

A FAMOUS DUEL.

HOW CHARLES DICKINSON MET HIS DEATH.

The Slayer Went Forth to Slay and Was Slain—A Most Memorable Meeting.

Andrew Jackson was the representative American of his epoch. When the history of this country shall be written by someone who has been enough of a man among men to be a wise weigher of all kinds of evidence and who is possessed of that imaginative power which enables a mind to reincarnate itself amid the events and personalities whose tendency and purpose it aims to depict and whose meanings and motives it essays to explain, it is probable that Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, two children of the people, born in poverty, will be accounted not only the two most typical Americans, but the largest and noblest figures in our popular national Pantheon.

Charles Dickinson was a Nashville lawyer of some mark in his profession and in politics, though chiefly as a pistol shot. He considered himself the best shot in the world. Perhaps he was. But the pitcher that goes to the well too often, says the proverb, gets broken at last. Like most Tennesseans of that erratic era, Dickinson drank hard at times, and, in his cups, threw all discretion and decency to the winds.

Among other unpleasant things, it was reported to Jackson that Dickinson had alluded to the alleged irregularity or illegality of Jackson's marriage with Mrs. Rachel Robards, which was, of course, a very sore point with the general, who loved his excellent wife devotedly.

Still, Jackson was not bloodthirsty to fight Dickinson. To that gentleman's father-in-law he said:

"I would fain have no quarrel. My political enemies, I believe, are using this young man as an instrument to get me out of their way. I do not wish to fight, but I will, to the death, if crowded. Bid him pause in time."

The suspicions of Dickinson's father-in-law temporarily prevailed, and an apology followed, but the smoldering spark of hostility was fanned into a flame soon after. Some reports of alleged remarks concerning certain horse-racing and betting transactions caused Dickinson to repeat his insults and to say that if ever such a "cowardly cur" as Jackson could be whipped or spurred into a meeting on "the field of honor" he would rid Tennessee and the country of the "pestilent poltroon."

Dickinson about this time must have been meditating an attack of a similar nature to the murderous onslaught which the Benton brothers made on the general years after, for he bragged that he was going to force a fight on Jackson.

Thus it began to be a public opinion that a duel must ensue, and Jackson finally challenged Dickinson, which was exactly what the latter had plotted, because a challenge gives the receiver the choice of weapons.

As Dickinson's cavalcade went along, stopping now and then at roadside taverns to bait their horses and refresh themselves, the hero of the party gave numerous exhibitions of his pistol skill, hitting half dollars tossed in air, and in one place, where a bit of string was hanging from a tree, he shot off the lower half and said with a savage laugh: "Show that to General Jackson when he comes along this way."

Far different was the temper of the other party, the tall, gaunt, slender, stately soldier riding in front of his comrades with his old friend and second, General Overton. They gave a very grave, though, of course, a brave, consideration to the matter. Both knew Dickinson's wonderful skill. In fact at that very hour the Nashville gambling fraternity, having wind of the coming event that had cast so many shadows before, were laying heavy odds on Dickinson.

"You will surely be hit, general," said Overton rather testily.

"Beyond a reasonable doubt," replied Jackson; "but what of that? I shall wing him, too, never fear."

"I've been thinking," said Overton, "that perhaps it would be best for you to let him fire first."

"You mean to receive his fire and reserve mine?"

"Yes, general. If you should try to fire simultaneously on the signal, and he should hit you a second before you pull the trigger, that might spoil your aim. Better let him fire first. You take deliberate aim. Your will can control your aim, even if hit. What think you?"

"I think you are right," said Jackson, "and I will do as you say."

That night, at the inn where they stopped near the chosen ground, Jackson ate a hearty supper, smoked his corn-cob pipe and conducted himself like an ordinary genial traveler, the landlord, however, divining his errand and wishing him a safe return.

Remounting early next morning they found themselves compelled to swim their horses across the ford, as no ferryman was visible to convey them. Into the open heart of a poplar forest they came and found Dickinson with his second, surgeon and friends awaiting them.

The usual civilities of polite blood spilling were duly performed, coins were tossed for choice of position, which was won by Dickinson's second, and the giving of the word, which is especially valued, fell to General Overton.

