

THE
ROMANCE OF DUELLING
IN ALL TIMES AND COUNTRIES.

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'THE HISTORY OF THE JESUITS,' 'MILITARY GYMNASICS OF THE FRENCH,'
'MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION FOR THE CAVALRY CARBINE,' ETC. ETC.

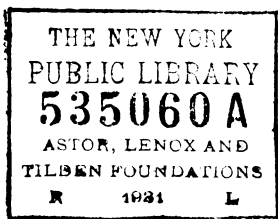
"Ay me! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron!"
HUDIBRAS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE ROMANCE OF DUELLING.

CHAPTER I.

DUELS IN ENGLAND FROM THE YEAR 1765 TO
1798.

LORD BYRON AND MR. CHAWORTH.

(A.D. 1765.)

FEW duels are more remarkable than that between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, not only on account of the circumstances in which it was involved, but also for the supposed influence of the result on the career of his relative—England's greatest modern poet, the Byron of 'Childe Harold.'

Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, an eminent country squire, were neighbours in their county, and it was their custom to meet, with other gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, at the 'Star and Garter' Tavern, in Pall Mall, at what was called the Nottinghamshire Club.

The meeting of this club at which the unlucky dispute arose that produced the duel, was on the 26th of

January, 1765, and at which were present the following notables of the county:—John Hewitt, Esq., who was chairman, Lord Byron, the Hon. Thomas Wilmoughby, Sir Robert Burdett, Frederick Montagu, John Sherwin, Francis Molyneux, George Donston, Charles Mellish, jun., and William Chaworth, Esquires. A goodly company, beyond question, and truly unfortunate in being connected with the fatal affray.

Their usual hour of dining was soon after four, and the rule of the club was, to have a bill and a bottle brought in at seven o'clock. Up to this hour all was jollity and good humour. At length, however, Mr. Hewett, who was toastmaster, happening to start some conversation about the best means of preserving game, setting the laws in being for that purpose out of the question, the subject was taken up by Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron, who happened to be of different opinions, Mr. Chaworth insisting on severity against poachers and unqualified persons, and Lord Byron declaring that the way to have most game was, to take no care of it at all—an opinion which was certainly much in advance of his epoch, and scarcely yet established. The debate became general, but was carried on with acrimony only between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth—the latter, in confirmation of what he had said, insisting that Sir Charles Sedley and himself had more game on five acres than Lord Byron had on all his manors. In answer to this rather strong assertion, Lord Byron proposed a bet of a

hundred guineas, and Chaworth called for pens, ink, and paper to reduce the wager to writing, in order to take it up. But Mr. Sherwin, treating it in a jesting manner as a bet that never could be decided, no bet was laid, and the conversation went on. It is obvious, however, that some irritation must have been caused to Lord Byron by the calling for pen, ink, and paper—a procedure scarcely required among gentlemen such as were present. But Chaworth, not satisfied with this, went on to say, that “were it not for Sir Charles Sedley’s care and his own, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate ;” another hit at his lordship, who, however, parried it by asking, with a smile, “*What* Sir Charles Sedley’s manors were ?” On this sarcastic question being put, Chaworth returned to the charge and hit his lordship again by answering, “*Nuttal and Bulwell.*” “Nuttal, yes, but Bulwell no,” said Lord Byron, “that is my own.” On this, Chaworth, with some heat, replied, “If you want information with respect to Sir Charles Sedley’s manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper’s, in Dean Street, and I doubt not will be ready to *give you satisfaction* ; and as to myself, your lordship knows where to find me in Berkeley-row.” This utterance seems to show that Mr. Chaworth was nettled and did not measure his words, which were uttered in a particular manner, admitting of no reply, and at once putting an end to the subject of conversation. A pause of sensation ensued in the goodly company.

Soon, however, every gentleman fell into chat with his neighbour, and nothing more was said generally, until Mr. Chaworth called to settle the reckoning, as was his practice, but in doing which the master of the tavern observed that he was a little flurried, for in marking he made a small mistake; the book had lines ruled in cheques, and against each member present a cipher was placed; but, if absent, "5s." was set down. Mr. Chaworth placed 5s. against Lord Byron's name, when a member, Mr. Fynmore, observing to him that his lordship was present, he corrected his mistake. This incident could scarcely fail to have an effect on Lord Byron, under the circumstances.

In a few minutes after this, Mr. Chaworth, having paid his reckoning, went out, and was followed by Mr. Donston, who entered into conversation with him at the top of the stairs; and Mr. Chaworth asked him particularly if he had attended to the conversation between himself and Lord Byron, and if he thought he had been short in what he had said on the subject? To which Mr. Donston said, "No; he had gone rather too far upon so trifling an occasion, but did not believe that Lord Byron or the company would think any more about it," and after a little ordinary discourse had passed, they parted. Mr. Donston returned to the company, and Mr. Chaworth turned to go downstairs; but just as Mr. Donston entered the door, he met Lord Byron coming out, and they passed, as there was a large screen that covered the door, without knowing each other.

Lord Byron found Mr. Chaworth still on the stairs. At this stage of the transaction doubts remained as to whether Lord Byron called Mr. Chaworth, or Mr. Chaworth called Lord Byron, which is rather important; but both went to the first landing, and both called the waiter to show them an empty room, which the waiter did; and having first opened the door himself and placed a small tallow candle, which he had in his hand, on the table, he withdrew, when the gentlemen entered and closed the door after them.

The few minutes that elapsed after this had sufficed for the enactment of a dreadful tragedy. The bell was rung, but by whom was uncertain. The waiter went up, and perceiving what had happened, ran down stairs frightened, told his master of the catastrophe, who ran instantly upstairs, and found the two combatants—for there had been a duel—standing close together. Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his in his right. Lord Byron's left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, as Mr. Chaworth's right hand was round Lord Byron's neck and over his shoulders. Mr. Chaworth desired the landlord to take his sword, and Lord Byron delivered up his at the same time. One or both called to him to get some help immediately, and in a few minutes a surgeon was sent for, who came accordingly. Meanwhile, the members of the club who had not left, entered the room.

Such seems to be all that is positively known respecting this horrible transaction.

The account Mr. Chaworth gave, on the entrance of his friends, was that "he could not live many hours; that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would forgive him; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a tallow candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron asked him if he meant the conversation on the game to be referred to Sir Charles Sedley or to him? To which he replied, 'If you have anything to say, we had better shut the door;' that while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw, and in turning, he saw his lordship's sword half drawn, on which he whipped out his own, and *made the first pass*; that the sword going through his lordship's waistcoat, he thought he had killed him, and asking whether he was mortally wounded, Lord Byron, while he was speaking, shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the belly."

When the surgeon came, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting by the fire, with the lower part of his waistcoat open, his shirt all covered with blood, and his hand on the wound. He was very earnest to know if the surgeon thought him in imminent danger; and being answered in the affirmative, he wished his uncle, Mr. Levinz to be sent for, in order to settle his private affairs; and in the meantime he gave the surgeon a particular detail of what had passed, as before related, with the additional explanation that "he felt

the sword enter his body and go deep through his back ; that he struggled, and being the stronger man, disarmed his lordship, and expressed a concern as under the apprehension of having mortally wounded him ; that Lord Byron replied by saying something to the like effect, adding, at the same time, that he hoped now he would allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom."

The surgeon, a Mr. Hawkins, further deposed that, pained and distressed as Mr. Chaworth then was, and under the immediate danger of death, he repeated what he had heard he had declared to his friends before—"That he would rather be in his present situation than live under the misfortune of having killed another person."

On the arrival of Mr. Levinz, the unfortunate man made his will, for which he gave very sensible and distinct instructions ; and while his attorney was engaged in his business, he gave Mr. Levinz, at his request, the same account which he had before given to his surgeon ; "lamenting at the same time his own folly, in fighting in the dark—an expression that certainly conveyed no imputation on Lord Byron, and implied no more than this : that by fighting with a dim light, he had given up the advantage of his own superiority in swordmanship, and had been led into the mistake that he was in the breast of his lordship when he was only entangled in his waistcoat. For, under that mistake he certainly was, when Lord

Byron shortened his sword, and ran him through the body."

Finally, the attorney employed on the occasion, thinking it probable that he might one day be called upon to give testimony to the dying words of his unhappy client, deposed to the following declaration of Mr. Chaworth:—"Sunday morning, 27th January, about three o'clock, Mr. Chaworth said, 'That my lord's sword was half drawn, and that he, *knowing the man*, immediately, or as quickly as he could, whips out his sword, and had the first thrust; that then my lord wounded him, and he disarmed my lord, who then said, By G—d, I have as much courage as any man in England.'"

Such are the particulars of this unfortunate affair; and it appears that no blame can be attached to Lord Byron for the death of Mr. Chaworth. Whether Mr. Chaworth "*knew the man*," or not, it is quite clear that he had not only provoked or insulted him, but, by his own admission, had managed to get the first thrust at him; he also says he was the stronger man, and even after being wounded disarmed his antagonist. Surely Lord Byron, being still engaged, after the thrust, had a right to avail himself of that mistake, for the preservation of his own life, since the next might have been, especially from the stronger man, fatal.

Finally, we must remember that the affair was of the nature of a *rencontre*, and whoever has ever been

in such a predicament must know that no time is to be lost ; and all men must be able to imagine what they would do in a similar dilemma, in which the question is simply to kill or to be killed. According to Horace Walpole, in a letter to the Earl of Hertford on the subject, Mr. Chaworth was an excellent fencer ; and Miss Mary Townshend, writing to George Selwyn, says, " Mr. Chaworth was a much more popular man than his adversary, which, I believe, has inclined people to give hints which they had not much foundation for * * * There is no reason to doubt the duel having been a fair one."

Lord Byron surrendered himself to be tried by his peers, and the trial took place with the usual formalities. In his defence, which he begged might be read by the clerk of the House of Lords, as he feared his own voice, in his situation, would not be heard, he gave an exact detail of all the particulars relating to the melancholy affair between himself and Mr. Chaworth. He said he declined entering into the circumstances of Mr. Chaworth's behaviour any further than was necessary in his own defence ; he expressed his deep and unfeigned sorrow for the event, and reposed himself with the utmost confidence on their lordships' justice and humanity, and would with cheerfulness acquiesce in the sentence of the noblest and most equitable judicature in the world, whether it were for life or for death.

The Peers found Lord Byron " guilty of manslaughter-

ter" only; and, in consequence of an old statute then in force, in favour of Peers of the realm, in such cases, his lordship was immediately dismissed on paying his fees.*

William, fifth Lord Byron, the great uncle of the illustrious poet, married, in 1747, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Shaw, Esq., of Besthorpe Hall, in Norfolk. By this lady he had one son, William, who had an only son, who was killed in Corsica, in 1794, thus opening the succession to the great poet. The latter years of Lord Byron's strange life were passed, as Tom Moore says, "in a state of austere and almost savage seclusion." He died at Newstead Abbey, 19th May, 1798, in his seventy-seventh year.

In presenting the incidents of this remarkable affair, I have preferred Gilchrist's narrative, which differs slightly from that given by Dr. Millingen. Considering Mr. Chaworth's admissions, I do not believe that Lord Byron can be charged with foul play; on the contrary, if there was any foul play, it must be ascribed to him who stated that "knowing his man," he "immediately whipped out his sword, and had the first thrust." But the affair was a *rencontre* or scuffle, not a duel; and it only tends to show, as Millingen observes, that any fatal meeting without seconds

* The statute referred to is that of Edward VI., by which Peers are, in all cases where clergy are allowed, to be dismissed, "without burning in the hand, loss of inheritance, or corruption of blood."

should be visited with such severity as to prevent the probability of a recurrence.

It does not appear that the parties were quite sober ; Mr. Chaworth's mistake in marking the tavern-book must surely throw doubt on this point. Gentlemen drank "very hard" in those times, and it was no disgrace to them.

It is assumed that no ill-will existed between the parties ; but this is by no means consonant with the very subjects mooted, Lord Byron having evidently pursued a line of conduct with regard to game which was not approved of by his neighbour. Moreover, there seems also to have been a sore point between them as to certain manorial possessions.

Finally, it was a mere chance that the deplorable case was not reversed. Mr. Chaworth did his best to kill Lord Byron ; there was the will, if not the deed. At most, I believe that the transaction is only one of the many instances that show the impropriety of fighting without seconds, since no positive evidence can be produced to prove that the foulest treachery may not have been perpetrated.

Such duels, however, were by no means uncommon in England at that time. The one between Wilkes and Martin, before described, is only one of many that occurred, especially during the times when gentlemen wore swords ; and the affair between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth was one of the last that took place with side-arms.

This duel is otherwise interesting in connection with the love of Lord Byron, the poet, for Miss Chaworth, the daughter of the gentleman whom his grand-uncle had killed. To this charmer he addressed many of his prettiest verses; among the rest the following:—

“ Oh! had my fate been joined with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

* * * *

“ If thou wert mine,—had all been hush'd:—
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloomed in calm domestic quiet.”

And in his diary he made the following entry respecting the lady:—“ Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart and two persons not ill-matched in years (she is two years my elder), and—and—and—*what* has been the result?”

Unsuccessful loves are generally the most lasting, but there is reason to believe that all Byron's talk on this subject was merely the result of a “poetic grief.” According to Moore, Miss Chaworth cared very little for Byron, considering him a mere school-boy; her affections being also already engaged; and when Byron's heartless mother thought of breaking his heart with anguish by the announcement of the lady's marriage with his successful rival, he calmly said, “Is

that all?" To which she rejoined, "Why, I expected you would have been plunged in grief!" He made no reply, and soon began to talk about something else.*

Nevertheless, he perversely returned to the subject afterwards. On learning that the lady had blessed her worthy husband with her first-born, he rushed into *poetic* raptures again, but grotesquely whining about "*the child that ought to have been mine.*"

The whole affair was *Byronic*. When Madame de Staël told him, as he states, that "he had no feeling, and was totally *insensible* to *la belle passion*, and *had* been so all his life," he told Moore that he was "very glad to hear it, but did not know it before." Men of demonstrative intellect and strong passions are "gods" or "demons;" they may have worshippers, but their fellow beings—whether men or women—can only be to them "creatures." Byron, like all such men, loved a *grievance* accordingly, especially a domestic one, and was always ready to write and publish a *poem* upon his misery. Poor human nature! what should we do without this *imagination* or *fancy*, which reconciles us to the inexorable necessities of a flinty state of things—otherwise unbearable—intolerable?

GEORGE GARRICK AND BADDELEY.

(A. D. 1770.)

"Duels between dramatic performers," observes Millingen, "are uncommon occurrences. It is true

* Moore, 'Life of Lord Byron.'

that there does not exist a class of society more morbidly alive to the unction of flattery than players ; but they are so accustomed to rudeness of behaviour among each other, the green-room and stage familiarity fully illustrating the old proverb, that insults generally go, if not *unheeded*, at any rate, according to the ideas of honour generally entertained, *unrevenged*.” In 1770, on the 17th November, a meeting took place between George Garrick, the brother of the celebrated David Garrick, and Mr. Baddeley, both of Drury Lane. The trumpet of slander had long accused George Garrick of being concerned in an intrigue with Baddeley’s wife, until at last Baddeley, urged on by an intriguing mischievous Jew, who was himself a great admirer of the lady, was persuaded that it became him, as a man of *parts*, to demand satisfaction. The parties very reluctantly met in Hyde Park, when Baddeley discharged his pistol without effect,—and, indeed, it was reported, without aim, as his arm was as unsteady as that of Gil Blas in his first action with the robbers. Garrick magnanimously fired in the air.

On the arrival of Mrs. Baddeley, in a hackney-coach, she jumped out of the vehicle, and threw herself between the combatants in an imploring attitude, exclaiming—

“ Spare him ! Oh, spare him ! ” The tableau was so effective that the parties embraced each other, and the interlude was concluded by a general reconciliation.*

* Millingen.

MELANCHOLY RESULTS OF A DUEL.

(A. D. 1772.)

A duel occurred in 1772 between a Mr. McLean, of Gartmoor, in Scotland, and a Mr. Cameron. These gentlemen being at supper with a select party at a friend's house, words arose between them, on an old grudge, when Cameron gave McLean the lie, on which a duel ensued, and McLean was killed on the spot. His mother, on hearing of this melancholy event, was instantly deprived of her senses, and Miss McLeod, a young lady to whom McLean was soon to be married, was seized with fits and died three days after.

SHERIDAN AND MR. MATTHEWS.

(A. D. 1772.)

When Sheridan became the avowed suitor of Miss Linley, the celebrated vocal performer, her father, the ingenious composer, was not at first propitious to his passion, and he had many rivals to overcome in his attempts to gain the lady's affections. His perseverance, however, increased with the difficulties that presented themselves, and his courage and resolution in vindicating Miss Linley's reputation from a calumnious report which had been basely thrown out against it, obtained for him the fair prize for which he twice exposed his life.

Mr. Matthews, a gentleman then well known in the fashionable circles of Bath, had caused a paragraph to

be inserted in a public paper at that place, which tended to prejudice the character of this young lady, and Sheridan immediately applied for redress to the printer, who communicated the author's name. Mr. Matthews had, in the meantime, set out for London, and was closely pursued by Sheridan. They met and fought a duel with swords at a tavern in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, in the year 1772. Sheridan's second on the occasion was his brother, Charles Francis, who had been Secretary at War in Ireland. Great skill and courage were displayed on both sides ; but Sheridan having succeeded in disarming his adversary, compelled him to sign a formal retractation of the paragraph which he had published.

The conqueror instantly returned to Bath, and thinking that as the insult had been publicly given, the apology should have equal notoriety, he caused it to be published in the same paper. Mr. Matthews soon heard of this circumstance, and irritated at his defeat as well as the use which his antagonist had made of his apology, repaired to Bath, determined to call upon Sheridan for satisfaction. A message was accordingly sent, and a meeting agreed upon.

Sheridan would have been justified, according to the most delicate punctilio of honour, in declining the call, but he silenced all the objections that were started by his friends, and the parties met on Kingsdown.

The victory was desperately contested, and after a discharge of pistols they fought with swords. They

were both wounded, and closing with each other, fell on the ground, where the fight was continued until they were separated. They received several cuts and contusions in this desperate struggle for life and honour, and a part of his opponent's weapon was left in Sheridan's ear.

Miss Linley did not suffer a long time to elapse before she rewarded Sheridan for the dangers he had braved in her defence, by accompanying him on a matrimonial excursion to the Continent. The ceremony was again performed on their return to England with the consent of the lady's parents.

In Moore's diary I find a very singular statement respecting this duel. Lord Thanet declared that Lord John Townshend and Hare went to Bath for the purpose of getting acquainted with Matthews, and making inquiries about his affair with Sheridan. Matthews described the duel as a mere hoax—in fact, no duel at all—that Sheridan came *drunk*, and that he (Matthews) could have killed him with the greatest ease if he had chosen.

A precious fellow this Matthews !*

CAPTAIN STONEY AND THE REV. MR. BATE.

(A. D. 1777.)

This was an editorial duel of the gravest description ; partaking, however, more of the nature of a *rencontre*. It occurred at the Adelphi Tavern, in the

* Mem. of T. Moore, vol. iii. p. 233.

Strand, in the year 1777. Mr. Bate was the editor of the 'Morning Post.' The cause of quarrel arose from some offensive paragraphs which had appeared in the 'Morning Post,' highly reflecting on the character of a lady of rank. After having discharged their pistols at each other without effect, they drew their swords; and Captain Stoney received a wound in the breast and arm, and the reverend gentleman one in the arm. The sword of the latter bent and slanted against the captain's breast bone, of which Mr. Bate apprising him, Captain Stoney called to him to straighten it. Meanwhile, however, while the sword was under his foot for the purpose, the door was broken open, or the death of one of the parties would most certainly have ensued.

On the Saturday following Captain Stoney married the lady whom he had thus defended at the hazard of his life.

This is another instance of a duel fought without seconds, in circumstances which, in the event of a fatal issue, must have involved doubts similar to those connected with the case of Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth.

This Reverend Mr. Bate seems to have been a rather a pugnacious editor of our ancient worthy the 'Morning Post.' Three years after this affair we find him fighting again—this time with a student of the law—a Cambridge man—engaged on the same paper. The quarrel arose from some circumstances

relating to the conduct of the 'Morning Post.' The chance of the first fire falling to the reverend gentleman, he discharged his fire and hit the law-student in the fleshy part of the right arm. The wound, however, was not sufficient to incapacitate him from returning the fire, which he did, but without effect. The seconds then interfered, and the affair was adjusted.

COUNT RICE AND VISCOUNT DU BARRY.

(A. D. 1778.)

This terrible encounter occurred at Bath in the year 1778. It happened that Count Rice and Viscount Du Barry, being together in the house of the latter, a question arose between them about which they disagreed; and in the heat of the dispute, upon an assertion of Count Rice, Viscount Du Barry said, "*Cela n'est pas vrai*" ("That's not true"), to which Count Rice immediately observed, "You probably do not observe the idea that expression conveys in the language you speak in, and that it admits but of one very disagreeable interpretation." Upon which the other replied, "You may interpret it as you please." This ungentleman-like treatment having provoked the resentment of Count Rice, and Viscount Du Barry offering no apology, they immediately sent for seconds, who did not quit them till they got to Claverton Down, where they remained, together with a surgeon, until daylight, when they took the field, each armed with two pistols and a sword.

The ground being marked out by the seconds, the Viscount Du Barry fired first, and lodged a ball in Count Rice's thigh, which penetrated as far as the bone. Count Rice then fired and wounded the Viscount in the breast. The latter went back two or three steps, then came forward again, and both at the same time presented their pistols to each other. The pistols flashed together in the pan, but only one was discharged, without effect. They then threw away their pistols, and took to their swords.

When Count Rice had advanced within a few yards of the Viscount, he saw him fall, and heard him cry out, "I ask for life." To which Count Rice answered, "I give it you." But in a few seconds the Viscount fell back and expired. Count Rice was carried with difficulty to Bath, being dangerously wounded; but he afterwards recovered.

FOX AND MR. ADAM.

(A. D. 1779.)

This celebrated politician and minister having animadverted with some degree of asperity on a particular species of argument, as he called it, frequently made use of by the friends of ministers—namely, "That bad as the ministers were, it was not certain that the nation would be at all bettered by taking their opponents,"—a Mr. Adam, who had made use of this argument in the same debate, called on Fox, some days after for an explanation, as appears by the following letters :—

“Mr. Adam presents his compliments to Mr. Fox, and begs leave to represent to him that upon considering again and again what had passed between them last night, it is impossible for him to have his character cleared to the public without inserting the following paragraph in the newspapers:—‘We have authority to assure the public that, in a conversation that passed between Mr. Fox and Mr. Adam, in consequence of the debate in the House of Commons on Thursday last, Mr. Fox declared that how much his speech may have been misrepresented, he did not mean to throw any personal reflection on Mr. Adam.’

“Major Humberstone does me the honour of delivering this to you, and will bring your answer.

“To the Hon. Charles James Fox.”

To this letter Fox replied as follows:—

“Sir,—I am very sorry it is utterly inconsistent with my ideas of propriety to authorize the putting anything into the newspapers relative to a speech which, in my opinion, required no explanation. You, who heard the speech, must know that it did convey no personal reflection upon you, unless you felt yourself in the predicament upon which I animadverted. The account of my speech in the newspapers is certainly incorrect, and certainly unauthorized by me; and, therefore, with respect to them, I have nothing to say.

“Neither the conversation that passed at Brookes’s, nor this letter, are of a secret nature; and if you have

any wish to relate the one, or to show the other, you are perfectly at liberty so to do.—I am, etc., etc.

*“Chesterfield Street, half-past Two, Sunday,
Nov. 28, 1779.*

“To — Adam, Esq.”

To this letter Mr. Adam replied:—

“Sir,—As you must be sensible that the speech printed in the newspapers, reflects upon me personally; and as it is from them only that the public can have their information, it is evident that, unless that is contradicted by your authority in as public a manner as it was given, my character must be injured. Your refusal to do this entitles me to presume that you approve of the manner in which that speech has been given to the public, and justifies me in demanding the only satisfaction such an injury will admit of.

“Major Humberstone is empowered to settle all particulars; and the sooner this affair is brought to a conclusion the more agreeable to me.—I have the honour to be, etc., etc.

“To the Hon. Charles James Fox.”

In consequence of the above, the parties met, according to an agreement, at eight o'clock in the morning. After the ground was measured out, at the distance of fourteen paces, Fitzgerald, his second, said to Fox, “You must stand sideways.” The latter replied, “Why? I am as thick one way as the other.” Mr. Adam desired Fox to fire—to which the latter replied, “I’ll be d—d if I do. I have no quarrel.”

Adam then fired, and wounded Fox, which does not appear to have been perceived by Mr. Adam, as it was not distinctly seen by either of the seconds. The seconds then interfered, asking Mr. Adam if he was satisfied. Mr. Adam replied, "Will Mr. Fox declare he meant no personal attack on my character?" Upon which Fox said, "This is no place for apology, and I desire him to go on." Mr. Adam fired his remaining pistol without effect. Fox fired his pistol in the air; and then saying, as the affair was ended, he had no difficulty in declaring that he meant no more personal affront to Mr. Adam than he did to either of the other gentlemen present. Mr. Adam replied, "Sir, you have behaved like a man of honour."

Fox then mentioned that he believed himself wounded, and upon opening his waistcoat it was found that such was the case, but to all appearance slightly. The parties then separated, and Fox's wound on examination was found not likely to produce any dangerous consequences.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the manly bearing of Fox throughout this transaction; but that of his antagonist is open to censure throughout, but most especially in having evidently first ascertained whether Fox intended to fire, thus securing an immense advantage, as I have shown in a previous chapter.* Most probably he missed at the second discharge, because he thought that Fox intended to fire,

* Chap. VI., p. 113.

especially if, contrary to the opinion of the seconds, he did perceive that Fox was hit.

On discovering his wound, and in allusion to a report then prevalent as to the badness of the ammunition supplied to the army, it is said that Fox jocosely exclaimed, "Egad! Adam, it would have been all over with me, if you had not been charged with Government powder!"

THE EARL OF SHELBURNE AND COLONEL FULLARTON.

(A.D. 1780.)

Col. Fullarton, member for Plympton, and formerly secretary to Lord Stormont, in his embassy to the Court of France, complained to the House of the ungentlemanlike behaviour of the Earl of Shelburne, "who," he said, "with all the aristocratic insolence that marks that nobleman's character, had, in effect, *dared* to say that he and his regiment were as ready to act against the liberties of England as against her enemies." This occasioned some altercation between those who were the friends of each party; but being generally thought unparliamentary, it went at that time no further. Two days afterwards, however, the parties met in Hyde Park, Lord Shelburne having Lord Frederick Cavendish for his second, and Colonel Fullarton being attended by Lord Balcarres.

It was half-past five o'clock in the morning of March 22, 1780. Lord Balcarres and Lord F. Cavendish proposed that both parties should obey the se-

conds. Lord Shelburne and Colonel Fullarton walked together while the seconds adjusted all the ceremonies. Pistols were the weapons selected. Lord Shelburne stated that his pistols were already loaded, and offered to draw them, which was rejected by Lord Balcarres and Colonel Fullarton; upon which Lord Balcarres loaded Colonel Fullarton's pistols. The seconds having agreed that twelve paces was a proper distance, the parties took their ground.

Colonel Fullarton, the insulted individual, desired Lord Shelburne to fire first, which his lordship declined, and Colonel Fullarton was ordered by the seconds to fire. He fired, and missed. Lord Shelburne returned it, and missed. The Colonel then fired his second pistol, and hit Lord Shelburne in the right groin, which his lordship signified, upon which the seconds and everybody ran up; the seconds then interfered. Lord Cavendish offered to take the pistol from Lord Shelburne, but his lordship refused to deliver it up, saying, "I have not fired that pistol." Thereupon Colonel Fullarton returned immediately to his ground, which he had left with a view of assisting his lordship, and repeatedly desired his lordship to fire at him. Lord Shelburne said, "Sure, Sir, you do not think I would fire my pistol at you," and fired in the air. The parties and their seconds came together. Lord Balcarres asked Lord Shelburne if he had any difficulty in declaring that he meant nothing personal to Colonel Fullarton. His lordship replied, "You know

it has taken another course ; this is no time for explanation." His lordship then said to Colonel Fullarton, "Although I am wounded, I am able to go on if you feel any resentment." Colonel Fullarton said, "He hoped he was incapable of harbouring such a sentiment." Lord F. Cavendish declared that, from the character he had heard of Colonel Fullarton, he believed so. Colonel Fullarton said, "As your lordship is wounded, and has fired in the air, it is impossible for me to go on." Thereupon Lord Balcarres and Lord F. Cavendish declared, "that the parties had ended the affair by behaving as men of the strictest honour."

This affair derives additional interest from a remarkable message, sent from the City and Common Council, highly approving of the conduct of the Earl of Shelburne.

"The Committee of Common Council for corresponding with the Committees appointed, or to be appointed, by the several counties, cities, and boroughs in this kingdom, anxious for the preservation of the valuable life of so true a friend of the people as the Earl of Shelburne, respectfully inquire after his lordship's safety, highly endangered, in consequence of his upright and spirited conduct in Parliament.

"By Order of the Committee.

"W. Rix."

"*The Earl of Shelburne.*"

MR. DONOVAN AND CAPTAIN HANSON.

(A.D. 1780.)

In this affair, the only ground of quarrel between the parties was, that Mr. Donovan interfered between Captain Hanson and another person, and prevented their fighting; on which Captain Hanson gave him very abusive language, and insisted that "he would make him smell powder." Thus, the Captain was entirely in fault. The parties met in a field near the 'Dog and Duck,' at Kingston, Surrey, and the Captain received a bullet in the belly, and died about twenty-four hours after. He declared to two eminent surgeons who attended him, and to several other persons, that Mr. Donovan behaved during the action, and after it, with the greatest honour, tenderness, and concern; and he particularly desired that no prosecution should be carried on against him, as he himself was solely in fault, by an unprovoked rashness of temper and heat of passion.

Donovan was tried for murder, and the Judge, the Hon. Mr. Justice Gould, in his charge to the jury said, "Though he allowed that all the circumstances were as favourable to the prisoner as in such a case could be, yet, as the idea of honour was so often mentioned, he must say and inform the jury and the auditors, that it was false honour in men to break the laws of God and their country; that going out to fight a duel was, in both parties, a deliberate resolution to commit

murder, and there could be no honour in so savage a custom, which, however disguised in words, is contrary to the principles and happiness of society, and ought to be reprobated in every well-regulated community."

The jury, without going out of court, acquitted the prisoner of the murder, and found him guilty of manslaughter on the coroner's inquest. The Judge fined him ten pounds to the King, which being paid in the court, he was immediately discharged.

THE REVEREND MR. ALLEN AND LLOYD DULANY, ESQ.

(A.D. 1779.)

The reverend gentleman in this duel was, like Mr. Bate before mentioned, a writer engaged on the 'Morning Post,' and Mr. Dulany was a gentleman of a most respectable character, and large property in Maryland, America. The quarrel between these gentlemen arose from a circumstance of three years' standing. A paragraph or article called "Characters of Principal Men in Rebellion," published in the 'Morning Post,' June 29, 1779, referred to the first and fifth of July the same year, and now recognized by Allen, in a letter, avowed himself the author of these characters, retorting the charge of "liar and assassin" upon Mr. Dulany, telling him he did not mean to dispute with but to punish him, and if he harboured any resentment or revenge, the bearer, his second, would put him in the way of securing its immediate execution.

Sundry verbal messages ensued, and at last the parties met about half-past nine on a fine summer's evening, when, at the distance of eight yards, they fired at each other, and Mr. Dulany fell, and died about six days after.

Allen and his second had to take their trial at the Old Bailey. A woman deposed to the somewhat ugly fact that she saw the reverend gentleman shooting at a mark or "practising," in a field near Blackfriars Bridge, with pistols, between eleven and twelve o'clock, on the very day of the duel. Her master and his son confirmed the fact, but could not swear positively to the person. But it must be stated that a gentleman of the highest respectability and two ladies proved an *alibi* as to the day's practice, and several other persons gave Allen an excellent character. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter against Allen, acquitting his second. The Recorder, then, "after a pathetic speech," pronounced sentence on Allen, of one shilling fine, and to be imprisoned six months in Newgate.

A DUEL PREVENTED BY A CLERGYMAN.

(A.D. 1783.)

Two officers of the army, with their seconds and a surgeon, met in a field near Kensington Gravel Pits, to fight a duel, but were happily prevented by the interposition of a clergyman who lived in that neighbourhood, and who happened to be passing by as

they alighted from their carriages. Suspecting their intention he interfered, and by his polite and affectionate address, effected an honourable reconciliation between the parties.

MR. RIDDELL AND MR. CUNNINGHAM.

(A.D. 1783.)

Both these gentleman had belonged to the Scots Greys, and had differed at play. Mr. Riddell had challenged Mr. Cunningham, who had refused to fight; but many of the gentlemen of the Scots Greys reviving, at intervals, that circumstance, Mr. Cunningham found it necessary, for the full restoration of his honour, to call out Mr. Riddell. The latter, in his turn, considering it as out of season, declined the challenge until he had consulted his brother officers, who agreed that there was no obligation on him to meet Mr. Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham then resolved upon forcing him to the point, and meeting him accidentally he spat in his face. Mr. Riddell then said that as this was a fresh affront, he should take notice of it, and went his way. He then proceeded to make some arrangements in his affairs; but before he had completed them, Cunningham sent him a letter reminding him of the affront which he had given him, and declaring his readiness to give him satisfaction. This note coming while the wafer was still wet, to the hands of Sir James Riddell, who was under some apprehension of his son's situation, he opened it, and

having read it, closed it without taking any other notice of its contents than providing, in consequence of it, the assistance of several surgeons of the greatest skill and ability.

The meeting was fixed. They were both punctual. Eight paces were measured by the seconds, and the contending parties took their ground. They tossed up for the first fire, which Mr. Riddell won. Mr. Riddell fired, and shot Mr. Cunningham under the right breast, the ball passing, as was supposed, through the ribs, and lodging on the left side near the back. The moment Cunningham received the shot he reeled, but did not fall. He opened his waistcoat, and declared he was mortally wounded.

Riddell still remained on his ground, when Cunningham, after a pause of two minutes, declared he would not be taken off the field till he had fired at his adversary. He then presented his pistol, and shot Riddell in the groin; he immediately fell, and was carried in a hackney-coach to a surgeon's. The unhappy man lingered until seven o'clock of the following morning, and then expired.

COLONEL THE HON. COSMO GORDON AND LIEUTENANT-
COLONEL THOMAS.

(A.D. 1783.)

This duel took place in the Ring in Hyde Park, in the year 1783. It was agreed upon by the seconds that, after receiving their pistols, they should advance,

and fire when they pleased. On arriving within eight yards of each other, they presented and drew their triggers nearly at the same moment, when only the Colonel's pistol went off. The Lieutenant-Colonel, having adjusted his pistol, fired at Colonel Gordon, who received a severe contusion on the thigh. They fired two more shots, but without effect, and their seconds were called to re-load them; after which they again advanced to nearly the same distance, and fired, when Lieut.-Colonel Thomas fell, being wounded in the body. He received immediate assistance from a surgeon, who extracted the ball on the field, but the wound notwithstanding proved mortal.

A DESPERATE DUEL.

(A.D. 1784.)

An officer in the navy and a gentleman in the German service fought a duel, with swords and pistols, in a field near Bayswater. Four pistols were discharged, one of which slightly wounded the former on the left shoulder; but in the rencontre with swords, the latter was run through the thigh. A surgeon who attended stopped the effusion of blood, which was great; and the gentleman was taken to his apartments in Dean Street dangerously ill. This was the second duel that these gentlemen had fought. The first was in France, where they were both desperately wounded. The cause of the quarrel was actually only a difference of opinion on the conduct of General Burgoyne in the Hudson's Bay Expedition, in

LORD MACARTNEY AND MAJOR-GENERAL STEWART.

(A.D. 1786.)

This duel took place on the 8th of June, 1786. The place of meeting having been previously fixed, the parties arrived about half-past four in the morning, and took their ground at the distance of twelve paces, measured off by the seconds, who delivered to each one pistol, keeping possession of the remaining arms. General Stewart told Lord Macartney that he doubted, as his lordship was short-sighted, he would not be able to see him. His lordship replied that he did perfectly well. When the seconds had retired a little on one side, and when the parties were about to level, General Stewart observed to Lord Macartney, that his pistol was not cocked! His lordship thanked him, and cocked. When they had levelled, General Stewart said, "he was ready:" his lordship answered, "he was likewise ready;" and they both fired within a few instants of each other. The seconds, observing Lord Macartney wounded, stepped up to him, and declared that the matter must rest here. General Stewart said, "This is no satisfaction," and asked if his lordship was not able to fire another pistol. His lordship replied, that "he would try with pleasure," and urged Colonel Fullarton to permit him to proceed. The seconds, however, declared it was impossible, and that they would on no account allow it. General Stewart said, "Then I must defer it till another occasion;" on

which his lordship answered, "If that be the case, we had better proceed now. I am here in consequence of a message from General Stewart, who called upon me to give him satisfaction in my private capacity for offence taken at my public conduct; and to evince that personal safety is no consideration with me, I have nothing personal: the General may proceed as he thinks fit." General Stewart said, that "it was his lordship's personal conduct that he resented."

The seconds then put an end to all further conversation between the parties, neither of whom had quitted their ground,—Lord Macartney, in consequence of his situation, having been under the necessity, from the first, of placing his back against a tree. The surgeons, who were attending at a little distance, were brought up by Colonel Fullarton. Colonel Gordon, in the meantime, assisted his lordship in taking off his coat, and requested him to sit down, apprehending he might faint through loss of blood. Colonel Gordon then left the ground, in company with General Stewart, and an easy carriage was provided to convey his lordship home.

