

Early Duels and Duellists—Graham and Walker—Woodlief and Kewen—Some Exciting Episodes.

I believe that the first duel on the coast was between a chap from New York, who had been a midshipman in the navy, and a Southerner. It took place in the old presidio or cemetery, among the grass-grown graves. No one was killed, but blood was drawn. The feeling was intense between men from the two sections, the Southerners treating the Yankees with contempt, and the Yankees resenting it with spirit. The Southerners imagined that the Yankees would not fight, but they were opposed to the code, they did not propose to be bullied, so it came about that nearly every personal difficulty was settled in that manner. The first duel that I was concerned in was between a young man from Philadelphia, named

GRAHAM, AND GEN. WALKER, afterward of Nicaragua fame. It grew out of a violent attack on the County Court, of which Judge Morrison was the head, in the San Francisco Herald by Walker, who was one of the editors. Young Graham was a protégé of Judge Morrison, and without consulting him he wrote a very denunciatory letter to Walker which ended in a challenge. Graham had the choice of weapons, and he chose revolvers, at eight paces, at the word to advance and fire until either or both of these parties were killed. At that time I was stationed at Sacramento, and one evening I received a letter from Graham begging me for God's sake to come down on the first boat, that he was in trouble and wanted me at once. I got ready as quickly as possible and caught the evening boat, wondering what sort of a scrape Graham had got himself into, never dreaming of a duel. I arrived at San Francisco late at night and went at once to Graham's room, where I found him in consultation with his friends. I was there informed of what had occurred, and the pleasant news was imparted to me that I had been chosen his fighting second. Here was a row between two men, with neither of whom I had more than a slight acquaintance, and in whom I had no particular interest. The terms were unusually sanguinary, and the affair would probably end in the death of one or both. Under the code, if one of the principals showed the white feather his second was obliged to take his place and fight it out. It was a situation that I did not relish in the least. I knew that Walker was

A REGULAR FIRE EATER and would fight to the death, but Graham was not exactly sure of his terms. He was bloody enough, but he had never been tried, and if the thing went on he might weaken and I have to take it up. I labored with him to obtain some modification of his terms. I told him that they were so sanguinary that Walker would be justified in declining them. We sat up all night, and tried our best to bring about a peaceable adjustment, but it was of no use. The fight was to come off at 9 o'clock in the morning, and, finding no escape, I was obliged to make the best of it. We had our breakfast and took a carriage for the dueling ground. On the way Graham told me that he was a dead shot, and that he intended to kill Walker on the first fire. I halted the carriage, and told him that I would not go a step further if that was his purpose. If he were the expert marksman that he claimed to be it would be little less than murder, and I proposed to wash my hands of the affair unless he would promise to ring his man instead of killing him. At last he agreed to it, and we went ahead. On the ground we found Walker and his second, who was Capt. Folsom of the army. I tried to effect an adjustment of the difficulty, but without success. I had taken the precaution to dress my man in black from head to foot, without a particle of white anywhere visible. Walker was in a blue swallow-tailed coat, with buff vest and black pants. His coat was buttoned, and below the breast the light line of his vest could be seen. The impending fight was known to the whole of San Francisco, and as it was Sunday, not less than 5,000 people were on the ground to witness the sport. Among the most interested spectators was Alexander Wells, then Chief Justice of California. The ground was measured, pegs driven, and I won the word. The men were placed in position and the signal given. "Gentlemen, are you ready? Fire! one, two, three, halt!" At the word both wheeled and fired. Walker stood still, but Graham advanced one pace and both fired again. After this I called a halt and tried to bring about a compromise, but was not successful. Walker had his blood up and proposed to kill or be killed then and there. I went to Graham and told him that all parleying was at an end; that Walker proposed to kill him if he could, and that I absolved him from the promise made in the carriage, as he must fight for his life. I remember how excited the Chief Justice became as he rushed up and down the line, swinging his arms and crying, "Keep out of the line of fire, gentlemen! keep out of the line of fire." At last the word was given, both pistols cracked, and Walker came around on his heel and fell into Wilson's arms. They tore open his clothing and found the ball had entered the body just where the white line of the vest showed below the

coat. It was supposed of course that it had passed through the bowels, as it came out on the opposite side, but it was afterwards ascertained, upon a careful examination, that by a most fortunate accident it had glanced and run around the lining of the abdomen, just under the skin, so that the wound was in reality but slight. Both were satisfied and became warm friends. Graham accompanied Walker on his Nicaragua expedition and was killed there. The