As the sun was yet quite low in the cool heavens, position could not have been counted for much in the way of Jackson's having a sun dazzle in his eyes, which has happened to some duellists, but it is easy to understand that Dickinson's second posted his man so that no tree trunk should make a special line behind him as a guidepost to Jackson's aim. Eight paces were measured off and the men were placed.

"Are you ready gentlemen," cried Overton.

"I am ready," replies Dickinson.

"I am ready," replies Jackson.

"Fere!"

Overton shoots this word from his mouth with the old rustic pronunciation coming back to him in his intense excitement, it being a common phenomenon that seconds are often not half so cool as their principals.

Hardly had the word left his lips, when a ball left Dickinson's pistol. Overton's keen eyes noted a tiny puff of dust on the left breast of Jackson and saw the left

hand go slowly to the breast, but his man stood firm as one of the neighboring poplars. Dickinson recoiled a few steps in amazement and angry despair.

"Have I missed the scoundrel?" he ejaculated, vindictively.

Probably that cry of quenchless hate cost him his life. Jackson was the kind of man who often suffers from the temptation to be magnanimous. But magnanimity with a Dickinson would have been suicidal. Spared, he would have forced another fight, perhaps a street affray.

"Back to the line, sir!" shouted General Overton, laying his hand on his pistol. Dickinson recovered his courage, though not his color. Pale as paper, with haughty, flashing eyes, he walked with facile grace forward to the line and stood up to be killed like a gentleman.

Pitifully the torture to his false pride and his jarred nerves was prolonged by the whim of accident, as Jackson's unusually tall figure seemed to tower over that of Dickinson.

When Jackson raised his pistol slowly—it having been agreed at the start that the weapons should be held downward—the pistol snapped and caught at half cock. To readjust it took, of course, another awful moment full of murder. Then came the flash and the crash.

Dickinson's white face grew still more ghastly, shadowy, ghostly. He reeled and fell backward with a smothered shriek. Jackson's bullet had struck him below the ribs, taking a downward course.

His friends lifted him tenderly and leaned him against the flowering shrub that was glowing with glad life. Jackson sent over his surgeon to offer assistance to the other one, but Charles Dickinson was beyond their skill. He lingered in frightful agony for hours, and expired before his wife could reach his side.

"The slayer went forth to slay and he was slain."

Yet Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had meant to hit Jackson in the heart. He did not, however, realize how exceedingly slender was the general's body, like that of Charles Sumner, who in youth was playfully nicknamed "The line" by Julia Ward Howe, because he seemed to be length without breadth and thickness.

The loose frock coat which Jackson even increased the error in Dickinson's ocular calculation by just enough to save life. The ball broke two ribs and raked the breastbone, a severe wound from which acute pain arose and, as a false healing occurred, pursued Jackson at intervals to his last hour.

When the surgeon overtook Overton and Jackson, about a hundred yards away, his professional eye caught a glimpse of blood on one of the general's shoes.

"My God, general, you are hit!"

"Hush," was the haughty answer. "I believe he has plucked me a little, but I prefer that he should die without the satisfaction of knowing it."

How this reply exemplifies the savage temper of the times! Yet Andrew Jackson was not cruel by nature. On the contrary, he was, like Henry Clay, tender, even to the point that his gray, iron eyes could easily melt into tears.

The character of Jackson, indeed, in many respects was far above the average. He gambled like most gentlemen, but not devotedly. He was very fond of horse racing and not averse to whisky, though he rarely drank to excess. He was quick to quarrel, but he never used vile language. Never a word came to his lips that could cause a blush on the cheek of a woman. This purity of language in a coarse-tongued time was the outward and visible sign in his case, though it is not always of a pure heart. Andrew Jackson, from earliest boyhood, was thoroughly chaste, and his ideal of womanhood so high that he hated to suspect evil in any of the sex. In all the transactions of his life his word was better than a bond.

In time, this orphan son of a poor Irish emigrant, with a scanty, picked-up education, and bred chiefly in the rough college of the camp, was a radically fine gentleman. He had fine manners, too, especially toward women. Lady Hamilton, well versed in European courts, after an hour spent in his company while President, referred to him as the finest mannered man she had ever met—a very "king of courtesy."

