TO ....

BY E. T.

Of the gay and happy circle,
Wont to meet in years gone by,
None remain true to their pledges,
Old friend, but you and I

Some are honored now and mighty,
Wielding both the sword and pen,
With the glorious gift of genius
Ruling o'er the hearts of men.

Some, content to tread life's pathway
Calmly, quietly along,
Seeking not the fulsome homage
Of the world's deceitful throng.

Over others, earth's deep sorrows,
Like the dread simoon, have passed,
Leaving naught but desolation—
Dreams of joys that could not last.

Some, within the quiet churchyard,
Sweetly sleep beneath the sod,
Heeding not earth's cares and tumults,
For their spirits rest with God.

So, of that once happy circle,
We alone are left to tell
Of the joys which have departed,
And the friends who loved so well.

A POSTHUMOUS "BILLY-DO."—The following letter, never before published, was written to a menagerie agent in reply to an invitation to visit the exhibition which was to pitch its tent within a few miles of the humorist's home. To understand an allusion in the letter it should be explained that the agent had jokingly applied for the situation of doorkeeper of Artemus proposed Mormon entertainment, offering to fulfill the duties of the position for nothing, and divide with Artemus on what he made by "knocking down" at the door:

"WATERFORD, OXFORD COUNTY, ME., August 9, 1864.—Dear B—I was very glad to hear from you; but why the d--l, being so near me, didn't you come and see me? You would have been welcome to Elsinore.

"I have finished my new book, and go to New York shortly to start my new pictorial entertainment of the Mormons and things. I hope it will be ago I hope to run a few months in the metropolis, but if I can't more than two weeks, it is to be nevertheless a success elsewhere. The whole country (except that portion held by our misguided Southern brethren) is before me. Your terms are quite reasonable. Heretofore my door keepers haven't give me any of the receipts. I will call at Sweeney's and see you.

"I am only a sweet child of nature. True, my schooling has been extensive. I have read 'Virgil' and the life of Professor Longworthy, but I am still a simple woodland gusher.

"I saw F—in Portland. He was very well, indeed, and happy with Slaymaker's Circus. A circus-rider is the noblest work of God.

"Send me another Billy-do. I am very busy, and am writing this stupidly; but I am delighted to hear from you, and hope to press your horny hand ere long in York. Thanks for the tickets. This act of kindness, so nobly conceived and delicately consummated, assures me that all is not base and sordid in this world, and that the human heart, when connected with a menagerie, is capable of lofty impulses. Yours truly,

A. WARD."

MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE.—At Windsor castle considerable progress has been made with the preparations for the approaching nuptials of the Princess Louise and the Marquis Lorne. The Albert Memorial Chapel at the eastern end of St. George's chapel, and which was once known as Cardinal Wolsey's chapel, is being prepared for the ceremony by the employes of the board of works. The interior walls of Albert Memorial chapel are decorated with Baron Triquett's beautiful marble pictures, the Salviati mosairs, and other unique and costly adornments. For the purposes of the royal wedding the inside of the building will be transformed into tastefully fitted up assembling and retiring rooms The stone pavement is being covered with a boarded flooring. The Albert Memorial chapel is only separated from the east end of St. George's chapel by the covered entrance to the cloisters inhabited by the Dean and Canons of Windsor, and the marriage procession would thus have to proceed but a short distance—in fact, only a few yards—to reach the rails in front of the altar. With the view of affording proper accommodations for the numerous and distinguished persons who may have the honor of being invited to attend the marriage, the exact number of sittings in the choir has been ascertained by the court officials. The marriage is expected to be celebrated about the beginning of March.—[Exchange.

ILLITERACY IN THE UNITED STATES.—The increase in the number of adult persons in the United States who can neither read nor write, is attracting much attention at present, and furnishes a powerful argument to the advocates of the policy of making at least primary education compulsory. Thus, in 1840, the number of adult whites who could neither read nor write, amounted to 549,850, and the same class in 1850 had increased to 962,808, and in 1860 to 1,126, 575. As the census returns for 1870 have not yet been completed, it is impossible to ascertain the exact number of illiterate persons at present in the United States, but it is estimated that, to the 1,126,575 illiterate white adults of 1860 must be added 91,736 colored adults and 1,655,800 adult freedmen, so that the number of persons in this country who can neither read nor write must exceed 2,874,111, and be very nearly three millions. It is argued that republican institutions depend entirely for their support upon the intelligence of the masses and upon the strict performance of their public duties by the voters, and that the rights and liberties of the people have no secure protection when the poor and ignorant are controlled by corrupt and ambitious politicians. The education of the illiterate, it is therefore contended, is the only method to be adopted to secure the permanency of the United States.