Lord Macartney had fought a duel with Mr. Sadleir about two years before. The distance was ten paces; the lot to fire first fell to Mr. Sadleir, who firing accordingly, the ball struck Lord Macartney on the ribs of the left side, which was not known to the seconds till after his lordship had likewise fired, but without effect. It had previously been agreed between the seconds

that after the first fire, if no material execution had been done, they should interpose their good offices to effect a reconciliation. This they were about to do, when it was discovered that Lord Macartney was wounded. When the previous agreement was mentioned to his lordship, and he was asked his sentiments, his answer was, "that he came there to give Mr. Sadleir satisfaction, and he was still ready to do so." Mr. Sadleir being told that Lord Macartney was wounded, and that, in the present circumstances, the affair could not honourably be pursued any farther, acquiesced and declared that he was satisfied, and thus the affair ended.

THE CHEVALIER LA B. AND CAPTAIN S.: "SAVED BY A
BUTTON."

(A.D. 1787.)

Two years before the great French Revolution, a French officer, unguardedly, delivered himself of the aphorism that "the English army had more phlegm than spirit"—a sentiment which really had a substratum of truth, but was awkwardly worded. He should have said that phlegm was one shape of the *spirit* of the British army. The name of this incautious Frenchman was artfully veiled under that of the Chevalier La B., and that of the English officer, who promptly challenged him, was *thinly* disguised under that of Captain S., of the Eleventh Regiment. Of course the gallant champion of England was well

known to every Briton. The offence would appear to have been so deadly that the parties were placed at the alarmingly short distance of only five paces—which, allowing for the length of the pistol and the forearm in position, reduced the distance of the muzzles to something like four yards, at the most. Captain S. fired first, and his ball “took place,” to use the words of the authorized report of the transaction, and as might be expected, on the Chevalier’s breast; but, by a marvel of good luck, it was stopped by a metal button. The Chevalier, touched by so happy a deliverance, magnanimously fired in the air, and acknowledged that the English *have* both spirit and phlegm.

A DUELLIST SAVED BY A HORSESHOE.

Metal buttons, watches, and coins in the pocket have often saved the lives of duellists, but we read of a curious case in which a horseshoe performed that providential office. The incident occurred about the year 1823, and is thus described:—“A person connected with the family of the writer of these notes, was riding out one morning in Ireland, accompanied by sympathizing friends, to arrange a little “difficulty” of the same description. When at the gate his eye fell upon a horseshoe. With obstreperous cries of rejoicing, he was called on to dismount and pick it up. All felicitated him on so lucky an omen. He put it into his pocket, and his adversary’s ball actually struck

it over the region of the heart, and glanced off at an angle."*

Such interpositions may well be a matter for congratulation, but I apprehend that, in strictness, metallic buttons, coins in the pocket, and of course horseshoes, should be proscribed in duelling with pistols, just as much as coat-of-mail in conflicts with the sword. As the firer of the would-be fatal shot may be killed by his protected antagonist, it is not fair to give the latter this undue advantage.

The case of General Bonnet, related in the sequel,† is another remarkable instance of such a lucky interposition.

A propos of this subject, a joke is related of the jester Perpignan, who, on hearing that one of two parties to a duel owed his life to a five franc piece which happened to be in his pocket, exclaimed, "Well, I would have been killed!" "How so?" he was asked. "Why, my dear fellow," he replied, "I have never a five franc piece to spend, much less to put into my pocket."

MR. PUREFOY AND COLONEL ROPER.

(A.D. 1788.)

In 1787, Colonel Roper was Commander-in-Chief of the Island of St. Vincent, and Mr. Purefoy was ensign of the 66th Regiment. The latter having obtained

* 'All the Year Round,' April 18, 1863.

† Next chapter, 'Generals Ornano and Bonnet, A.D. 1814.'

leave of absence, had a festive day with some of the junior officers, in which they committed such excesses as occasioned a complaint to Colonel Roper, by whom the leave of absence was recalled. The remonstrances of Mr. Purefoy were made in such a style as to induce Colonel Roper to bring him to a court-martial. By their verdict he was declared to have forfeited his commission ; and this verdict was afterwards confirmed by his Majesty. This was the origin of the quarrel. The parties fought on the 21st December, 1788, when the Colonel was killed.

Purefoy was tried for the offence seven years after, and the evidence, particularly that of General Stanwix, the second to Colonel Roper, was extremely favourable to the prisoner, who, being called upon for his defence, said that he had entertained no malice against the deceased ; that he had been led by the call of honour, or, more properly speaking, driven by the tyranny of custom, to an act which in early life had embittered his existence, but without which he was taught to believe that he should lose all consideration which society could afford. The last challenge, he observed, had come from Colonel Roper, and as some expiation of the offence, he had already suffered six years of exile, and nine months' close confinement. He was acquitted.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK AND
COLONEL LENOX.

(A.D. 1789.)

This celebrated affair occurred on the 17th of May, 1789. The dispute originated in an expression of the Duke of York, "That Colonel Lenox had heard words spoken to him at Daubigny's to which no gentleman ought to have submitted." This observation being repeated to Colonel Lenox, he took the opportunity while his Royal Highness was on parade to address him, desiring to know what were the words which he submitted to hear, and by whom they were uttered. To this his Royal Highness gave no other answer than by *ordering him to his post*. The parade over, his Royal Highness went into the orderly room, and sending for Colonel Lenox, intimated to him, in the presence of all the officers, that "he desired to derive no protection from his rank as a prince, and his station as commanding officer, but that when not on duty, he wore a brown coat, and was ready, as a private gentleman, to give the Colonel satisfaction." Here I may remark that Colonel Lenox was most irregular in addressing his commanding officer on such a subject whilst on parade, and that his Royal Highness's reply was strictly proper for the occasion.

After the declaration of the Duke, Colonel Lenox wrote a circular letter to every member of the club at Daubigny's, requesting to know whether such words

had been used to him, and appointing a particular day for an answer from each,—their silence to be considered as a declaration that no such words could be recollected. On the expiration of the term limited for an answer to the circular letter, the Colonel sent a written message to his Royal Highness to this purport:—"That not being able to recollect any occasion on which words had been spoken to him at Daubigny's, to which a gentleman ought not to submit, he had taken the step which had appeared to him most likely to gain information of the words to which his Royal Highness had alluded, and of the person who had used them,—that none of the members of the club had given him information of any such insult being in their knowledge,—and, therefore, he expected, in justice to his character, that his Royal Highness should contradict the report as publicly as he had asserted it."

This letter was delivered to his Royal Highness by the Earl of Winchilsea, when, the answer returned not proving satisfactory, a message was sent to his Royal Highness desiring a meeting. This was acceded to, and the time and place were settled that evening. Lord Rawdon was second to the Duke of York, and the Earl of Winchilsea to Colonel Lenox.

The meeting took place on Wimbledon Common. The Duke of York received Colonel Lenox's fire, but did not fire himself. The ball from Colonel Lenox grazed a curl of his Royal Highness's *hair*!

Some days after this, Colonel Lenox made a requi-

sition to the Duke of York, as colonel of the Coldstream Regiment, that his Royal Highness would permit a call of the officers of that corps, in order that certain propositions touching his conduct and situation might be submitted to their consideration.

His Royal Highness informed the friend of Colonel Lenox, "that he could not possibly oppose any design which might tend to relieve Colonel Lenox from his present embarrassment. The meeting of this military convention was held at the orderly room, and after a considerable deliberation, there was an adjournment; but at the subsequent meeting the convention came to the following resolution:—"It is the opinion of the Coldstream Regiment that, subsequent to the 15th of May, the day of the meeting at the orderly room, Lieut.-Colonel Lenox has behaved with courage, but, from the peculiar difficulty of his situation, not with judgment."

Colonel Lenox soon after exchanged from the Duke of York's regiment into the 35th Regiment of Foot.

Altogether this was a very singular affair. The Royal Duke had a very narrow escape, so that it was a duel in earnest. By firing in the air, he, of course, put an end to the combat, no apology or explanation being given; and so to the present day it is uncertain whether the Duke had not been misinformed as to the words spoken to Colonel Lenox, or that he wished to screen somebody whom it would have been inconvenient to put forward as his authority for the damaging assertion.

That the Duke's escape was a narrow one is still further shown by another shot of the same Colonel Lenox in the following affair, apparently arising out of the same transaction.

COLONEL LENOX AND MR. THEOPHILUS SWIFT.

(A.D. 1789.)

This meeting was in consequence of some expressions reflecting on the character of Colonel Lenox, published in a pamphlet with the name of Theophilus Swift, Esq. Colonel Lenox called on Mr. Swift and demanded satisfaction.

They met in a field near the Uxbridge Road, attended by Sir W. A. Browne and Lieut.-Colonel Phipps. Ten paces were measured by the seconds; and it was agreed that Colonel Lenox should fire first. The parties having taken their ground, Colonel Lenox asked if Mr. Swift was ready? On his answering that he was, Colonel Lenox fired, and the ball was lodged in the body of Mr. Swift, whose pistol, on his receiving the wound, went off without effect. The parties then quitted the ground. It is but just to say that both gentlemen behaved with the utmost degree of coolness and intrepidity. Mr. Swift recovered from his wound.

CURRAN, M.P., AND MAJOR HOBART.

This duel was fought at Luttrellstown on "Tom Fool's Day," April 1st, 1790. It was occasioned by

some words uttered in Parliament. The meeting took place at the Hermitage, one of Lord Carhampton's seats. Curran was attended by Mr. Egan, Major Hobart by Lord Carhampton. Being put to their ground, and having agreed to fire *as they chose*, Curran fired first, without effect; whereupon Major Hobart said, "He hoped Mr. Curran was satisfied." Mr. Egan then called out to Major Hobart that he had not fired, as had Mr. Curran. The Major, advancing a step or two towards Curran, repeated what he had said before. Curran replied, "I am sorry, Sir, you have taken this advantage; but you have made it impossible for me not to be satisfied." Thus the affair ended.

SIR GEORGE RAMSAY AND CAPTAIN MACRAE.

(A.D. 1790.)

This fatal meeting took place near Edinburgh. The circumstances were as follows:—A servant of Sir George's, keeping a chair at the door of the Edinburgh Theatre, was ordered by Captain Macrae to remove it. On his objecting, some words ensued, and the fracas concluded in Captain Macrae chastising the servant very severely.

Meeting the next day with Sir George Ramsay, the Captain insisted on his dismissing the man from his service. This was refused, on the ground, that whatever was the misconduct of the servant, he had already received a sufficient punishment. A challenge was the immediate consequence of this refusal.

The parties met on Musselbrough Links, Sir George Ramsay accompanied by Sir William Maxwell, and Captain Macrae by Mr. Hay.

The former fired first, but without effect. Captain Macrae returned the fire, and lodged his ball near the heart of his antagonist. Sir George languished in much agony until the following morning, when he expired.

He was a gentleman of the most amiable character and disposition, and had but lately married a beautiful young lady, the sister of Lord Saltoun.

Captain Macrae and his second immediately fled.

The poor fellow on whose account this duel happened, no sooner heard of his master's fate than he fell into strong convulsions, and died in the course of a few hours.

Macrae not having appeared to stand his trial, sentence of outlawry was pronounced against him.

MR. GRAHAM, THE EMINENT SPECIAL PLEADER, AND A
MR. JULIUS, A LAW-STUDENT.

(A.D. 1791.)

Mr. Graham, the eminent special pleader, of the Temple, and a Mr. Julius, a pupil in the office of Messrs. Graham, attorneys, of Lincoln's Inn, brothers of the former, had dined together at the house of a Mr. Black, on a Sunday; and after dinner, having drunk freely, Mr. Julius expressing some free opinions concerning religion, much abrupt language passed

between them. They were reconciled, however, on that day, and returned to town in the same carriage. On the Monday following they met again after dinner, at the chambers of Mr. Graham, the brother of the special pleader, where the dispute about religion was unfortunately renewed, apparently without malignity. At any rate, no challenge was given that night; but in the morning, Mr. Graham called upon Mr. Julius for an apology for some expressions he had used, which being refused, they went out together, Mr. Graham attended by Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Julius by Mr. Maxwell. A pupil of an eminent surgeon attended them to Blackheath. The combatants were posted; they fired; and Mr. Graham fell by a shot which passed almost through the lower part of his belly. He was brought to town in a post-chaise, and the exertions of the most eminent of the faculty were in vain used for his relief—the ball having laid open the femoral artery,—and it being impossible to stop the flow of blood, he expired in the afternoon of the next day.

Mr. Graham was a gentleman of considerable eminence in his profession, and of an esteemed character in private life. Mr. Julius was a son of a very respectable attorney at St. Kitt's, in the West Indies, and is said not to have been the least to blame in this quarrel.

LORD LAUDERDALE AND GENERAL ARNOLD.

(A.D. 1792.)

In this affair, Lord Lauderdale was attended by

Charles James Fox, and General Arnold by Lord Hawke. The meeting took place near Kilburn Wells. The cause was a long misunderstanding which it was found impossible to conciliate. Lord Lauderdale received the General's fire unhurt, when his lordship declined to return the shot; the seconds retired for about ten minutes, and the result was the termination of the affair. The noble Earl, on being desired to fire, observed that he did not come there to fire at the General, nor could he retract the offensive expressions he had used; if General Arnold was not satisfied, he might fire till he was. A similar meeting took place, a few days before, between the same noble Earl and the Duke of Richmond.

THE EARL OF LONSDALE AND CAPTAIN CUTHBERT, OF
THE GUARDS.

(A.D. 1792.)

The cause of this duel was as follows:—Captain Cuthbert being on duty in the locality, in order to obviate all increasing disturbance in Mount Street, had directed that no carriage should be suffered to pass that way. Lord Lonsdale, who came in his carriage to Mount Street, was consequently obstructed; and finding the impediment insuperable, his temper was somewhat ruffled. Addressing himself, therefore, to Captain Cuthbert, he exclaimed, “You rascal, do you know that I am a peer of the realm?” The Captain immediately replied, “I don't know that you

are a peer, but I know you are a scoundrel for applying such a term to an officer on duty, and I will make you answer for it." A meeting of course took place, but, after the discharge of a brace of pistols on each side, it terminated without injury to either party. Lord Lonsdale's last shot, however, would probably have been fatal if the ball had not luckily struck a button of Captain Cuthbert's coat, which repelled it. The seconds then interfered, and matters were amicably adjusted.

MAJOR SWEETMAN AND CAPTAIN WATSON.

(A.D. 1796.)

This duel is remarkable for the shortness of the distance at which it was fought. It originated in a dispute at the opera, and was fought at Cobham. The combatants were posted by the seconds at the distance of ten yards; but Major Sweetman, who was short-sighted, complaining that he could not see clearly, Captain Watson called out to him to advance till he was satisfied. He advanced to within *four* yards, when both parties fired together. Captain Watson's ball went in at Major Sweetman's right breast and came out at his left. He fell, and instantly expired. Captain Watson was wounded in the upper part of the thigh, but ultimately recovered, the ball having been extracted.

Captain Watson was tried for "the murder" of Major Sweetman. He was still very ill of his wound,

and was carried into court on a sofa covered with black. The surgeons refusing to be examined, through fear of being implicated in the crime with which the prisoner was charged, the trial was very short, and the result was that Captain Watson was acquitted. This occurred on the 20th March, 1796, the duel having been fought on the 12th of January of the same year.

MR. RICHARD ENGLAND AND MR. ROWLLS.

(A.D. 1784.)

The circumstances of this affair were related at the consequent trial, at the Old Bailey, by Lord Derby, as a witness. It occurred at Cranford Bridge, on the 18th of June, 1784. Lord Derby said that he was present at Ascot Races. When in the stand upon the race-course, he heard Mr. England cautioning the gentlemen present not to bet with the deceased, Mr. Rowlls, as he neither paid what he lost nor what he borrowed. On which, Mr. Rowlls went up to him, called him a rascal or scoundrel, and offered to strike him, when Mr. England bid him stand off, or he would be obliged to knock him down, saying at the same time, "We have interrupted the company sufficiently here, and if you have anything further to say to me, you know where I am to be found." A further altercation ensued, but his lordship being at the other end of the stand, did not distinctly hear it; and then the parties retired. Lord Dartrey, afterwards

Lord Cremorne, and his lady, with a gentleman, were at the inn at the time the duel was fought. They went into the garden and endeavoured to prevent the duel; several other persons were collected in the garden. Mr. Rowlls desired his lordship and others not to interfere; and on a second attempt of his lordship to make peace, Mr. Rowlls said, "If they did not retire, he must, though reluctantly, call them impertinent." Mr. England at the same time stepped forward, and took off his hat; he said, "Gentlemen, I have been cruelly treated; I have been injured in my honour and character; let reparation be made; and I am ready to have it done this moment." Lady Dartrey retired. His lordship stood in the bower of the garden, until he saw Mr. Rowlls fall.

At the trial, the Earl of Derby, the Marquis of Hertford, and several other gentlemen deposed to the character of Mr. England, all speaking of him as a man of decent, gentlemanly deportment, who, instead of seeking quarrels, was studious to avoid them. He had been friendly to Englishmen while abroad, and had rendered some service to the military at the siege of Newport.

He was convicted of "manslaughter;" but the prisoner having fled from the laws of his country for twelve years, the court was disposed to show no lenity; he was, therefore, sentenced to pay a fine of one shilling, and to be imprisoned in Newgate for twelve months.

Such is the account of this duel quoted by Millingen, but there happens to be another, totally different in the most important particulars. According to Seymour Harcourt,* this Richard England was no other than the notorious "Dick England," celebrated in the annals of gambling, and the following is his version of the "affair":—

"Mr. William Peter le Rowles, of Kingston, brewer, was habitually fond of play. On one occasion he was induced, when in a state of intoxication, to play with Dick England, who claimed, in consequence, winnings to the amount of two hundred guineas. Mr. R. utterly denied the debt, and was in consequence pursued by England until he was compelled to a duel, in which Mr. R. fell. Lord Dartrey, afterwards Lord Cremorne, was present at Ascot Heath Races on the fatal occasion, which happened in 1784; and his evidence before the coroner's inquest produced a verdict of wilful murder against Dick England, who fled at that time, but returned twelve years afterwards, was tried, and found guilty of manslaughter only. He was imprisoned for twelve months. England was strongly suspected of highway robberies, particularly on one occasion, when his associate F. was shot dead by Colonel P——, on his return from the Curragh Races to the town of Naas * * *. The Hon. Mr. D——r, son of the Earl of D——e, lost forty thousand pounds to Dick England, and shot himself at Stacie's Hotel, in

* 'The Gaming Calendar,' p. 78.

consequence, the very night before his honourable father had sent his steward to pay it in full,—though aware that he had been cheated out of it.”

With such a character, how was it possible that the above-named noblemen could come forward in his favour at the trial? Easily enough. They knew the man only as a turf companion. We can come to no other conclusion,—remembering other instances of the kind. For example, the case of Palmer, convicted for the poisoning of Cooke. Had Palmer been on his trial merely for fighting a fatal duel, there can be no doubt that several noblemen would have come forward to give him a good character. I was present at his trial, and saw him *bow to one, at least, of our most distinguished noblemen* when the latter took his seat near the judge, at his trial. There was a *turf acquaintance* between them, and, of course, all “acquaintance” may be presumed upon, if we lay ourselves open to the degradation.

COLONEL KING AND COLONEL FITZGERALD.

(1797.)

The cause of this remarkable affair was a case of seduction in the higher circles.

The Hon. Miss King, who lived with her mother, eloped from Windsor. There were many circumstances attending the elopement which led to a suspicion of the person who had seduced her from her duty.

Colonel Fitzgerald, who was married to a very beau-

tiful lady, and was second cousin to Miss King, had been very attentive to her for some time ; and, it appears, had previously found means to lead her astray. She was very young, being only sixteen years of age ; and her habits of life had been such as to leave her more uninformed of the vicious habits of the world than happens to most young people, even at that early age.

At length Colonel Fitzgerald was accused by her friends as being accessory to her elopement, when he was extremely indignant, and threatened to fight any person who should accuse him. The afflicted parent, by the advice of friends, had recourse, at length, to the newspapers, and having repeatedly advertised in vain, for her daughter, was induced to offer a reward of a hundred guineas for her recovery. It was in consequence of the reward offered that a young woman, daughter of the mistress of the house where Miss King was concealed, in Clayton Street, Kennington, discovered her and her seducer.

As soon as Lord Kingsborough, who was in Ireland, heard of the fate of his daughter, he came to England with his son, Colonel King, and the first step was to find out Colonel Fitzgerald, which was not done without some difficulty ; as they were determined to call him to a personal and severe account.

Lord Kingsborough wrote to his friend Major Wood, at Ashford, requesting his immediate attendance in town. As soon as he arrived a meeting was appointed,

and a duel took place, of which the following particulars are given by Major Wood to a friend :—

“ Agreeably to an arranged plan I accompanied Colonel King to a spot near the magazine in the park. Colonel Fitzgerald we met at Grosvenor Gate, unaccompanied by a friend, which, by the way, he told me yesterday he feared he should not be able to provide, in consequence of the odium which was thrown upon his character, at the same time observing, ‘ That he was so sensible of my honour that he was perfectly satisfied to meet Colonel King, unattended by a friend.’ I decidedly refused any interference on his part, informing him, ‘ That had not nearer relations of the ——* been on the spot, he would have seen me as principal.’ He replied, ‘ He would try to procure a friend,’ and withdrew. I addressed him this morning by, ‘ Where is your friend, Sir ?’ Answer (as well as I can recollect), ‘ I have not been able to procure one. I rest assured that you will act fairly.’

“ I then desired him to apply to his surgeon, which he immediately did, who refused appearing as a second, but said he would be in view. Colonel King was equally desirous to go on with the business. I consented. However, I prevailed upon a surgeon, who accompanied Dr. Browne, to be present as a witness that all was fairly conducted. It was no common business.

* This blank seems to represent a vile epithet applied to the poor seduced young lady.

THE FUGITIVE.

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“I placed them at ten short paces’ distance from each other. That distance I thought too far, but I indulged a hope that Colonel Fitzgerald, sensible of the vileness of his conduct, would, after the first fire, have thrown himself on Colonel King’s humanity. His conduct was quite the reverse. In short, they exchanged six shots without effect. King was cool and determined. The other also was determined, and, to all appearance, obstinately bent on blood. After the fourth shot, he said something to me about giving him advice as a friend. I told him I was no friend of his, but that I was a friend to humanity; that, if after what had passed, he possessed firmness enough to acknowledge to Colonel King, that he was the vilest of human beings, and bear without reply any language from Colonel King, however harsh, the present business then, perhaps, might come to a period. He consented to acknowledge that he had acted wrong; but no further. That was enough. He now attempted to address Colonel King, who prevented him by saying, ‘That he was a d—d villain, and that he would not listen to anything he had to say.’

“They proceeded. Colonel Fitzgerald’s powder and balls were now expended. He desired to have one of King’s pistols. To this I would not consent, though pressed to do so by my friends. Here ended this morning’s business. We must meet again. It cannot end here. I have only to add that nothing could exceed the firmness and propriety of Colonel King’s conduct through every stage of this business.”

On leaving the ground, Colonel Fitzgerald agreed to meet Colonel King at the same hour next day, but both the colonels were put under arrest.

After the events just described the young lady was removed to the country residence of her noble father, the Earl of Kingston, at Mitchelstown, near Kilworth, in Ireland.

Colonel Fitzgerald, feeling no remorse for what he had done, in dishonouring by the most artful stratagems an illustrious family, had the audacity and hardihood to follow the young lady to Ireland; it is supposed with a view to wrest her by violence from her parents; and for this purpose he took lodgings at an inn in Kilworth.

The Colonel had been there some days before his arrival at Kilworth was known, or the object of his expedition was discovered. He was observed to walk out at night, and conceal himself in the day, and the servants, at length, noticed him lurking about Mitchelstown House, at unreasonable hours.

Intelligence having reached Colonel King (now become Lord Kingsborough), he resolved to defeat his antagonist's project, left his father's house, and went to Kilworth, where, having inquired if that gentleman was in the house, and being informed that he was, he went to the apartment he was directed to, that the Colonel lodged in.

The indignant brother rapped at the door, requiring admittance. The Colonel, knowing his voice, replied,

“That he was locked in, and could not open the door, but that if he had anything to say to him he would receive it in writing under the door.” This enraged the young nobleman, and he forced open the door, and running to a case of pistols in the room, took one, and desired the Colonel to take the other, and defend himself, as he was resolved to have satisfaction for the scheme he had formed against his sister, and which he came to this place to put into execution.

On both seizing the pistols, they grappled with each other, and were struggling, when the Earl of Kingston, who had been apprized of his son’s departure in pursuit of the Colonel, and quickly followed the young lord, entered the room, and finding them in the contest, and that his son must lose his life, from the situation the Colonel had him in, the Earl fired upon the Colonel, not, it was thought, with the intention of killing him, though his aggravation was great. But the shot took effect, and the Colonel lost his life, but not lamented by any one who had heard of his very dishonourable conduct in this affair.

When Miss King was taken by her father from England, on account of her disgrace, it was discovered, on her arrival at Dublin, that the servant-maid who accompanied her favoured the views of the seducer. On her consequent dismissal from the service, she returned to England, and was the bearer of a private letter to Colonel Fitzgerald, the contents of which were, it is said, sufficient to induce the Colonel, even

at the risk of his life, to make an effort to regain the young lady. But his finances not enabling him to undertake the journey, he borrowed a sum of money from an amiable lady, who ought to have been most dear to him, under the pretence of making a visit to Dorsetshire. Thus accommodated, he set out for Ireland, and arrived at the village of Kilworth, the residence of the noble family, the place where the young lady was then kept, and whose conduct was then watched with particular vigilance.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT AND GEORGE TIERNEY.

(A.D. 1798.)

In consequence of some expression made use of by Pitt, in the House of Commons, against Tierney, a meeting took place between them on Putney Heath, on the 21st May, 1798, at three o'clock in the afternoon. After some ineffectual attempts on the part of the seconds to prevent further proceedings, the parties took their ground, at the distance of twelve paces. A brace of pistols on both sides was fired, at the same moment, without effect. A second brace was also fired, and in the same manner. Then, Pitt firing his pistol in the air, the seconds jointly interfered, and insisted that the matter should go no further, it being their decided opinion that sufficient satisfaction had been given, and that the business was ended with perfect honour on both sides.

LADY DUELLISTS.

(A.D. 1790.)

Towards the end of the last century, two ladies of fashion and repute, by name Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., went together to a ball, in great harmony. In the course of the evening, however, a preference having been given by a gentleman of gallantry to Mrs. A., the other lady was greatly incensed, and high words ensued, Mrs. B. leaving with bitter denunciations of revenge. On the following morning, the latter called on her rival before she was up, and demanded "satisfaction" in a duel. "With all my heart," answered Mrs. A., "as soon as I am dressed I will attend you." So saying, she rang the bell for her maid to come and dress her; after which she dismissed Betty, and going into her closet, returned with a brace of pistols. She then very calmly proceeded to load them; after which, addressing Mrs. B., she said, "Madam, shall we settle the matter here, or in the field?"—"In the field, Madam," answered Mrs. B.—"Well, then," said the other, "I will attend you immediately." To the field accordingly they proceeded, and were on the point of taking their ground when a constable, who had been fetched by Betty, interfered and stopped the encounter, to the great displeasure of the furious rivals."*

* 'Bon Ton Magazine,' 1793.

A CHALLENGE SENT BY A LADY.

(A.D. 1790.)

The following correspondence passed between two enraged ladies in the year 1790 :—*

“ St. J——s P——

“ Thursday morning.

“ The Hon. Miss —— cannot longer exist under the public insults she has received from the Hon. Miss —— . *Honourable men* demand and receive satisfaction for similar injuries. Why are *Maids of Honour* to be proscribed on such occasions? My further sentiments will be conveyed to you by Ensign —— of the *Coldstream*, who is charged with the delivery of this letter.

“ Yours, etc.”

“ To the Honourable Miss ——.”

Answer.

“ Madam,—

“ You may give yourself what appellation you please. When the laws of honour declare it right that a *gentleman* should meet a notorious *blackleg*, I shall think it my duty to obey the summons of a —— ! The *Ensign* who bore your commission is a *creature of fine feelings*, for he would have fainted before he left my apartment but for the timely application of my *eau de luce*.”

“ Yours, etc.”

“ To the Honourable Miss ——.”

* ‘ *Western County Magazine*,’ 1790.

COLONEL HARVEY ASTON AND MAJOR ALLEN.

(A.D. 1798.)

This duel is remarkable not only on account of its regimental bearings, but also from the fact that the particulars were recorded by the Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley, as follows:—"In the month of September, Lieutenant Hartley, who was acting quartermaster of the 12th, wrote a private letter to Colonel Aston, stating that Major Allen had charged to his account certain articles which had been ordered from Europe for the use of the officers of the regiment, and which still remained in the quartermaster's stores. This information drew from Colonel Aston two letters; one to Major Picton, in which he mentions the circumstance, and his opinion that the charge ought not to have been made against Lieutenant Hartley; another (a private one) to Lieutenant Hartley, in which, it is said, he expressed his surprise that Major Allen should have acted so illiberally. Major Picton, immediately after he had received this letter, ordered a regimental court of inquiry to inquire (as he says himself) into the merits of a complaint made by Lieutenant Hartley to Colonel Aston, that the paymaster had stopped money out of his account for different regimental articles in store, 'and in consequence of a letter he (Lieutenant Hartley) has been showing to different officers of the corps, which he said he received from you' (Colonel Aston). This court of inquiry proceeded, and Colonel

Aston, in different letters from Madras to Major Picton, expressed his opinion of its irregularity. The Major proposed several methods of concluding the business, such as referring it to the Commander-in-Chief, to all of which Colonel Aston answered that he would have nothing to do with anything which had been so irregular.

“At last, Major Picton called together the officers of the regiment, and submitted the proceedings of the court of inquiry to them. They would have nothing to do with it, and a committee of officers was appointed to take it into consideration.”

All this was quite irregular, and Colonel Aston, as in duty bound, gave out an order thereon. “Major Picton wrote to Colonel Aston, requesting him to cancel the order, *without stating any reason upon which he grounded his request*. Of course, Colonel Aston merely acknowledged his letter, without any further answer.

“In this state of the matter, Major Picton ought either to have endeavoured to persuade Colonel Aston to cancel the order, and if he could not succeed in that, he ought to have desired to stand a court-martial; or, he ought at once to have asked for a court-martial. He adopted neither course, but went down to Arnee and challenged Colonel Aston for an offence which he stated him to have given him as commanding officer of his regiment. Colonel Aston refused to fight him on that ground; at the same time, he said

that he should not avail himself of the advantage which the Major had given him, by challenging him for an act done in his military capacity. After several messages had passed, at last Major Picton challenged him to fight him for having written him the letter in which he acknowledged the receipt of his, written from Madras. Upon that account the Colonel yielded, absurd as the thing may seem; they went out to fight; Major Picton's pistol missed fire; Colonel Aston desired him to try again; the seconds interfered, and declared he could not. Colonel Aston fired in the air, and said that he had no objection to declare that he had no intention of offending Major Picton in that letter, and that he was ready to shake hands with him. He then said that their difference of opinion respecting the order remained as it had been before; that the Major was at liberty to take such steps as he thought necessary to free himself from the imputation he supposed had been thrown upon him; and that what had passed should not prevent it, or ever be mentioned. The parties then went home.

“Major Allen happened to be upon the ground, and saw everything that was done. On the same morning he called upon Colonel Aston, and desired to speak to him. He lamented, as Colonel Aston said, the unfortunate circumstances which had happened, and stated his wish to leave the corps. Colonel Aston recommended it to him to consider well before he took that step. After a conversation, which lasted about an

hour and a half, respecting Lieutenant Hartley and different subjects, in the course of which he urged Colonel Aston to recall the expressions made use of in his letter to Mr. Hartley, he at last said, 'Colonel Aston, what is your private opinion of *me*?' Colonel Aston said, 'I am not obliged to give you my private opinion upon any subject.' 'Then,' said Major Allen, 'will you give me a private meeting?' 'Yes,' replied Colonel Aston.

"Upon the ground an offer was made to Major Allen, that Colonel Aston would say that he had not intended that his private letter should be seen by him, or by anybody excepting the person to whom it was addressed; with that, however, the Major was not satisfied; indeed, the quarrel seemed to have evidently shifted ground altogether. The matter proceeded; the parties fired, and Major Allen's ball entered the right side of Colonel Aston, penetrated the liver, went through his backbone, turned, and lodged near his left hip-bone." Such was the issue of this apparently trivial matter between officers of the British army. The Duke of Wellington, in his account of the matter, proceeds as follows:—

'I cannot conclude this sad story without expressing my regret that I was not at Arnee to do everything in my power to prevent what happened, in which, however, it is probable I should have failed. If anything can give Colonel Aston's friends consolation, it must be to learn that his moderation was as

conspicuous as his coolness, and that this misfortune was not occasioned by his fault."

Colonel Aston lived a week after the duel, in the greatest agony, and died lamented by all good men in this country.*

In his letter to the Duke, Colonel Aston said, "The deed is done, and to-morrow morning the Major wreaks his vengeance on me. The result of the meeting you shall know either from me or my friends, but I hope from the former. Should any accident happen to me, I have requested Cragie and Macpherson to explain every part of my conduct in this affair to you, and I trust you will do me that justice you think I merit. I particularly wish that my conduct may be placed in its true light to my friends in England. I shall now say no more, but God bless you. Arnee, 13th, at night, or 14th in the morning."

It is a curious fact, that the death of Colonel Aston made room for Colonel Wellesley at the siege of Seringapatam, thus commencing that great military career which was crowned at Waterloo.

* Wellington, 'Supplementary Dispatches,' vol. i.

CHAPTER II.

DUELS IN FRANCE FROM THE COMMENCEMENT
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT
TIME.

It has been truly said that during the French Revolution the foot of Liberty slipped on blood, and she fell prostrate under a military despotism. Under the Directory an attempt was made to restore society to its ancient prejudices, modified by the times, and duelling became fashionable among the upper classes of society, more especially in upstart circles, while in the army it was constantly resorted to both by officers and soldiers. Scarcely a day passed without a meeting in the Bois de Boulogne, while garrison towns were continually disturbed by desperate duellists. Pistols were now adopted by civilians, and the sabre, rarely the small sword, became the arm of the military.

It was but a natural consequence that single combats should revive with the Empire. France was then

so to speak, but one soldier, and the interludes of war were naturally occupied with duels. Not only soldiers fought with civilians, but among themselves, as it were only to keep their hand in. That duels should prove of frequent occurrence among soldiers and officers of lower rank might be expected, since general officers showed the example. In 1802, Generals Destaing and Regnier, having quarrelled in a discussion relating to the campaign of Egypt, a duel ensued, and Destaing was killed by a pistol-shot in the breast. Napoleon, who was then First Consul, expressed his displeasure, and for some time the survivor was obliged to absent himself from Paris. The Emperor invariably denounced the practice of duelling; and although he knew, from the character of his officers and soldiers, that it was impossible to prevent it, yet he visited with his displeasure all the superior officers who transgressed the regulations on the subject. He was frequently heard to say that he never could place any dependence upon a duellist in battle; and that Latour Maubourg, the bravest of the brave, had never drawn his sword in a private quarrel. Such was also the opinion of Tollard, the commentator of Polybius, who observed, that "in his time duellists were in great vogue, but he generally found them the very scum and dishonour of the army, and the first to flee in moments of danger." Such strong opinions as these may not be completely borne out by facts, and certainly I shall not attempt to defend duellists by rebutting

them, believing, as I do, that nations and armies could stand their ground without practising duelling. There was certainly no duelling among the soldiers of Cromwell, and yet they have never been surpassed, if equalled.

AN OLD GENERAL AND A YOUNG DUELLIST.

One of Napoleon's Generals having had occasion to twit a young officer was challenged by the latter, and the former accepted the glove on condition that the duel should take place in a dark room, and with pistols. These terms being accepted, the affair came off, the parties being posted, pistol in hand, at the opposite corners of a room. The light being removed, the word "Fire!" was given, and two unequal explosions were heard. "Bring in the light," exclaimed the old General, whereupon he continued:—"Look here, young man. On the floor, there, you see the charge of the pistol, which I drew, only reserving the powder in the pan for a flash; but just come hither, and see for yourself. If I had not taken good care to step out of your line of fire, you see that your bullet would have gone right through me, and the Emperor would have lost a man I have reason to believe he can't well spare, and he would have played the devil with you for the misfortune. Well, you have had the satisfaction of making me do what I never did before, shrink from death; that's a great deal. . Now let's be friends; here's my hand."

THE DIPLOMATIC DUEL AT NAPLES.

Under the reign of Murat, at a levée of the King and Queen, Count Dolgoroucki, the Russian ambassador, took precedence of the French envoy, Baron Durand de Mareuil, who, as a *family* ambassador, had a claim to a prior introduction. The Baron took no notice of this circumstance at the time; but, on quitting the palace, he sent a message to the Russian nobleman, who replied that he would submit the affair to his Court.

The French General, Excelmans, who was present at the time, immediately called upon the Count de Beckendorf, the first secretary of the Russian embassy, to demand satisfaction for the insult offered to France, in the person of her representative. The challenge was accepted, and at the same time it was agreed that the two ambassadors should be present at the meeting. However, the Russian ambassador would not allow his secretary to take up the quarrel, and he accepted the message sent by the envoy of France. The ambassadors becoming principals, the seconds resolved that, according to the ancient Italian custom, they should follow their example, and the four combatants met for the encounter. Both ambassadors were slightly wounded, but Beckendorf was run through the body by Excelmans, and recovered with great difficulty. The war with Russia broke out shortly after, and it is generally supposed that this insult offered to France

by the Russian minister was one of the pretexts that accelerated the event, although it is now quite certain that Napoleon had long been meditating and preparing for that insensate expedition.

GUSTAVUS IV. AND NAPOLEON.

Gustavus IV., with more chivalric feeling than wisdom, sent a challenge to Napoleon, who replied, "That he would order a fencing-master to attend him as a plenipotentiary." No doubt that duelling was considerably checked when Napoleon had established his iron *régime*. Public opinion was hectored, the press was gagged, the court was no longer a menagerie of frail "ladies," as of old, the perpetual incitement of quarrels among the "gentlemen," who employed "affairs of honour" to succeed in their dishonourable "conquests."

A DUEL IN BALLOONS.

