

## DUELING IN OLD TIMES.

### AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE CODE AS IT WAS.

Incidents of the Field of Honor in Ante Bellum Days—One of Paddy O'Connell's Best Sketches—The Career of McClung—His Skill With a Pistol—Other interesting Incidents.

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

However barbarous may be the custom of dueling, as such, it is still a fact of historical value that no dueling community ever yet failed to send out good soldiers in time of war. I have been told by old residents of Mississippi that the career of McClung at first stimulated appeals to the lex talionis, but that towards the last it acted as a deterrent example. The duel ceased to be a duel in the ordinary acceptance of the word and became a butchery. McClung, of course, ran little or no risk, and it filled the public generally with a sickening contempt to realize that the leading men of Mississippi lived practically by the sufficiency of a madman. To refuse to fight a duel with him was, of course, out of the question. This was not allowed by the code. To fight him meant death. His skill with the pistol was fully up to that of Dr. Carver or Buffalo Bill with the rifle, difference in weapons being considered. On one occasion he killed a black bird hopping about on the ground 20 yards distant.

I once heard Mr. Jefferson Davis reprimand a second who boasted that he had brought his principal out with flying colors, to the utter confusion of his antagonists, by a little piece of generalship. He explained that the seconds were supposed to be arbitrators, each representing both parties, and that it was the duty of the seconds to see perfect fairness, both in arranging terms of settlement and on the field.

One of the most charming and amusing little works I have hit upon recently is by H. S. Fulkerson, of Vicksburg, Miss. He calls it "Random Recollections of Early Days in Mississippi." In this he gives a description of a notable duel that occurred in his own observation. He tells the story well, and I wish to show my appreciation by paraphrasing it for the readers of the Times.

The event took place on Grand Gulf, on the Mississippi river, then a place of 1,200 inhabitants, and a rival of Vicksburg. It was almost a duel of professions, Allen being a lawyer and Marsteller a physician.

Allen was a tall, slender, smooth-faced fellow; Marsteller was rather plump and heavy set, and wore whiskers. Allen was married and Marsteller was a bachelor. It is not known what was the cause of the duel. The usual preliminaries resulted in bringing the two together upon the field of honor. Allen was excited and vociferous, and expressed the absolute certainty of his conviction that he would kill his enemy. He stripped himself to the waist, absolutely nude, and Marsteller threw off his coat. As the second called out, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Allen answered "no," and proceeded to explain to the second how the word should be given. The object was to unnerve Marsteller, who, however, quietly lowered his pistol and waited. "The second," continues Mr. Fulkerson, "called out distinctly but with trembling voice: 'Gentlemen, are you ready? Fire! One! two! three!' They fired, both of them so nearly together at the word, one that it seemed to the bystanders to be but a single loud report. A great volume of smoke completely enveloped them, and we all looked on in profound silence till it rose and disclosed the two figures standing and looking savagely at each other and each with apparent astonishment that his adversary was not prone upon the earth, and we, the spectators, equally surprised. Immediately Marsteller began to sink slowly to the ground and Allen turned away bloody and limping in the direction of my perch. I reached him as he sat down upon a log near by. \* \* \* A single ball had passed through both thighs, high up. A single ball had struck Marsteller in the hip and he lay upon the ground, where he had stood." Allen was carried home. Marsteller soon recovered, arose and demanded that Allen be brought back as the desired another shot, saying: "I am not satisfied." He went to his room unaided, probed his wound, extracted the ball and never lost a day by it. This is what we now-a-days call "nerve." Peace was made between the two, but Marsteller always had a lingering desire for another shot, a circumstance that often threatened to cause a renewal of the difficulty.