MANIA FOR DUELLING. Became general. There was a recklessness of human life and a savagery born of this bringing together of adventurous spirits from all parts of the world, something like the old gladiatorial days of Rome. The greed for gold, the absence of womanly influence, the open defiance of the law, and the lack of a healthy public sentiment, without which the law cannot be enforced, brought about a state of things heretofore unparalleled in this country. Hostile correspondence was often carried on in the newspapers, and when a meeting was determined upon the entire town was on the qui vive. It was made a sort of holiday, the people turned out en masse as they do in Spain to see a bull fight, and the amusement was not considered entirely satisfactory unless one or both of the parties were slain.

The next duel I recall was fought between Col. Woodlief, a noted Texan duelist, who was reported to have killed several men, and a young man from St. Louis named Achilles Kewen, who went out with John Tracy or this city. The difficulty which caused the meeting was an unimportant affair—a dispute of some kind in a restaurant. Both had been drinking wine, and Woodlief made use of some offensive language to Kewen, and he drew his glove under the fiery Texan's nose, and the next morning he received a challenge. An impression prevailed that Kewen would not fight, but he accepted the challenge and selected rifles at seventy yards. Dr. Wake Briarly, formerly of the army, and John Tracy were Kewen's friends. The fight took place at Contra Costa, across the bay. I knew both parties. Woodlief had been with us in Mexico. The cause of the difficulty seemed so trivial that I tried my best to bring about an amicable settlement, but it was of no use. Kewen was ready to apologize, but the Texan claimed that thrusting a glove under his nose was the same as a blow, for which no apology could be accepted. The news of the affair was soon known throughout the city, and the relative qualities of the men were freely discussed. When the time came there must have been from fifteen to 20,000 people on the ground. Every available steamer was pressed into service, and with bands playing and colors flying all headed for the fighting ground. Of course the gambling fraternity were out in full force, and the betting was largely in favor of the Texan, and some were willing to wager that Kewen would not come to the scratch. When all the parties were on the ground the Sheriff of the county and a posse made their appearance to arrest the principals and their seconds, but the crowd interfered and gave him to understand that they had come to see a fight and they did not propose to have it interfered with, law or no law, and if Mr. Sheriff wished to save himself trouble he had better make no attempts at arrests. He saw that he was powerless against such a mob, and quietly joined the crowd as a spectator. So confident was Woodlief of killing his man that his wife accompanied him in a carriage, intending to bear her husband back in triumph. Kewen was kept in a close carriage, and the entire assembly was anxious to see how he would carry himself. There was some delay in

ARRANGING THE PRELIMINARIES, and the impression was whispered about that the St. Louis boy was going to show the white feather. Finally, everything was in readiness, the ground was measured, the pegs driven, and Kewen sprang from his carriage and took his place, looking with the utmost sang froid upon the assembled thousands. The moment Woodlief saw the face of his antagonist, the expression of his own changed. He saw that at last he had a foeman worthy of him. Whatever hopes he may have built on the youth, inexperience and lack of nerve of his enemy vanished when the time of trial came. The weapons were placed in their hands. Kewen turned upon his opponent a steady gaze, and at the word both rifles cracked. The Texan's ball grazed the hair of Kewen's head just above the ear, while Woodlief leaped into the air and fell to the ground a corpse, shot through the heart. From that hour Kewen was a hero, and singularly enough, he, too, became intimate with Walker, accompanied him on his filibustering expedition into Nicaragua and perished there with the others.

You see, duels became so common, and the demands upon the army and navy surgeons, Drs. Hitchcock and Hastings, were so frequent that in self-protection they made it a rule to attend no duelist in such an affair unless a retainer fee of \$500 was paid in advance. This made upper tendom a little careful about sending and accepting challenges.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

No liquor can easily be obtained in the Indian Territory, and on a saloon standing on the Texas side of the dividing line there is said to be a sign which reads on one side "Last Chance," and on the other "First Chance,"—reminding the travelers going either way of the consequences of neglected opportunity.