☞ It is a singular but no less true remark in a late work, that Jefferson was born just 8 years after his predecessors Adams; Madison 8 years after Jefferson, and John Quincy Adams 8 years after Monroe. Another curious fact to be observed is that Adams was just 65 years old when he retired; Jefferson was 66; Madison was 66, and John Quincy Adams, had he been elected a second term, would have been 66. Adams, Jefferson and Monroe, all died on July 4th.

THE JACKSON-DICKINSON DUEL.

THE STRANGEST RECONTRE ON RECORD.

GRAPHIC AND MINUTE ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR.

The love of Andrew Jackson for Rachel Robards cost Charles Dickinson his life. The love was not the least remarkable feature of one of the most remarkable characters that has ever figured in American annals; and it lent a hue of almost romantic tenderness, and more than chivalric devotion, to the career of a man whose impress upon the nation is yet broad and deep, and who, perhaps, as much as any other, has infused his own individuality into its politics, and by the force of his single will consolidated the power and influence of the Republic, and shaped its destinies. A strange, wonderful love, which began in early manhood, and continued unchanged and unchangeable through joy and sorrow, sickness and health, adversity and prosperity, trial and triumph, obscurity and fame, until death.

Never for a single moment, or in the smallest possible degree, did Jackson swerve in his allegiance to the bride of his youth; and whether in the humble log cabin on the banks of Bayou Pierre, where the honeymoon was passed, or in those gilded saloons where the most brilliant beauties o' the land thronged around the hero of New Orleans, and vied with each other for the honor of a Presidential smile—he was the same ardent enthusiastic admirer, the same fond, idolatrous husband. To him this woman in girlhood and in old age was the queen of his soul, and the only human being on the face of the earth whose faintest wish was to him supreme law. A look from her would check the fiercest torrent of passion; a smile was his richest reward; life lost all its charms when she had vanished from the scene, and he said upon his death bed, to a friend, who leaned over to catch the gasping whisper—"Heaven will be no heaven to me unless I meet my wife there." From the day of his great bereavement he wore next to his heart a large miniature of the departed one, and a companion who traveled with him during his Presidency relates that on a certain occasion, when he was obliged to visit the General's room late at night, he found him sitting at the table with this miniature lying before him, reading his wife's Bible with streaming eyes. He sleeps to-day beside her at the Hermitage, amid those scenes consecrated by their mutual love, and where the hours seemed ages when death had stolen her away. Benton's tribute to Mrs. Jackson must be reproduced here:

* * * * * *

"The Roman General won immortality by one act of continence. What praise is due to Jackson, whose life was continent? Nothing could exceed his kindness and affection to his wife, always increasing in proportion as his elevation and culminating influence drew cruel attacks upon her. I knew her well, and that a more exemplary woman in all the relations of life—wife, friend, neighbor, relation, mistress of slaves—never lived, and never presented a more quiet, cheerful and admirable management of her household. She had not education, but she had a heart, and a good one; and that was always leading her to do kind things in the kindest manner. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners and hospitable temper; and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made home more attractive to visitors. She had the faculty—a rare one—of retaining names and titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropriately, and dispensing hospitality to all with a cordiality which enhanced its value.—No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention any more than the titled gentleman to her right and left. Young persons were her delight—she always had her house filled with them—clever young women and clever young men—all calling her affectionately, 'Aunt Rachel.' I was young then, and was one of that number. I owe it to early recollections and to cherished convictions—in this last notice of the Hermitage—to bear this faithful testimony to the memory of its long mistress, the loved and honored wife of a great man. Her greatest eulogy is the affection which he bore her living, and in the sorrow with which he mourned her dead."