To recur in closing to the final scenes of this famous duel, it is worthy of note, as a slight set off against the barbarity of his first remark about the dying Dickinson, that from the tavern where Jackson rested to have his wound dressed he sent a bottle of the best wine to his enemy. His own preparation for the further pain of the surgical operation was a draught of butter-milk.

The large majority of Tennesseans condemned this duel to the death, because it was too real. The fantastic folk of fighting for honor and coming off with a scratch from a sword or a smel of powder was all right and proper; it gave the stroke of grace, the accolade of knighthood to a gentleman's character; but a meeting for the express and determined purpose of killing, save where the honor of a woman was the point, roused the dormant sense of the community to a temporarily intense remembrance of that briefest and most emphatic commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder."—Henry Austin, in the Illustrated American.

Fish Not a Brain Food.

The idea that fish formed food for the brain arose from a curious misapprehension. It has long been known that the brain contains phosphorus, and it was naturally inferred that by eating phosphorous the brain would be nourished. But to eat phosphorous is not pleasant eating, and while the subject was being discussed someone discovered that stale fish gave out a light in the dark, which was hastily assumed to be due to the presence of phosphorous in the flesh. It was soon afterward discovered that the luminosity was due solely to the gases evolved in the process of decay, but the story had been started, and evidently hit the popular fancy, since it has yet thousands of firm believers.

Mayor and Indian Chief.

Dr. D. Frank Powell has the unique distinction of being mayor of the town of La Crosse, Wis., and the chief of the Winnebago Indians. His Indian name is "Whites Beaver." For many years he was a surgeon in the United States army.

SENATOR ALLISON'S IDEA.

Public Life Does Not Pay Financially, if at All.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, is one of the healthiest looking men in public life. He is now 65, but he is in splendid condition, both physically and intellectually, and I might also say psychically. He has always cultivated looking at matters in a common sense, conservative way, and, while he has been a hard worker and a fairly good liver, his life has been an even one, and he has not allowed the chase for the dollar nor the ambitions of politics to contract and distort his soul. He is clear headed and clean. Always well dressed, he makes you think of a New York club man or banker rather than of the average American statesman. His black clothes are well cut, and the linen of his shirt and his broad, expansive collar, which exceeds even that of William M. Everts' in size, is of the finest material and as white as the driven snow. His hair within the last year has perceptibly whitened and it is fast becoming iron gray. His eye, however, is bright, and the rosy corpuscles that shine through his fair skin show that his blood is full of iron. He has a strong face. His forehead is very broad and above the average height. His nose is large and his mouth and lower jaw are indicative of determination and



SENATOR ALLISON.

will. He is a good story teller, and he has a hearty laugh. He was sitting at a table with a box of cigars and a pile of papers beside him when I called, and he smoked as he talked.

"It is nearly thirty-three years since you were first elected Senator. That is a full generation. Do you think it has paid you to be a public man?"

"I don't know," replied Senator Allison, reflectively. "I have thought of it many times, and I have sometimes decided that it has not. It has been pleasant in many ways, but it has often seemed to me that it would have been better for me had I closed my public career with my term in the House. There is really a great deal of hard work connected with Congress, and my life in the Senate has been one of hard work and much worry. When I left the House in 1871, twenty-four years ago, I was, you might say, in the beginning of my prime. Had I dropped politics and devoted myself to my profession of the law I would certainly be much better man to-day. I think perhaps I would have been happier."

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER.

Lord Salisbury Proposed the Behring Sea Arbitration.

It was Lord Salisbury who first proposed to submit the Behring Sea sealing dispute to arbitration, and it was he who arranged with Secretary Blaine the modus vivendi.

When the dispute threatened to become acute five years ago, the Marquis, at a meeting of Conservative members of Parliament in the Carlton Club, expressed the hope that the difficulty with the United States over the Behring Sea question would be settled soon.

"But," he added, "with such a susceptible nation as America Great Britain cannot negotiate at the top of her voice."

This will be Lord Salisbury's third term as Prime Minister of England. His first ministry, formed in 1885, lasted only a few months, but he was recalled to the head of the Government in 1886 and remained in office six years. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury seasawed in the Premiership for nearly fifteen years.