BORROWED WIT. The best place to sling a hammock? Why sling it into the dirt barrel before you go out of town. "How to Attain the Life Beyond," is the title of a fifty-cent book. We will tell you for a cent. Eat a cucumber.

"Torn Asunder," is the title of a new play. We would suggest "Mucilage; or Stuck Together," as a good name for the author's next effort. Art Americana. Mrs. Malaprop—"So you're going to Paris to study art, are you? That will be nice. When you come back you can take all our photographs, can't you?"

The Crow Indians have been caught putting rocks in the bales of hay they sell to the Government. The day is not far distant when all Indians will be civilized enough to vote.

The meanest man we have heard of this season is the fellow who telegraphed his sympathy to a friend, who had lost everything in speculation, and made him pay for the message.

A New York school was thrown into a panic by a "darning needle" flying into the window. The average New York schoolgirl's knowledge of the darning needle is extremely primitive.

It is proposed to change the name of Washington Territory to Tahama, an Indian name signifying "Almost to Heaven." There is not much difference between Washington and Tahama; both are near star routes.

Oscar Wilde has cut his hair, and the English press is crazy.—Ex. The English press is not very discerning. The American press discovered this sad mental condition of the young man long before he cut his hair.—[Norristown Herald.]

We hear from Chicago that hogs are steady. They are just as steady in New York, and are to be seen most any day, at dinner, putting their knives in their mouths, making a noise like a mountain torrent when swallowing their soup, and sticking their table-napkins under their chins.

"This soup, waiter, is cold. Can't you bring me some warm soup?" "Why, sah, you mus' be mistaken," sah. Dat soup was so hot dat it took all the skin off my thumb when I fetched it in, sah." The stranger concludes that he will forego the soup and take a walk.

Papa—"What! Jimmy, you smoke?" and what do you smoke, pray?" Jimmy—"I smoke enbebs." Papa—"And why do you smoke them?" Jimmy—"Oh! they are good for a bad cold." Papa—"How often do you have a bad cold?" Jimmy—"Oh, whenever you give me ten cents."

Mrs. Bricbrack devoted nearly three weeks to decorating a large jar and then had it spoiled in the "firing." Bricbrack came home inebriated one night, stumbled over the thing and fired it out of the house. He "fired" it too hard, and the pieces couldn't be put together.

A New Excuse. Wife—"Why, George, I do believe you have been taking too much wine!" George (who lives in Brooklyn and has just returned home after a lively evening)—"Wine! Nonsense, dear; I've just (hic) come home over the bridge, and it's made me dizzy; that's all—s' help me, Bob!"

Young men are now having their hair lawn mowed for the summer. Notice them a little; say, "how funny you look!" and "don't the flies bite you?" and admire the shape of their heads, and keep talking about the matter two or three hours. If you don't you will break their hearts.

Speaking about the weather— Wouldn't it be nice To turn on the ice And allow a stream Of Vanilla cream To moisten your gizzard? And a soda fiz. Attend to its biz, Cool the inside out Of your parching throat— Freeze you to the muzzle?

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS. Twelve years ago a Carroll county (Mo.) woman started married life without a child. She now has eighteen.

Mrs. Mary G. C. Leavitt is to go to California soon, in the interest of the W. C. T. Union, and remain throughout the summer. Woman suffrage organizations have been established in Colmar, Fort Atkinson, New Hampton, Strawberry Point and Burlington, Ia.

When Queen Elizabeth died, twenty-seven fairs were found in her wardrobe. One of them was valued at \$400; the handle was covered with diamonds. A Brooklyn widow, who cannot bear to see her husband's empty chair at the table, has a pet dog sit in it during meal-time, and helps him to the best on the table.

In New Orleans lives a woman who went through the civil war on the Confederate side, and was promoted to a lieutenant before she was discovered.

The stalks of flowers must be as visible in all flower garlands as the flowers and leaves. Lord Byron, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady—has been dangerously ill, but now she is dangerously well again." American belles, when attacked by one of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept killing and avoid being killed by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.

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