A M. de Grandprée and a M. le Pique having quarrelled about Mademoiselle Tirevit, a celebrated opera-dancer, who was the *chère amie* of the former, but had been discovered in an intrigue with the latter, a challenge ensued. Being both of "elevated minds," they agreed to fight in balloons; and in order to give time for their preparation, it was determined that the duel should take place that day month. Accordingly, on the 3rd of May, 1808, the parties met in a field adjoining the Tuileries, where their respective balloons were

ready to receive them. Each attended by a second, ascended the car, loaded with blunderbusses, as pistols could not be expected to be efficient in their probable situation.

A great multitude attended on the occasion, hearing of balloons, but little dreaming of their purpose,—the Parisians merely looking for the novelty of a balloon-race. At nine o'clock the cords were cut, and the balloons ascended majestically, amidst the shouts of the spectators. The wind was moderate, from the N.N.W., and they kept, as far as could be judged, within about eighty yards of each other.

When they had mounted to the height of about eight hundred yards, M. le Pique fired his piece, without effect; almost immediately after, the fire was returned by M. Grandprée, and the ball penetrated his adversary's balloon, the consequence of which was its rapid descent, and M. le Pique and his second were both dashed to pieces on a house-top, upon which the balloon fell. The victorious Grandprée then mounted aloft in the grandest style, and descended safely with his second, about seven leagues from the spot of ascension.

A DUEL LASTING NINETEEN YEARS.

This most curious duel was brought to a termination in 1813, after lasting nineteen years. It began at Strasbourg, and the cause of the protracted fighting was as follows:—

A captain of hussars, named Fournier, who was a desperate duellist, and endowed, as the French say, "with deplorable skill," had challenged and killed, on a most frivolous pretence, a young man, named Blumm, the sole support of a family. At the event the entire town put forth a cry of lamentation—a cry of malediction on the murderer. The young man's funeral was attended by an immense multitude, and sympathy was felt for the bereaved family in every household. There was, however, as it happened, a ball at the quarters of General Moreau. The ball was expressly given to the citizens of Strasbourg, and the General, apprehensive that the presence of Fournier might be offensive to his guests of the evening, charged Captain Dupont, his aide-de-camp, to prevent him from entering the ball-room. He accordingly posted himself at the entrance, and when Fournier made his appearance, he exclaimed, "Do you dare to show yourself here?" "The deuce! what does this mean?" asked Fournier. "It means," replied Captain Dupont, "that you ought to have understood that on the day of the funeral of poor Blumm, it would have been only decent to remain at home, or certainly not to appear at a reunion in which you are likely to meet with the friends of your victim." "You mean *enemies*; but I would have you to know that I fear nobody, and that I am in a mood to defy all the world," said Fournier. "Ah, bah! You shall not enjoy that fancy to-night; you must go to bed, by order of the General,"

rejoined Dupont. "You are mistaken, Dupont;" said Fournier, "I cannot call the General to account for insulting me by closing his door upon me, but I look to you and to *them*, and I am resolved to pay you handsomely for your commission as door-keeper which you have accepted." "Oh, as for that, my dear fellow, I'll fight you when you like. The fact is, your insolent and blustering behaviour has displeased me for a long time, and my hand itches to chastise you." "We shall see who is the chastiser," said Fournier.

The duel came off, and Fournier was laid on the grass with a vigorous sword-thrust. "That's the *first* touch," he exclaimed as he sank. "Then you wish to have another bout, do you?" asked Dupont.

"Most assuredly, my brave fellow, and before long, I hope," said Fournier.

In a month Fournier got well; they fought again; this time Dupont was grievously wounded, and in falling he exclaimed, "That's the *second*. As soon as possible again; and then for the *finish*." The two adversaries were about equal with the sword; but with the pistol the chances would have been very different. Fournier was a frightful crack shot. According to M. de Pontécoulant,* often when the hussars of his regiment were galloping past smoking, he amused himself with smashing their short pipes between their lips!

I have seen some wonderful doings with the pistol.

* 'L'Audience.'

I have known a determination to hit a certain part of the adversary, and it was hit. I have seen hens held out by the hand of a negro, hit by a pistol bullet; but the feat of hitting a pipe in the mouth of a galloping horseman is beyond my comprehension. If Fournier could do that, then Dupont was perfectly justified in refusing to try him at that game, as he proposed. They fought again with swords, but the *finish* was not forthcoming; it was only a slight wound on both sides; but now they resolved to continue the contest until either of them should confess himself beaten or *satisfied*. They drew up formal terms of the warfare, as follows:—

“1. Every time that Dupont and Fournier shall be a hundred miles from each other, they will each approach half the distance to meet sword in hand.

“2. Should one of the contracting parties be prevented by the duties of the service, he who is free must go the entire distance, so as to reconcile the duties of the service with the exigencies of the present treaty.

“3. No excuse whatever, excepting those resulting from military obligations, will be admitted.

“4. The present being a *bond fide* treaty, cannot be altered from the conditions agreed upon by the consenting parties.”

This contract was religiously executed in all its rigour. Moreover, the contracting parties found no difficulty in keeping their engagements; this state of

war became to them a normal condition, a second nature. Their eagerness to meet was like that of two lovers. They never crossed swords without first shaking hands in the most boisterous manner.

Their correspondence during this periodic duel is the essence of burlesque. Take the following:—

“I am invited to breakfast with the officers of the regiment of Chasseurs, at Suneville. I hope to be able to accept this pleasant invitation. As you are on leave in that town, we will take advantage of the opportunity, if you please, to get a thrust at each other.”

Here is another, less familiar, perhaps, but not less tender:—

“My dear friend,—I shall be at Strasbourg on the 5th of November, proximo, about noon. Wait for me at the Hôtel des Postes. We shall have a thrust or two.”

Such was the style and such the tenor of the entire correspondence.

At intervals, the promotion of one of them provisionally interrupted the meeting; this was one of the cases anticipated by Article 3 of the treaty. As soon as they got on an equality of rank in the service, the party last promoted never failed to receive a letter couched in the following terms, written by Fournier.

“My dear Dupont,—I hear that the Emperor, doing justice to your merit, has just promoted you to the grade of Brigadier-General. Accept my sincere con-

gratulations on a promotion, which by your future and your courage is made natural, a mere matter of course. I have two reasons for exultation in this nomination. First, the satisfaction of a fortunate circumstance for your advancement; and secondly, the facility now vouchsafed to us to have a thrust at each other on the first opportunity."

They afterwards became generals. Dupont was ordered to join the army in Switzerland. He arrived, unexpectedly, in a village occupied by the staff, and which had not a single inn or tavern in it. The night was dark. Not a light was seen excepting at the window of a small cottage. Dupont went to the door, entered, and found himself face to face with Fournier.

"What! *You* here?" exclaimed the latter rapturously. "Now for a thrust!"

They set to at once, conversing as they fought.

"I thought you were promoted to some high administrative function?"

"You were wrong; I am still of the trade. The Minister has sent me to the fourth *corps d'armée*, and here I am."

"And your first visit is to me? It is very kind of you. *Sacrebleu!*"

Dupont drove his sword through Fournier's neck, and held him spitted to the wall, saying,—

"You will admit that you did not expect that thrust!"

Dupont still held him fast, and Fournier muttered,—

“I’ll give you a thrust quite equal to this.”

“What thrust can you give?”

“Why, as soon as you lower your arm, and before you can parry, I shall lounge into your belly.”

“Thank you for the hint. Then we shall pass the night in this position.”

“That’s an agreeable prospect! But, really, I am not very comfortable.”

“Drop your sword, and I set you free.”

“No, I must stick you in the belly.”

Meanwhile some officers, attracted by the noise they were making, rushed in and separated the two generals.

Thus the contest continued, the contract being faithfully fulfilled on both sides. At length, however, Dupont thought of marrying, and he set his wits to work to find out how to make an end of the engagement. He must either kill Fournier, or muzzle him effectually. He went to him one morning; it was at Paris. “Ah!” said the latter at seeing him, “Glad to see you. Let’s have a brush together.” “A word first, my dear fellow,” said Dupont. “I am on the point of getting married. We must end this quarrel, which is becoming rather rancid. I now come to get rid of you. In order to secure a definitive result, I offer to substitute the *pistol* for the sword—there!”

“Why, man, you are stark mad!” exclaimed the dead-shot Fournier, astounded by the proposal.

“Oh, I know your skill with the pistol, *mon ami*. . . . But, let me tell you, I have hit upon a plan which will equalize the conflict. Here it is. Near Neuilly there is an enclosure, with a little wood in it. It is at my disposal. My proposal is this. We shall enter the wood, each provided with a pair of horse-pistols, and then, having separated, and being out of sight of each other, we shall track each other as best we can, and fire at our convenience.”

“Capital! Agreed!” exclaimed Fournier; but let me give you, *mon vieux*, a little piece of advice.”

“If you please,” said Dupont.

“Well, don’t go too far with your marriage project. It will be time and trouble lost; for I warrant you’ll die a bachelor.”

“They who win may laugh,” said Dupont.

On the day appointed Fournier and Dupont set out in their hunt. Having separated, and got out of sight of each other, as agreed, they crept about or advanced like cautious wolves or foxes, striving to catch a glance at each other through the thicket, whenever the motion of the leaves showed their presence. All at once, as though by a common movement, both came in sight together, standing behind two trees. They squatted down, and thus remained for a few minutes. The situation was delicate—critical. To stir was certain death, to one of them, at least. Dupont, however, was the first to make the attempt, or rather to pretend to do so. He raised the flap of his coat, and allowed

one end to project out of cover. Bang! came a bullet in the instant, cutting through the cloth.

"That settles *one* shot," ejaculated Dupont, with a sigh of thanksgiving.

After a short interval Dupont returned to the charge, but this time on the other side of the tree. Holding his pistol with the left hand, he presented the barrel, as though about to fire, and at the same instant he held out his hat with his right hand. Bang! came another bullet, driving the hat into the bushes.

"Now, my brave, it's all up with you!" exclaimed Dupont, stalking out, both pistols in hand and cocked; and marching up to Fournier, he said:—

"Your life is at my disposal, but I will not take it."

"Oh, just as you please about that!" muttered Fournier. Dupont continued:—

"Only you must remember that I do not give up my right of property in it. Beware of ever crossing my path again, for if you do, I may probably put my two bullets into your brains, as I might this instant."

Such was the termination of this long quarrel of nineteen years, ending with the marriage of one of the parties, who contrived at last to beat the unapproachable crack-shot at his own weapon.

GENERAL ORNANO AND GENERAL BONNET.

(A.D. 1814.)

During the period termed the *Cent-jours*, or Na-

oleon's return, a duel took place between General Ornano, afterwards Governor of the Invalides, and General Bonnet, subsequently a senator. An appointment had been given to the former, which the latter had expected to receive, and bitter was the disappointment of General Bonnet, who consequently manifested much ill-feeling against his fortunate rival. It happened on one occasion that General Ornano was at the Tuileries, accompanied by General Colbert, and falling in with General Bonnet, he saluted him, but the latter did not return the civility. It was General Colbert, however, who noticed the insult, which General Ornano had not perceived. As soon as it was mentioned to him he turned back, and coming up with General Bonnet, he said:—

“General, was it by inadvertence or on purpose that you did not return my salute?”

“It was not by inadvertence,” replied General Bonnet.

Without any further explanation a challenge ensued, and these two men stood face to face on the following morning, pistol in hand, but it rained so copiously that the weapons would not go off. The affair was put off to the following day, and General Ornano received a bullet in the loins, which probably prevented him from being present at the Battle of Waterloo, for he had to use crutches for two years. General Bonnet was also hit, but the bullet struck his watch-fob, in which he happened to have a hundred-franc

piece, which deadened the shot. It is, therefore, quite evident that but for this piece of metal, General Bonnet would not have had the gratification of walking off unscathed, after knocking over the man whom he envied and insulted or "provoked" to a duel.*

COLONEL BARBIER-DUFAL AND RAOUL —.

At the commencement of the Restoration in France, the contests in the tribune were prolonged in duels with swords or pistols in the Bois de Boulogne or elsewhere. The different "parties" mingled in the galleries of the Palais Royal, thronged by a crowd of promenaders, some attracted by the chief booksellers' shops, the others by the gay Cyprians flaunting their beauty and their elegant *mise* or *toilette*. It was the resort of all vacant idlers striving to kill *time*, and of champions, "blue" or "white," roaming about in

* There is another version of this duel as follows:—General Ornano and General Bonnet had a quarrel, which ended in a duel. Bonnet had the first fire, and missed. Ornano, who piqued himself on his skill with the pistol, took aim at his adversary, and fired. Surprised that his shot had no apparent effect, he said, "What, Sir, you are not dead?" "No, Sir," said Bonnet. "That's very odd," exclaimed Ornano, "when I fire at any one I generally kill him." On approaching his adversary, however, he perceived the mark of the ball, which appeared to have glanced off, having been stopped in its progress by a five-franc piece in Bonnet's pocket. "Gad! Sir," cried Ornano, "you have *invested* your money very luckily." *Morbleu! Monsieur, vous avez bien placé votre argent.*—'Morning Chronicle,' 4th September, 1834.

quest of *somebody* to kill. Not a day passed but officers of the guard and officers on half-pay had a quarrel and a fight. The procedure was simple enough. They trod on each other's toes, or elbowed each other; and then "went out" and vented their political rancour with a sword-thrust or a bullet in the body.

At that time, the most redoubtable of the down-fallen Imperial party was Colonel Barbier-Dufaï. One evening, at the Palais Royal, he caught a glance of a young man of herculean dimensions, in the uniform of a regiment of the Royal Guards. He deliberately walked up to him and trod on his toes. "Be a little more careful, Sir," said Raoul, for that was the name of the insulted officer, who walked on, continuing his conversation with his friends. That did not satisfy Dufaï; he turned on his heel, passed the officer again, but this time driving his elbow into his flank. With the utmost politeness the young man observed, "My dear Sir, I have already requested you to be a little more careful."—"Oh, as for that, let me tell you I walk just as I like, without caring a jot whomsoever I may hustle," said Dufaï in a bullying tone. The young man's companions expostulated, but Dufaï continued, "It's no use talking, my dear fellow; I am not insulting *you* but your *cockade*."—"Ah! that's another matter, Sir. Then we must fight; not because you have trod on my toes and elbowed me, but for insulting the cockade which I consider an honour

to wear." A few more sharp words ensued on that theme, and envenomed the animosity on both sides.

"Your weapon, Sir?" asked Dufaï.

"Any you please—rapier, sword, or pistol," replied Raoul.

"Oh! so you are equally skilled at all these weapons?"

"Skill is not the word, but ignorance, for I have never handled any of them," said Raoul.

"The devil you haven't. Then how have you passed your youth, my dear fellow?"

"It is not passed as yet, Sir. I am only eighteen years of age."

"Only eighteen years old! Then let's say nothing more about it. I will not fight with a child," said the terrible Colonel, softened by the ingenuous declaration.

"Oh, as for that, in spite of my youth, nature has made me stronger than you."

"It is not strength, my dear fellow, but skill that is required in such matters. No, no, my brave friend, consider the matter at an end. I was wrong. Adieu!" said Dufaï, walking off.

"Sir, I must have satisfaction with arms," shouted Raoul.

"Quite impossible," said Dufaï.

"Are you afraid, Colonel?" asked Raoul.

Dufaï shrugged his shoulders, and hurried off.

Raoul tore himself from his friends, who endeavoured to quiet him, and placing his hand on the Colonel's cheek, he exclaimed,—

“You are running away, are you? You are a coward!”

“Ah! he has laid hands on me! Woe to him!” muttered the Colonel.

Instant satisfaction was demanded by Dufaï; rapiers were procured, and proceeding to a convenient spot, the duel commenced. The Colonel contented himself with disarming his antagonist, sending his sword spinning to a distance. Raoul picked it up, and tried again; but with the same result, and so on, four times did the Colonel disarm the furious young man, exclaiming at last, “I am not an assassin. Let us try another weapon.”

Pistols were out of the question in a street; how else could the affair be settled? At the moment a hackney-coach was approaching. An idea struck Dufaï; he stopped the coach, and turning towards Raoul, he said,

“You are strong and vigorous. Do you think you have the courage to attack me face to face, as you did just now from behind?”

“I only attacked you in that way in order to force you to fight, which you refused to do.”

“Now, let me tell you, what I am going to propose will be a combat to the death,” said the Colonel.

“Just so!” retorted Raoul.

“Then, here is my proposal. We will enter that coach, each armed with a poignard. These gentlemen will tie us together, only leaving free our right arms ; thus there will be no means of escape. The doors of the coach shall be closed, and at a given signal the coach will set off, and go twice round the Place du Carrousel.”

“I am ready,” said Raoul.

The seconds felt obliged to yield to the horrible determination of the two men, who were tied together, as suggested by the Colonel, and shut up in the coach. The coachman was dismounted, and his place taken by two seconds, whilst two mounted up behind. “Get off!” shouted the Colonel, and away went the coach.

First a cry was heard, then another, whilst the coach rattled on at a thundering pace, the horses being urged to the utmost.

What had been done in that terrible journey ?

At the end of the second round the seconds rushed down and opened the door of the coach. The silence of death was within, mid a sea of blood. Raoul was dead, and Dufaï seemed also dead ; but he recovered from the frightful wounds he received. Raoul had driven his poignard four times through the Colonel’s chest, and had hacked the lower part of his person with his teeth.

“Why did he slap me?” muttered the Colonel. “But, gentlemen, you will at least do me the justice to declare that I killed him fairly. . . . All the

chances were in his favour. His athletic constitution gave him a great advantage over me; but his hour was come! . . .” *

Such a man as Dufaï could not fail to be marked by the authorities; and the “Royalists” were constantly on the look-out for a pretext to get him in their clutch. He had “provoked” two other duels, which made a great noise. In one he had killed an officer of the King’s Guards, Colonel de Saint-Morys; in the other, he had grievously wounded a General, the Vicomte de Montélégier. This “success” might have been allowed to pass; but, unfortunately for him, he thought proper to publish a pamphlet, which laid him open to a charge of “liberalism.” The police took him in hand, and he was condemned to a month’s imprisonment, during which it appears that he was subjected to the greatest indignities.

WATERLOO DUELS.

Many were the melancholy scenes that took place in 1814, when the Allies were in Paris. Duels between the officers of the foreign Powers and those of the disbanded French army were incessant, and they generally proved fatal to the foreigners. The French were spending their whole days and nights in fencing; and

* The horrible affair was hushed up by the seconds, who would have been considered accomplices; and it was not until 1858 that the Comte de Pontécoulant divulged it in a periodical called the ‘Audience.’

there is every reason to believe that, not satisfied with their own skill in fence, their *provosts*, or fencing-masters, assumed the uniform of officers, to meet any imprudent youth who was foolhardy enough to accept their challenges. Thus did many an Austrian and Prussian officer fall in the Bois de Boulogne.

When the British army occupied the south of France, similar scenes were witnessed, but more especially at Bordeaux, where the French officers came over the Garonne, for the sole purpose of insulting and fighting the English, who were, in many instances, absurd enough to meet their wishes. As the challenge usually came from the English, the French had the choice of weapons, and invariably selected their favourite small-sword. Strange to say, the result was usually in favour of our countrymen, who, being utterly helpless at *carte* and *tierce*, and all the niceties of the science, unconsciously reproduced the scene of Molière's 'Bourgeois,' rushed on, in defiance of guards and passes, and spitted their enemy at once. In vain the Frenchmen protested that this was "brutal," "unchivalrous," and a crying outrage against "the rules of fencing." Stalwart Englishmen stood by their friend, and, producing loaded pistols, threatened to shoot any who attempted to interfere. This system gradually produced a more wholesome state of feeling.

LIEUTENANT G—— AND A FRENCH OFFICER.

One of the most painful cases occurred at Cambrai,

shortly after Waterloo, where a party of the English Guards were in garrison. A young officer, Lieutenant G——, was followed one day by a French officer in plain clothes, swearing and uttering the grossest insults. The young officer, finding it impossible to misunderstand or overlook this mode of address, turned round and asked him if the language was meant for him. "For you, or any English coward," replied the ruffian. Instead of treating this silly rhodomontade with sovereign contempt, as he might have done, the young man challenged the fellow, and agreed to meet him on the following morning.

The report of the intended meeting was generally known in the garrison; and it is deeply to be lamented that the commanding-officer did not place the ardent youth under close arrest; but it appears that he was satisfied with the assurance on the part of the French *commissaire de police* that the offending party should be apprehended and sent out of the town. This, however, was not done, and the meeting took place on the following morning. Although it had been clearly stipulated that the weapons should be pistols, the Frenchman came to the ground with unbuttoned foils, alleging that he could not procure pistols. G—— very imprudently offered him one of his own, and fell, mortally wounded, at the first discharge. It was remarked that on their mutual fire, the Frenchman staggered a pace or two, when, collecting himself, he advanced to poor G——, who was expiring in the

arms of his companions, and said with much *sang-froid*, "Poor young man! Had we fought with swords, he would have been spared all this agony!" What he meant by this expression it is difficult to say, whether he would have killed him *outright*, or slightly wounded him; the latter surmise, however, is not probable. When a party of soldiers came from the gate to bear away G——'s body, the French officer exclaimed that "it would be treachery to apprehend him;" but he was presently undeceived, and advised in the most honourable manner to effect his escape as speedily as possible. The fellow, however, seemed to confide in the protection of his countrymen and the apathy of our commander, for he went publicly to the coffee-house, boasting that, after killing a Prussian, an Austrian, a Spaniard, and a Portuguese, he at last had been lucky enough to kill an Englishman. During this conversation he exhibited a silk handkerchief pierced with several shot-holes, and which he said had been "grazed" by his adversary's ball. This circumstance, connected with his having staggered on G——'s fire, gives every reason to believe that he wore a cuirass,—our inexperienced officers not having insisted upon his stripping, according to the established rule in French duels, when both parties are obliged to show that they wear no such protection.*

AN ENGLISHMAN AND A FRENCHMAN.

Shortly after Waterloo, an unlucky pamphlet found

* Millingen.

its way into Frescati,—the conversation-room at the watering-place at Bagnères. This pamphlet took pretty much the same view of the battle of Toulouse as M. Thiers has since done of Waterloo. An Englishman chanced to take it up, and wrote on the margin that “everything in it was false; that Lord Wellington had gained a complete victory, and the French army were indebted to his generosity for not having been put to the sword.” A hot young Frenchman of the place, named Pinac, at once called out the indiscreet Englishman. Everything was done to accommodate matters; and we are told that even the authorities delicately and considerately interfered, so far as moral *suasion* might be effectual. But all these good offices proved ineffectual, and the representatives of the two nations met on the ground. Poor Pinac gave one more illustration of the insufficiency of this mode of adjusting a quarrel, for at the first fire he received the Englishman’s ball in the stomach, and died shortly after.

DR. MILLINGEN AND A PARTY OF FRENCH OFFICERS.

“In one instance,” says Dr. Millingen, “the French officers went to the little *Théâtre de la Gaîté*, when a furious affray took place between them and several British officers. Although the latter had no swords, the French drew theirs, but the British, breaking up chairs and tables, in a few minutes shivered their weapons, and knocked them down in every direction. It is somewhat strange, but I was, in a great measure,

the means of terminating their differences. Coming out of the theatre, I was assailed by a group of French officers. I calmly replied that if I had given offence to any of them, I was ready to afford them any satisfaction, and dilated on the absurdity of making a national war the subject of personal hostility, while I enlarged on the friendly feeling that had prevailed between our armies during the Peninsular war, and recalled to their recollection the many kind acts that we had shown each other when prisoners and wounded. The officers not only listened to me with the greatest attention, but one of them actually hugged me in his rude embrace, and I was obliged to accompany them to an hotel and sup with the party. The next morning there was not a French officer in the town."

CAPTAIN AUGUSTE GENDEMAR.

Under the above-named, Charles Lever, in his 'Harry Lorrequer,'* has doubtless described the conduct of one of these gallant French bullies to the letter. The scene is at the saloon of the 'Phillidor:'—"There was more than ordinary silence in the café, which at all times was remarkable for the quiet and noiseless demeanour of its frequenters, when the door was flung open by the ready waiter, and the Captain

* In his preface to his last edition (Chapman and Hall), Mr. Lever says that the adventures of Trevanion and the French Duellist were facts well known to many who formed part of the army of occupation in France.

Auguste Gendemar entered. He was a large, squarely-built man, with a most savage expression of countenance, which a bushy beard and shaggy overhanging moustache served successively to assist; his eyes were shaded by deep, projecting brows, and long eyebrows slanting over them, and increasing their look of piercing sharpness; there was in his whole air and demeanour that certain French air of swaggering bullyism which ever remained in those who, having risen from the ranks, maintained the look of ruffianly defiance which gave their early character for courage its peculiar merit.

“To the friendly salutations of his countrymen he returned the slightest and coldest acknowledgments, throwing a glance of disdain around him as he wended his way to his accustomed place beside the fire; this he did with as much of noise and swagger as he could well contrive; his sabre and sabretache clanking behind, his spurs jangling, and his heavy step, made purposely heavier to draw upon him the notice and attention he sought for. Trevanion alone testified no consciousness of his entrance, and appeared totally engrossed by the columns of his newspaper, from which he never lifted his eyes for an instant. Le Capitaine at length reached the fireplace, when, no sooner did he behold his accustomed seat in the possession of another, than he absolutely started back with surprise and anger.

“What might have been his first impulse it is hard to say, for, as the blood rushed to his face and forehead,

he clenched his hands firmly, and seemed for an instant, as he eyed the stranger, like a tiger about to spring upon its victim ; this was but for a second, for turning rapidly round towards his friends, he gave them a look of peculiar meaning, showing two rows of white teeth, with a grin which seemed to say, ‘I have taken my line,’ and he had done so. He now ordered the waiter, in a voice of thunder, to bring him a chair. This he took roughly from him, and placed with a crash upon the floor, exactly opposite that of Trevanion, and still so near as scarcely to permit of his sitting down upon it. The noisy vehemence of this action at last appeared to have roused Trevanion’s attention, for he now, for the first time, looked up from his paper, and quietly regarded his *vis-à-vis*. There could not, in the world, be a stranger contrast to the bland look and courteous expression of Trevanion’s handsome features, than the savage scowl of the enraged Frenchman, in whose face the strong, ill-repressed workings of passion were twitching and distorting every lineament and line ; indeed, no words could ever convey half so forcibly as did that look, insult—open, palpable, deep, determined insult.

“Trevanion, whose eyes had been merely for a moment lifted from his paper, again fell, and he appeared to take no notice whatever of the extraordinary proximity of the Frenchman, still less of the savage and insulting character of his looks.

“Le Capitaine, having thus failed to bring on an

explanation he sought for, proceeded to accomplish it by other means; for, taking the lamp, by the light of which Trevanion was still reading, he placed it at his side of the table, and at the same instant stretching across his arm, he plucked the newspaper from his hand, giving at the same moment a glance of triumph towards the bystanders, as though he would say, 'You see what he must submit to.' Words cannot describe the astonishment of the British officers, as they beheld Trevanion, under this gross and open insult, content himself by a slight smile and half bow, as if returning a courtesy, and then throw his eyes downwards, as if engaged in deep thought, while the triumphant sneer of the French, at this unaccountable conduct, was absolutely maddening to them to endure.

"But their patience was destined to submit to stronger proof, for at this instant *Le Capitaine* stretched forth one enormous leg, cased in his massive jack-boot, and with a crash deposited the heel upon the foot of their friend Trevanion. At length he is roused, thought they, for a slight flush of crimson flitted across his cheek, and his upper lip trembled with a quick spasmodic twitching, but both these signs were over in a second, and his features were as calm and unmoved as before, and his only appearance of consciousness of the affront, was given by his drawing back his chair and placing his legs beneath it, as if for protection.

"This last insult, and the tame forbearance with which it was submitted to, produced all their opposite

effects upon the bystanders, and looks of ungovernable rage and derisive contempt were every moment interchanging; indeed, were it not for the all-absorbing interest which the two great actors in the scene had concentrated upon themselves, the two parties must have come at once into open conflict.

“The clock of the café struck nine, the hour at which Gendemar always retired, so calling to the waiter for his glass of brandy, he placed his newspaper upon the table, and putting both his elbows upon it, and his chin upon his hands, he stared full in Trevanion’s face with a look of the most derisive triumph, meant to crown the achievement of the evening. To this, as to all his former insults, Trevanion appeared still insensible, and merely regarded him with his never-changing half smile; the brandy arrived; Le Capitaine took it in his hand, and with a nod of most insulting familiarity, saluted Trevanion, adding with a loud voice, so as to be heard on every side, ‘*A votre courage Anglais*’ (‘To your English courage’). He had scarcely swallowed the liquor, when Trevanion rose slowly from his chair, displaying to the astonished gaze of the Frenchman the immense proportions and gigantic frame of a man well known as the largest officer in the British army; with one stride he was beside the chair of the Frenchman, and with the speed of lightning he seized his nose by one hand, while with the other he grasped his lower jaw, and, wrenching open his mouth with the strength of an ogre, he spat down his throat.

"So sudden was the movement, that before ten seconds had elapsed all was over, and the Frenchman rushed from the room, holding the fragments of his jaw-bone (for it was fractured!), and followed by his countrymen, who, from that hour, deserted the *Café Phillidor*; nor was there ever any mention of the famous captain during the stay of the regiment in Paris."

A DUEL À BARRIÈRE.

This affair, described by Lever, in his '*Harry Lorrequer*,' has all the appearance of being a scene from life:—"It was at length, after innumerable objections, agreed upon that we should be placed back to back, and, at the word given, each walk forward to a certain distance, marked out by a stone, where we were to halt, and at the signal, "*un*," "*deux*," turn round and fire.

"This, which is essentially a French invention in duelling, was perfectly new to me, but by no means so to Trevanion, who was fully aware of the immense consequence of not giving even a momentary opportunity for aim to my antagonist; and in this mode of firing the most practised and deadly shot is liable to err, particularly if the signal be given quickly. While Trevanion and the captain were measuring out the ground, a little circumstance, which was enacted near me, was certainly not over-calculated to strengthen my nerve. The stranger who had led us to the ground had begun to examine the pistols, and finding that one of them was loaded, turned towards my ad-

versary, saying, 'De Hautpère, you have forgotten to draw the charge. Come, let us see what vein you are in.' At the same time, drawing off his large cavalry glove, he handed the pistol to his friend. 'A double napoleon you don't hit the thumb.'—'Done,' said the other, adjusting the weapon in his hand. The action was scarcely performed, when the bettor flung the glove into the air with all his force. My opponent raised his pistol, waited for an instant, till the glove, having attained its greatest height, turned to fall again. Then click went the trigger, the glove turned round and round, half a dozen times, and fell about twenty yards off; and the thumb was found cut clearly off at the juncture with the hand. This, which did not occupy half as long as I have spent in recounting it, was certainly a pleasant introduction to standing at fifteen yards from the principal actor; and I should doubtless have felt it in all its force, had not my attention been drawn off by the ludicrous expression of grief in O'Leary's countenance, who evidently regarded me as already defunct.

"'Now, Lorrequer, we are ready,' said Trevanion, coming forward; and then lowering his voice, added, 'All is in your favour; I have won the "word," which I shall give the moment you halt. So turn and fire at once: be sure not to go too far round in the turn—that is the invariable error in this mode of firing; only, no hurry!—be calm.'

"'Now, Messieurs,' said De Joncourt, as he approached

with his friend leaning upon his arm, and placed him in the spot allotted to him. Trevanion then took my arm, and placed me back to back to my antagonist. As I took my ground, it so chanced that my adversary's spur slightly grazed me, upon which he immediately turned round, and, with the most engaging smile, begged a 'thousand pardons,' and hoped I was not hurt.

"'Messieurs, your pistols,' said De Joncourt, who, as he handed the weapons, and repeated once more the condition of the combat, gave the word to march.

"I now walked slowly forward to the place marked out by the stone; but it seemed that I must have been in advance of my opponent, for I remember some seconds elapsed before Trevanion coughed slightly, and then with a clear, full voice called out, 'Un,' 'Deux!' I had scarcely turned half round, when my arm was suddenly lifted up, as if by a galvanic shock. My pistol jerked upwards, and exploded the same instant, and then dropped powerlessly from my hand, which I now felt was covered with warm blood from a wound near the elbow."

LIEUTENANT GORDON AND A FRENCH OFFICER.

(A.D. 1818.)

Lieutenant Gordon and a French officer of the Guards were walking on the Esplanade at Cambray. Some officers joined them, stopping to enter into conversation. At this moment a Frenchman, having the appearance of an officer, passed them several times

very closely, making very short turns, and, though no sort of provocation had been offered, staring them full in the face in the most insolent manner, yet no notice whatever was taken of his conduct. The officers then separated; Lieutenant Gordon and his friend walked away arm-in-arm. As they passed the Frenchman, he made use of the grossest epithets, when Lieutenant Gordon, in the mildest manner, inquired if such expressions were intended for them? The French officer's reply was, "You may receive them as you please. If you suppose them meant for you, take them." Cards were then exchanged, and a meeting took place on the following morning. The French officer, when called upon by Lieutenant Gordon's second to retract his words, refused to do so, although he had acknowledged to the Commissaire de Police on the previous evening that he had misconducted himself, promising to make an apology.

The parties having taken their ground, at the first fire the Frenchman's shot took effect, the ball passing through Gordon's body, and killing him on the spot. This French officer was a systematic duellist; and he had publicly declared in a coffee-house that he would take the life of some English officer.

Thus, it was the unfortunate lot of Lieutenant Gordon to fall a victim to the national prejudice of a ruffian; and, at the early age of twenty, his country was deprived of a young officer, who, from his rising talents and characteristic bravery, promised to be one of its fairest ornaments, both as a gentleman and a soldier.

MARTAINVILLE AND CAPTAIN ARNAULT.

Martainville was a journalist on the side of the "Whites," or Royalists, and poured forth his loyal venom on a poor tragedy, entitled 'Germanicus,' the chief defect of which, however, was that its author was an Imperialist exile. Thereupon one of the "Blues," or Imperialists, a Captain Arnault, slapped the author of the tragedy in the face, by way of military reparation to his father. Martainville summoned the Captain into Court, where he was fined thirty francs. The Captain laid down sixty francs, and administered forthwith another slap in the face to the journalist, saying, "I have paid for the two." This second slap appears to have had the effect originally contemplated by the Captain. Martainville summoned him this time to the Bois de Boulogne, and received a shot, which, however, produced only a trifling wound.

GENERAL FOY AND M. DE CORDAY.

This political duel resulted from the following circumstance. General Foy, at the Tribune, had expressed himself in these terms:—"It is to the foreigners that we owe the terrors of 1815. If the foreigners had not then occupied France, there would have been a hundred insurrections. Do you think, then, gentlemen, that without that occupation we should have basely endured the insults, the outrages, the atrocities

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of a handful of wretches, whom we had despised, whom we had seen for thirty years in the dust?"

At the word "wretches" (*miserables*) all the deputies of the Right rose up, with tumultuous shouts on all sides. One of them, M. de Corday, raised his voice above the clamour, and shouting to the indignant General, said, "You are an insolent fellow." General Foy, however, went on:—

"Yes, gentlemen, that party dominated only by means of the foreigners. Men who defended our country—and I am one of them—have been ill used, subjected to outrage. The wish was to drive us out of France. I myself have been repeatedly advised to decamp. I say that such excesses could not have taken place except by the aid of foreign bayonets, and that we cannot escape such calamities but by establishing a constitutional government."

On the following morning M. de Corday and General Foy met in a duel in the Bois de Boulogne. It may be assumed that General Foy was the challenger, although his conduct on the ground seems to infer the contrary; and the matter was not cleared up by the General's subsequent "explanation" in the Tribune, declaring that, "Being offended by one of his colleagues, who also had considered himself offended, they had both behaved like men of spirit (*gens de cœur*)."

The behaviour on the ground was as follows:—The parties tossed up for the first fire, which was won by General Foy; but the General "deloped," or fired in the air,

and his adversary followed his example! Thus the affair ended, and it is one of the oddest affairs of the kind on record. It appears that at the last moment the gallant General was of opinion "that French blood should not be shed except for liberty, the King, and the preservation of the national institutions." At the conclusion of General Foy's explanation, M. de Corday went up to him, grasped his hand, and assured him that he "consented to forget everything."

During the greater part of the Restoration, the Liberals and the Royalists looked upon each other not as political opponents but as sworn enemies. Numerous duels were the result. General Lafond having spoken disdainfully of the old army, M. Adam de la Pommeraye challenged him, but both of them left the ground unhurt.

Benjamin Constant, after having "discussed, sword in hand, the rights of the conquering race over the conquered," had a correspondence in the journals with M. Forbin des Issarts, which ended in a challenge and a meeting. Benjamin Constant was so weak that he could scarcely stand. It was consequently agreed that the parties should fight in a sitting posture. The two deputies were placed at ten paces' distance, and took such accurate aim that their bullets spared even their arm-chairs.

THE COMTE DE BONDY AND A ROYALIST OFFICER.

The galleries of the Palais Royal were not the only

focus of the quarrels between the Royalists and the half-pay officers. Conflicts occurred daily at Versailles, and sometimes a dozen or two had a squabble, when there was a general *mêlée*. There were, of course, some special champions among the parties, among the rest an officer of the Royal Guard, designated in the chronicles by the letter Z—. He set up as a second Colonel Dufaï, and became the terror of Rouen, where he was quartered. His habit was to annoy every person suspected of liberalism, and he hit upon a most ingenious method of inflicting his impertinence. He would go up to a man and say, "My little friend, your moustaches are too long. Just trim them a little, or I shall have to cut them clean off. Look out." Everybody could not put up with this *badinage*; but when he was called out, which was his object, the parties were sure to get a bullet into their bodies or a home-thrust, for he was a dead-shot and a deadly fencer.

The fame of the exploits of this worthy came to the ears of the Comte de Bondy, Prefect of the Seine during the *Cent Jours*, and one of the best fencers in France. He resolved to give the bully a lesson. Accompanied by one of his friends he proceeded to Rouen, and sat down to a game of chess at the *café* frequented by the Royal Guards. It was only on the following day, however, that he got the desired opportunity.