The Marquis is of medium height, very stout, weighs nearly 300 pounds,



and growing stouter; has a heavy beard, and hair liberally silvered (he is 65 years old), and a face that lacks expression in repose, but lights up wonderfully when he talks. His gestures are few, and he never attempts oratorical flourish, yet he sometimes is eloquent, is invariably forcible and clear and never is at loss for a word.

Of course he is opposed to Irish separation. That goes without saying.

In regard to the House of Lords question he made this declaration last autumn:

"If the question of handing the government of the country over entirely to a single chamber should come before the country, which I do not believe it will do, we would have to confront the greatest danger that the community has had to face in many centuries."

Lord Salisbury, being a younger son, had to face poverty in his early manhood. He fell in love with a Miss Alderson. His father forbid the union because the young woman was only the daughter of a judge—not aristocratic or rich enough. Lord Robert stood manfully to his affection, married his choice, and it has been said by a biographer that "this misfortune," as many then regarded it, probably was the making of him. He obtained a wife whose devotion, ability and compatibility have made his domestic life one of the happiest and purest among the public men of his time; it forced him into the employing and maturing of talents which otherwise might have lain fallow and undiscovered.

Children's Fear of Animals.

So far as I can ascertain, facts are strongly opposed to the theory of inherited fear of animals. Just as in the first months a child will manifest something like recoil from a pretty and perfectly innocent pigeon, so later on children manifest fear in the most unlikely directions. In "The Invisible Playmate" we were told of a girl who got into her first fright on seeing a sparrow drop on the grass near her, though she was not the least afraid of big things, and on first hearing the dog bark in his kennel said, with a little laugh of surprise, "Oh! coughing." A parallel case is sent me by a lady friend. One day when her daughter was about four years old she found her standing, the eyes wide open and filled with tears, the arms outstretched for help, evidently transfixed with terror, while a small wood louse made its slow way toward her. The next day the child was taken for the first time to the "Zoo," and the mother, anticipating trouble, held her hand. But there was no need. A "fearless spirit" in general, she released her hand at the first sight of the elephant, and galloped after the monster. If inheritance plays a principal part in the child's fear of animals, one would have expected the facts to be reversed. The elephant should have excited dread, not the harmless insect.

Keeping Up With the Times.

"Electric funerals" are the very latest thing in Harrisburg, Penn. The trolley wire leads to the cemetery and the enterprising company which has the street railway franchise has constructed a special funeral car and rents it to mourners who desire to bury the departed according to the ultra modern ideas of this electric age.

This comes as near to "galvanizing the corpse" as modern science can, and it is a step in advance of St. Louis' electric hospital car. In that city an ambulance car makes its regular trips, picks up candidates for the surgical ward in the city hospital and conveys them with neatness and dispatch to the operating table. It remains for Chicago to adopt St. Louis' electric hospital car, fit up an electric car for the coroner, borrow Harrisburg's electric funeral car, hook them all together and be at the head of the procession.

When the victim is dug from under the electric car he can be taken into the hospital car. If he dies the coroner can ring up six passengers to serve as jury, hold his inquest and pass the legalized corpse back into the funeral car without causing the company to lose a single nickel through a moment's delay.

Remedy for Epilepsy.

A foreign medical journal states that Dr. S. A. Siminoff, an eminent physician, cites three cases of epilepsy cured by him by the administration of an infusion of common tansy. He has also used this decoction successfully in cases of neurasthenia, where valerian had ceased to be effective. A glassful of the infusion of tansy (either dried or fresh) is given to the patient night and morning. This is a common garden herb, and while quite bitter to the taste, is not especially disagreeable, and has the advantage of being harmless. If it won't cure, it is pretty certain not to kill.

Intensely Practical.

A story is told in connection with some lectures on theosophy at Bangor, Me. The lecturer was in the midst of a learned discourse and asked in stentorian tones: "What comes after death?" No one answered; and after a short pause, he vehemently repeated his question. "What comes after death." At that moment the door opened, and in walked one of the leading undertakers of Bangor. The question was answered.

"A Pocket Venus."

Miss Ella Erving, of Gorin, Mo., feels quite flattered when her friends call her "a pocket Venus." She is only 20 years of age, but she is 8 feet 2 inches in height, weighs 250 pounds, and has feet that measure 17 inches from heel to toe.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE Kansas City Journal supposes that when the new order of things is fully established the circus will contain a den of mice, into which a daring woman will go without fear.

