

## The Catholic Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
at 327 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.  
BY THE  
CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING  
COMPANY.

EDWARD J. RYAN, Business Manager.  
WILLARD A. MARAKLE, Editor.  
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If paper is not received Saturday notify the office.  
Reprint without delay any change of address.  
Communications solicited from all Catholics,  
accompanied by return address by the name of the  
author. Names of contributors withheld if desired.  
All communications intended for publication  
should be addressed to the Editor; all business  
communications to the Business Manager.  
Pay no money to agents unless they have cre-  
dentials signed by us.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Per Year, \$1.00. - Six Months, 50 Cts.

Entered as second-class mail matter.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

## Weekly Church Calendar.

Sixth March—Fourth Sunday of Lent.  
Gospel: St. John vi, 15. St. John of  
God, Conf.  
Mon. 9—St. Francis of Rome, Widow.  
Tues. 10—SS. Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.  
Wed. 11—SS. Cyril and Methodius, CC.  
Thurs. 12—St. Gregory Great, Pope and  
Conf.  
Fri. 13—St. Gerald, Bishop.  
Sat. 14—St. Mathilda, Queen.  
Fast Days.

## THE CATHOLIC PRESS ASSOCIATION.

We have received the address of  
President Conde B. Pallen, of the  
Catholic Press Association, addressed  
to the Catholic papers of the United  
States. It is worded in strong lan-  
guage, and sets forth the obvious ad-  
vantage of a compact union between  
Catholic journals, thus enabling them  
to present a solid front and do better  
work for the cause they advocate. It  
details the organization of the Catho-  
lic Press Association at Cincinnati  
last May, and urges all Catholic edi-  
tors to attend the second convention  
at New York the first Wednesday of  
May next. It states what it was pro-  
posed to do at that convention and  
what is proposed to be done in the  
future. The document is an interest-  
ing one and should have much weight  
with Catholic editors.

We hope the coming convention  
will be largely attended, and that  
much work of a practical nature will  
be done.

## GENERAL SHERMAN.

In a recent issue we stated that  
General Sherman was not a Catholic.  
In this we erred slightly. General  
Sherman was baptized in the Catholic  
Church, but in later years he never  
practiced his faith. In fact, it is a  
question whether he ever made his  
First Communion. A statement from  
his son, Rev. Thomas Sherman, S. J.,  
seems to conclusively settle the ques-  
tion. He says his father received  
Extreme Unction at the hands of a  
Catholic priest. This is possible. If  
during his illness the General ex-  
pressed a wish to die a Catholic, or if  
he was conscious enough to assent to  
receiving Extreme Unction, any priest  
could absolve and anoint him. To  
illustrate: If a Catholic is suddenly  
stricken with apoplexy or any disease  
impairing the faculties of reason, any  
Catholic priest near at hand can give  
him absolution and anoint him; the  
priest, however, cannot give such  
person Viaticum, because he is not in  
condition to receive it.

## ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

It is exceedingly gratifying to see  
the deep interest taken by the citizens  
of Rochester in the reconstruction of  
St. Mary's hospital. And it is very  
pleasant to see the ladies hard at  
work relieving the immediate wants  
of those temporarily afflicted by the  
fire. Donations of all kinds of cloth-  
ing will be thankfully received by the  
good Sisters, and put to good use.  
In another column, will be found a  
description of a new organization,  
"The Perpetual Help society." Its  
objects are most meritorious, and from  
the names of the officers we know it  
will be a success.

## ASS. PRESS.

The report that the foreign corre-  
spondents of the Associated Press had  
made large purchases of common  
sense is peremptorily denied. Indeed,  
the evidence is clear that their stock  
of common sense is still very low; it  
shows no signs of having been re-  
plenished. In one week we  
saw Cardinal Rampolla dismissed,

Cardinal Gibbons summoned to Rome,  
and the Pope condemning the Propa-  
ganda. The men who get up such  
stories and the editors who print them  
are candidates for an asylum for  
idiots and imbeciles.—*Catholic News.*

The remarks of the *News* are equal-  
ly applicable to the correspondent of  
the United Press in this country and  
editors of newspapers who print his  
silliness.