Speaking of New Orleans, reminds me of the celebrated Howell and Henry duel that took place at the so-called Half Way. The various accounts of this affair contain so many conflicting details that I follow the one that strikes me as being most plausible. Joe Howell, a giant six feet six inches in his stocking feet, a brother-in-law of Mr. Jefferson Davis, had been with Walker in Nicaragua, and while there had had an altercation with a Major Henry, a wonderful character, a combination of Hudibras Cassanova and Knight of the Leopard. The recorded feats of his bravery put to the blush Leatherstocking and all his kind. The cause of the difficulty was never known. On the way out Howell's second gave his principal some good advice which the latter received with "Tut, tut, my boy; 'each your grandmother out to suck eggs." An immense concourse of people had preceded the adversaries to the field.

Both parties were noted for their bravery, coolness and determination, and both were armed with sears from head to foot. The duel was regarded as the Romans might have regarded the meeting of two half-finished Numidian lions. In the account before me the following story of the duel is given:

"Will you please give me your version of the cause of this difficulty?" Howell's second asked.

"It don't matter; we are here to fight," was the sharp answer from Henry's second.

"Well, but brave men don't fight like children, for nothing; we want to know what we are going to fight about; if we are wrong we may apologize, or vice versa."

"But if you are ignorant of the origin and cause of this difficulty, how can you point out a wrong?"

"Wait, we will see Major Henry." And off they went to the ditch where Henry sat leisurely resting. In less than three minutes the Nicaraguans were back. "Well," asked Howell's man.

"Well, Major Henry says if Joe Howell will apologize it's no fight."

"Apologize for what?" asked the other with some animation.

"Don't know and don't care," was the laconic reply.

"Then there is no possible way of arranging this matter amicably. Suppose both parties approach each other half way and shake hands without a word? Will you see Major Henry and tell him the proposition comes from our side?"

After some discussion they consented to this, but very reluctantly. This time the seconds remained fully ten minutes by the side of their principals. There was animated discussion and much gesticulation among them, but they returned and said: "Major Henry says Joe ought to apologize, and then they can shake hands."

"Then it means fight. Load your navy. We will do likewise. Ten paces; six barrels loaded; fire at will and adieu."

The line of fire was a narrow path, flanked on each side by a small ditch. Howell stood six feet seven inches in his boots, and contrary to advice, wore white pants and an alpaca coat, making him a dangerously conspicuous target. The command was given:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" Joe, who was facing the woods, answered firmly "Ready;" but kept his eye looking steadily along the barrel of his cocked pistol. Henry, in a nonchalant fashion, threw his head on one side, his pistol dangling at his arm, and in a lazy tone said "Ready!" The word was then given, "Fire!" Both raised simultaneously, fired and missed. Howell cocked with his right thumb and fired again before Henry was ready for his second shot. Howell's ball pierced Henry's left forearm, when Henry again fired and missed. Howell now came in with his third shot, striking Henry in the abdomen. To this Henry responded with a shot which threw up the dirt right at Howell's feet. The latter then advanced one step, and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. Seeing that Henry was done for, Howell's second rushed up and threw up Joe's pistol with his hand. The shot flew away up in the air, that certainly would then and there have killed Henry.

The other side having cried "stop," according to agreement in case of either party being badly wounded, uttered shrill cries of "Foul, foul!" and immediately whipped out their revolvers. Then followed a scene of confusion, and for a long time it looked as if a wholesale duel would follow; but the crowd interfered and prevented the fight. The wounded man was taken to the Half-way house, where he remained some weeks before he could be transported to the city.