A CURIOUS law exists in Michigan. If one be afraid that a bank is going to fail, he may not draw out his deposits in it, and if he does, the bank may recover them.

MANY members of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington, including four attaches of the Chinese Legation, ride bicycles. The fashion was started by the Russian Minister, Prince Cantacuzene, who astonished the capital when he began to take out his daughter on a wheel. The miles of asphalt pavement in Washington make that city an attractive place for wheeling.

PROFESSOR HENRIKE, of Washington University, St. Louis, is about applying for a process by which he claims, \$10,000 worth of gold can be obtained from sea-water at a cost of \$1, every ton of water yielding from two to four cents' worth of gold. He insists that no nation will hereafter suffer from a scarcity of gold; that gold will come from "the vasty deep" whenever called for, though spirits refuse to come.

Who, not fresh from his books, can tell, off-hand, when the battle of Waterloo occurred? It seems about as remote as Marathon or Hastings, and yet, day before yesterday, an actual spectator of the battle told the students of Mount Union College, Ohio, that he had actually seen on that eventful day. Mr. Green, the narrator, is 97 years old, and the 18th of June was the eightieth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.

STATISTICS have been accumulated which reveal that in respect to color blindness there is a remarkable difference between the two sexes. About three and one-half per cent of men are color-blind to a marked extent, while not more than four-tenths of one per cent of women are thus afflicted. This difference in color perception will strike most husbands who have been sent by their wives upon shopping expeditions to match ribbons as understated, if anything.

MISS ALICE J. HANDS and Miss Mary N. Gannon, two young women of New York, are said to have solved the problem of sanitary tenement houses. To study the subject thoroughly they assumed the duties of health inspectors, took up their residence for a while in a very poor tenement district, investigated the effects and learned the remedies. They are about to build a "woman's hotel," with model plumbing and ventilation, and also a studio building. They have been elected members of the Woman's Health Protective Association of New York.

ONE of the amazing literary successes of the century is Spurgeon's sermons. The Westminster Gazette says that 2,396 of these sermons have been printed and sold, and that the sum total of the sales reaches nearly 100,000,000, an average of about 35,000 copies per sermon. Of each of certain discourses more than 250,000 have been sold. They are kept in sheet form in a large cellar in Paternoster square, in long lines of cupboards, so that a supply of any particular discourse can be got at once. Four-fifths of the supply have been sold in the United Kingdom; the remainder have gone to this country and to Australia.

NOTWITHSTANDING heavy expenditure incurred in the destruction of rabbits in New South Wales, they are this year in such numbers as to make everybody despair of fighting them. "On one small section which I visited," says a correspondent, "and which is inclosed by wire netting, and which is managed very energetically, and upon which the rabbits have been more than once reduced to such low limits that only two or three would be seen in a day's ride, they are now so numerous that 19,300 were caught last month in pit traps alone. Rabbits, too, are now appearing in the suburbs of Sydney, and are being killed in such numbers that their dead bodies are proving a danger to the public health."

THE establishment of a new chair in Columbia College, to be known as the "Seth Low Professorship of American History," Frank Leslie's thinks an incident worthy of special mention. The study of American history and of the development of the principles of constitutional liberty which have here had their fullest exemplification has not had the commanding place to which it is entitled in the curriculum of many of our higher institutions of learning. In our public schools, too, until recent years, the subject has been made secondary to others of less importance. It ought to be a primary purpose in all our educational institutions to equip the student with a thorough knowledge of the history of his own country, the sources of its life, the meaning and responsibilities of citizenship, and the relation of the national authority to the individual.

ASIDE from English the Bible has had the largest circulation in the German language. Through the agency of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Bible in the German language has had a circulation of upward of 17,000,000 copies. The same society secured a circulation of 12,000,000 copies of the Bible in French; over 5,000,000 copies in Chinese; over 5,000,000 in Russian; over 3,500,000 in Italian; nearly 3,500,000 in Swedish; nearly 3,000,000 in Danish; and over 2,000,000 in

the Dutch language. Nearly 400,000 copies have been issued in Arabic over 1,500,000 have come forth in Bengali, over 750,000 in Czech, about 1,250,000 in Hebrew, over 1,000,000 in Magyar, over 300,000 in Lettish, over 250,000 in Malgasi, over 516,000 in Malayalam, 600,000 in Marathi, and over 1,000,000 in Telugu. At the beginning of this century the Bible was only accessible to one-fifth of the world's population, while now it may be read by nine-tenths of the people of the globe. There are now more than 200,000,000 copies of the Bible in circulation, in 330 different languages.

