She related to the writer, long afterward, the agony of that week—how she knelt in despair at her mother's feet and asked her to decide; how the old lady could only advise her to follow her own heart; how at last she sent a note to her lover, inviting him to call. Their meeting she did not describe, but it was said that, sitting at the instrument as he entered, she sang the words—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;
Though the herd has flown from thee, thy home is still here.
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

After their marriage they settled in Leesburg, near Selma.

The young widow of Mason finally asked to go back to Selma, the scene of her short wedded life. Not anticipating what was to follow, her attendants carried her into the wide hall. There, raising her eyes, they fell upon the hat and coat, hanging just as he had left them, which her husband had worn when she last saw him. She covered her face, and, with a shriek, begged to be taken to the rear rooms of the house. There she remained. For twenty years she did not enter the front part of the building. The rooms there were kept in perfect order, and guests occupied them as usual. But on the day when her boy—the living image of his father fell—became of age, she invited all his blood relations to dinner. I was one of the number. We were all sitting in the library, toward the rear of the house, when the door was thrown open, and the gray old butler bowed his announcement. Without any intention of breaking the habit of twenty years, Mrs. Mason promptly arose—a frail, fair woman of forty—and, taking the arm of her son, walked directly into the front hall, and thence to the dining-room, as of old. Our surprise was great, but no word indicating that she was unusual escaped her or any of the party. The spell was broken, and she shunned the hall no more.

From the date of the duel, even on her death-bed, she never mentioned the name of her dead husband. The son grew up with the knowledge and feeling that an unspeakable shadow rested on the house, concerning which, however heavily it might press upon their souls, he must forbear to question even his mother. I was the first to tell him, after he had reached manhood, all he wished to know concerning his father's death.

This son, Stevens Mason, was a true-hearted gentleman, but with little knowledge of the world. With a private tutor, with servants to anticipate every wish, with a stricken mother to idolize him, he missed till the late the certain decessary lessons in life which these could never give him. He could not refuse to endorse a note for a friend, and his mother could not refuse to join him in whatever he put his name to. For one moment the shadows on his pathway seemed to lift, but only to settle more heavily about his way. He married a lady who seemed worthy of him, who was a belle and a beauty. He brought her to Selma, where, as they fondly hoped, brightness and happiness were to reign once more. But his mother, while outwardly fulfilling every obligation, did not receive her as a mother should, greeting her with but a formal offering of the hand, instead of the expected embrace and kiss of welcome as she crossed the threshold. It was doubtless because her shattered life had made her own affection for him too selfish, and she did not wish him to marry any one. Full, jewing closely, the first shock of disappointment to her joyous young heart came a sudden fever, and in three months from her arrival poor Stevens laid his bride beside his murdered father.

Their fine estate, with all that pertained to it, already melting from their hands, was soon possessed by strangers. Mrs. Mason did not long survive the loss of Selma. Although a wife and never loved her husband better, yet she not only refused to speak his name from the day of the duel to, but requested that her own remains should not be buried at Leesburg, and that no mark be placed over her grave, wherever it might be. She lies in the Congressional Cemetery, at Washington, with only the earth and grass above her. Then came the war with Mexico. Her son for a little time had an opportunity to forget his troubles under military excitement. He was mortally wounded by a sniper shot—I think it was at Monterey—and died, a captain of rifles, in the arms of his kinsman, John of the Streets of South Carolina. It was an impressive day in Loudon when the body of young Mason arrived from Mexico and was laid in the vaults of the old church beside his father and his bride. All the people assembled and made a public funeral. One of the arrangements was that only the blood relations should pass within a certain railing, close around the family vault, and Lucil remembers that although a goodly company had gathered him to dinner when he was twenty-one, where the same relationship was created, and although he was but twenty-seven at the time of his death, yet there were two besides himself, counting the mourner's return, the family and fortune gone away.

But not even here ended the effect of that pistol shot at Bladensburg. McCarty, the other principal in the duel, also left an only son, very promising, to whom he took great pride. Though being but a few miles apart, the families had ceased to respect their mutual kinship or speak to each other. The two young men grew up strangers, and, in addition to all else, nothing more. Young McCarty was an aide-de-camp, but in all his training he was never known to stand foot upon any part of the Mason estate, whatever land it might pass over. One day, however, in the early spring, he was ploughing in a field which was in dispute between the two families, dividing the Mason property from another's. Attempts

The News.

—Postmaster General Key and party arrived at San Francisco Monday night, from Portland, Oregon.

—Edward Cooper, son of Peter Cooper, has been nominated for mayor of New York by the national greenback labor party.

—It is estimated that the yellow fever has lost to the people of the South $200,000,000.

—During September 16,278 immigrants arrived at New York, of whom 8,956 were Hanoverians, 3,027 Chinese of the United States and 176 colonists.

—An English sailor was lately robbed by a shark while bathing on the coast of Java.

—Paris has 85,000 houses, London 400,000 more than, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and New York.

—John B. Gough has returned to London from the Continent and begun a series of lectures in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

—Three hundred kegs of bad beer, thrown into a pond in Insterburg, Prussia, proved that an intoxicated fish is a very queer fish indeed.