THE Supreme Court of the State of  
Maine recently decided that a school  
board was justified in expelling a pupil  
who refused to read from the St.  
James Bible on the ground that it was  
a mutilated version. Poor old Maine!  
The mantle of Tom Reed and Neil  
Dow seems to have enveloped her and  
shut out all sentiments of right and  
justice. Perhaps parochial schools  
will now multiply at a more rapid rate  
in the Pine Tree State. We hope so.

In his last report, Mr. Thayer, bet-  
ter known as Infamous-Bennett-Law  
Thayer, retiring superintendent of  
public instruction in Wisconsin,  
places the number of children attend-  
ing parochial schools in that State at  
28,572 instead of—as the official re-  
ports show—40,056. Nice sort of a  
bigoted public official, is he not?  
Well, the last election left him as it  
should all of his ilk—out of a job.

We have received from the pub-  
lishers, the Boylston Manufacturing  
Company, of Boston, a copy of a hand-  
some crayon portrait of the late John  
Boyle O'Reilly. We return thanks  
for same, and will hang it in a promi-  
nent place in our office. But we  
cannot return thanks to Uncle Sam's  
Postoffice department for the condi-  
tion in which the portrait came to us.  
It was very much creased and bore  
the marks of baggage smashing  
usage.

THE *Union and Advertiser* says this  
good-bye to ex-Senator Blair, recent-  
ly appointed Minister to China: "In  
parting with Mr. Blair, whose name  
has so long been an unwelcome house-  
hold visitor in the Senate proceed-  
ings, the *Union* wishes him a pleas-  
ant voyage, a long life and happy  
death—in China, and the eternal rest  
of his valuable tongue!"

COMMENTING ON the JOURNAL's re-  
mark that it would support a thor-  
oughly qualified non-Catholic for pub-  
lic office in preference to a Catholic of  
opposite character, the always evenly-  
balanced *Boston Pilot* says: "And  
so would every well-balanced man  
who had the interests of Catholicity  
at heart."

So large has been the demand for  
the JOURNAL, since January 1st, that  
many who desired copies have been  
unable to obtain them, and though  
extra large editions have been printed,  
not a single copy of some issues  
remains in the office. This shows  
that the people appreciate a home  
paper.

Be not too suspicious nor too trust-  
ing of your fellow men. If a friend  
asks a loan, find out whether he really  
needs it. Do not stint yourself or rob  
your family to gratify a whim of a  
fellow who styles you "my friend."

We hope every one read our Rt.  
Rev. Bishop's sentiments on the ob-  
servance of Sunday, published in last  
week's JOURNAL.

NEVER accept a man for what he  
says he is; accept him as you find  
him. The sweetest-mouthed man is  
often the biggest scoundrel extant.

THE sooner you make your Easter  
duty the easier it will be done, and  
the sooner you will be relieved of  
your load of sin.

POPE LEO celebrated his 81st birth-  
day last Tuesday. Despite his age,  
his intellect is bright as ever, and  
when he speaks the world listens.

WEDNESDAY was the anniversary of  
the birth of Robert Emmett—a name  
revered by Irishmen the world over.

ELECTION is over and the partisan  
papers will soon relapse into some-  
what decent editorial language.

Books are good friends or bad ene-  
mies.

SEE to it that your children observe  
Lent properly. Practice devotions  
with them, and try to make them  
pleasing to them.

THE poem, "Golden Jubilee," in  
last week's issue was Mgr. DeRegge's  
song dedicated to Mother Hieronymo.

WHAT subject will Grover Cleve-  
land's erratic pen next dwell on?