DR. JULES PREVOST, who has had large experience in Alaska, thinks that the Alaska Indians are the most susceptible of civilized influences of all the aborigines of America. Says he: "The Chinese are commonly spoken of as the most skillful imitators on earth, but as a matter of fact, they are not to be compared with the Indians of Alaska. An Indian of average intelligence will give the best Chinaman on earth cards and spades and beat him on anything from a dog-yoke to a clock. Just give them the tools and they will duplicate anything they see. For native ingenuity I have never seen their equals among any other people. They are not alone imitators in the mechanic arts, but show marvelous adaptability in the acquisition of knowledge pertaining to customs and morals. For generations they have lived in underground huts. Not a few of them, but thousands, at once recognized the advantages of a house of wood above ground. They acquire English with great facility and learn to read and write in about half the time required for these accomplishments among the Sioux or Apaches. We often have visitors from settlements six or seven hundred miles away. They look with awe and wonder upon those of their kind who enjoy improved conditions of living at or near the mission. They see cabins in course of construction where bunks and blankets were used instead of a skin and the floor. The lesson is not lost upon them. They return to their settlements and at once practical results of their newly acquired ideas are to be seen."

A CANOE PARADE.

Charming Festival Given by Summer Visitors at Bar Harbor.

Turning from Lenox and its environs to the far northeasterly end of our Atlantic coast line we find on the rocky shores of Mount Desert new and elaborate examples of the rural festival. Long years ago, before that rare and charming isle had been formally adopted as the chosen resort of summer pilgrims from all parts of the continent, athletic contests, foot races and canoe races among the Passamaquoddy Indians were known to Bar Harbor. By the descendants of those Indians was aroused the interest in canoeing shown by visitors of recent times, which resulted in the formation of the Canoe Club, now numbering hundreds of members.

The first public parade of the club was arranged in honor of an expected visit from Matthew Arnold, who, in discussing his anticipated expedition to that Eden of the Sea, had expressed a hope that he might there find some spectacle possessing the true local color which he had failed to discover elsewhere in America. Marshaled in line, with bows toward the south, upon a fortunately glassy stretch of Frenchman's Bay, near the westerly point of Bar Island, gathered a number of flower-wreathed canoes to perform a series of maneuvers as dexterous in execution as ingenious in the planning.

The canoe parade, repeated the following year, was followed in another season by an illuminated fête. To this midsummer night's dream Nature lent herself in all graciousness. The sun had set upon a sea of opal. As the moon rose, and the tide flooded the bar, people living along the shore on each side of the Eden road sat in their verandas to wait for the coming of the boats, in an atmosphere as soft and caressing as that of a June night in Venice. From the starting place at the chief landing of the village, out of darkness streaked with columns of light from the electric arcs above the town, and from the lamps of a flotilla of yachts and other boats at anchor in the harbor, came silently stealing a long train of mysterious black craft tossing leashes of fire-bubbles into the air, or wreathed from stem to stern with multicolored lanterns. Their destination was a dwelling situated upon the shore at some distance up the bay, where the performers in these mysteries of the expedition were expected ultimately to congregate at supper. For an hour the meandering of the fire-dancer boats gave delight to many watchers ashore. At last, answering the signal of dance-music from the house, the cortege fell again into line, and proceeded to disembark upon a floating wharf lighted by Bengal fires and strung with colored lanterns. The boats, deserted by their crews, were then strung together by boatmen, and towed back to the starting point, the revelers electing to return by the highways.

"Just Like a Woman."

When a woman hears that the school teacher says her boy is a bad boy she goes to the school house to scratch the teacher's eyes out. But when a woman hears that her husband is a bad man she accepts suspicion.—Acheson Globe.

Starvation in London.

London has called the roll of deaths by starvation in 1893 and they number fifty-one, from which it would appear that London charity is too much occupied with the heathen.—Chicago Times Herald.