

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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SHE SMILED LAST.

She just tripped into the horse car
As we turned Main street,
She was trim and somewhat taking,
And I tendered her my seat.
There—on some heavy black gauze valving
I could see her black eyes shine,
As I looked in her face,
They were smiling up at mine.
How many times that human
Withstand glances half so sweet?
I can't say, I don't know,
Ere we reached North Clinton street.
Then I rose, it was my corner,
I went one way, she the other.
She raised her hand, I knew;
It was she—my wife's own mother!

A LETTER ON DUELING.

Written by General William Henry Harrison Many Years Ago.

Light in Which the Ninth President of the United States Viewed a Custom as High Favored in the Early American Army.

In a letter written to a friend many years ago, General William Henry Harrison, the ninth President of the United States, gave, as follows, his opinion regarding dueling:

"I believe that there were more duels in the Northern army between the years 1797 and 1800, inclusive, than ever took place in the same length of time, and among so small a body of men as constituted the commissioned officers of the army, either in America or any other country, at least in modern times. I became an officer in the first mentioned year, at so early an age that it is not wonderful that I implicitly adopted the opinions of the older officers, most of whom were veterans of the revolution, upon this as well as upon other subjects connected with my conduct and duty in the profession I had chosen. I believed, therefore, in common with the larger portion of the officers, that no brave man would decline a challenge, nor refrain from giving one, whenever he considered that his rights or feelings had been trespassed upon. I must confess, too, that I was not altogether free from the opinion that even honor might be acquired by a well-fought duel.

"Fortunately, however, before I was engaged in a duel, either as principal or second, which terminated fatally to any one, I became convinced that all my opinions on the subject were founded in error, and none of them more so than that which depicted the situation of the successful duelist as either honorable or desirable. A short experience in the army convinced me also that fighting a duel was not an undoubted test of true courage. I know instances of duels, and desperate duels, being fought by men who would not have been selected by officers who knew them, to lead a forlorn hope. On the contrary, I possessed the most positive testimony to prove that one of the bravest men would not be engaged in an affair of the kind under any circumstances.

"I present you with a reminiscence of my early military life. I introduce it not only to sustain my position, but from the respect I entertain for the memory of a gallant brother officer, long since called to receive in another world the reward for having preferred the praise of God to the praise of men.

"In the summer of the year 1793, Lieutenant Drake, of the infantry of the second sub-division, received a marked insult from another officer. As he manifested no disposition to call him to an account, some of those who wished him well, amongst whom I was one, spoke to him on the subject, expressing our fears that his reputation as an officer would greatly suffer if he permitted such an insult to pass unnoticed. The answer that he gave me was that he cared not what opinions the officers might form of him, he was determined to pursue his own course. That course was so novel in the army that I lost him, as I supposed it would, the respect of nearly all the officers. The ensuing summer, however, gave Mr. Drake an opportunity of vindicating, most triumphantly, his conduct and principles.

"He had been stationed in a small fortress, which had been ordered by General Wayne, and had been rendered remarkable by the defeat of General St. Clair's army, three days before. The garrison consisted of a single rifle company and thirty infantry, and of the latter Drake was the immediate commander. In the beginning of July, 1794, a detachment of the army, consisting of several hundred men, under the command of Major McMahon, were attacked early in the morning by upwards of three thousand Indians. The troops made a gallant resistance, but being turned on both flanks, and in danger of being surrounded, they retreated to the open ground around the fort.

"From this, too, they were soon dislodged by the overpowering force of the Indians. In the retreat many wounded men were in danger of being left, which fact being observed from the fort, the commanding Captain Gibson, directed his own Lieutenant to take the infantry (Drake's particular command) and a portion of the riflemen, and rally out to their relief. To this Drake objected, and claimed the right to command his own men, and, as a senior to the other Lieutenant, his right also to the whole command. 'Oh, very well, sir,' said the Captain: 'if such is your wish, take it.' 'It is my wish, sir, to do my duty, and it will endeavor to do it now, and at all times,' was the modest reply of Drake. He accordingly rallied out; skillfully interposed his detachment between the retreating troops and the enemy, opened upon them a hot fire, arrested their advance, and gave an opportunity to the wounded to effect their escape, and to the broken and retreating companies to reform, and again to face the enemy.

"Throughout the whole affair, Drake's activity, skill, and extraordinary self-possession, were conspicuous. The enemy, of course, observed it as well as his friends. The numerous shots directed at him, however, like the arrows of Toner, were turned aside by Providential interference, until he had accomplished all that had been sent to perform. He then received a ball through his body,

POETICAL HOG-WASH.