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

"Visits to St. Joseph," a 105-page  
brochure by a spiritual daughter of  
St. Theresa, is published in paper by  
Fr. Pustet & Co., New York. It con-  
sists of a collection of prayers com-  
posed in honor of the spouse of the  
Blessed Virgin by many holy servants  
of God, some of whom have been  
placed upon her altars, and thrown  
into a convenient form for daily use.  
These visits may also serve as a kind  
of supplement to the "Visits to the  
Blessed Sacrament," of St. Alphonsus  
M. Liguori. The little brochure will  
be very acceptable to those who practice  
devotion to St. Joseph.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York—"Selected  
Sermons," by Rev. Christopher  
Hughes, pastor of St. Mary's church,  
Fall River, Mass., with an introduc-  
tion by Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P.  
\$1.00 net. While sermons which in-  
terest and are profitable to one con-  
gregation are wholly unsuited to and  
might be entirely unappreciated by  
another; while sermons preached by  
one priest might flatly delivered  
by another; while these are facts, we  
confess we have read Father Hughes'  
sermons with pleasure and profit.  
That on "The Public Schools" is a  
splendid effort. The publishers have  
placed it in a neat, unassuming cover.

## St. Mary's Hospital.

At St. Mary's Hospital Friday of  
last week, the Perpetual Help society  
was organized with over ninety la-  
dies as members. The object is to  
supply bedding, bandages and clothes,  
of which a large amount was lost by  
the recent fire. Mrs. T. A. O'Hare  
presided at the meeting. The follow-  
ing officers were elected: Pres.,  
Mrs. W. C. Barry; 1st vice-pres., Mrs.  
L. A. O'Hare; 2nd v. p., Mrs. J. T.  
Cunningham; 3rd v. p., Mrs. F. A.  
Shale; treas., Mrs. T. A. LeBlanc; sec.,  
Mrs. C. V. Lee. Committees appointed:  
Work Com., Mesdames J. E. King, A.  
L. McKittrick, Jas. Fee, J. F. McCau-  
ley; purchasing committee, Mesdames  
D. B. Murphy, J. Fahy, M. B. Maloney,  
G. G. Carroll; directresses, Mrs. J. C.  
O'Brien, Mrs. D. C. Feely, Mrs. J. E.  
Burroughs, Misses Julia Cox and An-  
nelia Purcell. Each member pays \$1.  
on entering the society. Meetings  
will be held every Thursday. The  
following donations were made during  
the meeting: Mrs. T. J. Devine, \$20;  
Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, Mrs. T. W. Finu-  
cane, Marcus Hirschfeld, each \$10;  
Mrs. M. Kolb, \$5. Donations of cloth-  
ing were made by the Children of  
Mary of St. Mary's church, and by  
others.

The pupils of St. Michael's realized  
\$245 from their Washington's Birth-  
day entertainment, which amount was  
given to that charity. The Children  
of Mary of St. Mary's church also sent  
a gift of money to the hospital.

## City Church Directory.

St. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL—Platt street corner  
Frank. Children's Mass in School Chapel at  
8:30 a. m. Masses at 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 a. m. Ves-  
pers, Benediction and Sermon, 7:30 p. m. from  
June to October. Vespers at 3:30 p. m. Holy  
Days, Masses 5:30, 7, and 9 a. m. Vespers 7:30  
p. m. Rt. Rev. J. J. McQuaid, Vesp. Mgr.  
DeRegge, Chantrel; Rev. J. P. Kieran, rector.  
St. Joseph's, 100 N. Main street, corner  
William Harrington, James E. Hartley,  
James J. Hartley, Edward J. Hanna, D. D. John  
G. Van Ness, John P. Quinn.

St. MARY'S—South street near Court. Masses  
at 8:30 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers 7:30 p. m.  
Rev. J. F. Stewart, Rector. Revs. Felix O'Han-  
lon, Angelo Luggero.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—Plymouth avenue,  
corner of Austin street. Masses at 8:30 and  
10:30 a. m. Vespers 7:30 p. m. Rev. Timothy  
C. Murphy, rector.

St. BRIGID'S—Graham street, near N. Clinton.  
Masses at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers 3:30 p. m.  
Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, Rector.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES—Lynn avenue  
corner of Austin street. Masses at 8:30 and  
10:30 a. m. Vespers 7:30 p. m. Rev. Timothy  
C. Murphy, rector.

CORPUS CHRISTI—East Main street. Masses  
at 8:30 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers 7:30 p. m.  
Rev. J. J. Leary, Rector.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROSARY—Rowe street  
corner of Finch. Mass at 10 a. m. Attended  
from the Cathedral.