Perhaps the most celebrated duel that was ever fought in the South was the Prentiss- Foote duel of duels. In 1833 those two were pitted against each other in a law suit, during the course of which Foote, who was a very vain, flung some taunt at Prentiss. The latter retorted with a blow that knocked Foote down. The latter then challenged Prentiss. But one shot was exchanged. Prentiss, who was an merriment marksman, expressed his intention before going upon the field of not firing at Foote. When the word was given Foote fired so quickly that Prentiss was disconcerted and pulled the trigger before he intended. Foote was hit in the shoulder, and here the matter was supposed to end. "But whispering tongues can poison truth," Prentiss, who was lame, had leaned upon his cane during the duel and there was some talk of his having used a rest. Such an imputation was wormwood to the proud spirit of Prentiss, and his restless imagination worked him into a fine frenzy over it. "I am," as good authority, that Foote himself had insinuated some kind of insult about the matter. Prentiss was eager to believe this and he did believe it. "I had no animosity against him when I fought, but the next time he shall not come off so lightly." The terms of a second meeting were soon arranged. The attempt to arrest the principals was anticipated. Prentiss and his friends hid themselves near the landing at Natchez in order to get the first shot. While here he accidentally stumbled upon a cocking main. Prentiss joined the spectators; the party were startled when two cocks were put down, one named Prentiss, the other Foote, in honor of the duelists. They were not a little chagrined when Foote killed Prentiss at the first flutter.

Prentiss and his party arrived on the grounds just in time and found not only Foote and his friends, but an immense crowd of people. Among the latter several small boys who had climbed a tree, somewhat to the rear of the post, in order to get a good view. As the principals were allotted their places Prentiss came limping to his with his cane, which he threw aside as soon as he took his position. Morgan noticed that he smiled bitterly as he did so. At the word Foote fired hastily, his ball striking the ground in front of Prentiss. The latter aimed steadily at Foote, who stood coolly and unflinching, his left arm pressed against his side, his right hand hanging down. As Prentiss pulled the trigger the cap exploded, but the pistol failed to go off. His second stepped up and put on another cap, and fired the bullet into a tree to prove the pistol was fairly loaded. It is said that the box of caps contained 100, every one of which afterwards, upon trial, went off. The pistols were reloaded. At the second shot Foote fell dangerously wounded. There is a tradition that after the first shot Prentiss advised the boys in the tree to come down, as Mr. Foote was shooting very wild that day.

A story about the capture or an exploit of an eagle will go the rounds of the press at any season. Why? The eagle is not a very remarkable bird in any way, not even remarkably scarce. But he wormed himself into the confidence of the founders of the Republic, and apparently their descendants have a superstitious regard for him as something that has come down to us from a former generation.—Buffalo Express.

## THE PETS OF THE PEOPLE.

### RETURN OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS BRIDE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

They are Greeted Upon Their Arrival at the Depot by a Large but Unostentatious Crowd—Mrs. Cleveland Delighted with Her Sojourn in the Mountains.

(Special to the News and Courier.)

WASHINGTON, June 8.—President Cleveland and his bride returned to the White House this evening, after their six days' sojourn at Deer Park. As it was generally understood that the President would arrive at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station at half-past 6 o'clock a large crowd was assembled at the station to greet the happy couple. The clock in the steeple of St. Aloysius' Church had just rung a quarter after 7 o'clock, when one of the small boys in the crowd at the depot shouted "Here she comes!" and a minute later the Presidential train glided in under the shed and stopped. An ample force of police was on hand to regulate the crowd, but their services were not called into requisition, for all present stood back a respectful distance and allowed a good wide space on the platform for the dusty and tired travelers. The train was made up of the same cars which took the party to Deer Park—first, the baggage car, followed by two parlor cars, "Baltimore" and "Delaware." As all of the window curtains in the "Baltimore" were pulled down, it was at first supposed that the Presidential party were in it, but while the eyes of the crowd were riveted on the "Baltimore," the President surprised them by stepping from the rear platform of the "Delaware." The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, a white maid and the colored steward, St. Clair. The President wore a silk hat which showed signs of having been brushed the wrong way in various places, probably the work of his wife, who has not yet mastered the art of creasing a plug hat; a black Prince Albert coat closely buttoned, dark trousers, turned-down collar and black necktie. The dust of several hours' travel in a railway had gathered upon his face, shoulders and hands, and exposure to the sun on the mountains gave his complexion a more ruddy hue than he had when he left the banquet hall at the Executive Mansion last Wednesday night. Mrs. Cleveland was attired in a traveling suit of gray, white and black mixed goods, a black straw hat trimmed with black velvet and a dove's wing set upon her head most gracefully, giving her an exceedingly stylish air. In her gloved hands she carried a bunch of daisies and ferns, and as she walked up the platform beside her husband she looked simply beautiful. Her face was also a trifle tanned by exposure to the sun. Mrs. Cleveland walked on the left side of her husband and did not appear the least disturbed by the presence of the large and motley crowd which peered into her face. On the contrary, she looked pleasantly and smiled a "I'm-the-happiest-girl-in-the-United-States" smile, as she gracefully walked from the depot without clutching at her husband's arm as many young brides would have done. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont walked behind, followed by St. Clair and the maid. There was no demonstration of any character, and the Presidential party entered the Executive carriage, driven by the veteran Hawkins, and quietly rolled away toward the White House. At the latter point a large crowd was also assembled. Mrs. Cleveland stepped from the carriage first and stood for an instant on the portico, looking up at the grand old mansion, her future home, with an earnest and thoughtful expression. The doors were thrown open and the President greeted the servants at the door familiarly as he and Mrs. Cleveland passed on into the house. Miss Cleveland, Mrs. Hoyt and the Rev. Dr. Cleveland, who were waiting, gave the tourists a cordial welcome home in the main corridor.