M. Z— was having a game at billiards, and a

young man accidentally touched his arm in passing. "Who is this abortion that rubs against me?" he exclaimed, brandishing his cue. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said the young man, trembling from head to foot. "Well, you dolt, I'll forgive you when I have run you through." Scarcely had the bully delivered this rhodomontade, when a sonorous voice was heard saying, "Young man, take these five hundred francs, and go and order a first-class *funeral* for M. le Comte Z——!"

"What do you mean?" said the latter, walking up to the speaker. "Am I not doing the thing like a gentleman, Sir?" replied the Comte de Bondy. "Who are you, to dare to address me in this way?"—"I am the Comte de Bondy, at your service . . ."—"Why did I not know it before, Monsieur le Comte?" said Z——, respectfully bowing. "Oh, Sir, it is not to me that you should make your excuses, but rather to this poor young man, whom you have so basely insulted." The bully was completely cowed. As the Yankees say, he "caved in;" for he was conscious of having fallen in with more than a match, and his valour evaporated. He declined to fight; but his "occupation was gone;" the Comte de Bondy had torn the lion's skin from off the royal ass.

It may be here stated, that before the French Revolution, no officer was admitted into the society of his comrades until he had given proofs of his courage and fought *without a motive*. For this purpose, expert fen-

cers were selected, who were called *tâteurs*, "feelers ;" but it must be admitted that in general they merely sought to inflict a trifling wound. A still more reprehensible, or rather, dishonourable custom prevailed, which was called the *calotte*, i.e. "cap," and consisted in insulting persons who passed by the coffee-houses which these madcaps frequented. On such occasions they exacted a pecuniary tribute from the offended party if he declined fighting. It was on an occasion of this kind that an officer of artillery, named De Paris, was attacked at Verdun. In the first instance he paid the exacted tribute, and then addressing himself to the officer who was considered the chief of the *calotte*, he insisted upon an immediate satisfaction, which was of course granted. The parties met; the chief of this murderous association was killed, and two of his brother officers who succeeded him shared the same fate.

Among the famous duellists of this epoch were Fayolle and Fayau. The latter killed, in 1820, young Saint-Marcellin, the natural son of Fontanes.

M. THIERS AND AN INJURED FATHER.

M. Véron relates in his 'Mémoires' the following curious episode in the career of the great historian and politician M. Thiers. When a young man, in the midst of his studies and labours at Aix, M. Thiers fell in love with a young woman, who was poor, but whose beauty and qualities of mind and heart inspired

and deserved a sincere affection. On quitting the town of Aix, he made her a promise of marriage, and for several months he showed the fidelity of his sentiments by an active correspondence. The young woman's father came to Paris, where M. Thiers had been residing for some time, and as a father anxious for the happiness of his child, urged on the lover the propriety of fulfilling his engagement. Thiers pleaded the necessity of previously securing a position, and asked for a year's delay. On the expiration of the term, he was called upon to perform his promise. But he said that his situation was unaltered, and asked for another delay. The father could bear it no longer, and, getting angry, challenged Thiers to a duel. A meeting took place; M. Manuel and M. Mignet were the seconds of Thiers, and M. Rabbe was one of the friends of his adversary on the occasion. The implacable father, who thought that the honour and name of his family were outraged, had the first fire; he took aim, but an involuntary movement at the instant lowered his pistol and the ball fell between the legs of M. Thiers, who must thus have been standing in anything but a duellistic position. Thiers did not fire.

THE VICOMTE DE NOAILLES AND HIS CAPTAIN.

The Vicomte de Noailles was the commander of the King's Dragoons. One day at the mess, in the presence of a great many officers, he delivered himself as

follows :—" Gentlemen, I should have no esteem for a colonel who should refuse to give satisfaction to **any** officer whom he may have insulted ; but I shall **in-**exorably ruin any one who challenges me whilst with the regiment. At Paris, in *mufti*, I shall always be at the orders of any one who may wish to have a bout with me in the Bois de Boulogne."

This brave declaration was soon acted upon. One of the Colonel's officers, Captain de Bray, followed him to Paris on the first opportunity, and challenged him for an offence he had received. A meeting with swords took place, and the Captain wounded his Colonel, who, however, took his revenge by promoting the former to a majority.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

Two officers, mutually inspired with an implacable and savage hatred, after a murderous fight in which they were both mortally wounded, laid themselves down on a mattress to put an end to each other.

A DEADLY DUEL.

During the reign of Louis XVIII., a terrible duel occurred in the Bois de Boulogne between a Marquis, M. de Pompancourt, and a *roturier*, or commoner, who had quarrelled about the charter, deadly insults passing between them. The seconds endeavoured in vain, on the ground, to effect a reconciliation, which, moreover, seemed to be scoffed at by the commoner

and his seconds. The affair then proceeded. The toss up gave the first fire to the commoner; they were at ten paces' distance, and the first shot went through the hat of the Marquis. The latter then fired, and his ball pierced the thigh of his opponent. Rendered furious by the sight of his blood, he steeped his handkerchief in it and tied it round the wound, crying for vengeance. In the next fire he wounded the Marquis in the arm. The latter in turn, irritated by his wound, resolved that the combat should be to the death, and proposed that after each shot the combatants should approach two paces. The seconds remonstrated in vain; their lives were threatened if they did not allow the matter to proceed as agreed upon by the principals. Thus they fired, shot after shot, until owing to their wounds each dropped on his knees, and continued the frightful contest. At length the Marquis received a ball in the shoulder, and he fainted, which put an end to the conflict, both parties being carried off the ground in a dying condition.

A DUEL FOR A MISTRESS.

This duel occurred in the same reign as the last. The quarrel was between two intimate friends, one of whom had maligned the character of his friend's *chère amie*. In spite of the earnest attempts of the seconds at the latest moment to effect a reconciliation, the parties set to with the utmost fury and determination; but they were too equally matched to be able to do

each other much harm ; and at length, getting tired of the useless weapons, they flung them by mutual consent away, and rushed to a case of pistols on the sward. "This will settle the matter more expeditiously," said one of them. "Ah, I'll let you know, my young rake, what it is to calumniate my *chère amie* !" Posted on the ground, and ready to fire, the one who had been thus addressed suddenly exclaimed, "We shall fight *au mouchoir*."* Hereupon the seconds interposed: they could bear it no longer, and exclaimed that it would be an assassination, adding, that such a procedure would show more ferocity than courage. "It matters not," they furiously replied ; "the outrage has been too deadly," added he of the mistress. "Well, then, gentlemen," said the seconds, "if there must absolutely be a victim to your vengeance, let us not lose at one fell stroke both of our dear friends together ; let us follow the regulation in such cases. Let one of the pistols be only primed, and let chance decide the rest."

This murderous compact being made, the seconds prepared the pistols, enveloping them in a handkerchief ; and then presenting them to one of the combatants, he took his weapon, and the other was delivered to his antagonist. The ends of the handkerchief were respectively placed in their hands ; they raised their pistols ; the word was given ; they fired, and the

* That is, at close quarters, with only a handkerchief between them, an end of it held by the left hand of each.

slanderer fell back, shot through the breast, a torrent of blood gushing at the instant from his mouth and nostrils !

“Virtuous Amelia !” exclaimed the other antagonist with cruel exultation, “receive this incense in expiation ; it is not worthy of all thy merit !”

The seconds proceeded to examine the pockets of the dying man, whilst the echoes of the forest repeated the frightful death-rattle of his agony, amid fitful convulsions ; they removed his watch, his papers, everything that might give any clue to the actors in the hideous tragedy, and then all disappeared, like assassins, after a murder, already pursued by the pangs of remorse.

AN INSULT RIGHTLY REDRESSED.

Soon after the Restoration of the Bourbons, says Captain Gronow, several duels took place for the most frivolous causes. Duels were fought in the daytime, and even by night. The officers of the Swiss Guards were constantly measuring swords with the officers of the old Garde Impériale. Upon one occasion a Frenchman, determined to insult a Swiss officer, who, in the uniform of his regiment, was quietly taking his ice at Tortoni's, addressed him thus :—“I would not serve my country for the sake of money, as you do. We Frenchmen think only of honour.” To which the other promptly retorted, “You are right, for we both of us serve for what we *do not possess*.” A duel was the

consequence; they fought with swords, under a lamp, in the Rue Taitbout, and the Frenchman was run through the body; but luckily the wound, though dangerous, did not prove fatal.*

A DUEL BETWEEN TWO OLD FRIENDS.

General A. de Girardin, some forty years back, had a serious quarrel with one of his old friends, the Marquis de Briancourt, about a lady. A duel was the result. Pistols were the weapons; but, prior to exchanging shots, De Girardin's second went (as was the custom) and felt the right side of his friend's antagonist, but found nothing there to indicate the existence of padding, etc. Accordingly, after the measurement of the ground, pistols were handed to the combatants. The Marquis changed his pistol from his right into his left hand; both parties fired, and the Marquis fell. The seconds flew to the aid of the wounded man; but, to their astonishment, on opening his waistcoat, several sheets of thick paper were found folded over the region of the heart. Notwithstanding this device, the blow from the bullet created a sore on the left side, which was never effectually cured. The Marquis died shortly afterwards.†

AN INJURED HUSBAND.

"A lamentable duel took place at Paris, about the year 1821, between two officers of the Life Guards,

* 'Celebrities of London and Paris.'

† Gronow, *ubi supra*.

Captain Walsh and Lieutenant Pellen, about a lady. The latter gentleman was shot through the head. It is quite enough to state that Captain Walsh was justified in the steps he had taken, for he had received the greatest injury that one man could inflict on another. Though the unfortunate duel took place about forty years back, I well remember it, for I refused to be the Lieutenant's second, because he had behaved so ill. The impression it made was very great, and the general feeling was in favour of the injured husband."*

FAYOT, THE CHAMPION OF THE LEGITIMISTS.

Fayot fought more duels than any man in France. His aim with a pistol was certain; but he was not cruel, and he usually wounded his adversary either in the leg or arm. He was likewise a good swordsman. General Fournier was afraid of Fayot, and only once measured swords with him; while the latter had a horror of Fournier, for having killed so many young men belonging to good families. In his *rencontre* with Fayot, the General was severely wounded in the hand, and ever after Fayot hunted his antagonist from one end of France to the other, determined to put an end to the "assassin," as he was called.

Upon the Restoration of the Bourbons, Fayot came to Paris, where, by his singular manners and dress, he laid himself open to remark and ridicule. In the day-time he was usually dressed in a green coat, white

* Gronow, *ubi supra*.

waistcoat, and neckcloth, leather pantaloons, and Hessian boots, with his hat on one side. His evenings were generally passed either at Tortoni's or Silve's, the respective rendezvous of the Bonapartists and Bourbons. In one or other of these *cafés* Fayot was sure to be found. He publicly gave out that he was ready to measure swords with any one who dared to insinuate anything against the royal family—a threat sure to bring upon him serious *rencontres*; but nothing intimidated him. It was reported, and generally believed, that he had, in the short period of two years, fought thirty duels without having been seriously wounded. Upon one occasion Fayot repaired to the Théâtre Français to see 'Germanicus;' party spirit then ran high, and any allusion complimentary to the fallen Emperor was received by the Bonapartists with applause. Fayot loudly hissed, and a great uproar arose, when Fayot entered the breach by proclaiming himself the champion of Legitimacy. The consequence was that cards flew about the pit. Fayot carefully picked them up, and placed them in his hat. After the play had terminated, he repaired to Tortoni's, where he wrote his address upon several pieces of paper, which he distributed all over the Boulevards, stating that he was to be found every morning, between the hours of eleven and twelve, at the well in the Bois de Boulogne, near Auteuil. Strange to say, after all this row at the theatre, only *one* antagonist was forthcoming. On the second day, at the hour ap-

pointed, a gentleman arrived with seconds, who found Fayot in his tilbury, ready for the fight. The name of his antagonist was Monsieur Harispe, the son of the distinguished Basque General. Pistols were chosen, and at the first discharge Fayot shot his adversary in the knee; then, taking off his hat, he left the ground, and proceeded to Paris in his tilbury to breakfast at Tortoni's, where a great many persons had congregated to know the result of this terrible duel.

The Revolution of 1830 drove Fayot from Paris, and he retired to his native Avignon, where he lived much respected by the principal inhabitants of that quaint town. "In passing through Avignon," says Gronow, "some twelve years back, I called upon him, and found him much altered, but still dressed in his original costume—the green coat, white neckcloth, etc.

ADMIRAL DE LA SUSSE.

Admiral de la Susse, in his younger days, was celebrated as a man of fashion. He was rather good-looking, with a neat figure, and was very popular in society. He was a good waltzer, and prided himself upon that accomplishment; but being unfortunately extremely short-sighted, he consequently got himself frequently into scrapes. At a ball, given by a lady in the Faubourg St. Honoré, La Susse, in a turn of the waltz, accidentally came in contact with a looker-on, who, in a German accent, exclaimed aloud, *Quand on*

est si maladroit, on ne doit pas valser, "When persons are so awkward, they should not waltz." Cards were exchanged, and on the following morning the parties met in the Bois de Boulogne. La Susse's adversary won the first fire, and took his aim with great coolness, but luckily without effect. La Susse then fired, when the German fell. The seconds hastened to render every assistance in their power; but, judge of their astonishment, when, instead of finding the German mortally wounded, as they expected, they only found a bullet indented against a well-padded cuirass! La Susse, after looking attentively with his glass in his eye at what was passing, desired his antagonist to rise, as he would have another shot at him; upon which the cuirassed hero rose, and received a well-merited and well-applied kick, without making the slightest resistance, and then walked off the ground as if he had accomplished some wonderful achievement. This extraordinary duel took place in 1816, and was the subject of much conversation for a length of time in the fashionable circles in Paris.*

* At the commencement of the Crimean war Admiral La Susse was commander-in-chief of the French fleet, and when off the Piræus had gone on shore to pass a few days up the country with some friends, when unexpected orders came for the different vessels under his command to weigh anchor, and to proceed to a new destination immediately. The Admiral, bent on his amusements, was not to be found for three days; and on this becoming known to the Emperor, he was immediately suspended, and Admiral Deschenes named in his place. Poor La Susse never recovered

STRANGE DÉNOUEMENT AND FATAL DUEL.

The following strange affair occurred near Paris in the year 1821. The parties were a M. Manuel, a Pole and a Jew, a man of the greatest respectability, and of immense fortune; he was about fifty years of age, and the father of six children. M. Beaumont, the other party, was a single man, between thirty and forty, and he was also a man of considerable property; he was a native of Geneva. They were both *agents de change* or stock-brokers. About five or six months before, M. Manuel, who lived on the most affectionate terms with his wife, received an anonymous letter, saying that she was unfaithful to him. He tore the letter to pieces with contempt, and dismissed the matter from his mind. In about a fortnight he received a second letter, with the same information; he treated this letter like the first. In a few days he received a third, which stated, that as he was too incredulous to be convinced except on ocular proof, he might have that proof the very next day, if he chose. The writer then told him to go next day at two o'clock, to a particular house, in a particular street, and to make a certain signal which he described, and he would then have no doubt of the writer's veracity.

from this dreadful blow, and considered himself ever after as a disgraced and dishonoured man. He lingered on for a few months, and may be said to have died of a broken heart.—*Gronow.*

M. Manuel went, accordingly, at the time designated to the house in question, and made the described signal. The door was instantly opened by a female whom he knew to be his wife, but who did not at first recognize him, but throwing herself into his arms, called him by the name of "dear *Beaumont!*" . . .

The husband was now convinced. But he proffered forgiveness to his wife, and even agreed to live with her, provided she would totally abandon her paramour. The mother of six children refused! The husband went away without her.

A few days after he met Beaumont; a violent altercation immediately ensued; the result was a challenge and a positive agreement that one at least should not come out of the field alive. They met the next morning, fired, and M. Manuel was killed on the spot by a pistol ball in the breast.

M. Beaumont shortly after fled to Switzerland, to escape the storm of indignation which burst upon him at Paris. His colleagues on the exchange came to a resolution never to transact business with him again.

Curious circumstances attended the funeral of poor M. Manuel. When the body arrived at the church of St. Denys, in the Rue Caumartin, the authorities refused to receive it, because M. Manuel had been killed in a duel. The populace, however, insisted on its being received, and, after some delay, it was taken in. It was then found that no priest was present to

perform the necessary rites. A second disturbance took place, and at length a priest appeared, but not habited in canonicals; a fresh outcry, however, induced the priest to robe himself, and the service was performed in the usual manner. The body was afterwards carried to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and there buried.

THE PAINTER GARNERAY AND M. RAYNOUARD.

The painter Garneray was commissioned by Charles X. to paint the Battle of Navarino;* he went to Greece, and during the voyage home had, or thought he had, reason to complain of the treatment of the captain of the vessel, and the result was the deepest resentment between them. On his return in the ship, Garneray was sent ashore very ill, and deprived of all aid from the ship's surgeon; he wrote a very insulting letter to the Captain, under the inspiration of a fever. The latter sent him a challenge; pistols were to be the weapons. Garneray, still suffering, managed to crawl to the rendezvous. He had the first fire, and his ball hit the Captain in the right side. The Captain fired in his turn, but with a trembling hand and dim eyes; he was mortally wounded, and died of his wound nine days after.

GENERAL GOURGAND AND THE COMTE DE SÉGUR.

General Gourgand, formerly aide-de-camp of Na-

* The picture is now in the Museum of Nantes.

oleon, not satisfied with criticizing, pen in hand, what he thought erroneous in Comte de Ségur's 'History of the Campaign in Russia,' sent a challenge to the author of the work. The Count was slightly wounded, and thus the affair ended.

M. BEAUPOIL DE SAINT-AULAIRE AND M. DE
PIERREBOURG.

A young cavalry officer, M. Beaupoil de Saint-Aulaire, had written a political pamphlet entitled, 'Funeral Oration on the Duc de Feltre,' and was consequently challenged by the son of the duke. He received a slight wound, and a few days after was again challenged, but this time by M. de Pierrebourg, a cousin of the deceased duke. The sabre was the weapon selected. The meeting took place in the Bois de Boulogne. The two adversaries approached each other with the utmost courtesy. M. de Saint-Aulaire, perceiving that M. de Pierrebourg had the sun in his face, requested him to retire a dozen paces further off, where both parties would be in the shade. Almost as soon as the sabres were crossed, M. de Pierrebourg received a cut in the knee, but instantly returned a thrust which penetrated deeply into the breast of M. de Saint-Aulaire. "Oh God!" he exclaimed, "I fear that the wound is serious!" The seconds rushed up to Saint-Aulaire, who was staggering, and expressed a hope that the wound was not mortal. One of them added, "At any rate everything has been

done according to the rules and regulations." A quarter of an hour after, M. de Saint-Aulaire breathed his last. But it is consolatory to think that he was dispatched with all the requisite formalities.

Literary duels were then frequent. A Neapolitan colonel of the name of Pépé challenged the author of a work in which he had reproached Italy with its pusillanimity, and obtained the satisfaction of wounding the writer,—to prove the incorrectness of his statements !

Two enthusiastic novel writers fought in defence of classical and romantic literature ! They fired at each other four times, and only separated when the severity of their wounds prevented further hostilities.

TREINS AND DAMARZID.

An artillery officer, named Treins, called out a person of the name of Damarzid. It was decided that they should fight with pistols, at the distance of six paces. Having drawn lots for the first fire, it fell upon Treins ; the seconds then requested that a greater distance should be taken. Treins would not consent to this arrangement, which was contrary to the previous agreement. He fired, and mortally wounded his adversary in the stomach ; but, the latter, notwithstanding the severity of his wound, had sufficient strength to return the fire, wounding his antagonist in the arm.

He died a few hours after. Treins was prosecuted, and the court decided " that having been the aggres-

sor, and having fired contrary to the wishes of the bystanders, at so short a distance,—when he was certain of killing his antagonist,—these circumstances did not allow the case to be included in those cases of duels which are not considered as criminal and punishable as such.” On this occasion the duel was considered an assassination, because the party fired at too short a distance; yet it must be recollected that, had the survivor’s pistol missed fire, his antagonist had an equal certainty of shooting him.

The tribunal of Douai came to a similar conclusion in the case of a person who shot another after taking a long and deliberate aim. The court of Marseilles gave a similar judgment in the following case:—A man, named Roqueplane, had called out another of the name of Durré. The seconds wanted to place the parties at a distance of twenty-five paces. Durré insisted on fifteen. Lots were drawn for the first fire, which fell on Roqueplane, who discharged his pistol in the air. Durré nevertheless insisted that he should fire at him, and despite the interference of the seconds, his wish was acceded to; but the pistol missed fire; whereupon Durré fired, and shot his adversary dead.

A singular case occurred some time after, but as it was somewhat similar to the preceding, perhaps it had better be related here. “A Spanish gentleman,” says Dr. Millingen, “had left his wife in that city, and during his absence her conduct, it appeared, had been anything but correct. On his return, the tongue of

scandal and of friendship soon informed him of what was called his dishonour ; and he fixed upon a young man of the name of A—— as the person who was to give him satisfaction, on the plea that he had intrigued with his wife. M. A—— refused to meet him repeatedly, insisting upon his innocence ; and adding, that even if proofs of any criminality could be adduced, the conduct of the lady had been so improper, with various persons, that he would not expose his life in such a business. The husband persisted, and, at last, meeting him on 'Change, struck him repeatedly. A meeting was now unavoidable. Forty paces were measured, and eighteen paces told off between the two extreme points, leaving a space of only four paces in the centre of the ground. It was decided that both parties should advance towards this point, and fire whenever they thought proper.

“The adversaries moved on ; but the Spaniard, in his vindictive impatience, fired at twelve paces, and missed his antagonist, who continued advancing towards the central point of four paces, while the disappointed Spaniard halted where he fired. According to the pre-arranged agreement, he was ordered to proceed to the centre, where stood his antagonist, when only four paces divided them !

“M. A—— then stated that he would not fire, if his adversary was satisfied ; to which the latter replied, that he must fire, as he was determined that one of them should fall. A—— pulled the trigger, but the pistol

missing fire, it was found that his second had not put any cap to it; it was therefore decided that he was entitled to a shot. Again he expressed his earnest desire not to fire. The Spaniard insisted, and was shot dead.

“Although at so short a distance as four paces, so uncertain is the fire of a pistol that had the ball, which had struck the shoulder and entered the chest, deviated but a line or two, and been reflected from the bone, the wound would have been slight, and A—— undoubtedly would have fallen.

“M. A——, with the seconds of both parties, was imprisoned for a considerable time, and, when brought to trial, acquitted. In this case, most undoubtedly, the fault rested with the seconds, who should not have left to their principals the power of reserving their fire until they came into such a close position—an arrangement of which every cool person would avail himself. The chances were also rendered unequal by the precipitation of one of the parties. He could have held back his fire until he came to the four-pace interval, if he thought proper; and his adversary was fully warranted in availing himself of the circumstance, while he honourably offered him his life.

“In this case,” continues Millingen, “my opinion was asked, as an English officer. M. A—— was a particular friend of mine; and I gave it as my decided opinion that he had behaved most honourably. He had been fired at, and continued to move forward

according to agreement. The Spaniard should have done the same; it was, therefore, but just that he should not be allowed to receive A——'s fire where he had halted; since A—— had missed him, the Spaniard's next fire would have taken place at the central point, on which he most undoubtedly would have advanced, to claim the advantage which he himself had given to his antagonist. In regard to the missing of A——'s fire, had the pistol been capped, most unquestionably he would have had no claim to a second fire, but the unpardonable neglect had not been his; it was the fault of his second, for which, most assuredly, he should not have perilled his life. It is true that a miss-fire is considered as equivalent to a shot, in primed pistols, but this rule cannot hold good in percussion arms. A priming may be damp, may be shaken out, but the pistol had been properly loaded. A percussion pistol, without a cap, is to all purposes the same as an unloaded weapon; and if such neglect on the part of a second was to expose the life of a principal, it might lead to the most treacherous acts and premeditated murders. This case strongly proves the necessity of pistols being loaded in the presence of both seconds; and perhaps so long as this barbarous practice prevails, it might be more prudent not to use percussion arms."

Of course in this case, if A——'s second positively remembered that he had forgotten to put on a cap, the thing is settled; but all percussion-caps are not

even now absolutely tight fits on all occasions, and it is not impossible that A——'s percussion-cap might have fallen off, especially during the long marching of the affair.

A LITERARY MAN AND AN OFFICER.

A young author of promise, named Signol, went one night to the Théâtre Italien, and during the interval between two acts, seeing a seat unoccupied, took possession of it without further inquiry. Soon after, when everybody had resumed their places, the officer on guard at the theatre made his appearance, and very politely requested Signol to give him his place. Signol told the officer to go about his business and struck him in the face! He positively struck a young man whom he had never seen before! He then retired, but left his card. The young officer resumed his seat quietly, and at the end of the performance he sent in the following report to his colonel:—

“Nothing new, except that an officer of the guard has received a slap in the face.” The colonel returned the report to the officer after writing on the margin, “I give the officer of the guard leave of absence for the day after to-morrow.”

On the second morning after the occurrence, there appeared at the door of Signol's residence a carriage and four, driven by a coachman in splendid livery. The officer's seconds showed M. Signol and his seconds into this brilliant carriage, which they followed

with their principal in a much more modest equipage. They drove rapidly to Vincennes, to the forest. M. Signol was not an unskilful swordman, and it was the first duel of the man who was insulted. The conflict lasted only ten minutes, and Signol was run right through the heart.

LADY DUELLISTS.

About the year 1827, a lady of Châteauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting the insult, called out the offender, and fighting him with swords, wounded him severely,

In 1828, a duel took place between a young girl and a *garde du corps*. She had been betrayed by the soldier, and insisted upon satisfaction, selecting her own weapons by the right of an offended party. Two shots were exchanged, but without any result, as the seconds very wisely had not loaded with ball. The young lady, however, ignorant of this precaution, fired first, and received the fire of her adversary with the utmost coolness, when, to try her courage, after taking a long and deliberate aim, he fired in the air, and thus terminated the meeting, which, no doubt, led to many others of a different kind and less hostile nature.

In the same month, as a striking instance of the contagion of this practice, a duel was fought near Strasbourg between a Frenchwoman and a German lady, both of whom were in love with a painter. The parties met on the ground armed with pistols, and

with seconds of their own sex. The German damsel wanted to fight a "duel exceptional," that is, close together, each holding the end of a handkerchief with the left hand; but the French lady and her seconds insisted upon a distance of twenty-five paces. They both fired without effect, when the exasperated German insisted that they should carry on the contest until one of the parties fell. This determination, however, was controlled by the seconds, who put a stop to further proceedings, but were unable to bring about a reconciliation.

Dr. Millingen was of opinion that the reason why women don't fight so often as men, is their natural timidity as regards personal danger, *and the greater certainty of avenging their injuries by intrigue and slander, "whose edge is sharper than the sword!"* This is rather severe on the *fair* sex.

ARMAND CARREL AND ROUX LABORIE.

The arrest of the Duchesse de Berri, in 1830, nearly brought on a general battle among the gentlemen of the press. Eugène Briffaut, of the 'Corsair,' opened the fire with a Royalist, who challenged and wounded him.

A paragraph having appeared in the paper called 'La Tribune,' containing some reflections on the Duchesse de Berri, the editors of the 'Revenant,' a Legitimist publication, demanded satisfaction from those of the 'Tribune.' Godefroi Cavaignac, Marrast,

and Garderin, sent the following manifesto to the editors of the 'Revenant':—"We send you a first list of twelve persons. We demand, not twelve simultaneous duels, but twelve successive duels, at times and in places which will easily be settled. No excuses—no pretexts—which, however, will not save you from the imputation of cowardice, nor from the consequences which it bears in its train. Betwixt your party and ours war has henceforth commenced with a combat. No truce before one party bows beneath the other."

The parties decided that no individual duel should take place, but that a collective meeting should be fixed upon between any two editors whose names appeared in the lists, as other newspapers had taken part in the quarrel. At last it was arranged that a meeting should take place between Armand Carrel, editor of the 'National,' and Roux Laborie, editor of the 'Revenant.'

The parties met. Roux Laborie received two thrusts in the arm, but grievously wounded Carrel in the lower part of the belly, the wound being inflicted as his opponent was lounging. The seconds were about to cross swords in their turn, when the interference of the police put an end to the contest. Great was the consternation at this result, and the condition of the wounded man occupied all minds. Visitors thronged his door from all sides—from such celebrities as M. Dupin, even to Chateaubriand himself. Thiers sent his secretary—objection was made to the visit;

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but Carrel said, "Let him come in;" and when he came in, he said to the envoy of the Minister, "I have one favour to ask of M. Thiers—I desire that M. Roux Laborie be not molested."

The excitement was so great that a mob was on the point of chastising the Legitimists by smashing the printing-presses of the '*Gazette de France*.' Fortunately the recovery of Armand Carrel stopped the effervescence of the Republicans. Had Carrel died, it is difficult to say to what excesses this exasperation might have led. Royalist publishers and officers were besieged for several days by the mob.

GENERAL BUGAUD AND M. DULONG.

The detention of the Duchesse de Berri caused another meeting. At a sitting of the Chamber, on the 21st of January, 1831, M. Larabit, afterwards senator, protested against the military dictatorship of Marshal Soult, who, in a letter, had interdicted the military officers of Strasbourg from all petitions and reclamations "even legal." In the discussion, he said that an officer was not obliged to fulfil an ignoble office. Soult replied, "A soldier's first duty is obedience;" on which Larabit rejoined, "The President of the Council says that a military man should obey. This I readily grant; but when a man is conscious of his rectitude, and is ordered to recede from his duty, he should cease to obey his superiors."—"Never, never!" exclaimed several members; on which Dulong added,

with much warmth, "What! is a man in obedience to the command of his superior to become a gaoler, and degrade himself?" This expression was not distinctly heard by all the members present, nor did it reach the ears of General Bugeaud until some friend repeated the offensive language. The General immediately went over and sat near Dulong, who gave a satisfactory explanation, disclaiming any personal allusion. Here the matter would have rested, had not one of the newspapers taken up the subject, when the General felt compelled to demand a written apology from Dulong, a request with which he immediately complied by transmitting to the editor of the paper a statement, in which he declared that he had meant nothing personal or offensive in his speech. This letter was sent to the General, who forwarded it by one of the King's aides-de-camp to the editor of the '*Journal des Débats*.' Soon afterwards an evening paper published the following paragraph:—"The '*Journal des Débats*' having reported yesterday that M. Dulong had made use of language most insulting to General Bugeaud, it was this day affirmed in the Chamber that the honourable General had insisted on an apology on the part of M. Dulong, which will appear to-morrow in the '*Journal des Débats*.' On reading this report, M. Dulong immediately addressed the editor of the '*Débats*' to request he would not publish his declaration, and the General himself called at the office for the letter, and afterwards waited upon M. Dulong. Seconds were

then appointed ; and as matters could not be settled to the satisfaction of all parties, a duel with pistols was arranged to take place the following morning.

General Bugeaud, who was considered one of the best shots in the army, suggested to M. Dulong the advantage that might result from the use of swords ; but Dulong, who was a lawyer, knowing nothing of the use of arms, thought that the pistol would offer him a greater security. The parties met in the Bois de Boulogne at the appointed hour, when it was decided that they should be placed at forty paces from each other, and on a given signal advance, and fire whenever they thought proper. General Bugeaud, in the most honourable manner, and to give his adversary every possible chance that the greater distance could afford, fired at the second step, but unfortunately with too much precision ; his bullet hit his man just under the left eye, boring through the brain. He fell like a lump of lead, uttered not a cry, and breathed his last at six o'clock on the following morning.

This fatal event was clearly the work of political writers, who fomented the hostile feelings of both parties, and whose conduct only admitted of this extenuation, that they were always ready to fight among themselves, or with any other political antagonist who wanted to decide a question by recourse to arms.

The duel caused considerable sensation in Paris. The king was much censured for not having prevented it, as the chances were most unequal between a skilled

combatant and a literary man, who had never handled sword or pistol. Moreover, the written apology of Dulong, instead of being returned to him when the hostile meeting was decided upon, remained in the hands of the General's second, a most unfair proceeding, since the ill-fated Dulong, who fought rather than give publicity to a statement which was reported to have been obtained by threats, had the unquestionable right to demand the restoration of the document; and this letter, which it was affirmed had been burnt in the Palace of the Tuileries, appeared a few days after Dulong's death in several provincial papers!

Hostile meetings between newspaper writers and politicians took place, not only in Paris, but the principal cities in France. On the same day on which M. Dulong was wounded by General Bugeaud, two medical students were fighting at a few paces from them, and one of them was mortally wounded by a shot in the breast. Three other duels followed, one of them fatal—all resulting from political differences; and then, on the same account, a manager of a theatre fought the editor of a newspaper.

While political disputes thus led numerous champions into the field, their party warmly advocated the cause which they maintained at the peril of their lives. Thus, a duel having taken place between a native of Toulouse and a native of Marseilles, on electioneering questions, the Toulousian, being seriously wounded, was carried to the hospital, whither he was immediately followed

by his partizans, wearing white pinks at their button-holes, and they suspended a crown of laurels and lilies over the patient's head at Marseilles.

Barthélemy, the editor of the '*Peuple Souverain*,' killed David, the editor of the '*Garde National*;' and soon after the editor of the '*Gazette de Périgord*' fought his predecessor of different political opinions.

M. de Briqueville virulently attacked Marshal Soult as minister, in a political effusion. The son of the great marshal took up the matter and replied—with a challenge. It was accepted. The seconds of the Marquis of Dalmatia were Marshal Clauzel and General Jacqueminot (whose name has been given by the gardeners to a remarkably fine French rose); those of M. de Briqueville were General Excelmans (the redoubtable diplomatic duellist),* and M. Bacot, a deputy. They fought with swords. Terrible was the contest. The seconds separated the combatants just at the moment when, after a tremendous struggle, they were on the point of seizing each other, body to body, in a desperate finish! Assuredly, people had gone mad with politics.

A DUEL BETWEEN TWO ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

A discussion arose between two Italians respecting a sarcophagus discovered at Saint-Jean du Garguier. The discoverer, Marcredati, published in the '*Messenger*,' of Marseilles, an article denouncing another

* See *ante*, p. 68.

archæologist of eminence, Biffi. The latter replied in another journal, the 'Mistral,' with an effusion quite as learned and equally caustic. Marcredati returned to the assault, and Biffi had at him again as quickly. And so the archæological war went on, apparently endless, but increasing so much in virulence of words that, having begun with an old coffin, people began to fear it would become an affair of a funeral and a tomb, through the inevitable settlement of those days—a duel. The magistrate took alarm, and the police kept on the watch. Alas! women and duellists soon find a way when they have a will. One fine morning the 'Messenger' of Marseilles published "the funeral oration," written by Neroni, on poor Marcredati, who little thought when he exhumed a sarcophagus, that he was digging his own grave!

This controversy and the catastrophe made a great noise in Italy. They raised a monument to Marcredati at Poggi di Bonzo, and his eulogium was solemnly delivered at the Academy dei Arcadi, at Rome.

The wag Méry made a great deal of fun out of this report, it was nothing more, for Marcredati, Biffi, and Neroni, were no other than Méry himself! . . . It was a hoax.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS AND GAILLARDET.

The cause of this duel is characteristic of French authorship. It appears that Gaillardet was the original author of the drama called the 'Tour de Nesle,' which

was admirably constructed, but unfortunately of a disgusting character, every vice that can disfigure humanity having been brought into action. The manager of the theatre *La Porte Saint-Martin*, bethought him that the dialogue required correction, or that the incidents of the piece might be more powerfully developed; and he therefore, with the consent of the author, placed the manuscript in the hands of Alexandre Dumas.

Dumas set to work and completed the literary job to satisfaction. He claimed no authorship, until the piece was brought out, achieved a great success, and became the *rage* of the Parisians, when, to the amazement of poor Gaillardet, Dumas published the play as his sole production. The business was first brought before the tribunals, which decided that the dramatic child had two fathers, but that the latter should enjoy their rights only by turns. The "honour" of the parties, however, not being satisfied, a meeting took place, and pistol shots were exchanged at fifteen paces. It appears that the infuriated dramatists were resolved to fire until one or both of them fell, as if to leave the darling play only one father, as in the ordinary way of nature, or an orphan; but the seconds very wisely prevented further proceedings.

This exasperation, arising from galled vanity, is easily accounted for, when we find that two other dramatic writers, whose productions had been received with doubtful success by the public and severely criti-

cized by the papers, shut themselves up with a pan of charcoal, and were suffocated in poetical despair. It must be admitted, however, that Dumas did an outrageous thing in claiming a work which he only revised according to instructions and with the consent of the author.

M. ROMIEU AND A SATIRICAL POET.

One day Romieu received the following note from a young lawyer :—

“Sir,—I send you with this note a ballad, which I beg you will read with great attention. If you think you can add a few words to it, and they suit me, I consent to accept you as a collaborateur.

“I have the honour, etc.”

The manuscript was returned to the author with the following reply :—

“Sir,—I have read your ballad with the greatest attention. *I leave you the choice of the weapons.*”

The meeting took place without any serious result.

A CRACK SHOT.

A gentleman of Montauban had a difference at cards with a lieutenant, in consequence of which there was a meeting. The gentleman was requested to fire first, as, indeed, was his right. “After you,” said he, “my dear officer.” The latter refused to take an advantage to which he had no claim, but the former stubbornly

insisting, the officer was obliged to yield. He fired and missed.

"He's a fine fellow," said the gentleman to his second; "I should be very sorry to kill him. Still, he has been very impertinent and deserves a lesson. I'll chastise him by just cutting off his *tassel*." He fired, and down dropped the tassel as if cut by a pair of scissors.

DUELS AMONG TRADESPEOPLE.

Duelling having descended from the aristocracy of the country to inferior grades, became at last common even among tradesmen. In 1833, we find a silk-mercator fighting a wool-merchant with pistols, and desperately wounding his antagonist; while a bath-keeper called out and fought a crockeryware seller, for having sold him a cracked pot. At Douai, a woollen-draper challenged a brazier to fight him with swords; the parties met, and rushing at each other like two butting bulls, the brazier was run through the throat, and the unfortunate woollen-draper received a mortal wound in the bowels.