Our LADY OF VICTORY (French)—Pleasant st.  
Masses at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers 7:30 p. m.  
Rev. Alphonsus A. Notebart, Rector.

St. JOSEPH'S (German)—Franklin street near N.  
Clinton. Masses at 5:30, 6:30, 8, and 10 a. m.  
Vespers 7:30 p. m. Rev. Joseph Wirth, Rector.

SS. PETER AND PAUL'S (German)—Maple street  
corner King. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers  
7:30 p. m. Masses Holy Days 6 and 8:30  
a. m. Rev. Francis Sinclair, Rector.

St. MICHAEL'S (German)—North Clinton street  
corner Evergreen. Children's Mass at 8, High  
Mass at 10. Vespers 7:30 p. m. Rev. Fridolin  
Pascalar, Rector.

HOLY FAMILY (German)—Jay street. Masses at  
8 and 10 a. m. Vespers on Sunday, 3 p. m. on  
Holy Days, 7:30 p. m. Rev. Dietrich Laurens,  
Rector.

St. BONAVENTURE (German)—Grand street. Masses  
at 8 and 10 a. m. In summer early Mass is held  
at 7:30. Vespers, 2 p. m. Rev. Herman Ren-  
dick, Rector.

St. STANISLAW (Polish)—St. Stanislaw avenue.  
Masses at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers 7:30 p. m.  
Rev. Thos. Phillips Szadacki, Rector.

## MAYBE LAND.

Beyond where the marauders are dank and wide  
Is a ladder of red and gold.  
Where the sun has sunk in the shifting tide  
Of the clouds that the light breeze mold.  
It leads to the portals of Maybe Land.  
Whose castles and groves we see,  
On a vapor bank o'er the misty expand,  
To darken the wind away.

"Is there that our wishes are all made true,  
And the dreams may not be the brow,  
Where storms never matter the whole year  
through."

Where Then is transformed to Now,  
And only that which is the hand,  
With a pencil and brush in hand  
Can travel the path to the mystic vaults  
And the treasures of Maybe Land.  
—Philander Johnson in Washington Post.

## LOVE AND RAPIERS.

The village of Bay St. Louis was a  
favorite dueling ground in the days when  
an appeal to swords or to pistols was  
thought by southern gentlemen to be the  
only honorable way of settling personal  
grievances. Those days are past, and now  
there is not a more peaceful town in all the  
picturesque coast country.

If ever you shall be going to New Or-  
leans by way of the railroad from Mo-  
bile you will find it well worth while to  
stop and spend a few days at this lovely  
summer resort.

If you will take a carriage and a driver  
who knows the place you may spend a  
day or two delightfully in exploring the  
ins and outs, by highway and byway, of  
a settlement that dates back to the time  
when the Spaniards and the French were  
playing battledore and shuttlecock with  
all our rich and salubrious golf-coast  
country. Even now in the streets and  
picturesque little spots of Bay St. Louis  
you hear the soft accents of Spain and the  
polite intonations of Paris.

The people have soft voices and gentle  
manners, and it is hard to imagine, much  
harder to believe, that it was ever true  
of them that they stood ready, on the  
strength of the slightest insult, to fight  
to the death as a matter of honor; but  
so it was. There are men living now  
who saw many duels in the days of the  
"code." One charming old gentleman  
informed the present writer that he had  
witnessed twenty hostile meetings with  
sword or pistol.

Before the days of the railroad which  
now makes Bay St. Louis but one  
hour and thirty minutes from New Or-  
leans, the only approach was by water,  
save from the interior of Mississippi.  
This rendered the place one of the most  
secluded nooks in America, and, as a  
matter of course, a considerable number  
of refugees from justice or from mis-  
fortune or tyranny fled thither; but the  
larger part of the population was highly  
respectable: some of it was made up,  
especially in summer, of the wealthiest  
and best French families of New Or-  
leans, who came by steamboat to spend  
the hot season in elegant cottages on the  
breezy bluffs.