Before the Presidential train arrived there was some speculation as to where the train would stop to drop its passengers. A majority of persons thought the train would come directly into the station, as there seemed to be no further necessity for seclusion on the part of the President. However, about half-past 6 o'clock, while the platform at the depot swarmed with newspaper men, some of whom had just arrived from Deer Park, the President's carriage, the official carriage, and the steward's wagon drove up within one block of the depot, and then mysteriously filed around and drove off at a rapid gait in the direction of 1st and K streets, the point where the President and his bride embarked for Deer Park last Wednesday night. Many of the newspaper men followed in carriages, and upon arriving at the above point found a large crowd in waiting. The Presidential carriages pulled up and idly waited for about ten minutes. Suddenly the three Executive vehicles got under way again and drove back toward the depot, much to the disappointment of the residents of that neighborhood, who did not like the idea of being deprived of the glory of being the first to welcome the Presidential pair. Back to the depot went the carriage followed by the crowd, who ran along beside the carriage which Hawkins was driving, determined that if the President intended to ride home in his own carriage they should see him enter it. As the carriage containing the Presidential party drove rapidly from the depot to the White House, but few persons recognized the Executive team as it dashed along. Occasionally some one on the sidewalk or on a door step recognized Hawkins, and immediately informed his neighbor that the President's carriage was passing. At 15th and G streets, always a busy thoroughfare, the speed of the seal-browns slackened to prevent collision with passing vehicles, thus affording those on the sidewalk an opportunity to peep into the carriage and behold the President and his wife. The President and Mrs. Cleveland took a light lunch soon after their arrival home, and an hour or two was spent in talking to his brother and sister of the incidents of their stay at Deer Park. Both the President and Mrs. Cleveland said nothing had occurred to mar the pleasure of their trip, and Mrs. Cleveland remarked that she hoped to be able to repeat her visit to such a delightful place. Then Mr. M. Cleveland said shyly

## THE HERO OF THE SOUTH.

### A MONUMENT TO BE ERRECTED IN HONOR OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

Consolidation of the Two Monumental Associations, and all Working Harmoniously for the Speedy Erection of a Monument that Will be the Pride of the South.

(From the New York Herald.)