Colonel Benton alludes to the attacks made upon Mrs. Jackson's character, and as these attacks were the primal cause of the tragedy we are about to relate, it is necessary to give the origin of them brief notice. Mrs. Jackson was a Miss Donelson, and her first husband was one Lewis Robards. They did not live happily together, and the fault is ascribed by those who knew them intimately at the time, to the ungovernable temper of Robards. The couple separated sometime in the year 1788, but through the interposition of friends, were temporarily reunited a few months later. Jackson, and his life-time associate, Judge John Overton, were boarders in the family, and the former manifested great sympathy for a woman whom he deemed sadly misused; but this sympathy never carried him beyond the bounds of the strictest decorum. In the winter or spring of 1791, Mrs. Robards finally resolved to leave her husband entirely, and take up her residence with some relatives then living in the vicinity of Natchez. The voyage had to be made in a flat-boat, and Colonel Stark, a venerable and highly esteemed old gentleman, who was to accompany the lady on the journey, was unwilling to risk alone the perils of the hostile Indians infesting the banks of the river, and after much persuasion induced Jackson to join the party. He went to Natchez accordingly, returning immediately, and resumed his law practice at Nashville. Meanwhile Robards, anxious to rid himself of an uncongenial companion, procured a divorce from the Virginia Legislature; but this divorce was, by a provision of the statute, left inoperative and void until such time as the Courts should examine into the matter and render a decree. This provision, it seems, was known to but very few, so scanty was the stock of legal knowledge in those days; and Jackson and Mrs. Robards, believing the legislative enactment had consummated the divorce, were married in the fall of 1791. Two years afterward, Robards commenced a suit for divorce in the Mercer County, Kentucky, Court, and alleged as a cause the fact that his wife was then, and had been for some time previous, living with Jackson. The announcement of this suit and its termination was the first intimation which the pair received that their union was illegal. Nothing could then be done except to put an end to any future doubts by repeating the marriage ceremony, which was performed for the second time in January, 1794. This innocent error would have been forgotten entirely had Andrew Jackson remained a poor, unknown backwards politician; but as he advanced from one position to another, became the military idol of the country, the chosen chief of a great and victorious party, his enemies seized upon the story, manufactured from it a tissue of vilest falsehood, and used it to blacken the name of a spotless woman, and injure the character of a man who, in this respect at least, was the incarnation of virtue.

These slanders, it is thought, hastened the death of Mrs. Jackson; and they certainly roused all the devil in her husband's nature. He could and would forgive all else when the heat of passion had passed away, but this was an unpardonable sin—one which nothing but the blood of the transgressor could wipe out. Andrew Jackson killed Charles Dickinson, and meant to kill him, and never repented of killing him, because Dickinson had, on more than one occasion, dared to belie her whom Jackson loved better than he did his own soul.

But this was not the apparent cause of the duel, and the disagreement which led the way to the fatal meeting originated in a horse-race that was never run. In 1805 Jackson was the owner of the celebrated horse Truxton, and in the autumn of that year a match was made between the General's famous stallion and Captain Joseph Ervin's Plow Boy. The stakes were $2000, payable on the day of the race in notes, which notes were to be then due. The forfeit was fixed at $800.—Before the appointed day the owner of Plow Boy concluded to withdraw from the contest, and did so, paying the stipulated forfeit; and here it was supposed the matter would end. But about this time Dickinson, the son-in-law of Captain Ervin, and a young lawyer of considerable prominence and popularity, was reported to have made some ungentlemanly remarks concerning Mrs. Jackson, which reached the ears of her husband. He immediately called upon Dickinson and demanded an explanation. The latter stated that if he had ever been guilty of the charge imputed to him, he must have been intoxicated; and this apology, together with other assurances, seemed to entirely satisfy Jackson, who, with all his fiery temper, was never mean or malicious in his wrath. Soon after this it is said that Dickinson repeated his previous language in the bar-room of a tavern in Nashville. Some busy tale-bearer conveyed the news to Jackson, who then went to Captain Ervin and urged him to dissuade his son-in-law from the course he was pursuing, and by all means to induce him to abandon liquor, or guard his tongue after drinking it. "I want no quarrel with him," said Jackson; "he is used by my enemies in Nashville who are setting him on to pick a quarrel with me. Advise him to stop in time."—But Dickinson did not "stop in time," and the animosity between the two men grew stronger, and each waited impatiently for an excuse to vent it in something more desperate than words. The excuse came through the medium of the exploded horse-race. Some controversy had sprung up in relation to the notes turned over for the forfeit money; Jackson was accused of having said that they were not the same as those agreed upon when the match was made. He denied the report with characteristic emphasis, and forthwith received a message from Mr. Thomas Swann, a friend of Captain Ervin and Mr. Dickinson, requesting a recantation of the expressions used, and intimating that if this was not promptly given he must take the consequences. Jackson saw through what he believed to be the plot of the Dickinson clique, and in his reply to Swann used the following language:

"There are certain traits that always accompany the gentleman and the man of truth. The moment he hears harsh expressions applied to a friend, he will immediately communicate it, that explanation may take place; *when the base poltroon and cowardly tale-bearer will always act in the background.* You can apply the latter to Mr. Dickinson, and see which best fits him. I write it for his eye, and the latter I emphatically intend for him."