Nearly all the duels ever fought at  
Bay St. Louis took place in one or an-  
other secluded spot in the lonely woods  
behind the town. These woods are now  
dotted with creole and negro cottages,  
the homes of poor people, who find an  
easy if not luxurious life where the fish  
are in the bayous and the fruits on the trees  
are to be had with but the smallest out-  
lay of labor. Ever since the place was  
first settled, and even before, these  
woods have been a maze of crossed and  
tangled roads, paths and trails first  
made by the Indians. You can ride or  
drive everywhere and in every direction,  
and yet the growth is thick, often ob-  
structing the sight on all sides. Now  
and again you come upon little natural  
glades or openings set in wild grass and  
surrounded with a wall of trees. These  
are the spots that were chosen for the  
dreadful work of the duelists.

About the year 1824 two young men  
of New Orleans were lovers of a beauti-  
ful girl by the name of Marie de Noyant,  
whose father had a summer place at  
Bay St. Louis. Of course, Marie could  
not accept the attentions of both if she  
loved either, and as Honore Chauvin  
had captured her heart, there was nothing  
for Pierre Maton to do but to chal-  
lenge his successful rival to mortal com-  
bat.

The three families—Noyants, Chau-  
vins and Matons—were of the best in  
New Orleans, and had always been so.  
Honore and Marie were childhood play-  
mates, her friends, and now they were  
her lovers. Both were handsome, rich  
and honorable, as honor was understood  
at the time and place.

If Marie hesitated to choose between  
them it was because of any doubt in  
her heart. She knew that she loved Honore,  
and quite as well she was aware that under no cir-  
cumstances could she ever love Pierre.  
Still it was very hard for her, when  
Pierre came to her home on the bay and  
asked her to be his wife—it was hard to  
break in on his passionate appeal with  
the truth that must crush him. She  
begged for time to consider, and thus  
put off the unpleasant duty, the tortur-  
ing duty that she owed to herself and  
to her lovers. But the moment came  
when she could no longer procrastinate.  
Honore, doubtless aware that his rival  
was besieging the citadel of his lady's  
heart, came also to Bay St. Louis and  
urged his suit.

Gently, kindly, sweetly as she could,  
Marie put an end to Pierre's hopes; but  
it was not in her power to blunt in the  
least the terrible point of her refusal.  
Love is not to be set aside with politeness,  
nor can it be assuaged by generous  
friendship and tender kindness. Any-  
thing short of love is a snare to love.

"Then it is Honore Chauvin that you  
care for, Marie?" said Pierre, rising  
to go.  
Marie arose also, and they stood look-  
ing at each other. They had been sit-  
ting on a vine covered veranda, with the  
waves of the bay tumbling in against  
the beach in full view.

"Yes, Pierre," she said presently, "I  
will not deceive you or evade your ques-  
tion. I do love Honore, and I promised  
him today that I would be his wife."

Pierre stood dumb for a while. There  
was nothing for him to say; words were

not made that could in any way serve  
his turn in this moment of utter defeat.  
"Oh, I am so sorry, so grieved, Pierre,  
to see you feel like this!" cried Marie.  
"You know I love you as a brother is  
loved, very, very much, and—"  
"As a brother?" muttered Pierre, with  
bitter, desperate emphasis—"As a brother-  
er!" And he turned and left the girl's  
presence without another word.

She made a movement as if to follow  
him, but he had passed down the steps  
and out of the gate with long strides,  
like some actor in a melodrama.

Her first thought was of danger to  
Honore Chauvin; for in those days the  
hot French blood rarely cooled without  
first having boiled over in deadly fight.  
What Pierre Maton did was to go  
straight to his friend Honore Chauvin  
and slap him in the face.

"That for Marie de Noyant!" he ex-  
claimed, still choking with the desperate  
choler excited by his sense of defeat.  
"That for you!" he went on, repeating  
the insulting blow. Then he turned and  
left Honore, well knowing what would  
follow.

The challenge was promptly sent and  
as promptly accepted.

The following morning at a little past  
sunrise the combatants, with their sec-  
onds and surgeons, met in a small open  
space where two or three little wildwood  
roads, dim and straggling, crossed each  
other in the forest part of what was then  
known as the Touline plantation. They  
were to fight with swords.