RICHMOND, Va., June 2.—Governor Fitzhugh Lee returned here a day or two ago from Cincinnati, where he had been attending the musical festival, very much pleased with his visit. He was called upon to-day by the Herald correspondent, and, agreeable to an old promise, gave him a brief but very important interview in regard to the erection of a monument in the city of Richmond to the memory of his illustrious uncle, General Robert E. Lee. The building of this monument has long been determined upon. As early as the year 1874 the Lee Monument Association was formed by ladies in this and other Southern States but principally in Virginia. A considerable amount of funds was raised by this association in the way of private subscriptions, and several Acts of the General Assembly of Virginia were passed to facilitate the action of the ladies, but no money has ever been appropriated by the State for the purpose. An Act was passed creating a State Lee Monument Association, distinct entirely from that of the ladies. The latter also went to work and raised a fund, creating at first some little jealousy on the part of the ladies' association. The latter, acting independently, advertised for models, which have been and still are on exhibition in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol building. A prize for the best model of General Lee was awarded to the artist and designer of one of these; but, as far as public sentiment regarding them can be ascertained, none of these models will be acceptable, though all of them, as before stated in the Herald, are meritorious, and some of them highly so.

In the meantime still another Act of the Legislature had been passed authorizing the two monument associations to consolidate should they ever feel inclined to do so. They would not, and did not consolidate. In this way the matter has gone along through years in a slipshod, go-as-you-please sort of way, and it was not until Governor Fitzhugh Lee had been elected Governor that the matter was taken in hand in a serious, business-like manner. I can now inform the readers of the Herald that the erection of a monument to General Lee has become a fixed fact, to be accomplished in the very near future; that ample funds will be forthcoming from time to time as they are needed to defray all expenses; that the monument will be grand in conception, characteristic in design and highly artistic in execution and finish, and that an artist whose fame is world-wide by reason of his grand achievement in Virginia already will probably be selected to design and execute the model for the monument.

But to return to the Governor, who, while speaking quite freely, did not allow himself to bubble out into enthusiastic expressions. He was deliberate in what he did say, and left unsaid much more, which he did not wish to say at present. "Governor, have you any objection to stating how you are getting along with the Lee monument for the benefit of the public through the columns of the Herald?"

"Oh, no," said the Governor, "I am happy to say we are making some progress toward erecting a monument to General Lee in this city. The different associations which had collected money for that purpose have now been consolidated and the whole subject is in charge of the board of managers which represent the consolidated associations."

"Who compose this board?"

"The new board is composed of the Governor, Col. Marve, first auditor of the State, and Col. Harmon, the State treasurer; also Miss Sarah N. Randolph, late president of the Ladies' Lee Monument Association; Miss Nichols, formerly of Richmond, now of Washington, D. C., and Col. Archer Anderson, of Richmond, Va."

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## ALL ABOUT CLOVER.

### The Many Different Varieties and Their Several Uses.

There are about 160 species of clover. Eight, at least, of these species belong to the Northern States, and there are several varieties in the South.

Of the clovers, the best known and the most valuable is Trifolium pratense, commonly known in this country as "red clover," although there are quite a number of varieties and species having red blossoms. Trifolium pratense is biennial, and as it is rather easily winter-killed, it is never safe to trust to it alone for either hay or pasture. The pasture should always contain a variety of grasses to provide a succession, and also that variety in the food of the animals which is essential to their thrift. Hence, while red clover occupies a prominent place in every properly constituted pasture, the other grasses in such a pasture will make necessary feed until the clover springs up from the seed. The winter-killing of clover in meadows is more keenly felt, as there is properly grown, if grown with other grasses at all, only with those very few in number—that mature at the same time that it does.