Swann challenged Jackson, and the latter—as he had previously announced his intention of doing—declined the challenge and caned the challenger in the public room of the Nashville hotel. But the letter, from which we have given an extract, was of course shown to Dickinson, who responded promptly in a sharp epistle, ending thus:

"As to the word *coward*, I think it is as applicable to yourself as to any body I know, and shall be very glad, when an opportunity serves, to know in what manner you give your 'anodyes,' and hope you will take in payment one of my most moderate cathartics."

By the time this belligerent message had reached Jackson the author was on his way down the river to New Orleans, and the story says that although Dickinson was then considered the best shot in Tennessee, he spent his leisure time during the long trip in practicing with the pistol. Meanwhile Jackson engaged in a long newspaper controversy with Mr. Swann, in the course of which he did not hesitate to reiterate his opinions concerning Dickinson. The latter was absent from Tennessee four months, and immediately upon his return prepared an article for the press in response to Jackson's reflections. Before the article appeared General Thomas Overton, a warm personal friend of Jackson, heard of it, and conveyed the information to the individual most interested. Jackson requested Overton to go at once to the newspaper office, read Dickinson's manifesto, and tell him the purport thereof. Overton did as desired, and reported as follows: "It is a piece that can't be passed over.—General Jackson, you must challenge him." To which the other replied: "General, this is an affair of life and death. I'll take the responsibility myself. I'll see the piece and form my own judgment of it." Mounting his horse he rode twelve miles to Nashville, saw the article, and made up his mind at once. Indeed, there was no alternative left but an ignominious retreat or fight—for Dickinson had used the following very plain English:

"Should Andrew Jackson have intended to apply these epithets to me, I declare him, notwithstanding he is a Major General of militia of Mere District, to be a worthless scoundrel, a poltroon and coward."

In an hour Jackson had written and sent, by the hand of General Overton, a peremptory challenge, and before the day ended, Dickinson's note of acceptance was received, and the seconds began the necessary preliminaries; General Overton acting for Jackson and Dr. Hanson Catlet for Dickinson.—These preliminaries are worth reproducing as a souvenir of the times when the code of honor was a recognized and respected feature of American society:

"On Friday, May 30, 1806, we agree to meet at Harrison's Mills, on Red River, in Logan County, State of Kentucky; and it is understood that the hour of meeting is to be at seven o'clock in the morning. It is agreed that the distance shall be twenty-four feet; the parties to stand facing each other with their pistols down perpendicularly.—When they are ready, the single word fire is to be given, at which they are to fire as soon as they please. Should either fire before the word is given, we pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly. The person to give the word to be determined by lot; also, the choice of positions. We mutually agree that the above regulations shall be observed in the affair of honor depending between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esq."