The weapons were measured, positions  
chosen, the word given, and the fight to  
death was begun by a thin, keen,  
far reaching clink of steel crossing steel,  
far reaching clink of steel crossing steel.  
Many a time had these young men  
now eager for each other's blood, fenced  
in mainly play, and well did both know  
how equally were they matched, and  
how doubtful was the outcome of the  
struggle they were beginning. Both  
were pale, but cool and wary; in their  
eyes burned the hateful fire of unforgiv-  
ing anger. The seconds stood aside, sit-  
tently but intently gazing on; the sur-  
geons, a little farther away, held their  
bandages and instruments ready.

Honore Chauvin, to do him justice, did  
not wish to kill Pierre Maton, but  
meanwhile, if he could, to disable him. This,  
however, was not so easy, for Pierre,  
eager to slay, and burning with rage of  
disappointed passion, was fighting like a  
mad tiger, and yet with supreme vigi-  
lance and art.

Their swords cut the air with hissing  
swiftness and filled the space with a  
clangor and shower of spiteful sparks  
that might well have stilled all the wild  
songs of the birds in the woods round-  
about. Once the keen point of Pierre's  
rapier barely touched Honore's throat,  
letting the least drop of blood. In turn  
Pierre felt a tingling scratch on his own  
breast, but this exchange of touches  
only shot into the fight a new access of  
energy. As the exercise began to steady  
their excited nerves and lend suppleness  
to their leaping muscles they redoubled  
their efforts and Honore forgot his re-  
solve to only wound Pierre, while Pierre  
felt his desire to kill swell into a steady,  
deadly tempest of passion.

Again and again each of the combat-  
ants received slight wounds, mere  
scratches; but neither appeared able to  
break the other's guard or to find an  
undefended point, such touches as they  
had given and received being more the  
result of close fighting than of advantage  
either way. But no matter how young  
and strong they were, or how expert,  
this could not last very long. The tre-  
mendous strain was sure to tell. Who  
would fall first and permit the other to  
make the fatal pass?

They were panting now, and the white  
foam was gathering on their purple lips.  
Their eyes, starting and glaring with  
concentrated fury, were fixed and ter-  
rible in their animal expression. It was  
as if these two men, so lately friends  
and almost brothers, were ready to man-  
gle and devour each other like savage  
wild beasts.

Happily the time when such things  
could be has gone by, but it is by keep-  
ing record of those strange acts that we  
are able to understand the growth of  
our present civilization. The duel lingered  
longer in the south than in the north,  
and especially in the low country did  
it last without much sign of passing  
away till some time after the close of  
our great war. Looking back now we  
can scarcely realize that only half a  
century ago it was a common occurrence  
for two men to do what we are witness-  
ing between Honore Chauvin and Pierre  
Maton.

So much was dueling a part of the life  
of the people in the early years of the  
present century that in some parts of our  
country to refuse a challenge was to in-  
veste social ostracism, and not to give and  
not to give one on fit occasion was sure  
to attract contempt.

The seconds and the surgeons stood by  
so wrapped in contemplation of the even  
handed fight, so engrossed in watching  
the leaping blades, and so forgetful of  
everything save this play of death, that  
they did not hear the sound of wheels  
and the rapid beating of a flying horse's  
feet. As for the principals, they would  
not have heard if a thunderbolt had  
fallen at their feet. They were now  
fighting in the last part of strength be-  
fore one or the other must fall. Each  
felt that if his antagonist held up a few  
minutes longer all would be over. The  
reflection of this thought set a terrible  
light in their drawn and eager faces.

The muffled sound of wheels in the  
sand and of the furious flight of a horse  
fallen at their feet. The seconds  
leaped forward as the intensity of their  
sympathy with their principals seemed  
to shiver them, as if with heat; the sur-  
geons unconsciously drew closer to the  
panicking, laboring duelists.

Honore Chauvin at this moment made  
a lunge; Pierre avoided it by a supreme  
effort; the movement caused them to ex-  
change positions, and as they did so  
Pierre shot out a quick thrust that  
pierced Honore's sleeve without touch-  
ing the flesh; his point hung a half sec-  
ond, and Honore was just in the act of  
running him through when he tripped on  
a small root and staggered back. Now  
they both rallied and renewed the con-  
test with a momentary show of vigor.

strength; but Honore was falling.  
Pierre saw this and rushed upon him  
with feeble but furious energy, striving  
to beat down his guard. He had suc-  
ceeded, and Honore was at his mercy.  
The next breath there was a cry  
of terror, the voice of a woman in utter  
distress, and a strange, dull rattling  
sound followed by a crash.