The value of common red clover as a pasture or meadow plant is so generally known that I need not consume space with it here. The albuminoid ratio of clover hay is 1.5-9. While the albuminoid ratio of milk is higher, the food for milk producing animals should have an albuminoid ratio of 1.5-3. Hence clover is a splendid food for milk giving animals. As a result, cows fed on clover, green or dry, give a large flow of milk, and the butter made from it is of exceptionally good quality, as nearly every reader must know. The albuminoid ratio of clover proclaims it to be a good food for all growing animals. I have found no food so really economical for hogs as clover pasture; and I attribute my exemption from swine plague for nearly twenty years, though it has often prevailed on adjacent farms, to my feeding my swine during the summer on clover pasture, with a judicious mixture of other grasses. I find that the cheapest pork is made by putting March pigs on pastures as soon as blue grass and orchard grass start, and keeping them on pasture as long as the second growth of blue grass continues, which is late in the fall. During the season of its growth red clover is the bulk of their food. When grass falls, they are brought up and rapidly fattened (but not on corn alone). The clover has built up a big frame of bone and muscle, and as it has kept the digestion of the animal vigorous, that frame is soon rounded out with fat. I would recommend this plan of feeding swine to all who can adopt it.

The value of red clover for green manuring is not often appreciated fully. The reader doubtless knows that of the gaseous elements of plant food, nitrogen is the only one whom we need concern ourselves about, and also, that to keep a liberal supply of it in an available form within reach of the plant is as important as it is difficult. Now no other plant has so great a power of taking up nitrogen from the atmosphere as clover. It gathers nitrogen from the air in comparatively very large quantities, and when the clover is plowed under this nitrogen is held in the soil for the succeeding crop. Again the roots of the clover plant penetrate to a depth of from four to five feet, and from this depth, reached by the roots of but few plants, the clover roots bring up mineral matter—plant food—which is put within the reach of even shallow feeding plants when the clover is plowed under.

Red clover is one of the most important crops for soiling, on account of its early cutting and the large amount of excellent green food it yields. Two varieties of clover seem to be especially adapted to the South: Japan clover is supposed to have been brought in tea boxes from Japan or China. It will scarcely grow, I believe, north of the 36th parallel. It does well on soils supposed to be exhausted by cultivation; endures the severest drought; its long tap root reaching moisture; is perennial, hence retains its foothold without reseedling; is much relished by stock for either pasture or hay, and is also excellent for plowing under.

Mexican clover, though considered a troublesome plant in cultivated fields in Florida, is very valuable as a green soiling plant. It grows rapidly and is very succulent. It is too watery to cure well into hay. It grows very luxuriantly, and on a soil too poor for the common red clover. It is a native of Mexico and South America.—John M. Stahl, in Planter and Stockman.

Mrs. Cleveland's Title.

A pretty story, if one could believe it, is told by the Paris correspondent of a Vienna paper. A short time ago a matinee of music was given by the Duchess Lamotte, and among the guests was the charming bride-elect of President Cleveland, then in Paris completing her trousseau. The young lady was the object of many marks of distinction, the high aristocracy surrounded her, and there was much talk of her position. One lady, the daughter-in-law of the Duchess de Persigny, confided with Miss Folsom because she would have no title as the wife of a Republican President. "All would be well, only you will have no title," said she; "you will only be called Mrs. Cleveland." "But that name is only for strangers," was the answer of the fair American; "the President has for intimacy conferred upon me a very particular title." Everybody looked on curiously, and, blushing deeply, Miss Folsom added: "He calls me—his darling—'a wife desire a better title.'" The hostess embraced her warmly, remarking, "You are right, and you appear to me as if you would keep the title to the end of your life."

A fire at Litchfield, Connecticut, which began at 1.30 Friday morning, destroyed the Court House, the Equiner printing office, the Mansion House Hotel, Cooly's Hotel and fifteen business houses. The loss is estimated at \$200,000. Well insured.

Justice Woods, in the United States Court at Atlanta, has rendered a decision which in effect is warning to the Georgia Railroad Commission that regulating freight rates beyond State limits would be interfering with inter-State commerce.

The Papal Consistory at Rome has nominated six more American Bishops.

It is charged that \$127,000 has been paid to less than twenty Conclaves of Chicago for street railway franchises.

The date for that has already been fixed upon, for we have named Saturday, the 23d of October next, as the day.