A FIGHTING JEW OLD-CLOTHESMAN.

The difference of rank was no protection against the necessity of giving satisfaction. At Bordeaux, a cavalry officer wishing to dispose of a new uniform-coat that did not fit him, called in a Jew old-clothesman, who had the assurance to offer him five francs,

or four-and-twopence, for the gorgeous raiment ! The officer, justly incensed at this impertinence, ordered him out of his room. Moses stoutly refused to budge. The dragoon kicked him out. The exasperated Hebrew immediately challenged the officer, who indignantly refused to fight the fellow, when "Old Clo," meeting him in the street, called him a coward, and actually struck him. The officer would have cut down the Israelite on the spot had he not been prevented, and was about bringing the man before the police, when it was decided by the corps, that the officer, having placed himself upon a level with the Jew by striking him, he was called upon to give him the satisfaction he demanded. The meeting took place, and the Israelite went to the ground with a host of his nation,—Isaacs, Reubens, Samuels, Levis, Aarons, all the tribes,—as for the storming of Jericho. Swords were the weapons. The combatants placed themselves in position ; but when the swords were crossed the Hebrew, notwithstanding the loud acclamations of his tribe, could not be made to stand, retreating and falling back, until his adversary got him against a ditch, which at last halted him. Even here, however, he would not show fight, and the officer would have run him through the body, but the crowd of Jews rushed to the rescue, saved the son of Israel, and it was with great difficulty that the dragoon and his second could effect their escape to a carriage in attendance.

ODD DUEL BETWEEN M. MARY-LAFON AND A WOULD-BE SON.

One morning in the month of June, 1835, M. Mary-Lafon was bathing in the Marne, at the port of Creteil, with a tradesman, M. G***. The latter got entangled in the weeds, and suddenly disappeared. M. Mary-Lafon dived after him and brought him to the bank. As soon as M. G*** came to himself, he burst forth into endless thanks to his preserver. "My father is no longer dead!" he exclaimed, "I have him again in you, Sir. Oh! don't disclaim the title! I owe you my *life*—don't I?"—"Never mind that, my dear fellow," said Lafon; "let me tell you, I'm ravenously hungry, and I'm sure you must want something to eat after your fatigue; so let's be off to some tavern at once."

"Oh, it's no use," continued the man, "you cannot escape the effusion of my gratitude!"

"I tell you I've had enough of that already—I won't put up with any more. Don't provoke me, or I'll just drop you again where I found you," said Lafon, suiting his looks to the menace. The man seemed to be a little quieted by this declaration, and followed his companion in silence, they soon reached the tavern, and sat down to breakfast, M. G*** opposite his deliverer, on whom he kept his eyes incessantly staring, and clasping his hands with all the silent expression of admiration. At length he could contain

himself no longer, and burst forth again into the same gushing exclamations as before. Lafon was then about twenty-three years of age, and the child whom he had saved from the waters was about five years older. "Perhaps he's not quite right?" thought Lafon, and so he said to the man, "Are you affected with heart-disease?" The tradesman stared at him vacantly, not in the least understanding the joke, or overlooking it, and cried out, "Oh, my deliverer! My father!" At these words Lafon lost all patience, and seizing a dish of fruit, he dashed it at the head of his tormentor. This seems, at length, to have been rather too much for his filial piety to bear, and so he resented it by flinging a jug of water at Lafon, which, however, missed him, and went to pieces against the wall. Thus, the father and son were mortally insulted, and "it was impossible that the affair could end here"—as the phrase goes. The landlord was called in, his bill was paid, and father and son got into a coach, the driver being ordered to take the party to the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs. Lafon stopped the coach near the Passage Choiseuil. He got down and soon returned, accompanied by M. d'Hormoy, the director of the Théâtre Italien, who had under his arms a case of pistols. "My dear friend," he said to D'Hormoy, as soon as they were seated in the coach, "allow me to introduce to you an ex-friend of fresh water, a draper, who drowns me with gratitude because I committed the fault of fishing him from the bottom of a river."

"Oh, my father!" ejaculated the draper, fetching a deep sigh. "There, you hear him; that's all he can say, without a moment's respite!" The coach turned down the Boulevard Montmartre, and made for the Bois de Romainville, after having taken up a fourth person, M. D***, an oculist, who was to be the draper's second. On reaching the Bois the seconds measured off twenty-five paces, and after the usual signal of three claps of the hand, the adversaries fired together. Neither was wounded. "Now, Sir, will you continue to insult me with your caresses?" asked Mary-Lafon. "Oh, my father!" exclaimed the draper. "Gentlemen," cried Lafon, "reload the pistols." The order was obeyed, the weapons were returned to the combatants, the signal was given, and the double detonation resounded. Again nobody was hurt. "Oh, my father!" burst forth again from the lips of poor M. G***, as he rushed up and flung his arms round the neck of M. Mary-Lafon, who was at length completely overpowered; he gave in, and, we are told, ultimately became as fondly attached as he had been averse, to the man whom he saved from drowning.

COLONEL TROBRIANT AND PÉLICIER.

This duel is remarkable for its trivial cause, and the fatal obstinacy of one of the combatants. Pélicier, of the Home Department, had a dispute with Colonel Trobriant about a popular song, and a meeting was the consequence. Trobriant, having the first fire,

wanted to fire in the air; but his adversary said, "No cowardly condescension, if you please, Sir. Aim at me, Sir, for I shall aim at you." Trobriant fired, and the ball entered the forehead of his obstinate adversary.*

COMTE LÉON AND CAPTAIN DE HESSE, OF THE
18TH HUSSARS.

Comte Léon, a natural son of Napoleon the First, fought several duels, one with the Colonel of the National Guard of Saint-Denis, and another with an English officer of the 18th Hussars, of the name of De Hesse, who won from the Count eighteen thousand francs (£720). When called on to pay, he contended that Captain De Hesse had pledged himself to give his antagonist a *revanche*, which was only consistent with the laws of honour applicable to the game. An angry discussion arose, and Captain De Hesse published some particulars of the affair, which were considered prejudicial to the character of M. Léon. The quarrel between them then rose to such a height that a meeting became inevitable.

In this meeting, it was decided in writing, that the parties should be placed at thirty paces from each other, and advance to ten paces. They both moved forward three paces, took aim, but did not fire. Hesse made another step, and Léon did the same, when both firing, Hesse received a wound in the left breast, and

* Millingen, who states that Colonel Trobriant was his friend.

expired after three days' acute suffering. The widow prosecuted the survivor, but after a short trial he was acquitted, Mrs. Hesse not appearing on behalf of the prosecution. On the ground, Captain De Hesse admitted the bravery and strict honour of his antagonist. At the trial, General Gourgeaud, his second, spoke as follows:—"I am not able to give any details respecting the circumstances which gave rise to this affair, for I am wholly ignorant of them. My friend, M. Monneval, commissioned by the Emperor Napoleon to superintend the conduct of M. Léon, was indisposed at the time, and requested me to act for him in this very serious matter. I undertook the duty with regret, for I was well aware of the ties which bound M. Léon to the Emperor, and I was conscious of all that his Majesty had communicated to me on this subject at St. Helena. It was with me a sacred obligation, imposed by gratitude, not to abandon him at such a moment."

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

In this singular duel the circumstances were as follows:—One Lethuillier and his wife kept a private hospital, and a literary man, named Wattebaut, lodged with them. They were both staunch Republicans, and their uniformity in political opinions cemented a strict intimacy between them. However, political affections did not prevent Wattebaut from paying more than common attention to the fair wife of his host. A dis-

pute arose on the subject, and it was decided that they should fight with pistols; but, at the same time, it was agreed that no seconds should be present at the meeting, in order to avoid the possibility of any reconciliation, while at the same time the honour of Madame Lethuillier would not be compromised by the circumstance being confided to others, which was certainly a novel idea. The parties met in the Bois de Romainville; Wattebaut in vain sought to reconcile matters by affirming his innocence in the most solemn manner; the husband was inflexible. Wattebaut fired, and his ball entering the right temple of his opponent, grazed along the eye, passed through the root of the nose, and came out by the left eye, Lethuillier being struck blind. Wattebaut, seeing him fall, fancied that he was dead, and took to flight; but the wounded man contrived to crawl as far as the cemetery of Pantin, where his groans attracted the notice of some persons passing by, who carried him home. Lethuillier prosecuted his adversary before the tribunals, maintaining that he had been treacherously wounded before he had taken his ground, and after he had proposed to his adversary to fight *au mouchoir*, or across a pocket-handkerchief. Wattebaut, on the contrary, asserted that he had fired according to the stipulated pre-arrangement, contradicting the charges brought against him in every particular. Although no evidence appeared on behalf of the prosecutor or the prisoner, the latter was condemned to ten years' imprisonment.

A DUEL BETWEEN TWO BROTHERS.

Such was the fury of duelling during those times of political excitement, that two brothers actually engaged in a conflict of this nature. One of them fired on his adversary, a dragoon of the 11th regiment, and having missed him, knocked him down with a bludgeon, and only left him when he considered him a corpse.

AN ENGLISHMAN AND A CELEBRATED DUELLIST.

De Bergue, an English gentleman residing in Paris, in the year 1835, was challenged by Alie, a celebrated duellist, who boasted of having fought thirty-three duels, many of which had terminated fatally to his opponents. The cause of the duel was very singular, and by no means creditable to the celebrated duellist. Alie requested the loan of some money from Mr. De Bergue, which the latter obligingly sent him, but desired his servant not to leave it without a written acknowledgment for the amount,—more with a view to secure its safe delivery than from any suspicion of the borrower's honesty. This precaution gave Alie great offence. It is not stated that he returned the money; but he sent a friend immediately to Mr. De Bergue, demanding an explanation. De Bergue received the party very courteously, protested that he meant no offence, and therefore refused to apologize, considering the reason he gave, namely, that "he re-

quested the receipt only to feel assured that the money had been delivered to the proper person," ought to be satisfactory. If ever there was a reasonable "explanation," this was one; but Alie was not satisfied with it; he wanted a downright apology. This being properly refused, he required a meeting on the following morning in the Bois de Boulogne, to which Mr. de Bergue consented, and at an early hour both parties appeared with their seconds. Alie brought swords, but with these weapons De Bergue refused to fight, knowing that his adversary was a most accomplished fencer, while he himself was unskilled in the exercise of the foil and small sword. He had brought a brace of pistols, and after some parley, it was agreed that they should be used. Alie, however, who was a good shot as well as an expert fencer, insisted on the first fire. De Bergue's second refused, very properly, to concede that point, and proposed to decide by lot who should take the first fire, and have the choice of pistols, both of which had been previously discharged to prove them in order. After much discussion, De Bergue gave up, and actually permitted his antagonist to choose his pistol and take his first fire, as he positively refused to fight with pistols unless this advantage was given to him.

Both were soon stationed. Alie fired, and his ball grazed De Bergue's cheek. De Bergue then proposed to his second that he should "delope," or fire in the air. Thereupon he was told that his adversary's in-

tention was to "duel" to the death, and therefore he levelled at him. Alie fell; the ball entering his brain an inch above the ear; he died without uttering a word.

Mr. de Bergue was a mild, amiable gentleman, positively unskilled in the use of the pistol! Such being the case, he must have possessed great courage to have conceded so important a point as the first fire, when aware that he stood before a professed duellist, and a crack shot.

A PUBLIC DUEL.

A duel of this nature, among others, occurred about this time, between a M. de C——, an officer of Light Cavalry, and a M. V——, of Carcassone. It appears, that while the regiment of M. de C—— was quartered in Carcassone, he courted a sister of M. V——, and, under the promise of marriage, seduced her. The regiment was ordered to march to Hesdin, and was followed by the brother of the young lady, who insisted that the seducer should marry his sister; to which proposal C—— acceded, stating that he only waited for the consent of his family. A suspicious delay having taken place, M. de V—— followed him to Paris, and demanded an explanation of his intentions, or "satisfaction." C—— again renewed his promises, fixing a period. This period having expired, M. de V——, accompanied by his sister and his mother, repaired to Hesdin, where the regiment was

still in garrison. As C—— still continued to hesitate, a meeting was demanded and fixed upon, to take place near the glacis of the town,—the commanding officer and the mayor being both apprised of the transaction, which was considered “unavoidable,”—and more than that, upwards of eighteen hundred persons assembled to witness the conflict. This occurred only about thirty-five years ago!

On the ground, M. de V—— once more called upon De C—— to fulfil his promise, and rescue his unfortunate sister from ignominy, adding that, from his skill in the use of the pistol, his life was at his disposal, and he even proposed swords, to afford him a more equal chance in the conflict. This remonstrance and generous conduct were of no avail.

M. de C——, it appears, had practised pistol firing for a considerable length of time, and felt equally certain of a successful aim. Lots were drawn for the first fire, which fell upon C——. He fired, and his ball just grazed the head of his adversary. M. de V—— then fired, and shot his dishonourable opponent through the head.

MARSHAL SOULT CHALLENGED.

An officer of high rank, who was disappointed in his expectation of promotion, actually sent a message to Marshal Soult, then Minister of War, demanding either the promotion he had solicited, or a personal satisfaction. The age and position of the marshal

were sufficient motives to decline this singular meeting, when the general thought proper to call out the marshal's son, the Marquis of Dalmatia, to fight for his father—a challenge which, of course, was also declined; and then the pugnacious memorialist published an insulting letter, addressed to the marquis, in the usual style of what is called “posting;” but this outrageous conduct was very properly treated with the contempt it deserved.

M. AIMÉ SIREY AND M. DUREPAIRE.

In the month of November, 1835, a duel with swords was fought by the son of an eminent lawyer, an advocate at the Court of Cassation, M. Aimé Sirey, and his cousin, M. Durepaire, who was married to a Mademoiselle Dusailans. M. Durepaire had brought forward considerable claims against the Sirey family, and made use of a most insulting expression, upon which M. Aimé Sirey struck him in the face. The consequence was the following challenge from Durepaire:—“After your insult this morning I beg you will send me the names of your seconds, and their address.” At nine o'clock the same evening, Durepaire was taken by a friend to Grisier, a fencing-master, who gave him a lesson with the foil; it was the first he had ever had; and Grisier very strongly advised him to get the duel put off until he could master at least the first elements of the art. On the following morning, however, the seconds held a con-

sultation respecting the choice of weapons; and as M. Sirey was not only a crack-shot, but also an expert fencer with the small sword, M. Durepaire's seconds proposed the sabre, a weapon with which neither of the principals was acquainted. To this M. Sirey objected, claiming the choice of weapons as the insulted party, and requiring the small sword. He, however, consented to have the point settled by lot, and chance fixed on the sabre. Curious to say, M. Sirey then stipulated that, in order to protect the face, the combatants should wear fencing-masks, and this was agreed to. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the principals, attended by their seconds, and the father-in-law of M. Durepaire, and a friend of M. Sirey, with a surgeon, proceeded in two carriages from Paris by the Barrière de Vaugirard. About four o'clock, night coming on, they stopped at a place situated between Issy and the Bois de Meudon, on the right of the road, near a manufactory of fulminating powder.

Durepaire and Sirey then took off their coats, put on their masks, drew their light sabres, and the combat commenced. Neither of the combatants attempted cuts; both of them, chary of any great movements, contented themselves with merely grating their blades against each other, or the simple thrusts and parries of sword exercise, or rather as those who know nothing about it. Sirey, however, at length made a dash at his adversary.

Durepaire fell back, giving point with his sabre,

which was not parried by Sirey, but turned aside with the back of his left hand, the latter being slightly ex-coriated in the unswordman-like manœuvre. In dis-engaging, Sirey had a fall. Durepaire took no ad-vantage of the critical mishap. Sirey, having got upon his legs again, the combatants returned to the spot where the engagement had commenced, from which they had straggled to a considerable distance, and went on as before for about ten minutes, when Sirey received in the upper part of the breast a thrust which, although not serious, drew blood, and almost at the same instant Durepaire was run through the liver with a vigorous thrust. He died in twenty-four hours.

Seven years after his adversary also died a violent death at Brussels.

M. ARMAND CARREL AND M. ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

The 'National,' in a note upon a prosecution insti-tuted by the 'Presse' against the 'Bon Sens,' ex-pressed an opinion that M. Girardin would have done better to settle his quarrel with that paper by written discussion than by having recourse to the law. The 'Presse,' in answering this note, introduced, in a man-ner not the most proper, the name of M. Carrel, who, although he did not sign the 'National' as its respon-sible editor, felt himself called upon to take steps in the matter. A challenge was sent. The parties took their ground. M. Carrel fired first, and wounded his adversary in the thigh. M. de Girardin fired in his

turn, and his ball entered the lower part of M. Carrel's body. He was immediately carried to Maudé, to the house of an intimate friend, where he died on the following day. When they were carrying him from the ground, in passing his antagonist, he said to him, "Are you, M. de Girardin, suffering much?" The latter replied, "I wish, Sir, you were not more seriously wounded than I am."

A DUEL WITH FOILS.

At least six duels occurred in France during the year 1838, among others the following:—

Two soldiers of a battalion of the 64th regiment of the Line, in garrison, quarrelled about an "unfortunate," and resolved to fight it out. After vainly endeavouring to procure swords, they found a pair of unbuttoned foils at a tavern, which they bought between them, and proceeded with their business. Scarcely had they crossed weapons, when both the combatants were hit in the left breast, and fell dead on the spot. Their wound, in both cases, seemed to be only a prick on the surface!

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

A Colonel of the 59th regiment of the Line was engaged in a duel with a young man of the town where the regiment was in garrison. They were placed at the distance of forty paces. The young man fired first, but his pistol burst, and the fragments wounded him

in the face. His adversary asked the seconds if the young man was still able to fire. They replied in the affirmative; but the Colonel declared that he would not use his right of firing. It was insisted upon, however, when he aimed at a small twig of a tree, which was waving above the head of his adversary, and cut it clean off.

A MISS BY A CRACK SHOT.

In 1841, a gentleman, to keep his hand in, had been firing at the shooting-gallery of Duseune, and was making sad havoc with the puppets of the establishment, set up as targets, as usual in France. Every shot told, and was hailed with cries of admiration, immediately after which, however, a calm voice was every time heard, saying, "He couldn't do as much on the ground." At length the iconoclast, or smasher of puppets, losing all patience, furiously shouted out, "Will you try me?"—"Very happy to do so," replied M. N—— B——. They went to the ground. The gentleman fired first, and missed! "I told you so!" quietly said M. N—— B——, who walked off humming the operatic air, 'Così fan tutti.'

GENERAL LEVASSEUR AND M. ARRIGHI.

This most tragical duel took place in the environs of Marseilles. Arrighi was an officer in the 22nd regiment of the Line, who, believing himself injured by Levasseur, then Colonel, resigned his commission, for

the purpose of sending him a challenge. Some time after the colonel became a general, and Arrighi followed him to Africa, where he happened to be in command. The two adversaries, who had been prevented by numerous obstacles from meeting, were at length in presence; but General Lamoricière, being informed of the whole affair, had Arrighi arrested, and gave orders that he should be at once sent back to France in a steamer just on the point of leaving port. Of course, under the influence of his resentment, he felt convinced that General Levasseur was not a stranger to this summary procedure; and to make the matter worse, a strange fatality led the General on the path of the resentful officer just as he was being conducted to the steamer. It is easy to conceive the exasperation of the man under the circumstances. But Levasseur had nothing to do with the transaction; on the contrary, he soon obtained leave of absence, went to Marseilles, and apprised Arrighi of his arrival. The latter soon appeared; seconds were appointed, and pistols were the weapons selected.

A dispute arose about the distance. The General's seconds refused to be present if the distance was to be less than twenty paces; Arrighi and his seconds obstinately held out for ten paces. The reason of this determination, on the part of the latter, was explained by the fact, that the General was a crack shot and Arrighi out of practice with the pistol. In consequence of this resolution the General's seconds retired

from the business, and were succeeded by Major de Monet and Captain de Villiers, of the 20th regiment, who were of opinion that Arrighi's proposal should be adopted. Arrighi's seconds were M. de Peretti and M. Casabianca, an old soldier, his relative and friend, who had not quitted his side for fifteen months, and whose good advice he refused to receive. On reaching the ground, Casabianca measured off the ten paces. M. de Monet repeated the operation; his paces were shorter than those of Casabianca; they made allowance for the difference, and the intermediate point was the limit of the distance between the combatants. De Monet and Casabianca loaded the pistols. The first fire was decided by lot. The principals then fell into position, the General always calm, and Arrighi perfectly collected, unexcited. The General received his pistol, and, after a few seconds, fired. Arrighi made a convulsive movement of the arm, but a moment after fell to the ground, blood gushing from his mouth in torrents.

The affair went to trial, but General Levasseur was acquitted, and so were all the seconds implicated in the transaction.

A TOBACCONIST AND A BARBER.

Two Spaniards, at Marseilles, one a tobacconist, the other a barber, roused to fury against each other, armed themselves each with a razor, and fought a desperate battle. The barber, having naturally the

advantage, sent his adversary to the hospital with a horrible gash in the face.

A DUEL WITH BILLIARD BALLS.

(A.D. 1843.)

People have settled their "differences" with other weapons besides swords, knives, poignards, sticks, and pistols. In the time of Louis XIV., owing to the hostility that prevailed among churchmen and their followers, the processions of religious bodies not only frequently attacked each other in the streets with the most virulent language, but actually came to blows, and fought with crucifixes, banners, and censers, in Notre Dame and the Holy Chapel, pelting each other with prayer-books and missals, a combat that the French poet Boileau has ludicrously described in his 'Lutrin.' It was a singular circumstance that the most serious ecclesiastical fray of this nature took place in the church of Notre Dame, on the very day when Louis XIII. placed the kingdom under the special protection of the Virgin Mary!

Other instances of fighting with one's own instruments are related. Cagliostro being called out by a physician whom he had styled a quack, proposed, on the plea that a medical question should be settled medicinally, that the parties should swallow one of two pills, one being poisonous and the other innocuous, selected at random.

The following, however, is the strangest encounter

of the kind on record, and it is the more remarkable for having occurred only five-and-twenty years ago :—

A fatal and extraordinary duel took place during the month of September of 1843, in the commune of Maisonfort (Seine-et-Oise). Two gentlemen, named Lenfant and Mellant, having quarrelled over a game of billiards, drew lots who should first throw the red ball at his adversary's head. Chance favoured the latter, who threw the ball with such force and correct aim at the forehead of the other as to kill him on the spot.*

DUJARIER AND BEAUVALLON.

This duel, which made a great sensation at the time of its occurrence, is remarkable for the insight it gave into literary and editorial life at Paris. The altercation which led to it took place at the Frères Provençaux, a restaurant in the Palais Royal, where a grand supper was given for twenty guests, one day in the month of March, 1845. It was a party of gentlemen of the press and authors, with a sprinkling of gay ladies to harmonize the entertainment. During the festive enjoyment, it appears that Dujarier was rather excited, having taken the liberty not only to twit one of the guests, M. Roger de Beauvoir, on his toilet, but also to have spoken rather freely to the ladies, one in particular, which gave offence to Beauvallon, the editor of the 'Globe;' but this seems to have been ad-

* 'Annual Register.'

justed by an apology which Dujarier subsequently made during the evening to the offended lady. It is impossible to state the immediate cause of the duel. Dujarier himself said that he did not know what he was to fight for. Beauvallon and Dujarier had certainly been gaming previously, when the latter lost a trifle, but this circumstance was too frivolous to give rise to the duel. So as M. Rieff said, the true cause of the duel was the everlasting quarrel between the 'Presse,' of which Dujarier was the editor, and the 'Globe,' conducted by Beauvallon. "My dear friend," said Dujarier to Alexandre Dumas, "it is a combat between the 'Globe' and the 'Presse.'"

The account given of the affair by Alexandre Dumas, at the subsequent trial arising out of the duel, was as follows:—"About three o'clock in the afternoon, the day before or two days before the duel, M. Dujarier came to my house and told me that he was going to fight a duel. He was in my study, and during the conversation, he took up a sword which happened to be there, and drew the blade out of the scabbard, but so clumsily that I saw he did not even know how to hold the weapon. I advised him to select any other arm for his duel, and to choose the pistol. I asked him who was to be his opponent. He said it was M. de Beauvallon. 'Then,' I said, 'you had better not choose pistols.' My idea in giving this opinion was, that M. de Beauvallon, whom I had not the honour to be acquainted with, but who, I knew, was

a first-rate fencer, would quickly perceive M. Dujarier's inability to handle the sword, and not prolong the conflict, or would render it harmless. My son took lessons at the same fencing saloon as M. de Beauvallon. I tried to persuade M. Dujarier that the pistol would be the most dangerous weapon for him. He stayed and dined with me, and in the evening I went to the *Variétés*, but during the entire evening I was anxious, tormented. At ten o'clock I saw M. Dujarier again. He was writing; doubtless he was engaged in writing his will. I wished to interfere in the quarrel; I proposed to have an interview with Beauvallon. Dujarier constantly refused consent."

On being asked if he gave any reason for his refusal, Dumas replied:—"He said that with the pistol he had a chance of escaping, but with the sword he had none. Besides, he said I was too much engaged to meddle with the matter, and that no doubt I should manage to arrange the affair. Now, it seems that it was his first affair; he was surprised that he had not as yet had a duel. He exclaimed, 'it is a baptism that I must undergo.' But he evinced no enthusiasm in the duel. He said, 'I cannot avoid fighting.' The night before the duel he came to my house to pass, as he said, his last day with the friends whom he loved. At one o'clock in the morning, he neither knew the hour nor the place of meeting. All that he knew was that pistols were to be the weapons, because he himself had chosen that arm."

When questioned as to his opinion that Beauvallon would not abuse his skill in a duel with Dujarier, Alexandre Dumas replied, "I remember that my son said to me, in speaking of the duel, 'M. de Beauvallon is a perfect gentleman; if he perceives M. Dujarier's incapacity with the sword, he will disarm him, or wound him in the arm.' Unfortunately, this was told to Dujarier, and he said, 'I certainly will not have my adversary do me a favour by disarming me or wounding me slightly in the arm; I demand a serious duel.' I remember that my son also said, 'We should do well to go to Grisier and request him to interpose in the matter.' I told my son that I could not do so; that Dujarier's reputation was a precious thing to preserve, for the very reason that it was his first duel."

It appears, however, that Alexandre Dumas sent Dujarier with his son to the *Tir de Gosset*, a shooting-gallery, where, as before stated, they have the figure of a man to fire at, as in a duel. Dujarier made very bad practice, only hitting the puppet or manikin, twice out of twelve or fourteen shots.

On being questioned about the duties of seconds, Alexandre Dumas gave the following explanations:—"Those representatives called seconds may often, in an affair, do what a party who deems himself offended would not do of his own accord. A person whose nerves are irritated by the idea of having to fight on the same day or the next, has not the same coolness

that may and ought to be possessed by seconds. The seconds may make such and such a concession that the principal would never think of. What I say is in conformity with the 'Code of Duelling'."

"The 'Code of Duelling'!" exclaimed the Président at the trial, "What do you mean by that?"

"The 'Code of Duelling'!" exclaimed the astonished Dumas. "Why, Sir, it is well known. The 'Code of Duelling' is printed. It was published by M. le Comte de Châteauevillars. It is the production of the most honourable noblemen, literary men, and artists, who have not shrunk from signing it. Monsieur le Président, if you want the 'Code of Duelling,' any bookseller will supply it."

Having thus gloriously silenced Monsieur le Président, Alexandre Dumas received a home thrust from the Avocat-Général, who sarcastically asked him, "Is it considered fair, in that printed code, that a man well-practised with the sword should challenge a man who can't hold a sword?"

Dumas fenced the question; he tried to wriggle out of the scrape by saying, "Unless people frequent the shooting galleries and fencing saloons, the skill of a man may be often unknown. Many persons practise at home, so that their proficiency with the sword or the pistol may be unknown."

"That's not fair," said the Avocat-Général. Nor was it any answer to the question, but rather a testimony to the fact, that the most essential point of

honour was left out of the precious document. The President returned to the charge, declaring, "that the seconds who know that an adversary is a great proficient in the art, whilst the other is but a poor hand at it, assist at a very unequal combat; that it is at least not generous to fight when one is conscious of being thoroughly up to the thing, with a man who can do very little with his weapon."

Dumas fenced again, saying:—"When we get on the ground, questions of generosity and delicacy—which are very fine questions—disappear before the question of existence, which we risk, and which *ma foi!* may be put an end to."

"In point of fact," said the President, "what you have just said is the summing up of your 'Code of Duelling.' That code shall never be in my library." . . .*

Such being the preliminary facts of the duel, the reader will not be surprised to hear that poor Duja-

* The great Alexandre Dumas Davy, Marquis de la Pailleterie, had reason to remember that trial with feelings of no small displeasure, on account of another remark besides those above given. When asked the usual question, "What is your profession?" Dumas replied, "I should call myself a dramatic author were I not in the country of Corneille;" which was intended to be a grand flourish, but it was most bitterly ridiculed by the President, who quietly said, "Oh, Sir, *there are degrees*, according to centuries. . . . Go on with your deposition." And so *il y a des degrés* has ever since become a proverb, and will go down to the latest posterity sticking to the memory of the great Alexandre.

rier was shot, and Beauvallon was acquitted at the trial. But another trial subsequently came on with different disclosures and different results. M. Arthur Bertrand, one of Dujarier's seconds, had stated that before the fight, having introduced his finger into the barrel of one of the pistols brought by M. de Beauvallon, it had come out all blackened. M. d'Ecquevilly, who had assisted M. Bertrand, and who, in his deposition, had declared that the pistols had not been examined, was prosecuted for perjury and condemned to ten years' imprisonment. M. de Beauvallon was also prosecuted as a false witness, and condemned to eight years' imprisonment.

It is said that the famous Lola Montez, who was to be married to Dujarier, offered to take her lover's place, and would have fought Beauvallon, with either sword or pistol, had she been permitted.

LOUIS BLANC AND EUGÈNE PELLETAN.

Certain passages in Louis Blanc's '*Histoire de la Revolution*' were very sharply criticized by M. Eugène Pelletan. The subject was the unfortunate queen Marie Antoinette and certain particulars of her life, concerning which Lamartine uttered these words, which is a complete judgment:—" *L'histoire a sa pudeur,*" "*History has its modesty.*"

Louis Blanc advanced nothing without supporting it by a text; but, apparently conscious of his rectitude, he did not always indicate his sources or autho-

rities. He replied to Pelletan by a quotation from Madame Campan, which the critic did not consider conclusive. He appealed from it to a society of literary men. Arbitrators were appointed, and M. Taxile Delord was charged to draw up a report, which ultimately decided that Louis Blanc was right. M. Eugène Pelletan rejected the verdict, as he had disavowed the tribunal, and kept to his assertion. One would suppose that Louis Blanc would have shrugged his shoulders, and laughed at the pertinacity of the critic, having so many authoritative supporters. He did not, however; and the man who all along had discountenanced duelling and deemed it a thing utterly beneath him, felt himself called upon to have recourse to that absurd mode of reparation. But, just on the eve of the duel, the Revolution of 1848 broke out, and the two adversaries, meeting on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, rushed into each other's arms, perfectly reconciled by *events*. What a moral on duelling!

TWO PRIESTS PREVENTING A DUEL.

In the year 1850, two priests, attracted by an unusual noise, which seemed to come from a pit close by, went up to it, and were not a little surprised at seeing two soldiers, stripped to the shirt and weapons in hand, ready to fight a duel in the presence of their seconds. The reverend gentlemen instantly went down to them, and forcibly snatched the two unbut-

toned foils from the hands of the adversaries, who were completely taken aback by the sudden interruption. They then addressed to the sullen soldiers the most feeling remonstrance on the crime they were about perhaps to commit for some trivial cause. In fact, it was a tavern quarrel. The soldiers replied that they had a right to be there, being authorized by their commanding officer to fight a duel, and that nobody had any right to interfere in their business. But the worthy priests redoubled their exhortations, and one of them said that for a certainty they would not dare to fight in the presence of the ministers of the God of peace, adding, that they would not quit the spot until a reconciliation took place. More and more disconcerted by a resistance which held them in check in spite of themselves, the soldiers began to mutter vague promises to the priests, which, however, the latter did not consider sufficient. "None of your tricks!" replied the priests. "You must shake hands in all sincerity; and you shall not quit this place excepting as friends."

At last the men relented, embraced each other in the presence of their seconds, and retired arm-in-arm. "But what will our comrades say," exclaimed one of them, "when they see us return in this fashion?" "Bah!" said the other, "then we'll bring them to account, that's all. I should like to see them at that game."

PRINCE CHARLES BONAPARTE AND THE COMTE ÉDOUARD DE ROSSI.

A duel was fought between Prince Charles Bonaparte and the Comte Édouard de Rossi, in 1851, at Versailles. A first fire at thirty paces having been without result, the seconds, in conformity with the conditions agreed upon, placed the principals at fifteen paces, when they fired again, without doing each other any harm. After this double exchange of shots by the adversaries, with incontestable fairness and bravery, the seconds declared honour satisfied, and formally opposed any further firing. Thereupon the Prince advanced to the Count and said, "Now that I have experienced your fire, I am happy, Sir, to be able to affirm that I have been basely calumniated with respect to the deplorable catastrophe which has thrown your family into mourning." To this declaration, Comte de Rossi replied, "After such honourable words, I greatly regret, Prince, both my error and the attack which was its consequence."

THE ENTIRE LEGITIMIST PARTY CHALLENGED.

In 1851, a very violent controversy was carried on at Montpellier, between the 'Suffrage Universel,' a republican journal, and the 'Écho du Midi,' a legitimist newspaper. Hard words ensued, which ended in a duel. M. Aristide Ollivier, editor of the 'Suffrage,' refusing to fight M. Escande, editor of the 'Écho,' for

a matter which did not concern the honour of the latter, challenged the entire Legitimist party; and out of fifteen names sent to him, selected M. Fernand de Ginestous. The combat was with the sabre, and only lasted one minute. The two adversaries—brave young men, who were utter strangers to each other, and who had just saluted each other for the first time—fell on the sod, one dead and the other dying!

A DUEL FOR A BREAKFAST, AND THE TABLES TURNED.

The trade of a bravo may be all very fine, but occasionally it has its *désagrémens*. In 1854, M. —, a *prévôt d'armes*, or fencing-master to a regiment, thought proper to pick a quarrel with a young man of good family; the latter not knowing whom he had to deal with, accepted a challenge. The meeting was to take place close to Bordeaux. It was Sunday morning. Before proceeding to the ground M. — went to a restaurant and ordered a first-rate breakfast, enjoining the host to omit nothing that was good, adding, "I am not to pay for it, it's a young pigeon whom I am going to pluck that will look to the reckoning; so do take care of us." In effect, the fellow's intention was to spare his adversary, letting him off with a slight scratch; thereupon there would be a shake of hands, and then of course M. — would "accept" an invitation to breakfast, which would be generously offered.

The combatants were already posted face to face,

the seconds were measuring the swords, when there appeared a new actor on the scene—M. V——, who, knowing the *prévôt d'armes*, was astonished to find that he had engaged in a duel. So, taking him aside, he begged him to give up the idea of fighting. The *prévôt*, far from yielding, became insolent, and told M. V—— to go about his business, or to take the place of the young man in whom he seemed so much interested. M. V—— was a very powerful man. The only reply he made was to pitch into the fellow with his fists, and knocked him about with such astonishing effect that he was glad to slink off as speedily as possible, utterly crestfallen, and protesting that he would take good care not to be caught again. Whereupon his adversary, the seconds, and M. V—— adjourned to the excellent breakfast which the fellow had ordered.

M. HENRI DE PÈNE AND AN OFFICER OF THE NINTH
REGIMENT OF CHASSEURS.

This celebrated duel occurred about ten years ago, in 1858, and created immense sensation. M. Henri de Pène, a writer of the '*Échos de Paris*,' in the '*Figaro*,' let slip a phrase which brought down upon his head an epistolary tempest, of which he spoke himself as follows:—"I took the liberty last week to insinuate that all sub-lieutenants were not Beau Brummells. This innocent remark, which everybody might have made, has brought upon me a collection of letters of all colours. It does not touch the honour of the sub-

lieutenants. Does it? Not more than it endangers **the** honour of literature when we say that the *salons* of **the** Faubourg Saint-Germain don't snatch up M. Champfleury. The sprightliest of my correspondents, M. Félix R——, sub-lieutenant in the garrison of Paris, replies to me thus :—‘ You will never say as much evil of the sub-lieutenants as they think of themselves, and the proof is, that there is not one of them who does not burn with the desire of deserting his grade to pass lieutenant.’ ” The other correspondents sent menacing replies, and M. Henri de Pène ended his article with accepting the challenge of the most violent of the lot.

The duel came off in the Bois de Vesinet, and a M. C——, an officer, was rather seriously wounded by De Pène in the fore-arm. One of the seconds of M. C—— thought proper to join in the issue, and, although De Pène's seconds strenuously opposed the demand, a direct provocation on the part of M. H——, the second officer, rendered the combat inevitable. This M. H—— was, it seems, a first-rate fencer, evidently put forward to “settle” poor De Pène, and he did so by running him through in the most extraordinary manner, perforating I know not how many important organs, and leaving him to be carried off the ground in what seemed a desperately dying condition.

Doctor Guerin, of Paris, had accompanied the combatants, and he at once found it necessary to bleed the poor patient, who was carried on a mattress off the

ground to a neighbouring tavern, by his seconds and some of the workmen of the forest. That night he was in the most dangerous condition; it was with the greatest difficulty that he could utter a word; and yet, in spite of his atrocious sufferings, which he bore with heroic fortitude, he said to the magistrate who came to question him on the subject, that "the combat was fair," which words he managed to pronounce distinctly. "Fair;" yes, in so far as it was not a downright assassination—a combat *selon les règles*; but was it not taking a most unfair advantage to force a man to fight a second duel, after a severe contest in the first, and more or less excited even by the happy thought of his deliverance, but with other challenges on his hand from the implacable *militaires*?