The duelists were swept from their  
feet and dashed headlong, a horse  
tumbled over them and the fragments of  
a small vehicle were scattered around.  
In the midst of this wreck thus hurled  
upon the contestants a young woman  
rose to her feet and stood, beautiful, dis-  
heveled, frightened almost to madness,  
but unhurt. It was Marie de Noyant.

The horse, after falling and rolling  
over, struggled to its feet, and with  
parts of its harness still clinging to it  
and trailing and whirling about, ran  
frantically away through the woods in  
the direction of the town.

Overcome for a moment, the seconds  
and surgeons stood staring and motion-  
less, but they were men of nerve, and  
needed but time to take a breath and  
pull themselves together before spring-  
ing forward to the assistance of Honore  
and Pierre, who lay as if dead on the  
ground where the shock of the collision  
had flung them.

Marie de Noyant had arisen early that  
morning to keep a promise she had made  
to visit a sick and extremely aged creole  
woman who lived in a small house back  
in the woods on the road to Jordan  
river. Feeling oppressed with what had  
occurred between her and Pierre, she or-  
dered her servant to fetch her pony and  
and cart and drove away alone before  
the rest of the household were up. She  
left the servant behind, wishing to be  
entirely free to commune with her heart  
and to devise if possible some means of  
softening Pierre's disappointment. While  
she feared that something dreadful  
might come of the terrible passion of the  
young man, she did not dream that,  
even while she drove slowly along the  
dim road under the trees, a duel was in  
progress between him and Honore  
Chauvin. Her pony, a stout, gentle ani-  
mal, jogged quietly forward in the sand  
between the tufts of Spanish bayonet  
and thickets of bay bushes; overhead  
the pine trees moaned and the grand  
magnolias rustled their stiff, glossy  
foliage.

Suddenly three or four goats, part of a  
herd that had been turned out to graze  
and browse in the woods, leaped out of a  
little tangle of tall wild grass hard by  
and dashed across the road close in front  
of the pony. Marie at the time was ab-  
sorbed in thought and held the lines with  
a slack hand. The pony took fright, as  
the gentlest horse sometimes will, and  
whirled about and, almost upsetting the  
cart, ran away through the forest as fast  
as his legs could carry him. The move-  
ment whisked the lines out of Marie's  
grasp, and so she lost control. Discover-  
ing his freedom, and crazed with fright,  
the hitherto gentle little animal now be-  
came a savage and terrible beast, reck-  
less of everything, giving no attention to  
road or direction.

The reader will understand at once  
how the catastrophe came about at the  
dueling ground, for the pony, accident-  
ally heading itself that way, ran madly  
and blindly upon the combatants. It  
was found dead a half mile from the spot,  
with Pierre's rapier sheathed to the hilt  
in its breast. It had struck the weapon's  
point just as it was about to dart into the  
heart of Honore Chauvin.

The strangest part of the whole adven-  
ture was that Marie escaped without  
even the slightest hurt.

The young men were borne to the  
nearest house, where for many hours  
they lay side by side insensible. Honore's  
injuries were nearly fatal, and Pierre was  
crippled for life. In the course of their  
convalescence they both received the  
gentle and untiring care of Marie, and  
before they were able to leave the horse  
their friendship had been restored.

Ante Clothilde, a very old colored  
woman, who speaks nothing but the  
French patois of the creole country, is  
the only survivor of the slaves owned by  
Marie de Noyant's father at the time of  
the duel. You may, if you will visit  
her in her little house on Hospital street  
in New Orleans, have the story, that I  
have here sketched, told to you in the  
most picturesque way, and it always  
ends with a minute description of how  
beautiful Marie looked in her white  
wedding gown when she and Honore  
Chauvin were married.

In the course of frequent and long  
sojourns in the old French region of the  
south I have made note of many roman-<