Mr. McSwat Proves a Great Success as a Literary Critic.

Arrayed in a dressing-gown of Mrs. McSwat's manufacture, a garment ornamented with green hares grazing on a field of tomato-colored sand, presiding over a group of violet and crimson spots fitting about in a rich vandyke-brown atmosphere, and an enormous sky-terrier of pale lemon tint barking at an old moon, Mr. Billiger McSwat sat in his easy chair and looked over the columns of the Weekly Thunderbolt.

"Fish!"
"Something displeasing had met the eye of Mr. McSwat."
"Rubbish!"
"What is it, Billiger?" asked his wife.
"What outrageous rot for a literary paper to publish!" he exclaimed. "Here is a long string of the worst doggerel I ever saw. Listen to this, Lobelia."
And he read the following:
"When earking cares oppress the mind,
And life seems sad and drear,
One comfort we can always find
Our aching hearts to cheer?"

Mrs. McSwat seemed confused. She turned her head away and spoke in a strained voice:
"Why, Billiger, I don't see anything so very—"
"That's it!" he broke in, contemptuously. "There isn't any thing in it. Li-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum, Li-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum. It's nothing but the machine variety of verse. I can take a coffee-mill and grind out a thundering sight better quality of poetry any day."

"When the portals of that home
Where love is ever enshrined,
No tribulations ever come
That—"
"Don't they?" snorted Mr. McSwat, fiercely.
"What does the goggle-eyed idiot that wrote that stuff know about the tribulations of life or any thing else? I wonder how much he paid to get it published—or how much she paid. I'll bet a thousand dollars to a cent some cork-headed woman wrote it. Listen to this:
"Life is a wilderness whose bounds,
Unutterably vast,
Comprise us in their narrow rounds,
Our joys and woes seem mixed."

"Of all the poetical hog-wash I ever saw," ejaculated Mr. McSwat, in a high-pitched tone of withering contempt and indignation, "this is absolutely the worst. And there isn't an original idea in it. I've seen it all before somewhere. What gibbering fool ever—Lobelia, what makes you look so strange? It is possible you—but you never wrote such villainous stuff as this, Lobelia!"
"It is so very bad, Billiger?" faltered Mrs. McSwat, with face still averted.
"Bad?" he roared. "It's abominable! It's the sublimity of idiocy! Our joys and woes seem mixed. Horrible! It's enough to make a cyclone drive Francis Murphy to drink! You—yourself never wrote it, Lobelia!"
"No, Billiger," replied Mrs. McSwat, in a low, pained voice. "I didn't write it, but I sent it to the editor of the Thunderbolt. I thought it would sound familiar, but I expected it to be a pleasant surprise."
"What do you mean, Lobelia?"
"I found it among some of your old papers, Billiger. You wrote it yourself for a school exhibition about fifteen years ago."

When Mr. McSwat started up by way of the back alley a few minutes later his clothes had a curious feeling of being about four sizes too large for him.—Chicago Tribune.

A MARTYR TO FAITH.

It Was Only a Dog, But He Was Much Better Than His Master.

"I have never let any of my dogs retrieve birds since an experience I had with a cruel sportsman over on the Delaware river one day last fall," said a Scranton bird-shooter the other day.
"The man owned a splendid pointer that knew a great deal more about some things than his master did, and we were both shooting quails over him along the banks of the river. He was harsh with the dog, and the poor creature was often compelled to do what he knew to be senseless things, just because he felt certain that he would be licked like the mischief if he didn't obey. Each side of the river was frozen over out to the main channel, where there was a strip about a foot wide that was covered with ice. One of the quail that I shot started to fly across the river, and I dropped dead on the thin ice within a few inches of the open channel. My companion ordered the pointer to go and get it, and the obedient dog dashed out upon the ice until it got within a couple of yards or so of the dead bird, when he halted, for the ice had begun to crack under him. Then he looked back at his master and wagged his tail, as his actions told us plain as words that he knew it would be dangerous for him to proceed any further. I begged the man to call the dog back and let the minks have the quail, but he wouldn't listen to me. Again he ordered the dog to fetch the quail in, and again the dog made an effort to reach it, but the ice cracked and he turned about, whined piteously, and in every way that he knew how begged his master to let more about some things than his master did, and we were both shooting quails over him along the banks of the river. He was harsh with the dog, and the poor creature was often compelled to do what he knew to be senseless things, just because he felt certain that he would be licked like the mischief if he didn't obey. Each side of the river was frozen over out to the main channel, where there was a strip about a foot wide that was covered with ice. 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