In this horrible condition, Madame de Pène, accompanied by her brother, himself an officer in the army, left her home, and came to the bedside of her mangled husband. Doubtless she wished all newspapers, editorships, and sub-lieutenants to perdition, as well they might be, if the occupations were necessarily attended by such diabolical enactments.

Two other officers, who had challenged De Pène, wrote to say that, "in the presence of the misfortune which had happened, they would retire from the business, and that they hoped and trusted the event would not be followed by fatal consequences." And well they might. But had they not all of them resolved to "do" for poor De Pène by hook or by crook, like

the vilest assassins ; but, of course, *selon les règles* of the precious 'Code of Duelling' ?

Great sympathy was felt for the victim, in England as well as in France, and indeed everywhere ; and the blood-thirsty "honourable" sub-lieutenants of the French army had to hear themselves not, indeed, only unfavourably compared to Beau Brummell, but fairly likened to cut-throats, and deemed unworthy to wear the uniform of an honourable nation.

Wonderful to tell, however, poor De Pène recovered from his desperate perforations. It was almost miraculous. Well do I remember the dreadful description of his "case," published in the papers of the time. All sorts of nosological complications set in. Almost every "organ" of his "system" was upset by the hideous home-thrust of the gallant butcher. He had even to go through a course of abnormal *jaundice*, as though to give him a hint that henceforth, if he lived, he should take care to see all things in one colour—that prescribed by the small fry of the great and glorious French army.

On his recovery, De Pène very consistently started a new journal, called the 'Revenant,' that is, the 'Ghost.'

I hope the idea of the catastrophe haunts its perpetrator still, and, one might add, will haunt him for ever, if there were not a better hope that he has long since repented of his horrible "*reparation*."

THE MARQUIS DE GALIFFET AND THE COMTE DE LAURISTON.

In the month of December, 1858, the *salle* of the Opera was occupied by Parisian fashionables, at the representation of 'Herculaneum,'—among the rest were M. le Marquis de Galiffet, with his wife, M. Charles Lafitte, his father-in-law, and M. Clary. Suddenly the Marquis shot furious looks at M. le Comte de Lauriston, the brother of the General of the same name, who, seated in another part of the house, was persistently gazing at Madame de Galiffet through his opera-glass. As soon as the curtain fell, M. de Lauriston quitted his seat, and, being beckoned at by the Marquis de Galiffet, he approached the box occupied by the latter. Sharp words passed between them, and a challenge was the consequence.

The duel took place in the Park of the Château de Beauzeval, belonging to Prince Murat. Swords were the weapons. At two o'clock in the afternoon the two adversaries were in presence, attended by their respective seconds; the Marquis du Halay, who acted as "*juge du camp*," after the fashion of the olden chivalry; and a doctor.

The combatants stripped to the shirt-sleeves, tucked up, and crossed swords—De Lauriston calm, De Galiffet eager. The attitude of both was that of the most energetic resolution and courage, of which they seemed the complete personification. After a few passes,

De Lauriston got a scratch on the elbow. The combat continued. The Marquis, in his turn, was hit in the right side; the sword grazed the skin. In this bout De Lauriston's sword got broken. They gave him another. A few moments after, the weapon of the Marquis was bent. The combat was suspended. The seconds had to go to the quarters of the guard of the forest to get the sword straightened. Such a case is not provided for in the written law of the 'Code of Duelling;' but, according to the unwritten, or common law of the noble and ancient institution, it is ordered that it must be decided by lot who should have to continue the combat with the repaired sword. It fell to De Lauriston. Odd, that a man should have to fight with a sword by which he has been wounded,—stained with his blood. The combat recommenced. The two adversaries set to with the same resolution as at first. There was the same courtesy between them—the same vigour—the same contempt of danger. De Lauriston, master of himself, was on the defensive. The Marquis was impetuous, violent in attack.

During the course of this new phase of the combat, the combatants slipped by turns, and had a fall. They got up and went at it again.

After all this grand display of resolution, courage, and vigour, doubtless the reader expects that there will be a death; but, fortunately, it did not go to that horrid extremity. After a contest of twenty minutes, De Lauriston gave the Marquis a thrust in the right

shoulder, inflicting a wound one inch deep, which, although not very dangerous, was of a nature to hamper the free action of his arm, and render it incapable of supporting the weight of the weapon. Thereupon the *juge du camp*, or "bottle-holder," with the concurrence of the doctor and the seconds, declared that the combat, which could no longer be continued with an equality of advantages for both the adversaries, should be immediately stopped. De Lauriston and the Marquis de Galiffet silently acquiesced in the decision. The parties then separated into two groups, and returned to Paris.

The affair, however, was not yet definitively ended. Another meeting took place at the end of December. On this occasion the combat lasted nearly half-an-hour. De Lauriston was slightly wounded in the hand, and the Marquis was pierced in the thigh. The doctor, after examining the wound, affirmed that the Marquis was out of condition to continue the combat, and the *juge du camp* and the seconds declared that "honour was satisfied." Thereupon the two adversaries shook hands. But De Lauriston did not, it seems, apologize for, or explain away, his impertinence in staring at La Marquise through his opera-glass.

This duel was fought in a workshop, or under a shed, on account of the weather; the parties were quite willing to expose themselves to death, but not to the cold!

M. EDMOND ABOUT AND M. VAUDIN.

In 1861, Edmond About published in the '*Opinion Nationale*,' under the title of the "Apostles and Augurs of Music," an article which was a very eulogistic apology of the Chev  -method, and a bitter criticism on the partisans of the old system. The editor of the '*Orph  on*,' M. Vaudin, made a reply which was equally pungent. A duel with swords was the consequence. The affair came off in the Bois de Meudon. Edmond About was wounded in the shoulder.

CLAIM OF A FENCING-MASTER FOR A CLEVER THRUST
GIVEN BY HIS PUPIL.

In consequence of a discussion on a question of legal interest, a fierce duel was fought, in the year 1861, in a workshop at Paris, between two gentlemen, respectively designated by the initials M. C. D. and M. C. M. That they were of high standing seems evident from the titles of their seconds, who were a general, a count, two painters, and an advocate. The affair lasted only a few seconds. One of the combatants was attacked with incredible vigour and agility. His sword made a circuit and was stopped by the waistbelt of M. C. M., who was thought run through; but, returning the attack with a thrust which was supposed to be the invention of Professor Pons, ran his antagonist through the neck. Fortunately the carotid artery was not touched, and the wound required only a few days to

heal. On the announcement of the affair, the honour of the clever thrust was claimed in the following terms by a correspondent of the 'Figaro,' which published the account:—"I believe that the thrust should have been attributed to Professor Gatechair, for M. C. M. is my pupil."

M. GUSTAVE ISAMBERT AND M. PAUL DE MOLÈNES.

M. Gustave Isambert, recapitulating the events of the fortnight, in his journal 'La Jeune France,' had announced as a candidate at the *Académie des Sciences*, M. Paul de Molènes, editor of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and Captain in the 6th Lancers. The latter, thinking his honour implicated by the funny announcement, demanded "reparation" from the writer of the article. *Half an hour* after, the two adversaries were crossing swords in the Bois de Clamart. At the third pass, M. Gustave Isambert was wounded in the right arm. "It will be a lesson for the young press," observed one of the seconds of Molènes. "Oh, at most a fencing-lesson," replied the journalist of nineteen years of age, putting on his coat.

A JOKING DUELLIST.

Perpignan, a most incorrigible jester, fought a duel with M. Charles Maurice. It was a very serious affair—the distance being only five paces—almost *au mouchoir*! Perpignan had the first fire, and managed to miss his adversary.

"Now, Perpignan," said M. Maurice, who wished to see how far the nerve of his opponent would go, with the pistol held to his breast, "just tell me what you are thinking about at this moment." . . .

"My dear fellow, I am thinking that, were I in your place, I wouldn't fire," replied the jester with the greatest *sang froid*.

M. Maurice burst into a laugh and flung down the pistol.

REPARTEE OF A DUELLIST.

A veteran duellist once missed M. Charles Maurice, a crack shot, and of course thought it was all over with him. His second remarked that he muttered something in the awful moment; and when the danger was past, he took him aside and said, "Now you must admit that you thought your last hour was come, and uttered a prayer."—"Quite right," he replied, "I was making a vow to the Virgin never again to *aim at the head*."

A FATHER COMPELLING HIS SON TO FIGHT.

A youth, sixteen years of age, was at the opera with his father. The door of the box was open. Suddenly his father saw him inclining over, as though about to fall. On being questioned as to the cause, the youth replied, "Oh, it's nothing; a gentleman has kicked me." "What! you received such an insult without resentment? Follow me instantly. Yes; I see the

fellow ; there he is, just entering that box. Go and give him in the face what he gave you behind. At him at once !”

The youth went up to the gentleman ; he hesitated ; the man was almost a Hercules, and seemed capable of doubling him up in his hand ; but the father’s glistening eyes were upon the youth, who saw them rolling with fury. He hesitated no longer, and gave his big enemy a slap which resounded through the theatre. “Bravo !” cried the father. The gentleman was an Englishman who had missed his manners. On the following day, a duel took place. The father was the son’s second. The Englishman fired first, and wounded his adversary in the knee. Thereupon he placed the pistol under his arm, and was rubbing his hands, evidently well pleased at the way he had used his bullet. Indignant at this display of satisfaction the youth fired in his turn and upset his adversary with a ball through the right shoulder, which was shattered.

THE SECONDS KILLED BY ACCIDENT.

This is the celebrated duel between Pierrot and Arlequin. They fired together and each of them killed his adversary’s second.

Two students were engaged in their first affair. Their seconds were equally inexperienced. Everything went wrong. They neither knew how to stand

nor fire, and in the confusion one of the seconds was killed.

A comedian was fighting a duel with a rival. It was in the Bois de Boulogne. They fired. A violent cry was heard. One of them had shot a lawyer who was passing on the road.

RECENT DUELS.

PRINCE ACHILLE MURAT AND THE MARQUIS DE ROUGÉ.

In the month of October, 1867, a duel took place in the park of the Chateau de Beauzèval, belonging to the Prince Murat, between his son, the Prince Achille, and the Marquis de Rougé. The Marquis received a wound in the forearm; after which the seconds intervened, and declared honour to be satisfied. The quarrel, it seems, arose from a letter, addressed by the Marquis de G——t, Colonel of Chasseurs, to his friend the Marquis de Rougé, and containing some rather thoughtless expressions concerning the French army. The Prince Achille Murat having obtained possession of this letter, showed it to his Imperial Majesty. The Marquis de Rougé declared that it was unfairly taken from him, while the Prince maintained that the Marquis gave it up voluntarily. The duel was the consequence of this dispute.

CAPTAIN RIBOUST AND M. DE MONTEBELLO.

In the same month as the above, a duel was fought

between Captain Riboust, of the Imperial Navy, and the son of the Duc de Montebello. The latter was a lieutenant in the ship commanded by Captain Riboust, and about a year ago, after an altercation with his commander, received what he considered to be a blow. He resigned his commission; and when Captain Riboust returned to France from his cruise, called him out. The seconds decided that there was no cause for a duel, Captain Riboust having declared that the vehemence of his gesticulation, whilst under the influence of anger, might have been construed by his too susceptible lieutenant into an intention to strike him, but protesting that he meant nothing of the kind. This declaration, however, failed to soothe the ruffled feelings of M. de Montebello, and he insisted on a meeting, which Captain Riboust was unwise enough to grant. After fighting for half an hour, M. de Montebello was run through the hand, when the physicians in attendance put a stop to the encounter.

M. COVIELLE AND M. D'AULNAY.

In consequence of an article published in the 'Nord' under the signature of M. Covielle, a hostile meeting with pistols took place, during the month of November, 1867, near Melun, between the writer and M. d'Aulnay, a contributor to the 'Figaro.' At the signal given, M. Covielle fired first, but did not hit his adversary, whilst M. d'Aulnay's pistol missed fire.

M. Covielle invited M. d'Aulnay to put on another percussion-cap and repeat his shot, but the latter refused, demanding that the duel should recommence. That course the seconds formally opposed; the pistol, duly loaded, not having gone off, the affair must end. The two principals then bowed to each other and separated.

M. DARU AND M. MERCIER DE LOSTANDE.

This duel occurred at Madrid during the month of November, 1867. M. Daru is an *attaché* to the French Embassy at Madrid, and M. Mercier de Lostande is brother to the Ambassador. The arms were pistols, and both of the adversaries were wounded. The motives of this hostile meeting are not known.

CHAPTER III.

BRITISH DUELS FROM THE YEAR 1800 TO THE
YEAR 1829.

THE present century commenced with plenty of political excitement. Ireland was incorporated with Great Britain, and the act of incorporation deprived the Catholics of the right of election and representation. Internal dangers menaced the kingdom, resulting from the long and desperate struggle with France; a frightful national debt; a scarcity of food; insurrections and agrarian outrages; Catholic Emancipation urged by Pitt, as promised, but refused by the bigoted monarch, George III. Add to all this the fact, that the perpetual excitement of the long war had utterly unsettled the morals of the nation—warlike sentiments and martial aspirations imbibed with mother's milk; and how could it be otherwise than that duelling should be popular, being only a war between individuals?

The crop of duels is immense, and the following are the most interesting and important.

MR. CORRY AND MR. NEWBURGH.

(A. D. 1800.)

This meeting took place in Ireland, in consequence of a dispute, and, as alleged, the provocation of a blow given by Mr. Newburgh to Mr. Corry. The latter was accompanied on the ground by Captain Warren, of the 24th Dragoons; and the other by Mr. Weir, an attorney. Having taken their ground, the signal was given to fire. Mr. Corry's pistol went off without effect; Mr. Newburgh's missed fire. The latter was preparing to fire it afterwards, when his second called to him, telling him that the snap in duelling was considered as a fire. Both gentlemen were then provided with other pistols, and received the signal to fire again, which they did; when Mr. Newburgh was shot through the heart, and expired.

The position and prospects of this gentleman give a melancholy interest to this duel. He was the only son of Broghill Newburgh, of the county of Cavan, Esquire, of an ancient family, and heir-apparent to an estate of £5000 per annum. He was upwards of thirty years of age, and married to the daughter of an East India gentleman, with a fortune of £30,000. He was related to Lord Enniskillen, Lord Erne, Lord Gosford, and other distinguished families of Ireland.

Mr. Corry, who was some years younger, was a young

gentleman of amiable and inoffensive manners, a clerk in the Board of Trade, with a lucrative appointment.

LIEUTENANT B—— AND MR. F ——.

(A. D. 1802.)

This duel occurred at Bombay, and is remarkable for the severe sentence passed on the survivor and his second. Mr. F—— was shot through the heart, and, of course, expired upon the spot. The lieutenant and his second were tried for murder, convicted, and sentenced—the former to fourteen years', the latter to seven years' transportation to Botany Bay.

LIEUTENANT W——, OF THE NAVY, AND CAPTAIN I——,
OF THE ARMY.

(A. D. 1803.)

This most extraordinary duel took place in Hyde Park. The antagonists arrived at the appointed place within a few minutes of each other. Some dispute arose respecting the distance, which the friends of Lieut. W—— insisted should not exceed six paces; while the seconds of Captain I—— urged strongly the rashness of so decisive a distance, and required it to be extended. At length, however, the proposal of Lieut. W——'s seconds was agreed to, and the parties fired at the signal, when Lieut. W—— received the shot of his adversary on the trigger-guard of his pistol, which tore away the third and fourth fingers of his right hand. The seconds then interfered, but to

no purpose. The son of Neptune, apparently callous to pain, wrapped his handkerchief round his hand, and swore he had another, which never failed him.

Captain I—— called his friends aside, and told them it was in vain to urge a reconciliation.

They again took their ground.

When the navy lieutenant received the pistol in his left hand, he looked steadfastly at Captain I—— for some time, then cast his eyes to heaven, and said, “Forgive me!”

The parties fired as before, and both fell. The Captain received the shot through the head, and instantly expired. The Lieutenant received the bullet in his left breast, and instantly inquired of his second if the Captain’s wound was mortal? Being answered in the affirmative, he thanked God he had lived thus long.

He requested that a mourning ring, which was on his finger, might be given to his *sister*, and that she might be assured it was the happiest moment he ever knew. He had scarcely finished the word, when a quantity of blood burst from his wound, and he expired almost without a struggle.

There can be no doubt that it was on account of his sister that he had engaged in this terrible encounter, determined to avenge her dishonour, or die in the attempt. The Captain knew the depth of the injury, or he would not have said that “it was in vain to urge a reconciliation.” The poor Lieutenant was on the eve of being married to a lady to whom for some time he had paid his addresses.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MONTGOMERY AND CAPTAIN MAC-
NAMARA.

(A.D. 1803.)

One fine spring morning, in the year 1803, two gentlemen were riding in Hyde Park, each followed by a fine Newfoundland dog. The dogs quarrelled and had a fight. Which was in the wrong, or more savage than the other, is not stated; but, apparently, one of them was, and was treated accordingly by the master of the other, or perhaps, in his excusable irritation, as nobody likes to see his dog worried by another, asked the master of the assailant "Why he didn't keep his furious dog at home?" Many a pretty quarrel has emerged from a question so natural and excusable; a terrible one came out of it on the present occasion. One word brought on another, and the two gentlemen not only abused each other roundly, but also exchanged cards, in order to meet in a duel at seven o'clock the same evening, near Primrose Hill.

Who were these gentlemen? They were not such as we meet with every day. They were notables who had passed through many a peril in their country's cause, full of merit and honour, and now, having lowered themselves by an unseemly squabble in public, they have resolved to break the laws of God and their country, by fighting a duel on account of a quarrel for the sake of two vile dogs!

Colonel Montgomery, of the 9th Regiment of Foot,

was the son of Sir Robert Montgomery, of Ireland, and half-brother of Mrs. George Byng, and the Marchioness of Townshend. He was a remarkably handsome man, and he had fought bravely in the service of his country. In the Dutch Expedition, the Russians being put to flight, his regiment was thrown into confusion and retreated, in consequence of the Russians falling back upon them. At the moment, a drummer was killed, and Colonel Montgomery took up the drum, beating it to rally his men, he himself standing alone. He succeeded in rallying them, and at their head rendered essential service. On several occasions, in Egypt and Malta, he distinguished himself for his pluck and bravery. He was very intimate with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Such was Colonel Montgomery.

Captain Macnamara was a naval officer, who had also much distinguished himself in two or three actions, as commander in the 'Cerberus' frigate. He had but lately returned from the West Indies. He was about thirty-six years of age; a strong, bold, active man. He had fought two or three duels before; and had been remarkable, at Cork, for keeping the turbulent in awe. Such was Captain Macnamara.

The hour appointed was punctually kept by both the adversaries. The usual preliminaries were gone through. Pistols were the weapons; but at how many paces is not stated; the result, however, seems to show that the distance was short. They took up position

and fired. Colonel Montgomery fell instantly, rolled over two or three times, as if in great agony, groaned, but uttered not a word. The Captain's ball had entered the right side of his chest, and taking a direction to the left, most probably went through the heart.

Captain Macnamara fell at the same moment. Colonel Montgomery's bullet had been very nearly as effective as his own. It entered on his right side, just above the hip, and passed through the left side, carrying a piece of his coat and waistcoat with it, taking a piece of his leather breeches, and the hip-button away with it on the other side. As before observed, they must have fought at a very short distance, to account for all this havoc with flesh and habiliments.

Colonel Montgomery was carried off the ground by some persons standing by, into the homestead of Chalk Farm, which then existed, subsequently giving its name to the locality. As they were carrying him he attempted to speak, but the blood choked him. His mouth foamed a great deal; and in five minutes after he was brought into the house, he expired with a gentle sigh. Colonel Montgomery died universally regretted, and among others, the Prince of Wales shed tears on being apprised of the melancholy end of his friend.

Captain Macnamara recovered, in spite of his dreadful wound, and had to take his trial for "Manslaughter," on the Coroner's verdict. He was led into

court, supported by his friends and his surgeon, and when the evidence was closed he addressed the jury in mitigation of his conduct.

A great number of highly respectable gentlemen gave him a most excellent character, among the rest, Lords Hotham, Minto, Hood, and the immortal Nelson. The Judge (Mr. Justice Heath) summed up the evidence, and stated that, from the pressure of evidence, and the prisoner's own admission, the jury *must* find a verdict of "Manslaughter." But the jury were of a different opinion; there was nothing unfair in the transaction; the poor fellow was already sufficiently punished; people still had their notions about the propriety of duelling; and see what a character had been given to him by the greatest in the land! So, after a short deliberation of fifteen minutes, they brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

LORD CAMELFORD AND CAPTAIN BEST.

(A.D. 1804.)

Lord Camelford was one of the most notorious characters of his day—a desperate "bruiser"* and duel-

* On one occasion, at the Royal Circus, "God save the King" was called for, accompanied by a cry of "Stand up, and hats off!" An inebriated naval lieutenant perceiving a gentleman in an adjoining box slow to obey the call, struck his hat off with his stick, exclaiming, "Take off your hat, Sir." The other thus assaulted proved to be, unluckily for the lieutenant, Lord Camelford. A "set to" in the lobby was the consequence, where his lordship quickly proved victorious.

list; and his affair with Captain Best, of the Royal Navy, is one of the most remarkable on record.

Lord Camelford and Captain Best had been intimate friends; both were young men of fashion, and esteemed first-rate shots. They quarrelled; and the subject of their quarrel was an abandoned woman, who had formerly lived with Lord Camelford. This woman, meeting Captain Best at the Opera, made some proposal to him, which he declined. On his refusal, she declared she would "set *Lord Camelford* upon him." Accordingly the woman complained to his lordship that Captain Best had spoken disrespectfully of him. This greatly incensed Lord Camelford; and at the Prince of Wales Coffee-house, in Conduit Street, where they generally dined, he went up to Captain Best, and said, loud enough to be heard by all present, "I find that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms." Captain Best mildly replied, that he was utterly unconscious of deserving such a charge. To this Lord Camelford answered, that he was not ignorant of what he had said to the woman before mentioned, and pronounced Captain Best to be a *scoundrel*, a *liar*, and a *ruffian*! The Captain replied, that these were expressions which admitted but of one course.

A meeting was immediately arranged for the next morning.

In the course of the evening, however, Captain Best conveyed to Lord Camelford the strongest assurance that the information he had received was unfounded;

and believing that his lordship was acting under a wrong impression, he would be satisfied if the expressions he had made use of were retracted. This Lord Camelford refused to do. Attended by their respective friends, they met on the following morning at a coffee-house in Oxford Street, and there again Captain Best made an effort to obtain a retractation of the insulting words. He went up to his lordship, and said, "Camelford, we have been friends, and I know the unsuspecting generosity of your nature. Upon my honour, you have been imposed upon by an abandoned woman. Do not persist in expressions on account of which one of us must fall." Lord Camelford replied—"Best, this is child's play; the affair must go on."

All this seems most unaccountable perversity; which is still more incomprehensible from the fact, that Lord Camelford had in his heart acquitted Captain Best,—and, more than that, had confidently stated to his second that he knew he was wrong; that Best was a man of honour; but that he could not bring himself to retract words which he had once used! . . . It is said, however, that the principal reason that induced Lord Camelford to persist in fighting Captain Best was, that the latter was deemed the best shot in England, and to have made an apology would have exposed his courage to suspicion.

In going to the ground, he reiterated this statement to his second, adding, that he and Captain Best were considered the two best shots in England—one of

them must fall; but, whatever was the issue of the affair, he begged him to bear testimony that he acquitted Captain Best of all blame. No remonstrance, however, could induce the man to withdraw the offensive expression!

The combatants were placed at fifteen paces from each other. They fired together, and Lord Camelford fell—to all appearance dead. In an instant, however, he recovered the shock so far as to exclaim, “I am killed! But I acquit Best. I alone am to blame.”

He requested all the parties present to consult their own safety by flight. Captain Best and his friend rode off immediately.

Meanwhile, the firing of the pistols having been heard, a labourer, who was working in an adjoining garden, repaired to the spot, and found Lord Camelford lying on his back, in the lower part of the field, which was overflowed to the depth of several inches in water. On the approach of the labourer his lordship's second made off, on the pretence of going for a surgeon. But his lordship was not left alone in that wet and gory field. By-and-by others came up, and were anxious to remove the wounded man to a place of comfort and relief, if possible. His lordship wished nothing of the kind, and it was with difficulty that those who came to his assistance got him placed in a chair, and conveyed to Little Holland House.

The wound was dreadful. The ball had penetrated his right breast, and was supposed to have passed

through the lungs, and lodged in the back-bone. His lordship lingered a day or two, made his will, and died. At the period of the duel Lord Camelford and Captain Best had a bet of two hundred pounds depending as to which was the better shot ! . . .

He had been questioned as to the names of the gentlemen who had accompanied him, but he declined giving any reply on the subject; and afterwards declared that "he was the aggressor; that he forgave the gentleman who had shot him, and that he hoped God would forgive him, too." Notwithstanding these averments, the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder, or Felonious Homicide, by some person or persons unknown."

Lord Camelford, by his will, peremptorily forbade his relatives and friends from prosecuting his antagonist, declaring that the combat was of his own seeking. The day previous to his death he added a codicil to his will, in which, after stating that persons have in general a strong attachment to the country which gave them birth, and on their death-beds usually desire that their remains may be conveyed to their native land, however great the distance, to be interred, he continued,—“I wish my body to be removed, as soon as may be convenient, to a country far distant—to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains.” The place he chose was situated on the borders of the Lake of St. Lampierre, in the Canton of

Berne, Switzerland; and three trees stood on the particular spot, as he indicated. The centre tree he desired might be taken up, and, his body being there deposited, immediately replaced. "*Let no monument or stone be placed over my grave.*" At the foot of this tree, his lordship added, he formerly passed many solitary hours, contemplating the mutability of human affairs. As a compensation to the proprietors of the spot, he left them one thousand pounds. He also requested his relations not to go into mourning for him.

Lord Camelford was certainly an eccentric character, one of those extraordinary beings that occasionally "crop" out of human families, apparently to warrant the old popular belief, that it was possible for a human being to be a "cross" between man's race and that of the invisible existences which are designated by so many names, good, bad, and indifferent. One of his biographers writes of this nobleman as follows:—"His character was a curious mixture of much that was virtuous and much that was vicious, all in extremes. With chivalrous notions of punctilious honour, and with an irascible temper, which brought him into many broils, he was warm in his affections, and almost unexampled in his benevolence. Disdaining all luxuries in his own manner of life, he sought for opportunities of dispensing his fortune in acts of genuine charity, and conferred the most liberal favours with a secrecy that ennobled the gift.

"He did not distribute less than four thousand

pounds per annum in the purchase of commissions for gallant young men, who had not the means of buying them, and in the relief of decayed seamen and soldiers.

“If many of his political proceedings were characterized with imprudence, no one could doubt that they sprang from patriotism.

“He was a man whose real character was to the world but little known. His imperfections and his follies were often brought before the public, but his counterbalancing virtues were seldom heard of. Though too violent to those whom he imagined to have wronged him, yet to his acquaintance he was gentle, affable, and courteous; a stern adversary, but the mildest and most generous of friends. He was often the dupe of the designing and crafty supplicant, but he was more often the soother of real sorrow and unmerited woe.”

Assuredly, many of those whom the world has called “great” or “good” have not deserved such a character as this, which reads as sweetly to the ear as it is melting to the heart. But, alas! here is another, from a different pen:—

“That such might have been his private character is most decidedly to be hoped; but most unquestionably, his public character rendered him a nuisance to society; and whoever did rid the world of such a murderous and (in matters of blood) unprincipled ruffian, was entitled to public thanks.

"Priding himself on his superiority in pistol practice, he sought quarrels on every possible occasion. His dress, more especially his uniform, was such as to excite remark and observation, which he would gladly seize upon to fight a duel. He was even known to treat his horses, in the streets of London, in the most cruel manner, for the mere purpose of drawing forth some remonstrance or remark, which he would consider an insult, and justify a murder.

"He died as he had lived, a blood-thirsty monster. He sought to deprive a bosom friend of life—although he was conscious of the falsehood of his own assertions—solely because he wished to display his superiority as a shot, and endeavoured to sacrifice a companion whom he esteemed, for a miserable woman whom he despised!"*

"Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety—
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?"†

Tom Moore tells a curious anecdote illustrative of Lord Camelford's pugnacity:—"In a small minority, on one occasion for *peace* (upon a question moved by Lord Grey), the name of Lord Camelford was, to the astonishment of everybody, found among the *peacemakers*! But it turned out that he had, for some offence, challenged a German officer, who refused

* Millingen.

† Shakespeare, 'Sonnets.'

to fight him till *after the war*, and he therefore felt himself bound, in spite of his political opinions, to vote for peace !”

TOM MOORE AND JEFFREY.

(A.D. 1806.)

Moore gives a very long, rather parenthetic, and tiresome account of this affair, which was immortalized by Lord Byron’s sarcastic allusion to it in his ‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.’

“Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little’s leadless pistols met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?”

To this was appended a note as follows:—“The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy ; and on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.”

Tom Moore was the challenger, and his grievance arose from an attack in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ written by Jeffrey, on his ‘Odes and Epistles.’ Some time after Jeffrey came to London, and dined one day at Lord Fincastle’s. The conversation during dinner happened to turn on Moore, and Lord Fincastle described him as possessing great amenity of manners, on which Jeffrey said, laughingly, “I am afraid he would not show much amenity to *me*.” This remark was reported to Moore by Rogers, and it appears that

Moore forthwith resolved to fulfil Jeffrey's apprehension, apparently just for the fun of the thing, for he says:—"However boyish it might have been of me to consider myself bound to take this sort of notice of the attack, there was certainly but little, if any, mixture either of ill-temper or mere personal hostility, with my motives. That they were equally free from a certain *Irish* predilection for such encounters, or wholly unleavened by a dash of *vanity*, I will not positively assert."

Having secured a second, Mr. Hume, Moore lost no time in drawing up the challenge which he was to deliver; "and," as he says, "actual combat, not parley, was my object, I took care to put it out of the power of my antagonist to explain or retract, even if he was so disposed. Of the short note which I sent, the few first lines have long escaped my memory; but after adverting to some assertion contained in the article, accusing me, if I recollect right, of a deliberate intention to corrupt the minds of my readers, I thus proceeded: 'To this I beg leave to answer,—you are a liar; yes, Sir, a liar; and I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt for your own satisfaction that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine.'

"There was, of course, but one kind of answer to be given to such a cartel. Hume had been referred by

Jeffrey to his friend Mr. Horner, and the meeting was fixed for the following morning at Chalk Farm. Our great difficulty was where to procure a case of pistols; for Hume, though he had been once, I think, engaged in mortal affray, was possessed of no such implements, and as for *me*, I had once nearly blown off my thumb by discharging an overloaded pistol, and that was the whole, I believe, of my previous acquaintance with fire-arms."

Mr. William Spencer promised to provide the warrior poet with a case of pistols, and he went himself and bought powder and bullets, "and," as he says, "in such large quantities, I remember, as would have done for a score of duels. I then hastened to Spencer, who, in praising the pistols, as he gave them to me, said, 'They are but too good.'"

In order to be punctual to the hour, Moore resolved to sleep at his second's; "and as Hume was not the man, either then or at any other part of his life, to be able to furnish a friend with an extra pair of clean sheets, I quietly took the sheets off my own bed, and huddling them up as well as I could, took them away with us in the coach to Hume's. I must have slept pretty well, for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. . . .

“And then it was that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with a bag, which contained the pistols, in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around.

“It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey saying, on our being left together, ‘What a beautiful morning it is!’—‘Yes,’ I answered, with a slight smile; ‘a morning made for better purposes,’ to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations, upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner, while the pistols were loading, his fiery antagonist, a little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. ‘Don’t make yourself unaisy, my dear

fellow,' said Egan, 'sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose without being by at the mixing up?'

"Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at once at our respective posts—the distance being, I suppose, previously measured by them—and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance, the pistols were on both sides raised, and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey; and one of them striking at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another running over to me, took possession of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed crest-fallen to Bow Street."

Here, of course, the belligerents were easily bailed out; but, on Moore's returning for the pistols, which had been forgotten, he was apprised of the rather suspicious-looking incident which had been discovered by the police-officers, that there was no bullet in Jeffrey's pistol! The magistrate suspected something unfair. The bullet, however, was, it seems, subsequently found, and, as Moore informs us, given by him afterwards to Carpenter, the publisher; and the magistrate was satisfied.

This incident got circulated and served to invest the whole affair with prodigious ridicule in the papers, at

the expense of the poor bard, who, instead of reaping honour and glory from his martial fire and fury, found himself held up to the public as an ass in a lion's skin, and a hero who had only courage enough to stand before a *leadless* pistol! In vain he sent a statement to the papers. The statement never appeared. There was no room for it—the joke being so inexpressibly good and defiant of all contradiction. However, Tom Moore was consoled for this sad letting down by his being taken up by Jeffrey in the most generous manner, and forming with him a friendship which nothing ever ruffled. But still the odd duel between Tom Moore and Jeffrey goes down to posterity not only as not a *fait accompli*, but possibly as one which was never intended to be accomplished; for, the seconds were a wonderfully long time in loading the pistols, and the moment they delivered the murderous implements into the hands of their patient principals, the Philistines of the law were upon them, etc. etc., as Moore has described it. The prowess of the warriors in position nobody can deny; but that they were “sold,” it is impossible to doubt,—and so much the better for literature, and for music and song; for there is no knowing what such duellists as Tom Moore and Jeffrey would have done to each other if they had been permitted to pull their triggers!

The amiable and pugnacious Tom Moore was equally fortunate in calling Lord Byron to account for his sarcastic allusion to this duel, in his ‘English Bards and

Scotch Reviewers.' Lord Byron treated his application in an off-hand, manly fashion, with which Moore was perfectly satisfied, and the result was, again, most fortunate for literature and for Moore—a friendship being “cemented” between the two poets, with the result well known to all readers. Tom Moore’s duellistic speculations were the best on record.

ENSIGN BROWNE AND LIEUTENANT BUTLER.

(A.D. 1806.)

This duel took place on a piece of ground in the parish of Basford. Mr. Browne was an ensign, of the 36th Regiment of Foot, and Lieutenant Butler, of the 83rd Regiment, on the recruiting service at Nottingham. The parties fired together by signal, when, unfortunately, Ensign Browne was shot through the heart, and instantly expired, without uttering a word. Lieutenant Butler and the seconds immediately withdrew. The body of the deceased was taken to Basford Church by some persons who were attracted to the spot by the report of the pistols; and a verdict of “Wilful Murder” was returned by the Coroner’s jury, who sat upon it. Ensign Browne was a promising young officer, of a very respectable family in Ireland, and had only just attained his seventeenth year. He and Lieutenant Butler previously belonged to the same regiment; but from a serious disagreement which took place between them, the Commander-in-Chief ordered them to be placed in different corps. On

their meeting at Nottingham, however, as a fatal chance would have it, the embers of animosity were rekindled, and the unhappy result proved the loss to society of a valuable and much respected young member.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT AND MR. PAULL.

(A. D. 1807.)

It has been said, with reference to the importance of the selection, that in a duel it is the seconds that kill, and not the principals. At any rate, the selection is of the utmost concern to the principal, and few cases show the fact more strikingly than the duel between Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paull in 1807. The following is Bellenden Ker's account of the affair:—

“On Saturday morning, May 5, 1807, about half-past five o'clock, Sir Francis Burdett's servant came to me with a note from Sir Francis, desiring me to come to him to Wimbledon, with a pair of pistols, as he had been called upon; but did not say by whom. I could procure none, after trying at two officers of the Guards, and at Manton's, but found none fit for the purpose. It occurring to me that going thus from place to place for pistols, might at last be the occasion of bringing on more notice than I wished, I determined to proceed without them, thinking that those who called upon him must have a pair at least; and that if it was necessary they might serve both parties. I arrived at Sir Francis Burdett's house, at Wimble-

don, about eight o'clock, having been obliged to wait more than two hours for a chaise. He was gone on to the King's Arms, Kingston, having left a note for me to follow him there in his carriage. On entering Kingston, I saw Mr. Paull in a coach, accompanied by another person, and a servant on the coach-seat. He called out to me on passing his carriage, and said something that I did not distinctly hear; but I think he advised me not to proceed into the town, as the affair would be blown. I asked him where the inn was, and went on.

"As soon as I entered the room where Burdett was sitting, a person appeared, who had followed me. On his entrance, I asked Burdett who he was. He said it was Paull's second. I then said, 'Whom have I the honour to address?'

"'My name is Cooper.'—'Do you know him, Burdett?'—'I have no doubt Mr. Paull has appointed a proper person to meet me.'—'Sir, Sir, Sir!' was Mr. Cooper's answer. I then said, as Burdett desired, that we should immediately follow them, if they proceeded to Coombe Wood, which seemed to be a proper place for meeting.

"After Burdett had given me some letters and memorandums for different friends, and explained to me the subject of Mr. Paull's demands, we proceeded to the place appointed; where, ordering the carriages to stop for us, we went into the wood to a considerable distance. I fixed on a proper spot. During our walk,

Mr. Paull frequently addressed me on the subject of the quarrel. He said he was sure I had not heard it rightly stated, and wished me much to hear him. I always replied, that I had heard the whole from my principal, and that I placed implicit confidence in what he said; for if I could not have done that, I should not have accompanied him there; and that, from all I heard and read concerning the matter, it was my decided opinion that Burdett was the person most entitled to consider himself as ill-used; but that, at all events, an apology from him was out of all question, and that I would rather *see him shot* than advise him to so disgraceful an act. As Mr. Paull did not seem to have at all placed his opinions, or case, in the hands of his second, I found it in vain to talk to him on the subject of an accommodation. After we had stopped, I asked for the pistols, which were produced by Mr. Cooper, who declared that he had not expected things would have taken this turn. I asked him if he expected I should advise, or Burdett would consent to disgrace himself. I then told him we had been unable to obtain pistols, and expected he would consent, as well as Mr. Paull, that we should make use of theirs. To this they both agreed. He (Mr. Cooper) told me he did not know how to load them; I showed him how, and directed him to load Burdett's, while I loaded Mr. Paull's. I then asked him what distance he proposed them to stand at; he said he knew nothing about the matter, and left it to me. I measured out

twelve paces, and placed the principals at the extremities of the space. I then directed him to give Sir Francis a pistol, and presented another to Mr. Paull, at the same time assuring him, as I had Mr. Cooper, that Sir Francis came there without the slightest animosity against Mr. Paull; but that he would fire at him as a mode of self-defence. I said besides to Mr. Paull, that I hoped he was thoroughly convinced that the injury he had received was of a nature not to be satisfied with anything short of attempting the life of my friend, and risking his own. He replied, he must do so, unless he had an apology.