The place of combat was a long day's ride from Nashville, and the duelists were consequently obliged to start twenty-four hours previous.—Dickinson, besides his second, was accompanied on the fatal journey by a number of gay companions, who went to see the meeting, and appeared to have cherished the utmost confidence in the prowess of their friend. Tradition states that whenever the party stopped for refreshments Dickinson displayed his skill with his weapon by shooting at a mark, and so wonderfully accurate was his aim that at the word of command he put four balls into a space covered by a dollar twenty feet distant. At the same distance he repeatedly cut a small string suspended from a bough, and then left it behind, with instructions to the tavern-keeper to show it to General Jackson if he came that way. It is also said that he bet five hundred dollars he would hit his enemy within a half inch of a certain button on his coat. But whether these stories are true or false, we know that Jackson and Overton were employing themselves as they rode along much more sensibly. Both were conscious that it was indeed to be a life-and-death affair, and they studied the situation accordingly. Their deliberations resulted in Jackson's determination to let Dickinson have the first fire, and to take his chances for the second. He left perfectly confident that Dickinson would hit him, and equally confident that he would hit Dickinson. "I should have hit him," said this iron man long afterward, "if he had shot me through the brain." The two parties passed the night at different cabins on the bank of the river, and Jackson is reported to have eaten a hearty supper, smoked his usual pipe, and indulged in cheerful conversation previous to retiring.—Next morning before breakfast Jackson and his friends were in the saddle, and fording the shallow stream, proceeded to the appointed spot, a level piece of river bottom in the bosom of a forest of poplar trees. Dickinson was equally prompt, and after exchanging the usual salutations, business went forward at once. The ground was measured, pegs driven, the men placed, the pistols loaded, and all was ready but the word. The giving of this had been won by Overton, and he shouted it out with the strong, old country accent: "Fire!" Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired on the instant. The dust flew from the breast of the loose-fitting frock which Jackson wore, and he was seen to place his left arm with a tight grip across the chest; but he neither staggered nor turned pale. Dickinson, amazed at the sight of his foe still erect and apparently untouched, fell back from the peg a pace or two, and exclaimed: "Great God! have I missed him?" "Back to the mark, sir!" said Overton, with his hand on his pistol. Dickinson resumed his place at once, and stood firmly waiting the result. Jackson raised his weapon, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. It stopped at half cock. He cocked again, again aimed as deliberately as before and this time the ringing crack followed, and Dickinson, reeling toward the ground, was caught by his friends and supported against a clump of under-brush. His lower garments reddened with blood, and a brief examination showed that the ball had passed directly through the body below the hips, and lodged under the skin on the opposite side from the point of entrance. Such a wound could have but one termination, and Dickinson, after suffering terribly all day, died at nine o'clock the same evening. As Jackson and his companions walked away from the spot the surgeon noticed the blood oozing from his shoes. "My God, General Jackson, are you hit?" he exclaimed. "Oh! I believe that he has pricked me a little. Let's look as it. But say nothing about it *there*," pointing to the house they were then approaching.

Why he was so particular to conceal his wound from outsiders is explained by a friend, to whom Jackson afterward said: "I did not want him (Dickinson) to have even the gratification of knowing that he had touched me." Drinking a deep draught of buttermilk, he had his wound dressed, and was able to ride home without much difficulty; but three months elapsed before he could move about comfortably, and the indirect consequences of the injury filled it is closing years with pain, and at last laid him in his grave. The dueling pistols used on the occasion Jackson never parted with; and in his last days a friend calling upon him, took up one of the pair which lay on the mantel. The old man remarked quietly, "That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson." So Aaron Burr would now and then say with a smile: "My friend Hamilton, whom I shot."

MARRIED:—At Ashbourne, the residence of the bride's mother, on Tuesday, February 21st, 1871, Miss CORA LUCKETT, daughter of the late Dr. Levin Luckett, to JAMES HICKMAN, all of this Parish. No cards.

☞ New Orleans papers please copy.

DIED—Of pneumonia, on February 23d, 1871, at the City Hotel, in New Orleans, Mrs. REBECCA LEONARD, wife of Gervais Baillio, aged 53 years and 3 months. Her remains were buried at the Pineville Cemetery on last Sunday, the 26th inst.

☞ Avoyelles Register will please copy.

THE WORLD!
FOR
1871.

THE YEAR 1871 BIDS FAIR TO BE one of the most important and fruitful in our political history. In it will be shaped the great issues on which the Presidential election of 1872 must turn. It will be an era of new political energy in the South, which, for the first time in twelve years, comes unfettered into a national canvass; and an era of confidence hope to the Democratic party everywhere. The superannuated issues on which the Radical party have stood are passing out of politics, and the blundering imbecility and prodigate extravagance of General Grant's administration need only to be faithfully exposed to turn the tide of public feeling strongly against it. In this, the great work of the coming year, The World will act no secondary part. Its location in the great focus of national commerce and intelligence, the freshness and abundance of its news, and its recognized position as the leading organ of the Democratic party, lay upon it a mission and apostleship which it will discharge with unflinching boldness, vigor, fidelity, and zeal. It will be in constant counsel and communion with the tried leaders and sagacious statesmen of the party in all the States of the Union, cordially co-operating with them, and they with it, in building up the party in order and unity; healing differences, infusing confidence, inviting and encouraging new proselytes, and leading on the party as a bold and unbroken phalanx to the great triumph which awaits it in 1872

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