—The $30,000,000, the amount of the liabilities of the bankrupt firm in Glasgow, were based on gold. It is the "old, old story" on bad basis, but no money.

—The partridge season will begin in the Eastern Shore counties on the 1st of next month, and last until Christmas, including the running days of Christmas week, in all the counties except Cecil.

—Ex-Marshal Pilkin, of New Orleans, who has recently returned from the yellow fever, is in Washington. Most of his family have also been down, but have recovered.

—Jay Gould owns two newspapers, "both daily."—The New York *Tribune* and the Denver *News*. Tom. Scott, the other railroad king, is equally as fortunate.

—Capt. Eads, in charge of the improvements at the mouth of the Mississippi, on Monday received from the United States treasury $500,000 in pursuance of the act authorizing certain advance payments to be made in the work.

—Hood, in describing the meeting of a man and a lion, said: "The man ran off with all his might, and the lion with all his main."

—President Diaz, of Mexico, has organized a campaign against the Rio Grande Indians, and proposes to remove them to the Pacific slope. The report that the free zone has been abolished is pronounced untrue.

—A San Francisco dispatch places the total shipments of treasure for the past 9 months at $25,380,000, of which $9,000,000 went to China—a decrease of nearly $5,000,000 compared with last year. The exports for the past 9 months footed up $28,000,000.

—The debt of New York was "set down" on the 1st instant at $127,000,000. The counties of New York State are to pay as taxes $7,441,297.04, of which New York City is to pay $6,254,624.79; King's county $764,779.36 and Westchester county $200,215.34.

—President Hayes a short time since contributed to the yellow fever sufferers $200; Mr. Tilden saw him and raised him $150, and now General Grant goes that $250 and goes $250 better. It will cost President Hayes $400 to come in.

—The German government has paid the utmost attention to the piscicultural establishment of Huningen, which passed into their hands from France in 1871. Some two million salmon have gone thence to the Rhine, and as many other young fish to the streams of Germany, with the result that fish are now plentiful in those waters and have become once more cheap.

—In the ten cotton States last year there were 12,000,000 acres of land under cotton cultivation, which produced 4,895,428 bales of cotton, and during the twelve months ending the 30th of June, 1877, unmanufactured cotton, valued at $177,118,608, and cotton manufactures of silk kinds, valued at $10,908,311, were exported.

—General Sherman has returned to Washington from his extended trip West and to the Pacific coast. He is in excellent health, and speaks in high terms of the various military posts which he officially visited, referring to them as models of neatness and efficiency.

—Near Livingston, Tenn., a few days ago, a party of revenue officers who had been raiding illicit distilleries encountered a gang of fifty moonshiners armed with long-range rifles. A fight ensued and continued until the ammunition of the revenue force was nearly exhausted, compelling them to retreat. It was reported that four distillers were killed and several wounded.

—The Australian aborigines are said to have discovered a new stimulant which is called "piperine." It is smoked and chewed, and has a very exhilarating effect.

—It costs the United States Government $600 a year to collect $7.50 duties at Galena, Ill., and it costs the same government $1,000 a year to collect $71.67 at Dunkirk, N. Y., and so on through many other parts of entry—which are rather parts of outgo.

—Mr. Cookling is charged with having appropriated from Adam Smith his paragraph on property, and the worst of it is, that it was the best part of the Senator's speech.

—An excursion party from Detroit, Michigan, consisting of about 400 persons, including farmers, merchants, teachers, etc., will visit Richmond, Va., during the State fair, reaching that city via the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. The excursionists will also visit Old Point and Norfolk, Va.

—The Department of Agriculture estimates the aggregate crop of 1878 at 1,500,000,000 bushels, the corn crop will fully equal that of 1877, and that the cotton crop may equal, if not exceed, the great anti-bellum crops. The oat crop will probably amount to some 400,000,000 bushels, and Irish potatoes, to 120,000,000 bushels.

—Gen. McCook, who, as a member of General Sherman's staff, accompanied him to the Pacific coast, stole to Louisville and quietly married a lady who returned to Washington. He says that railroad and other improvements are in progress, and that before the expiration of two years the highest inland set of steam and other Territories will be occupied by rail.

—The Salem Mass. gazette, quoted from France. It is of a faithful and affectionate canine, which, when his deceased mistress committed suicide, carried himself to the place where she had fallen and died beside her. Good and faithful was to be had for the taking.

—The Swedish government proposed by Prince Oscar and Prince Gustaf, to erect an institution commemorative of the preservation of the life of the Emperor and Prince of Germany, by a vote of the Riksdag, was rejected by a majority of one, from those who represent 13,000,000 subscribers.

—A San Francisco paper says that the convicts in the state prison have contributed [illegible] the churches.

—Three hundred kegs of bad beer, thrown into a pond in Insterburg, Prussia, proved that an intoxicated fish is a very queer fish indeed.

After this the old Mason house at Rappahannock River was deserted and shunned for years. In due time, of course, it became "haunted," and, as might have been expected, a ghost came into existence. Many a traveler, who had heard these stories, passed the place with a shudder, and, if he had occasion to stay all night, left the place before daylight. But at length it passed into strange hands, almost unknown and unsuspicious of the sad memories and property.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

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