“I then asked them if they would agree to fire by a signal I would make, by dropping my handkerchief? They each did agree to it. I placed myself about four yards on one side the centre of the space between them; while Mr. Cooper, on giving the pistol to Sir Francis, retreated very precipitately behind a tree at some distance. On a signal being made, they fired together, but without effect. I then took Mr. Paull’s pistol from him, and said, ‘I hope, Sir, you are now satisfied.’ He said, ‘No; I must have an apology, or proceed.’ I said, ‘To talk of an apology is absurd, and quite out of all question.’ I then re-loaded the pistols, and gave them as before. I again addressed Mr. Paull as I had at first. He answered with warmth, that he must have an apology, or proceed; and called God to witness that he was the most injured man on earth. Mr. Cooper was then to make the signal; but

he stood so far out of the way that Sir Francis could not see him, although he had already called to him during his retreat, and begged him not to go so far off, and to come forward, or words to that effect. At last I saw that Sir Francis could not see Mr. Cooper, nor his signal; and upon his making it, I called out, 'Fire,' to Sir Francis as soon as I saw Mr. Paull raise his pistol. They did so together, I believe, upon my uttering the words.

"I should observe, that while they were waiting for the signal, I remarked that Sir Francis held his arm raised, and his pistol pointed towards Mr. Paull. Knowing that this was not with a view of taking any unfair advantage, but the effect of accident, I said, 'Burdett, don't take aim. I am sure you are not doing so; drop your arm, as you see Mr. Paull has his pistol pointed downwards.' Mr. Paull then asked me, why I advised Sir Francis not to take aim. I said, anybody might see that I could only mean for him not to take aim, or prepare to do so, before the signal, and from a desire to see that they were upon equal terms.

"The second shot fired by Mr. Paull, wounded Sir Francis in the thigh; the second pistol fired by Sir Francis, wounded Mr. Paull on the leg. After speaking to each of them, I set off for the carriages. Both were put into Mr. Paull's. I went on to Sir Francis Burdett's house, to Lady Burdett and his brother; and also to procure a surgeon at Wimbledon.

“During the transaction not one word passed between me and Sir Francis, except what I said about taking aim. Mr. Cooper has constantly refused to sign any official account, to say where he lives, or what is his situation ; which also was repeatedly requested of him before me ; nor do I at this moment know anything further about him.”

MAJOR CAMPBELL AND CAPTAIN BOYD.

(A.D. 1808.)

This extraordinary duel took place on the 23rd of June, 1808, in Armagh, Ireland, where the 21st regiment of the line was in garrison. The regiment had been reviewed, and an altercation arose among the officers on a regimental question, when Captain Boyd peremptorily contradicted Major Campbell. It was merely about a particular mode of giving a word of command. Major Campbell immediately left the mess-room ; and Captain Boyd did the same some time after. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, a report of firearms was heard proceeding from a second mess-room, adjoining the other. On entering it the officers found Captain Boyd sitting in a chair vomiting. The surgeon examined him and discovered that he was dangerously wounded. He survived only eighteen hours.

What had taken place, besides the infliction of the mortal wound, is not precisely known. It was a duel without seconds ; the distance of the combatants be-

tween each other being only seven paces, or that between the corners of the small apartment.

Doubts hang over the fairness of the transaction, suggested by the following conversation between the wounded man and Major Campbell, which was deposed to by a brother officer. He heard, as he thought, Major Campbell say, "On the word of a dying man, is everything fair?" The officer got up before Captain Boyd replied, he said, "Campbell, you have hurried me; you are a bad man." The witness was in coloured clothes, and Major Campbell did not know him, but said again, "Boyd, before this stranger and Lieutenant Hall, was everything fair?" Captain Boyd replied, "Oh my, Campbell! you know I wanted you to wait, and have friends!" Major Campbell then said, "Good God! Will you mention before these gentlemen, was not everything fair? Did not you say, you were ready?" Captain Boyd answered, "Yes;" but in a moment after he said, "Campbell, you are a bad man." Captain Boyd was helped into the next room, and Major Campbell followed, much agitated, and repeatedly said to Captain Boyd, "that he (Boyd) was the happiest man of the two."—"I am," said Major Campbell, "an unfortunate man, but I hope not a bad one." Major Campbell asked Captain Boyd if he forgave him? He stretched out his hand and said, "I forgive you; I feel for you, and I am sure you do for me." Major Campbell then left the room.

The sequel was equally distressing. Major Campbell had fled, and eluded all the efforts of the police to capture him. He managed to keep himself concealed at Chelsea, passing under a false name. A dreary year passed away. He got tired of this dreadful situation of perpetual fear and anxiety, and delivered himself up a prisoner, and was tried for the "murder" of Captain Boyd at the Armagh Assizes, in 1809.

The defence set up in his favour was merely and exclusively his character for humanity, peaceable conduct, and proper behaviour. To this, several officers of the highest rank deposed, and many others were in attendance to do so, but whom it was unnecessary to produce. The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty of Murder," but recommended him to mercy. He was sentenced to be executed on a fixed day, but was subsequently respited for a week.

But this respite was obtained only with the greatest exertion. His poor wife, who was tenderly attached to her husband, having resolved to proceed to London from Ireland, in order to solicit the royal mercy, hastened to the seacoast, but found that unexpected circumstances threatened to frustrate her fondest hopes. It blew a perfect hurricane, and no reward could tempt the captain of any vessel to venture to sea. While she was running up and down the shore in a distracted state, she met a few humble fishermen; and these poor fellows no sooner heard the cause of her

agony than they offered her their service and their boat, in which she actually crossed the channel! Her noble companions not only refused to receive any reward, but attended her to the coach-office, and followed her several miles on the road, praying God to bless her, and grant her success.

On arriving at Windsor with her petition, it was past eight o'clock, and the King had retired to his apartments; but the Queen, compassionating the afflicted wife, presented the memorial that very night, and Mrs. Campbell received the kindest attention from the whole of the royal family.

The case was anxiously debated in council; but, after a full review of the circumstances, it was finally resolved that the law should take its course. Mrs. Campbell, in the meantime, proceeded to Scotland, cheered with the hope of obtaining, at least, another respite. She reached Ayr, her paternal home, on the very morning that her husband's corpse was brought there to be interred.

When Major Campbell heard that his fate was decided, he prepared to meet death with the fortitude of the soldier and the resignation of the Christian. He begged, however, but in vain, to be shot.

A change had come over the public mind, and universal sorrow for his fate had taken place of the prejudices which inaccurate reports of the duel had produced. By a strange concurrence of circumstances, his own regiment mounted guard round the scaffold.

A vast multitude occupied every spot from which a view of the place of execution could be obtained.

The crowd displayed an extraordinary spectacle that day: all the gentry from the neighbouring country assembled in deep mourning.

Precisely at noon Major Campbell appeared on the platform, supported by his father-in-law. Instantly the brave Highlanders took off their military bonnets, and with streaming eyes joined in prayer for the spirit about to be parted from its mortal tenement. The vast crowd stood uncovered in solemn silence, so that the grating of the falling drop was heard to the remotest extremity. One groan from the thousands of spectators for an instant broke the profound silence, and proclaimed that all was over! His body, after having been suspended the usual time, was put into a hearse in waiting, which left the town immediately for Ayr, in Scotland, to be interred in the vault of the family.

Major Campbell, in his conversation with his intimate friends, previously to surrendering himself, had always said that, if he were convicted, he should suffer as an example to duelling in Ireland. But it was always his opinion that a jury would not convict him of murder; and it was certainly surprising that they did, and in Ireland too, with all its chivalric notions about duelling. Certainly the dying man's reluctant testimony to the fairness of the duel, and his expressions generally, tended sadly to prejudice the public mind against the unfortunate Major. It is one of the very

few instances of a British combatant failing to try his utmost to screen and exonerate his opponent in a duel.

In the otherwise unimportant case of a duel on record, between a Mr. Brittlebank and a Mr. Cuddie, in which the latter was mortally wounded, the jury, notwithstanding that Cuddie, in a dying state, had declined to declare the duel to have been a fair one, and even intimated that it was unfair by shaking his head, acquitted Brittlebank and his second. This occurred in 1821.

It has been erroneously stated that the jury recommended the Major to mercy merely from his universal good character; they recommended him in consequence of the duel having been a *fair one*, although, by the direction of the judge, they were bound, it seems, on their oaths, to convict the prisoner of murder. Assuredly the case was not at all more doubtful than that of Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, in which the noble lord's peers refused to find him guilty of murder. But, unfortunately, Major Campbell's surrender, instead of being viewed as the result of penitence and sorrow, was regarded by too many as a mockery and a bravery of justice. Utterly false as such a view of the case was, Campbell confirmed the prejudice against him by incautiously declaring that he was sure the verdict could only be manslaughter. The misrepresentation of these words, as has been said, produced a strong effect on the minds of the Presbyterians of

Armagh. His modest and contrite deportment on his trial, and the excellent character given to him by officers of the highest rank, went far towards turning the tide in his favour ; but one of the witnesses for the defence is said to have exhibited a dictatorial air, as if his simple word would or ought to decide the verdict, and this circumstance, it is said, had a fatal influence. So that the poor Major might truly say, "*God deliver me from my friends !*"

Previously to his death, the poor fellow said that life was not an object so dear to him as the reflection was distressing, that his children and family should bear the stigma that he was executed for murder.

Major Campbell was first cousin to the Earl of Breadalbane, a nobleman esteemed and beloved by all his friends. His poor wife's conduct, in her dreadful sorrow, sufficiently displays her amiable character ; and it adds to the sympathy we feel, even at this distance of time, for the afflicted couple, that four infant children were left behind by the wretched father to grow up branded with the stigma of his fate, and to transmit it, perhaps, to countless generations.

This duel is one of the many which demonstrate the peril of every social state in which the practice is in vogue. The unfortunate irritation of a moment, on a ridiculously unimportant subject, at once deprived society of one of the best of men, and left a widow and an infant family to mourn their irreparable loss. Retribution of the most awful kind fell to the lot of the

other ; and his amiable widow and helpless family were also involved in the greatest distress that the human mind can conceive.

LORD PAGET AND THE HON. CAPTAIN CADOGAN.

(A.D. 1809.)

The cause of this duel was the seduction of the lady of the Hon. Henry Wellesley, sister of Captain Cadogan, by Lord Paget, for which her husband afterwards was awarded £20,000 by the Sheriff's Court, which assessed the damages after the suit in divorce. Such was the affair in the court of law ; the following was its representation in the court of "honour."

In consequence of a challenge having been received by Lord Paget from Captain Cadogan, and every attempt to prevent a meeting having failed, the parties, attended by their respective friends,—Captain Cadogan, by Captain Mackenzie, of the Navy, Lord Paget, by Lieut.-Colonel Vivian, of the 7th Light Dragoons,—met, as agreed, at seven o'clock on Wimbledon Common. The ground having been taken at twelve paces' distance, they were directed to fire together. Captain Cadogan fired ; Lord Paget's pistol flashed in the pan. This having been decided to go for a fire, a question arose whether Lord Paget had taken aim, as if intending to hit his antagonist. Both the seconds being clearly of opinion that such was not his intention (although the degree of obliquity he gave to the direction of the pistol was such as to have been discovered

only by particular observation), Captain Mackenzie stated to Captain Cadogan that, as it appeared to be Lord Paget's intention not to fire at him, he could not admit of the affair proceeding any further. Lieut.-Colonel Vivian then asked Captain Cadogan whether he had not himself observed that Lord Paget had not aimed at him, to which he replied in the affirmative. Captain Mackenzie then declared his determination not to remain any longer in the field to witness any further act of hostility on the part of Captain Cadogan. Captain Cadogan replied, that, of course, his conduct must be decided by his second, declaring, at the same time, that he had come prepared for the fall of one of the parties. . . .

On Captain Mackenzie and Lieut.-Colonel Vivian making it known to Lord Paget that, as he evidently did not intend to fire at Captain Cadogan, the affair should go no further, his Lordship replied, "As such is your determination, I have now no hesitation in saying, that nothing could ever have induced me to add to the injuries I have already done the family by firing at the brother of Lady Charlotte Wellesley."

The parties then left the ground.

LORD CASTLEREAGH AND CANNING.

(A. D. 1809.)

The circumstances of this political duel were as follows:—It had been long reported that there were divisions in the Duke of Portland's cabinet, and that a

change in some of the highest offices of state would take place. The knowledge of these divisions became public in the latter end of September, when Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary-of-War, sent a challenge to Canning, who had the seals of the Foreign Office. Lord Castlereagh's complaint was that, both being members of the cabinet, Canning had applied clandestinely to get him removed from office, for the purpose of bringing in the Marquis of Wellesley in his place. " ' You are fully aware,' says Lord Castlereagh, in his challenge to Canning, ' that, if my situation in the Government had been disclosed to me, I should not have submitted to remain one moment in office without the entire abandonment of private honour and public duty. You know I *was* deceived, and you *continued* to deceive me.' If Lord Castlereagh's statement was correct, of course Canning's conduct was most unjustifiable, both on public and on private grounds; both as a statesman and a gentleman. If he considered Lord Castlereagh as unfit to manage the important charge with which he was entrusted; and, indeed, the Walcheren expedition afforded a convincing proof of the correctness of his opinion, it was his duty not to remain with him in the cabinet one hour, if he could not overrule his proposals; but to coincide in a project which he condemned, and to continue to act in conjunction with a minister whose removal he had urged on the plea of incapacity, was an act most unaccountable on the part of Canning, and only tends

to show that men placed in a public situation will be guilty of acts which they would scorn as dishonourable in the common affairs of life.”* But it is difficult to see how the matter could possibly be the motive of a duel, which always presupposes an injury done to “honour.” In this case, if his lordship’s representation be correct, Canning had injured his own honour, not his lordship’s. . . .

The meeting took place at Putney Heath. Lord Yarmouth was Lord Castlereagh’s second, and Canning was accompanied by Mr. R. Ellis. They fired by signal, at the distance of ten yards. The first fire missed; and no explanation taking place, they fired a second time, when Canning was wounded in the left thigh, on the outer side of the bone, and thus the affair terminated. He was put into a coach and conveyed to Gloucester Lodge, his newly-purchased seat at Brompton, and Lord Castlereagh returned to his house in St. James’s Square.

In connection with this duel, a curious anecdote is related by Cunningham in his ‘Lives of the Sculptors.’ Lord Castlereagh had promised to make Sir Alexander Johnston Chief Justice and President of Ceylon; on hearing which, Mrs. Damer, a Whig to the last, exclaimed, “The fellow will cheat you; he is a Tory.” Soon afterwards, Lord Castlereagh sent express to Sir Alexander, had his commission drawn out, saw the great seal affixed, shook him by the hand, and

* Millingen.

wished him joy. This was late at night; on the following morning he fought the duel with Canning. Sir Alexander waited on him, when Lord Castlereagh said with a smile, "You are come to congratulate me on my escape."—"Yes," said Sir Alexander, "and to say that I cannot help marvelling at your fortitude last night. Who but yourself could have transacted business?"—"Oh, I had a reason for it," said his lordship; "had I fallen before the great seal was set to your commission, you would have lost the appointment, and my cousin" (Mrs. Damer) "would have said, 'The fellow, Sir, was a cheat; he was a Tory.'" When Mrs. Damer heard this, the tears started to her eyes. "Go," she said, "to my cousin, and say I have wronged him; that I love his manliness, and his regard for honour, and that I wish to renew our intercourse of friendship."

A FATAL DUEL.

(A.D. 1810.)

On a morning in September, 1810, at the early hour of half-past five, three post chaises were seen passing over Putney Bridge. They conveyed two gentlemen, a Mr. George Payne and a Mr. Clark, with their seconds, to Wimbledon Common, to fight a duel. Within an hour after, one of the chaises returned to the 'Red Lion,' at Putney, with one of the gentlemen, Mr. Payne, mortally wounded. A pistol ball had gone through his groin. He died at half-past four the same afternoon.

This Mr. George Payne was the younger son of René Payne, Esq., who left him a fortune of £14,000 per annum. He was the father of four children, who, with their mother, had to lament his untimely death, in circumstances which aggravated the calamity; for the cause of the fatal duel was truly melancholy. The challenge took place ten days before, at Scarborough, but the quarrel was of a more distant date. The orphan daughter of a Dr. Clark, of Newcastle, was the friend of Mrs. Payne, and a visitor in the family. An unfortunate attachment took place between Mr. Payne and Miss Clark, which transpiring, the irritated feelings of the brother induced him to resent it. Every means was tried by Mr. Payne, the elder brother of the deceased, to avert the catastrophe, but in vain. Mr. George Payne, the unfortunate deceased, was most exemplary in all his conduct through life, except in this fatal attachment. He was a most liberal and amiable man. He had told his second that he would not return Mr. Clark's fire, but the first shot was mortal. Clark made his escape.

A PUBLIC DUEL AT WEXFORD. MR. COLCLOUGH AND
MR. ALCOCK.

(A.D. 1810.)

This political duel took place at Wexford, and the cause was as follows. Mr. John Colclough, of Trilom Abbey, had declared himself a candidate for the representation of the county, which he had sat for in the

previous parliament. For many years certain noblemen had monopolized the representation of Wexford, and Mr. Colclough determined on this occasion to put the sense of the county to the proof, and therefore proposed Sheridan as joint candidate with himself. With these gentlemen, Mr. Alcock, supported by the interest of certain influential electors, contested the county. The election commenced, the poll proceeded, and the independent party was rapidly advancing to success, when one of the most melancholy events terminated the contest. Several tenants of a person who had given his interest to Alcock, absolutely refused to vote for that gentleman, declaring that, at any risk, they would support Colclough and "the great Sheridan." Mr. Alcock's partisans ascribed the conduct of these persons to seduction on the part of Mr. Colclough. The latter protested in the most solemn manner that he had not even solicited their votes. Alcock insisted that they should not vote for him. "How can I prevent them?" naturally replied Mr. Colclough. After much discussion, Mr. Colclough was required to decline the votes, or receive them at his peril. Of course he disregarded this threat. Open war ensued, and it was determined that, before the opening of the next morning's poll, the candidates should decide by single combat the contested question.

An Irish duel with a vengeance! Early on the following morning, many hundred people assembled

to witness the affair, among whom were several magistrates. Both candidates were remarkably near-sighted, and Mr. Alcock determined upon using spectacles. This was resisted by the friends of Mr. Colclough, who would not follow the example. The partisans of the former, however, persevered, and he did wear them. The ground at length was measured, and the anxious crowd separated on either side, as their party feelings prompted them. The seconds handed to each principal a couple of pistols, and placing them about eight or nine paces asunder, withdrew.

A dead silence and a pause ensued—the crowd stood in motionless suspense—the combatants presented—the word was given—Mr. Alcock fired first, and his former friend and intimate companion fell shot through the heart, his pistol exploding without effect.

The bystanders were almost petrified with horror, when on a sudden, a loud and horrible yell burst simultaneously from every quarter of the field. Alcock was hurried by his friends from the ground, whilst those of Colclough raised the body, and mournfully bore it to his native home.

Within two hours after the fatal duel, Mr. Alcock was returned *duly elected*. At the next assizes he was tried for murder, before Baron Smith, who openly declared against a capital conviction; and the jury, without a moment's hesitation, pronounced a verdict of "Not Guilty."

The acquitted duellist, however, suffered much in mind, and ended his days in a great measure deprived of his intellectual faculties.

Nor was that all in the train of this fatal affair. Miss Alcock had known Colclough for a considerable time. She was an amiable and sensible person. Her brother's absence, his trial, and his subsequent depression deprived her also of her reason, and in this state she did not long survive the dreadful fate of her brother and his friend.*

CAPTAIN STACKPOLE AND LIEUTENANT CECIL.

(A.D. 1814.)

The circumstances which led to this affair are as follows:—As long as four years before, a naval officer inquired of Lieutenant Cecil if he knew Captain Stackpole. Lieutenant Cecil replied that he did, and had the best opinion of him as a brave officer, adding, however, that he believed him capable of occasionally *drawing a long bow*. This answer was publicly talked of in the gun-room of the 'Statira' frigate, of which Stackpole was Captain. At length the words reached the ears of Captain Stackpole, who, having ascertained that they had been uttered, declared he would call Lieutenant Cecil to an account when and wherever he met him. It was so far fortunate that they did not meet for four years; but the opportunity at last offered, when the 'Statira' was lying in the harbour of Port

* Millingen.

Royal, Jamaica, and the 'Argo,' of which Cecil was senior lieutenant, happened to enter the port.

Captain Stackpole immediately sent a message to Lieutenant Cecil, purporting that he must either meet him or make a suitable apology for the "slanderous words" he had used. Lieutenant Cecil, in reply, said that four years having elapsed since the words were spoken, which he was charged with having uttered, it was impossible for him to recollect how far they were correct or not; but, as a brother-officer and a man of honour had quoted his words, he could not act otherwise than avow them. As to an apology, he wished Captain Stackpole to understand that, under the circumstances, he should have had no objection to apologize to any other officer of his Majesty's navy,—but to him, it was impossible,—the Captain of the 'Statira' being reputed throughout the navy as a good shot, and having been the friend and companion of Lord Camelford.* It thus appears that Cecil had the same reason for fighting as Lord Camelford had in his affair with Best.

The meeting came off and Stackpole, the crack-shot, was mortally wounded, exclaiming as he fell, "By George, I've missed him!" He died almost immediately.

Captain Stackpole was a brave and meritorious officer. It was he who sent a challenge, during the American war, to fight the 'Statira' against the

* See, *ante*, vol. ii. p. 190.

American frigate the ‘Macedonian,’ which plucky conduct endeared him to the crew. It is said that he was greatly lamented—not a man being able to refrain from tears on learning his fate.

DANIEL O’CONNELL AND D’ESTERRE.

(A.D. 1815.)

This celebrated duel is about as remarkable as any of the political duels of the French, described in the previous chapter, as flimsy in its cause and pretences, and as horrible in its result.

At a meeting in Capel Street, O’Connell, in illustrating some matter which he was anxious to enforce, alluded in a contemptuous manner to the Corporation of Dublin—“the beggarly Corporation of Dublin,” as he called it. Mr. D’Esterre was a member of the Corporation, and having seen this phrase in the papers, he addressed a letter to O’Connell, requiring to know whether he was fairly reported. O’Connell replied that he would not avow nor disavow what had been reported in the newspaper; but, he added, that if Mr. D’Esterre wrote to him to know his opinion of the Common Council of Dublin, as a body, he could easily satisfy him by saying that no expression which language could furnish was sufficient to convey the sentiments of contempt he had for that body. Moreover, he requested D’Esterre to consider his answer as forming the close of the correspondence on the subject.

A subsequent letter, however, was sent to O'Connell's residence during his absence. Its direction was different from the former one which came from D'Esterre; and Mr. James O'Connell, who had instructions to open any communications that were directed to his brother in his absence, ascertained the quarter whence it came. He sought merely for the signature, and on perceiving it to be D'Esterre's, he immediately closed the letter, and stated in a note to D'Esterre the circumstances under which he opened it. He said he was ignorant of its contents, not wishing, after the request his brother had made, to know anything more of Mr. D'Esterre's epistolary messages. He added, that his brother did not expect to hear a second time from Mr. D'Esterre through the medium of a letter.

Two days after, Mr. James O'Connell received a note from D'Esterre, containing disrespectful observations on himself and his brother. Immediately after receiving it, he sent his friend, Captain O'Mullan, to D'Esterre, to say that, after he had adjusted his affair with his brother, he would bring him to account for his conduct to himself particularly. Captain O'Mullan at the same time intimated that Counsellor O'Connell was astonished at not hearing, in what he conceived the *proper way*, from Mr. D'Esterre.

On the following day Mr. Lidwell, who remained in Dublin several days to be the friend of O'Connell, although some members of his family were seriously

indisposed, now left town for his home, despairing of any issue being put to the controversy. Another day passed on, but on the following morning considerable sensation was created by a rumour that D'Esterre was advised to go to the Four Courts to offer O'Connell personal violence. Neither of the parties came in contact; but it seems that D'Esterre was met on the quays by Mr. Richard O'Gorman, who remonstrated with him by stating that he conceived he was pursuing a very unusual sort of conduct. This occurred about three o'clock on a Tuesday; but still no challenge followed. About four o'clock it was understood that D'Esterre was in the streets, and O'Connell paraded about with one or two friends, but did not come across his antagonist. A multitude soon collected about him, among whom there could not be less than five hundred gentlemen of respectability; and O'Connell then had no other resource left than to take refuge in a house in Exchequer Street. In a short time Judge Day entered, in his magisterial capacity, to put him under arrest. The honourable Justice said he would be satisfied if he had the guarantee of Mr. O'Connell's honour that he would proceed no further in the business. "It is not my business, Mr. Justice," said O'Connell, "to be the aggressor. Further, however, I must tell you that no human consideration will induce me to go." The Hon. Justice then retired, and O'Connell shortly after repaired to Merrion Square, his residence.

On the following morning it was at length intimated to O'Connell that D'Esterre intended to call upon him for a meeting. Eventually twelve o'clock was fixed upon for the appointment of the hour and the place. A proposal was made to enlarge the time, but O'Connell's friend would not consent. This friend was Major Macnamara, of Doolen, in the county of Clare, a Protestant gentleman attached to no party, and of the highest respectability. D'Esterre's second was Sir Edward Stanley.

After some discussion the parties fixed on Bishop's Court, Lord Ponsonby's seat, county Kildare, as the place of meeting. The hour appointed was half-past three o'clock. At three precisely, O'Connell, attended by his second, Surgeon Macklin, and a number of friends, was on the ground; about four, D'Esterre, attended only by his second, Surgeon Peel, and a Mr. D'Esterre, of Limerick. There was some conversation between the seconds as to position, mode of fire, etc., which, added to other sources of delay, occupied forty minutes. During this interval, Mr. D'Esterre took occasion to say that his quarrel with Mr. O'Connell was not of a religious nature. To the Catholics, or their leaders, he said he had no animosity whatever.

At forty minutes past four, the combatants were on the ground; they both displayed the greatest coolness and courage. The friends of both parties retired, and the combatants, having a pistol in each hand, with directions to discharge them at their discretion, pre-

pared to fire. They levelled, and before the lapse of a second, both shots were heard. D'Esterre's was first, and missed. O'Connell's followed instantly, and took effect in the thighs of his antagonist, *passing through both of them* about an inch below the hip. D'Esterre, of course, fell, and both the surgeons hastened to him. They discovered that the ball had traversed the hip, and could not be found. There was an immense effusion of blood. All parties prepared to move towards home, and arrived in town before eight o'clock. Great were the emotions that burst forth all along the road when it was ascertained that O'Connell was safe.

D'Esterre died in the afternoon of the third day after the duel.

He was a young man of great respectability and high spirit, and felt, as stated, indignant at the reproach cast on the body of which he was a member—which was, of course, greatly aggravated by O'Connell's subsequent very insulting and unjustifiable declaration of opinion concerning the Common Council of Dublin; and most assuredly O'Connell and his brother gave D'Esterre to understand that they expected he would send a challenge, which was itself a sufficient provocation to a duel. Besides, there is reason to believe that his indignation was fanned by the instigation of his colleagues, who were anxious to rid themselves of such a formidable opponent as O'Connell,—D'Esterre being, it is said, a crack shot. Great, therefore, must have been their consternation

and disappointment at the result, which shows that no degree of proficiency before a target will ensure infallible success when standing before a man, "covering" the firer with an aim but too well appreciated by any one with the least experience in the matter. However, to have missed the huge, towering Dan. O'Connell, seems almost like missing a haystack.

A statement was made, which, if correct, showed a great error committed by the second of the unfortunate D'Esterre. It is said that he was placed in a line with a tree, which afforded the great advantage of direction to his adversary's fire. Whether O'Connell was aware of the fortunate advantage, and availed himself of it, is another question; and most assuredly, considering all the circumstances of this political duel, he could scarcely be blamed for doing so, if, as he was led to believe, the corporation wanted to "get rid of him" by the hand of their practised representative.*

A curious episode followed this famous duel. O'Connell, together with his second, repaired to a church, and took a solemn oath, or made a vow to heaven, that he would never fight another duel. He also offered a pension to the widow of his unfortunate adversary, equal in amount to what her husband had been earn-

* In the duel between Mr. Scott and Mr. Christie, at Chalk Farm, and by moonlight, the latter very chivalrously exclaimed, "Mr. Scott, you must not stand there; I see your head above the horizon: you give me an advantage." The circumstances, however, were very different on this occasion.

ing ; but the Dublin Corporation rejected the offer, and voted the sum promised by O'Connell.

No doubt, O'Connell's vow was "registered in heaven ;" at any rate, he kept it most religiously. But he didn't bridle his tongue ; and so Dan. O'Connell went on insulting or lashing as he listed, and his son Morgan O'Connell set up as his champion, ever ready and glad to fight for the "governor," or agitator of Old Ireland. Morgan had plenty to do ; he fought Lord Alvanley, when two shots were exchanged at twelve paces, without effect. Morgan was also challenged by the present celebrity, Mr. Disraeli, the very day after the affair with Lord Alvanley, and so were his two brothers ; but the police interfered, and the whole batch of would-be combatants were "bound over to keep the peace." Those were fighting days, if you like, when a politician or a member had to "keep his hand in" at the shooting-galleries, as he might at any moment deserve to be shot *at*, if not shot down, like the unfortunate D'Esterre.

In the 'Memoirs' of Tom Moore I find the following curious entry :—"In talking of O'Connell—of the mixture there is in him of high, low, formidable, and contemptible, mighty and mean,—Smith summed up all by saying, 'The only way to deal with such a man is to hang him up, and erect a statue to him under the gallows.' This balancing of the accounts," adds Moore, "is admirable."*

* An anonymous work on Duelling, published in 1836, con-

CAPTAIN TREVOR AND CAPTAIN —.

(A.D. 1815.)

A few days after the battle of Waterloo, Lord — gave a grand dinner, following a ball on the previous evening to the same gentlemen whom he had before entertained. During dinner the conversation turned on the ball, and when heads began to get warm under the influence of champagne, Lord — rose and said, "My dear friends, I have to propose a toast which will delight you; so fill your glasses to the brim. I propose the health of the greatest beauty we have seen for a year. You all know whom I mean. To the health of Miss Maria!"

General applause ensued, during which Captain — cast a sly look on Trevor whilst raising the glass to his lips. After the acclamations, cries arose on all sides, "Who will return thanks for her?"—"Of course her favoured beau," some one said. "And who is

tained the following humorous dedication:—"To those gallant gentlemen and consistent supporters of a *Lamb* administration, Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., and James Silk Buckingham, Esq., M.P., who, entertaining the opinion first promulgated by the immortal Falstaff, of happy memory, '*That discretion is the better part of valour*,' condemn the practice which hazards life in the cause of honour, and eschew the use of all offensive weapons, save that with which bounteous nature hath amply provided them, the *tongue*, this little volume is respectfully dedicated, by one who possesses a most exalted opinion of their magnanimity, and the most profound respect for their philanthropy."

he?" asked another. "Up, the favourite! Trevor is the happy man: no doubt of it; she danced with him all the evening."

Trevor looked triumphant. But some one said, "No, no; it isn't Trevor. The Captain is the favourite."—"Ten to one," said another, "the Captain is the man."

"Nonsense!" muttered the Captain, knitting his eyebrows.

"Oh!" interposed an old baronet, "the fact is the young miss doesn't know whom she prefers; so let's toss up to discover the favourite."

Shouts of laughter followed, except on the part of Trevor and the Captain.

"Pon honour, gentlemen, here's much ado about nothing," said Trevor. "But, since the thing has been made a serious question, I feel compelled to declare on this occasion that I believe I am beloved by the beautiful Maria, and I alone. I have good reasons, I think, for boasting of this conquest. I have got rid of my rival" (turning towards Captain —), "although that gentleman's flashing eyes, good looks, and all that sort of thing"—

"Trevor, don't be insolent," exclaimed the Captain purpling with rage.

"Insolent? Heavens! What do you mean, Captain? No, no; that's impossible. If any of my words have offended you, my heart disavows the offence; and as we used to say at Rugby, *indictum*

puto.* Let it pass. As for my Maria, I am sure of her—positively sure. . . . Oh, it's no use of the Captain launching such furious looks at me. . . . Thus, gentlemen, *de jure et de facto*,† I thank you in the name of my charming Maria.”

He resumed his seat with a placid smile.

“You only flatter yourself, Trevor; you are quite mistaken,” said the Captain. “You know not what passed between Maria and myself one evening. On my word of honour, she told me she would be glad to get rid of her engagement with you.”

“Nonsense. She only said so to make a fool of you, Captain. Believe me that was her only motive, for she *told* me so next morning.”

“Next morning? And who admitted you to her next morning?”

“That's my secret, and not yours. Since you wish to know it, I will tell you, for your consolation, that since then I have seen Miss Maria every day.”

“Trevor, it is base to divulge such secrets, even if they were true. If it be your intention to ruin a sweet innocent creature, I tell you, Sir, you are a scoundrel!”

“A scoundrel! Do you say I am a scoundrel, Captain?”

Trevor became pale; he went up to his rival with a glass half-full in his hand.

“Yes, Sir, I said so. What then?” said Captain —

“Then you must apologize instantly.”

* “Consider it unsaid.”† “By right and possession.”

"I am not in the habit of retracting my words. I have no apology to make."

"Then expect none from me," shouted Trevor, dashing his glass at the head of the Captain.

The latter quietly wiped off the wine with which his dress was spotted, and then went straight up to Lord —, whispering, "My lord, doubtless you have pistols in the house. This matter had better be ended at once. Have the goodness to do the needful."

We need scarcely state that Lord — made every effort to arrange the matter, not only on account of his friends but also on his own, since it would always be an imputation that the quarrel occurred at his table. The parties obstinately refused to be reconciled; and when Trevor was told that the Captain was one of the best shots in England, he exclaimed, "Indeed! Then I have only to make my will; for I am almost as blind as a mole," he added with a smile. "Oh . . . ay, yes I have it. That will do," and turning to the Captain he continued:—

"Sir, it is said that you always kill your man."

"Yes, Sir; what next?" coolly asked the Captain.

"Well, you know that I have very bad sight, am almost blind, and not a good shot."

All were astounded at this declaration, and still more when they saw that Trevor was bleeding from the nose.

"What are you driving at?" asked the Captain with a look of contempt.

"Only to make a reasonable request, the equality of arms in the fight. Do you think, my good Sir, that I would expose myself to be killed by your pistol without a chance of doing you the same favour? You provoked this quarrel; your folly has brought it about. I demand that we fight face to face, breast to breast, with only a table between us. Yes," he continued, firmly measuring every word, "we shall die together, if we are to die: that will be a consolation."

"Oh, horrible! monstrous!" resounded on all sides. "No, no, we will have no such butchery!" Most of the guests at once left the room. The Captain did not reply.

"Well," exclaimed Trevor with bitter irony, "who is the coward?"

"That will be known presently," replied the Captain calmly. "I accept your conditions, however murderous they are. May a thousand curses fall on your head and the heads of your family!"

"Are the pistols ready?" asked Trevor coolly. On being answered in the affirmative, the party proceeded to the shooting-room, so as not to disturb the family. Some one secretly suggested that the pistols should be loaded without ball, and this was done.

The two adversaries, who believed that their last hour was come, were pale as death; but if they were a prey to deep emotion, not a muscle trembled.

"Who will give us the signal?" asked the Captain. In such cases, if a party fires one second before the

other he becomes an assassin. The person who undertook to give the signal said with a trembling voice :—

“ Raise your pistols.”

The muzzles touched the breasts of the combatants.

“ When I count three, fire. One . . . Two . . . Three !”

They fired and recoiled by the shock.

“ What’s the meaning of this ?” exclaimed the two combatants. “ Who has dared to make fools of us ? There were no balls in the pistols !”

“ Honour is satisfied,” exclaimed the friends around them.

Trevor ground his teeth.

“ The remedy is easy enough,” said the Captain, pointing to some poignards suspended from the wall. He took down two, measured them, and presented one to his adversary, who seized it eagerly.

“ Now there will be no trickery,” he exclaimed ; “ stand off, Sir.”

They stood face to face and the blades glistened. The contest was short. One of them soon fell ; it was the Captain. He expired without a groan.

“ Oh, my God !” exclaimed Trevor. “ What have I done ? Is all this a reality ?” and in horrible despair he flung himself upon the corpse of his rival, which he shook convulsively, as though to bring it to life again. . . .

OLD BAILEY BARRISTERS. MR. ALLEY AND
MR. ADOLPHUS.

(A.D. 1816.)

A "difference" occurred between a Mr. Alley and Mr. Adolphus, of Old Bailey celebrity, during a certain trial, leading to steps which got the parties "bound over to preserve the peace within *this kingdom*." Mr. Adolphus, however, sent notice to Mr. Alley that he would be ready to meet him at Calais as soon as ever he chose. Mr. Alley accepted the challenge, and went to Dover, accompanied by Captain Alley, his cousin and second, together with two of his intimate friends, Mr. Agar and Mr. Bevil. They reached Calais some hours before Mr. Adolphus; and at two o'clock on the following day, after the preliminary business was arranged by the seconds, the combatants met a short distance from the town. They took their ground, and, on the signal being given, both fired together. Mr. Alley was wounded in the right arm, and the ball from his pistol passed so close to his adversary as almost to graze his head. Here the affair terminated; and a surgeon being immediately sent for, extracted the ball from Mr. Alley's arm.

A VERY ODD AND FATAL AFFAIR—MAJOR LOCKYER
AND MR. SUTTON COCHRANE.

(A.D. 1817.)

Major Lockyer and Mr. Sutton Cochrane, late a

Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, in company with a Mr. Redesdale, a Mr. Hand, and upwards of sixty others, were on the point of going out as adventurers to South America, in the ship 'Grace,' lying wind-bound at Cowes. The ship being in this condition, the passengers came on shore, and were regaling themselves at an inn. In the course of conversation, Cochrane happened to make the remark that all who were present *were in debt and were seeking their fortunes*,—a very likely "guess at truth," under the evident circumstances of the goodly company. Our Major Lockyer, however, who probably knew that the cap fitted him exactly, took offence at the innocent expression, and asked the simple moralist if he "meant to include him"?—"Of course, I do," said the latter, struck with what he rightly conceived to be a very humorous, if not a witty, repartee. "Of course I do, and I'll prove it too," said poor Cochrane, rubbing his hands, and solemnly saying, "*If we are not in debt to any of our fellow-beings, are we not indebted to our Maker?*" "Bravo!" shouted the company, as well they might; and the poor young man thought he had said a very clever thing, and shown that he would be likely to prove a very pleasant fellow to be with in a long voyage, with so much time to kill. But, alas! the redoubtable Major was only the more "riled" by the witty repartee, and forthwith he insisted on a meeting with Cochrane, the next morning, at the dawn of day! Cochrane was not a fighting man; he did not like the

thing; and, moreover, knew nothing about it. However, as there seemed no help for it, he reluctantly consented, declaring that "he would not fire himself; but that if his opponent insisted, he would receive his fire." Here was a martyr, if you like!

The affair came off. The young moralist, the Major, and the seconds were punctual to the time. It was agreed that they should both fire together. Absurd agreement, since the poor youth (only twenty years of age) had solemnly declared that he would not fire at all! Accordingly, when the signal was made, it was observed that he never raised his arm to level his pistol. He was shot dead through the heart. And when his pistol was examined afterwards, it was found "neither unstopped nor cocked."

The gallant Major and his two seconds, Redesdale and Hind, immediately decamped across the water.

The murdered young man was well-educated, well-behaved, and, it is said, a relative of Lord Cochrane.

A year after, the Major and one of his seconds were arrested and tried, at the Winchester Assizes, for the "Wilful Murder;" but, strange to say, the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter;" and they were sentenced to only three months' imprisonment! Think of this, after the hanging of Major Campbell for killing Captain Boyd! *

* See *ante*, p. 213.

GAMBLING DUELS IN THE YEAR 1818.

January.—"A meeting took place yesterday, at an early hour, between Captain B—r—y and Lieutenant T—n—n, in consequence of a dispute at play. Wimbledon Common was the ground, and the parties fired twice, when the Lieutenant was slightly wounded in the pistol hand, the ball grazing the right side; and here the affair ended."

January.—"A meeting took place on the 9th instant, at Calais, between Lieutenant Finch, of the 20th Regiment of Dragoons, and Lieutenant Boileau, on half-pay, of the 41st Regiment. Lieutenant Finch was bound over, some days back, to keep the peace in England, in consequence of which he proceeded to Calais, accompanied by his friend Captain Butler, where they were followed by Lieutenant Boileau, and his friend Lieutenant Hartley. It was settled by Captain Butler, previous to Lieutenant Finch taking his ground, that he *was bound in honour to receive Lieutenant Boileau's fire*, as he had given so serious a provocation as a blow. This arrangement was, however, defeated, by Lieutenant Finch's pistol "accidentally" going off, apparently in the direction of his opponent, which would probably have led to fatal consequences had it not been for "the *implicit reliance* placed by Lieutenant Boileau's friend on the *strict honour* of Captain Butler, whose anxiety, steadiness, and gentlemanly conduct on this and every other occa-

sion were too well known to leave a doubt on the minds of the opposite party, that the anticipated fire was *entirely accidental*. A reconciliation, therefore, immediately took place."

February 17th.—"Information was received at the Public Office, Marlborough Street, on Saturday last, that a duel was about to take place yesterday, in the fields contiguous to Chalk Farm, between Colonel Tucker and Lieutenant Nixon, the latter having challenged the former in public company, for which, and previous abuse, the Colonel inflicted severe chastisement with a thick stick. Subsequent information was received at the office that the Colonel's friends deemed it unnecessary for him to meet the challenger, but that his remedy was to repeat the former chastisement, when insulted. It was further stated that a few half-pay officers, of inferior rank, had leagued together for the purpose of providing others to give a challenge, and which it was the determination to put down by adopting the Colonel's plan."

April.—"A meeting was to have taken place yesterday, in consequence of a dispute at play, between Captain R—n—s and Mr. B—e—r, a gentleman of fortune; but it was prevented by the interference of the police, and the parties escaped."—"The meeting which was to have taken place between Capt. R—n—s and Mr. B—e—r, but was prevented, took place yesterday on Wimbledon Common; and after exchanging a single shot, the matter was adjusted."—('British Press,' April 24.)

May.—"In consequence of a dispute at a gaming-table, on Monday night, in the vicinity of Piccadilly, Mr. M——, who was an officer in the British service at Brussels, and Mr. B——, a medical man, met, at three in the morning, on Tuesday, in the King's Road. They fought at twelve paces. Mr. B—— was wounded on the back of the hand, and the affair was adjusted."—('Morning Chronicle,' May 7th, 1818.)

July.—"A duel was fought yesterday morning, on Wimbledon Common, between a Mr. Arrowsmith and Lieut. Flynn, which ended in the former being wounded in the thigh. The dispute which occasioned the meeting originated in a gaming transaction."—('British Press,' July 8th, 1818.)

September.—"A duel was fought this morning on Hounslow Heath, between Messrs. Hillson and Marsden. The dispute arose in one of the stands at Egham Races. The latter was seriously wounded in the left side, and conveyed away in a gig. Some officers of justice had followed the parties from Old Oak Common, where they first met, but they were too late to prevent the mischief."—(September 7th, 1818.)

November 20th.—"A duel, originating over a dispute at play, was fixed to take place on Wimbledon Common, at daybreak, yesterday morning; but information having been received that police officers were waiting, the parties withdrew."—('Morning Chronicle,' November 21st, 1818.)

November 25th.—"Duel in high life. A meeting took

place at Chalk Farm, at an early hour on Wednesday morning, between two young noblemen, the Earl of H—— and Lord W——, attended by two noble friends, the Earl of B—— and Lord F——. After an exchange of shots, the seconds interfered, and a reconciliation took place.”—(‘Morning Chronicle,’ November 27, 1818.)

It is said that “a noble lord, high in the records of gaming, had reached such a degree of perfection as to be an overmatch even for the ‘legs.’ He spent every moment of his spare time, after the delivery of a challenge, at firing at a mark. The hard cash he had realized was beyond example.”

QUALIFICATION OF A SECOND.

A gentleman who had been called out, applied to a friend who had won a large sum of money to be his second. “My dear friend,” answered the gamester, “I won fifteen hundred guineas last night, and shall cut a poor figure at fighting to-day; but if you apply to the person I won them of, he will fight like a devil, for he has not a farthing left.”

A DUEL AT FOUR PACES.

(A. D. 1818.)

This affair came off at Caen, in France, and originated in a dispute between a Lieutenant Pickford, of the Navy, and a Frenchman named Marinier. The parties, with their seconds, went to the ground, where

some dispute arose about the distance. Marinier wanted fifteen paces. Pickford said he was no shot, and would allow of none beyond four. To this Marinier made no objection, provided he had the first fire. Of course Pickford insisted that they should fire together, but this was stiffly opposed. Another proposal was then made, that Marinier's friend should charge only one of the pistols with ball, and give Pickford the choice; or, that Pickford's second should charge with ball one of his pair, and should let Marinier choose. This was acceded to. Marinier first took one, and then Pickford the other. The interval between them when in position and presenting their pistols was about two feet. After a moment or two of hesitation the word was given, and Pickford's ball struck under his adversary's ribs on the right side, passing right through his body. He expired instantly.

AN ENGLISH OFFICER AND TWO AMERICANS.

(A.D. 1819.)

On the 23rd of March, 1819, while Captain Johnston, of the 64th regiment, was on the main-guard duty at Gibraltar, a report was made to him that five individuals had been taken into custody by a sentry, on their way home from the play, for being without lights, contrary to the garrison regulations. Captain Johnston immediately ordered a sufficient number of men to see them home. In about ten minutes the police-sergeant who accompanied them returned with three

of the five in custody, and acquainted Captain Johnston that Archibald Taylor had endeavoured to escape from the sentry, and made use of provoking and abusive language to him. Having, upon inquiry, found the report to be correct, Captain Johnston ordered the offender to be confined in the crib; an order which he resisted, and used very offensive language to Captain Johnston himself. This Archibald Taylor happened to be an American, the master of a merchant schooner; but at the time Captain Johnston was not aware of the fact. Taylor demanded satisfaction for the treatment he had received; but the Captain considered that he had merely acted in conformity with his duty, reported the whole affair to the field-officer, who approved of the course that had been pursued, and ordered Taylor to be continued in confinement. In the morning Taylor was released; and upon the circulation of a report, two days afterwards, that Captain Johnston had declined to meet him or the American consul, who was said to have offered "to stand in his shoes," the former having been obliged to sail immediately with his vessel, Captain Johnston applied to the consul for an explanation; when that gentleman disavowed any knowledge of the reports in question, and gave the Captain his thanks for the gentlemanly conduct he had evinced in the business. Thus matters continued till the evening of the 31st, when Captain Johnston received the following cartel by the hands of Lieutenant Stockton, first lieutenant of the American sloop-of-war 'Erie':—

“ Sir,—You have refused to give the satisfaction due to a man of honour, whom you did not hesitate to insult, because he was no more than a commander of an American schooner. That gentleman is known to me, and I vouch for his equality to you in every respect. I am his representative; and the satisfaction I understand you boast to have offered his friends, I demand as an American. My rank, I trust, is enough for any man of honour; and you will do me the favour to consider the bearer, my friend, for your use.

“ BENJAMIN T. BROWNE.”

Mr. Browne was surgeon of the ‘Erie.’ Captain Johnston instantly accepted the challenge; and the next morning, a meeting took place between them, upon the neutral ground at Gibraltar,—Captain Johnston having distinctly disavowed making any boast with regard to Taylor.

The arrangement made by their mutual friends on the ground was, distance eight paces, the word to be given, “Are you ready, gentlemen?” and on assent being given, both to fire, after a pause for taking aim, while one, two, three, could be counted.

On the first fire Captain Johnston received his opponent’s ball through his hat. They were handed pistols a second time. The Captain fired; but Mr. Browne reserved his fire so long that the second of the former exclaimed, “That is not fair!” on which he fired. Captain Johnston expressed his indignation at the conduct of his antagonist. After some warm lan-

guage on both sides, a third discharge took place, without effect. On a fourth shot, which was rather hurried in consequence of the approach of a sergeant's guard, Captain Johnston's ball took effect in Mr. Browne's thigh. Thereupon his friend, Mr. Stockton, immediately took up the ground, desiring Captain Johnston to keep his. They were about proceeding when the sergeant's guard reached the spot, and prevented any further progress that time.

Mr. Stockton insisted on meeting Captain Johnston the next morning, at five o'clock,—to which the latter agreed, and returned to the garrison. Captain Johnston was prevented from meeting in the morning from the circumstance of his having been put under arrest, and an order of garrison being made that no officer should be permitted to pass the barriers in coloured clothes or otherwise. He, however, contrived to elude the vigilance of the guard in the afternoon, and at half-past four met Mr. Stockton at St. Michael's Cave.

The seconds immediately entered into conversation as to the mode of firing. Mr. Stockton's friend proposed that they should, on receiving the word, take an unlimited time for aim. This was objected to by Captain Johnston's friend as sanguinary, and at variance with those principles of honour upon which such meetings are founded. Some argument followed, which ended in a determination to decide by chance which mode should be adopted. The result was favourable to the more humane course; but the time which was

lost in the dispute exposed them to the interruption of the guard, which was seen approaching. It was now discovered that Mr. Stockton had no pistols, and one of Captain Johnston's was borrowed for his use. Having taken their ground at the distance of eight paces, Mr. Stockton proceeded to take a steady aim, by resting the barrel of his pistol on his left hand, brought forward under his right—a very novel mode, certainly, the advantage of which, however, is by no means evident. Captain Johnston's friend objected to it, and again the American gentleman endeavoured to justify that very unusual mode of deciding such matters. At length the guard was seen within a hundred paces, and Captain Johnston desired that the affair might proceed in the usual manner. This was agreed to, and the discharge took place, when the ball of Lieutenant Stockton's pistol passed through Captain Johnston's great coat; and before a second fire could take place the guard came up and interfered.

Thus terminated an affair which, from beginning to end, can only be attributed to the national irritation then existing on both sides of the Atlantic, especially on the American side, owing to the conflict in which England and her unruly colonists had been engaged. The characteristics of that conflict, and of those who carried it on respectively, were well exemplified in this duel, or succession of duels—by the irregular and unfair mode of fighting adopted by the Yankees, and the strictly honourable, spirited, and manly conduct of the Englishman.

THE IRISHMAN WARREN OF THE FRENCH GUARDS.

Warren, an Irishman by birth, but whose father had married a French lady, had got into a company of the French *gardes du corps*. He stood six feet four inches in height, and was an extremely powerful man. He was always in hot water with his comrades, and had fought duels with several of them, and his face and body showed marks of sabre cuts; indeed, fighting and drinking were his delights. "I never saw," says Captain Gronow, "a man so violent; when he had finished his bottle of champagne and a few glasses of brandy, he became quite outrageous. He usually breakfasted, when off duty, at Tortoni's, upon beef-steaks and broiled kidneys; and any one to whom he bore a grudge who entered the room at that moment was sure to be roughly handled."

This Warren is remarkable for his quarrel with the famous artist M. du Boste, of the 'Beauty and the Beast' picture. Du Boste had failed to extort an extravagant price for a picture of Mrs. Hope, afterwards Lady Beresford, and Mr. Hope, and so he took his revenge by altering the picture into the satiric form, and exhibited it for money in Pall Mall as 'La Belle et la Bête,' or 'Beauty and the Beast,' and was making a good thing of the scandal, when Mrs. Hope's brother one morning entered the room and cut it to pieces. An action was brought and tried before Lord Ellenborough, who held that, the picture being a libel,

the Plaintiff could only recover the value of the canvas and paint.*

After this untoward event, London proved too hot for the Frenchman, and he returned to Paris, where his imprudence in speaking in no measured terms of the English, owing to his resentment for the results of his dealings here, got him into a scrape which cost him his life, by the hands of the redoubtable Warren, of the *gardes du corps*. The painter, unluckily for him, arrived at Tortoni's to breakfast just at the moment when Warren was in one of his dangerous fits, and attempted to appease the wild Irishman by going up to him, and begging him to be more quiet. This sort of impertinence Warren could not brook, and exclaiming, "You are the blackguard who laughs at the English," he seized hold of the artist, carried him as if he had been a bundle of straw, and held him out of the window. By the interference of those gentlemen present and the crowd below in the street, Warren was persuaded to carry back the terrified painter into the room. A duel was the consequence, in which the combatants were to fight with pistols until one of them was killed. Warren won the first fire; he levelled; fired; and his adversary fell mortally wounded. This duel was much talked of, but no one lamented the result, for the painter was overbearing, and generally disliked by his countrymen as well as by foreigners.

* 'Campbell's *Nisi Prius* Reports' (Du Boste v. Bèresford, vol. ii. p. 511).

"I can scarcely look back," says Gronow, "to those days of duelling without shuddering. If you looked at a man, it was enough; for, without having given the slightest offence, cards were exchanged, and the odds were that you stood a good chance of being shot, or run through the body, or maimed for life."*

FATAL DUEL BETWEEN TWO FRIENDS.

(A.D. 1820.)

In consequence of a dispute, Mr. Fulliot, a gentleman well known in Chester for his amiability of disposition, received a challenge from Mr. S. Burrowes, a gentleman connected with the law. The combatants drew lots for the first fire, which Mr. Burrowes won; the distance fixed upon was twelve paces. Shots were exchanged without effect. The pistols were a second time loaded, and both fired together with a like result. An ineffectual attempt was made by one of the seconds to reconcile the parties, and the fatal weapons were again discharged, which, unhappily, were too sure in their aim. A ball pierced the head of Mr. Fulliot, and considerably fractured his skull. Mr. Burrowes was killed on the spot.

Mr. Fulliot was trepanned, and great hopes were entertained of his recovery, but with the apprehension that the mental consequences would be serious, which seems to have been the result.

* 'Celebrities of London and Paris.'

Mr. Burrowes had experienced, throughout the previous twenty years, the intimate friendship of Mr. Fulliot, and the grief of the latter was excessive.

THE 'LONDON MAGAZINE' AND 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.'

MR. JOHN SCOTT AND MR. CHRISTIE.

(A.D. 1821.)

The parties in this unhappy conflict were Mr. John Scott, the avowed editor of the 'London Magazine,' and Mr. Christie, a friend of the supposed conductor of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, of Edinburgh. The quarrel between these gentlemen had its rise in a series of articles which appeared in the 'London Magazine,' discussing the conduct and management of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and regarded by Mr. Lockhart as offensive to his feelings and injurious to his honour. Mr. Christie, as the friend of Mr. Lockhart, waited upon Mr. Scott to demand an explanation of the articles in question; and, in fact, to require a public apology for matter which he considered personally offensive to himself, or such other satisfaction as a gentleman was entitled to. This interview led to others, as well as to a correspondence, in which much of mutual warmth was expressed. Then followed printed statements on both sides, replies, rejoinders, replications, until at length Mr. Scott proceeded with his friend Mr. Patmore to Mr. Christie's lodgings, and demanded an apology or instant satisfaction. Mr. Christie refused the former,

and expressed his readiness, without loss of time, to grant the latter.

The matter having come to this issue, it was agreed that they should meet at Chalk Farm, and thither they proceeded at nine o'clock on the same evening, in the dark month of February, but, apparently, it was the time of full-moon. Mr. Scott was attended by his friend Mr. Patmore, and by Mr. Pettigrew, his medical adviser. The moon shone with brightness, so that the parties had a full opportunity of seeing each other; and having taken their ground, they fired together, without effect. The second fire, however, was fatal to Mr. Scott, who received his antagonist's ball in his groin and fell. It appears that, in the first fire, Mr. Christie did not direct his pistol at Mr. Scott, but this circumstance not having been observed by Mr. Scott's second, nor communicated to him at the time, and the parties being still unreconciled, a second fire unfortunately took place, terminating as above stated; but we shall presently have a fuller description of the affair from the lips of poor Scott himself on his death-bed. Every assistance which the circumstances would permit was afforded him; and he was conveyed on a shutter to 'Chalk Farm' tavern, where he was laid on a bed in an almost helpless condition. Mr. Christie and his second then retired.

Mr. Pettigrew, after having rendered all the assistance in his power to Mr. Scott, returned to town in order to procure further surgical aid, and to give

directions that Mr. Scott's apartments at Mr. Bohte's, in York Street, Covent Garden, should be prepared for his reception, Mr. Scott having expressed a desire to be removed home. A short time after Mr. Pettigrew's departure, however, it was found that Mr. Scott could not be removed with safety. On examination, it appeared that the ball had passed through the intestines, and lodged at the opposite side. The surgeons in attendance, however, deemed it prudent not to extract it, lest additional inflammation should be excited, and the danger, which was considered imminent, be thereby enhanced.

On the third evening after the duel the ball was extracted by Mr. Guthrie. Mr. Scott lingered about a fortnight, and expired on the 4th of March, 1821, just sixteen days after the duel.

On the same evening the Coroner's inquest sat on the body; upon which occasion Dr. Darling stated that Mr. Scott, referring to his wound, had said, "This ought not to have taken place. I suspect some great mismanagement. There was no necessity for a second fire." After a short pause, he proceeded, "All I required from Mr. Christie was a declaration that he meant no reflection on my character. This he refused, and the meeting became inevitable. On the field Mr. Christie behaved well, and when all was ready for the fire, he called out, 'Mr. Scott, you must not stand there; I see your head above the horizon; you give me an advantage.' I believe he could have hit me

then if he liked. After the pistols were re-loaded, and everything was ready for a second fire, Mr. Trail called out, 'Now, Mr. Christie, take your aim, and don't throw away your advantage, as you did before.' I called out immediately, 'What! did not Mr. Christie fire at me?' I was answered by Mr. Patmore, 'You must not speak: 'tis now of no use to talk; you have nothing now for it but firing.' The signal was immediately given: we fired, and I fell." The deceased expressed himself satisfied with Mr. Christie's conduct, whom he described as having been very kind to him after he was wounded.

Mr. Pettigrew stated that Mr. Christie asked him what he thought of the wound. He replied, that he feared it was mortal, in the hearing of Mr. Scott,—when Mr. Christie addressed Mr. Scott, and expressed a wish "that he had been in Mr. Scott's situation, rather than Mr. Scott should have been wounded by him."

Mr. Scott then said, "Whatever may be the issue of this business, I beg you will bear in remembrance that everything has been fair and honourable." On being asked if he did not hear it said on the ground, by Mr. Christie, that he had fired down the field, he replied, "I did, to the best of my recollection." Mr. Christie said, wringing his hands, apparently in agony, "Why was I permitted to fire a second time? I discharged my pistol down the field before; I could do no more. I was compelled to fire in my own defence." These

expressions were made in consequence of some altercation which took place between the seconds. Mr. Christie took Mr. Scott by the hand after he was wounded.

A verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned by the Coroner's jury against Mr. Christie, Mr. Trail, and Mr. Patmore, and they took their trial at the Old Bailey. They were tried by Chief Justice Abbott and Mr. Justice Park. On this occasion the summing up of the Chief Justice was exceedingly fair and interesting. He said that, "The distinction, in cases of duels, between manslaughter and murder had been clearly and correctly marked out by the learned counsel for the prosecution. If persons in heat of blood went out and fought with deadly weapons, then the law, allowing for the frailty of human nature, deemed the party killing guilty of manslaughter only; but if, yielding to a false notion of honour, they went out upon deliberation and in cold blood to fight, then the death of one fixed the crime of the murder upon all concerned; upon seconds (frequently the more culpable parties) as well as upon principals. The first question then was, were the gentlemen at the bar two of the parties known to have been in the field at the time when the shot was fired? and next, was the duel fought in heat of blood, or upon deliberation?" His Lordship then recapitulated the main points of the evidence, and upon that evidence left the fact of identity to the jury. "It was possible," he said, "that the real perpetrators of

the crime might have escaped from the field before the arrival of Mr. Pettigrew, and that the prisoners at the bar might have appeared accidentally at the moment; still the onus of showing that such had been the case, lay in some measure upon them. Upon the second point, the feeling under which (assuming the identity) the duel had taken place—of the time or place at which the quarrel originated, there was no evidence. The declaration of Mr. Scott, at the moment of his fall, that all had been done fairly and honourably, was, although the law would not recognize such ideas of honour, entitled to the attention of the jury; and there was another circumstance, arising out of the words of the supposed Mr. Christie, to which their consideration should be directed. They were these: ‘Why was I allowed to fire a second time? I fired down the field at first; what could I do more? I was compelled to fire in my own defence.’ Now, the circumstances were not such as would, in law, acquit a man as having fired in his own defence; but the words might have an operation upon the feeling under which the second shot had been fired. It was possible that Mr. Christie, having forborne to take aim the first time, might have fired his second shot under an impulse of immediate anger, produced by the failure of his pacific proceeding; and in that case, although his adversary fell, the crime amounted to manslaughter.” The Lord Chief Justice concluded by recommending the jury, in a case of doubt, to take the side of mercy; and by observing,

upon the excellent characters which the prisoners had received, that, unfortunately, men of the most exemplary humanity and benevolent feeling were too often induced to take part in transactions which led to the loss of life on one side, and to remorse and repentance during life on the other. The jury, after a deliberation of twenty-five minutes, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

It is evident that in this duel the seconds were much to blame, as the affair ought to have terminated after the first fire, Mr. Christie's fire having been tantamount to firing in the air.

THE PENALTY OF A SATIRICAL SONG.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART., OF AUCHINLECK, AND
MR. STUART, OF DUNCARN.

(A.D. 1822.)

Sir Alexander Boswell was the eldest son of the celebrated James Boswell, the familiar friend and biographer of the great lexicographer and moralist, Dr. Samuel Johnson. It appears that he possessed, in a very extraordinary degree, the talent of irony, and had taken to writing anonymous satirical squibs and articles, under the title of 'Ignotus,' in the 'Glasgow Sentinel;' and among these there appeared a song, the subject of which was Mr. Stuart, containing two direct imputations of cowardice to that gentleman. Mr. Stuart sent a friend, the Earl of Rosslyn, to Sir

Alexander, to ask if he was the author of the articles in the 'Glasgow Sentinel,' intimating that if he would deny the authorship, that would be sufficient. Sir Alexander said it was a delicate affair, and he should consult a friend. He consulted Mr. Douglas, who afterwards told the Earl of Rosslyn that he could not advise Sir Alexander to give any answer. The authorship, however, seems to have been clearly established. A person named Borthwick, connected at the time with the 'Sentinel,' had delivered the papers into the hands of Mr. Stuart, and from these there could be no doubt that Sir Alexander was the writer. Such being the case, and Sir Alexander refusing to disavow the publication, Mr. Stuart sent him a challenge. The Earl of Rosslyn, however, subsequently asked Mr. Douglas if there was not a possibility of not carrying the affair any further; and told him that Mr. Stuart would be content to treat the song as a very bad joke, provided Sir Alexander would say he did not intend any reflection on Mr. Stuart's courage. Nothing could be more reasonable than this, in such a conjuncture, between two gentlemen; but Mr. Douglas said he had no hope that Sir Alexander would say any such thing. The meeting, therefore, was decided upon; but Sir Alexander demanded and obtained a delay of fifteen days, for the purpose of effecting some legal arrangements respecting his estate. It was at first intended that the duel should take place on the Continent; but afterwards Sir Alexander changed his mind, and the

place of rendezvous was fixed at Auctertool, near Balmuto, in Fifeshire.

In the carriage, on the way to the ground, Sir Alexander expressed his decided opinion that Mr. Stuart could have done nothing else but call him out. He also declared his intention to fire in the air, and on getting out of the carriage, he said, "Now, gentlemen, observe that it is my fixed resolution to fire in the air." Mr. Stuart's feelings seem to have been equally forbearing. He said he had no malice against Sir Alexander, and if he had the misfortune to hit him, he wished it might be on the great toe, as a gentleman in England had done lately on a similar occasion; and before anything took place on the ground, he asked his second, the Earl of Rosslyn, if it was not fit that he should make a bow to Sir Alexander, and express his wish for a reconciliation. The Earl thought it right, and Mr. Stuart advanced towards Sir Alexander, apparently for that purpose; but Sir Alexander's back was then turned, and he appeared to be walking away from Mr. Stuart. In the whole of Mr. Stuart's conduct there was no appearance of personal ill-will or resentment against Sir Alexander, but only an anxiety to defend his own character from the imputations with which it had been assailed, particularly from that of cowardice. His conduct, from first to last, was cool, composed, and temperate. On the field, his second desired him to present his side and not his bust to his opponent; and he replied, "I do not think I ought to

take an aim." Altogether the fault was with Sir Alexander Boswell. In a conversation with his second, Mr. Douglas, whilst proceeding to the ground, as to the possibility of an amicable adjustment, Sir Alexander said he was convinced there was none. Mr. Douglas did not know whether this was from an opinion that Mr. Stuart could do nothing else than fight, or whether from his own resolution; he rather thought the latter.

Such being the feelings and bearing of the parties, the ground was measured—twelve long paces. They took up their position; the pistols were handed to them; and the Earl of Rosslyn gave the word. They fired, and Sir Alexander Boswell fell mortally wounded. After he fell, he said he regretted he had not made his fire in the air more decided than it had been. Mr. Stuart's ball had struck Sir Alexander in the shoulder, shattered the shoulder-blade, and was supposed to have entered the spine, as his limbs were quite paralysed. Mr. Stuart advanced with great anxiety towards Sir Alexander, but the Earl of Rosslyn hurried him to go away. The unfortunate baronet was carried to Balmuto House, where he expired.

Mr. Stuart was tried for the "Wilful Murder" of Sir Alexander Boswell, in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh; but the jury, after a few minutes' consultation, without leaving the box, returned a unanimous verdict of "Not Guilty." The Lord Justice Clerk, then turning to Mr. Stuart, congratulated him on the result.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD AND THE DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAM.

(A.D. 1822.)

This duel is remarkable, not only on account of the high rank of the combatants but its cause—the exposure of the system of political and governmental corruption at the time existing throughout the length and breadth of the land. Here are the burning and patriotic words uttered by the Duke of Bedford at a County Meeting: “I would now advert to another transaction, which I am almost ashamed to mention,—I allude to a great *borough proprietor*, now a noble Duke, whose services, and the services of whose adherents in Parliament, have been purchased by Government, by conferring high offices on those adherents. It is an odious thing to mention these circumstances, but I introduced them for the purpose of asking whether, if a reform had been effected, such transactions could possibly happen? The noble Duke’s family and connections were, of course, sent back to their constituents when they accepted of place,—because, when a member of the House takes office, he must return to his constituents, to know whether they will re-elect him. But how are the individuals in question sent back? They are not sent back to the people of England; they are not sent back to those who are free to choose or reject them: no, they are sent back to the *borough-proprietor*—to their own

patron—to the person who has engaged in the corrupt traffic—who has, in fact, made the bargain with Ministers! I would again ask, could such a circumstance possibly occur, if a reform were effected in the Commons' House?"

The Duke of Buckingham addressed a letter to the Duke of Bedford, demanding whether this language was used in allusion to him. The Duke of Bedford answered that it was, and that he stated the facts because he believed them to be true. A challenge was, in consequence, sent and accepted. The duel took place in Kensington Gardens, at a retired spot previously fixed upon. The Duke of Bedford left St. James's Square at half-past seven in the morning, accompanied by Lord Lynedoch, and drove directly to Kensington Gardens, where the Duke of Buckingham arrived about the same time, attended by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. Both parties fired together at the distance of twelve paces, on a word given, but without effect,—when the Duke of Buckingham, observing that the Duke of Bedford fired in the air, advanced to his Grace, and remarking that, on account of that circumstance, the thing could go no further, said, "My Lord Duke, you are the last man I wish to quarrel with; but you must be aware that a public man's life is not worth preserving unless with honour." Upon which the Duke of Bedford declared, "upon his honour, that he meant no personal offence to the Duke of Buckingham, nor to impute to him any bad and corrupt motive

whatever." The parties then shook hands, and the whole business was terminated most satisfactorily.

In this last pass it is clear that the Duke of Buckingham had the best of it, and came out as grandly as his noble censor and denouncer did on the former occasion. What Buckingham said was a perfect axiom, worthy of all times and nations; but Bedford only stultified himself by saying that he meant not to impute to the "borough-proprietor" any bad or corrupt motive whatever,—after having declared that "he stated the facts because he believed them to be true." There is a sad tendency in human nature to spoil the best things in this world.

COUNSELLOR BRIC AND MR. HAYES.

(A.D. 1826.)

Mr. Bric was returning from the post-office at Dublin, when the Cork mail drove up. Mr. Hayes and other gentlemen were talking of the contested election at Cork, and the majority of Hutchinson over Callaghan being announced, Mr. Bric said, rather hastily, that "he rejoiced at the prospect of the defeat of that rascal Callaghan;" alluding to his decided hostility to the claims of the Roman Catholics. Mr. Hayes, a cousin and active friend of Mr. Callaghan, looking at Mr. Bric, replied, "Whoever calls Mr. Callaghan a rascal is a scoundrel and a liar." He then handed his card to Mr. Bric, who returned his own. On the following morning, at half-past seven, they met

in a field near the Broadstone, at Philipsborough, on the north side of the town. The ground being measured, the combatants took their position. Mr. Bric was previously observed to shake hands with several of his friends, the sight of whom agitated him a little. He mistook the signal "present" for "fire," and for an instant elevated his pistol; but discovering his mistake, again dropped it, and apologized for having been premature. The signal was given immediately afterwards. Mr. Bric fired: his ball entered the earth, and immediately after firing he wheeled round and threw up his left arm, thereby exposing his person to his adversary's fire. Mr. Hayes' ball entered Mr. Bric's *left* side, owing to his change of position, and passing through his body, came out under his left arm. He reeled and dropped his pistol, and went down gently. At first he was not conscious of the extent of his danger, and said rather calmly, he hoped the wound would not prove serious.

WITTY REPLY OF GRATTAN AT A DUEL.

At the duel between Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, with Cuff, afterwards Lord Tyrawley, the former proposed swords, being a good swordman; to this the other side objected, and it was agreed, at last, the swords should not be used till the pistols had failed. Grattan was Cuff's second. Before proceeding to fire, Scott said to Grattan, "I trust I shall not hear of this

in any other way" (meaning by action); to which Grattan replied, "Never fear, *omnis actio personalis moritur cum personâ*."* Clonmel never forgave this to Grattan.

Many of the Irish duels about this time were attended with remarkable incidents. The parties were sometimes on the ground and in position, when a brother or relative of one of them would rush upon the scene and insist upon taking his place. There was an instance in which one of the combatants was so purblind as not to be able to see his opponent, who fired, and exclaimed, "By G—, I have missed him!" Directed by the sound of the voice alone, the other fired and shot him dead. In another case, one of the parties knowing well that if he killed his opponent he would run the risk of being murdered by his friends, had his horse kept in readiness behind a thicket. He shot his man, but, although unhurt, he pretended to fall as though wounded, and crawled behind the thicket, where he mounted his horse and made off with all expedition.

* A law term, "Every personal action *dies* with the person," that is, in personal actions the right of the plaintiff ceases with the death of the defendant. Of course the implication of Grattan's quotation was that it would be "all over" with Clonmel in this affair, just as the *Corsican Brother* says to Chateaufort, in the play, "After me, Sir, nobody will call upon you."

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY AND ENSIGN BATTIER.

(A.D. 1824.)

"THE 10TH DON'T FIGHT."

This duel between the Marquis of Londonderry and Ensign Battier, late a cornet, 10th Royal Hussars, was in consequence of a letter which the latter had published, in reference to his dispute with the officers of that regiment, in which he had stated that the noble lord "sheltered himself under his rank." Sir Henry Hardinge, Secretary to the Ordnance, was the Marquis's second, and the second of Mr. Battier was Colonel Western. They met at a distance of ten paces. Sir Henry gave the choice of his pistols to Colonel Western. The word was given. Lord Londonderry's shot passed Mr. Battier on the right, while Mr. Battier's pistol missed fire. The Marquis requested his antagonist might have another shot, but this Colonel Western declined on the part of Mr. Battier, and thus the firing ended. This duel is remarkable for the issuing of the following general order from the Horse Guards:—"The Commander-in-Chief having received a report from Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Londonderry, that his lordship had accepted a challenge to fight a duel with Ensign Battier, late a cornet of the 10th Royal Hussars, upon a point which his lordship considered to be one of military duty, his Royal Highness has felt it incumbent upon him to submit

to the King a transaction at variance with the principles of subordination, and, therefore, of a tendency injurious to the discipline of the army. The King has consequently conveyed to his Royal Highness his Majesty's commands, to express his Majesty's concern and displeasure, that an officer of Lord Londonderry's high rank and military reputation should have committed himself in personal collision with an inferior officer, by accepting a challenge for any supposed aggression proceeding from the exercise of his authority as colonel of the regiment." The 'London Gazette' subsequently announced that the name of Mr. Battier was erased from the half-pay list of the army. Four days afterwards he was horsewhipped by Sir Henry Hardinge.

In the Wellington 'Dispatches' will be found the Duke's observations on this affair, leading to the conclusion that it was "unnecessary for his Royal Highness to take any notice of it." To Lord Bathurst the Duke wrote as follows:—"It would have been impossible to bring Lord Londonderry to trial excepting for a disorder prejudicial to military discipline; and he would have defended himself by allegations of provocation, want of protection, and threats of being assaulted, etc. etc., the second of which allegations would be proved by Sir Herbert Taylor's letter. The consequences would have been an acquittal, or such slight censure as would have been highly injurious to the service; and the conduct of the Horse Guards

would not have stood very high. The Duke of York wanted much to bring him to trial, and is very angry, and talks of altering the Article of War, but I believe it is much better for him that the matter should be terminated by a General Order.”* To Lord Londonderry the Duke wrote as follows :—

“ *To Lord Londonderry.*

“ London, 9th April, 1824.

“ My dear Charles,—I have received your letter, and I took an opportunity yesterday of speaking to his Majesty on the subject to which it relates. The King had received your letter, and will write to you. He had not written before, because he could not with propriety deliver an opinion upon the transaction in question, excepting through the Commander-in-Chief.

“ The whole case is unfortunate. It is in everybody’s mouth, in all the newspapers, and in the theatres ; and the Hussars are very ill-treated. I see that they now want to get them out of Dublin ; but I have entreated his Royal Highness to keep them there the full time, although I think it not impossible they may have to fight a duel or two. But that I consider of no consequence.

“ Your mistake is one which has crept into the service lately, and is very general. It is in supposing the mess anything but a private society ; and that you, as colonel or commanding officer of the regiment, had

* ‘Supplementary Dispatches,’ vol. ii. part 1.

anything to say to it, excepting to notice anything ungentlemanlike or unmilitary which might occur there. If the mess is only a private society of officers, you might notice an officer resorting to it who may have omitted his duty on account of sickness; but you would not notice one resorting to it who may have omitted his duty because he has leave of absence.

“In truth, Mr. Battier was a member of the mess, as long as he was at the quarters of the regiment, and paid part of the expense of the very dinner given to you, not a member, but a stranger; and unless you make the mess something more than a private society, I don’t see what business you, as colonel, had to notice his presence there. The moment you consider the mess something more than a private society, which may be very convenient to some, it becomes an authority much more prejudicial to discipline and good order, and much more inconvenient to the commanding officer than many are aware of, who have not passed so many years of their lives as I have in the performance of regimental duty. I regret the occurrence of this affair for your sake, as well as for that of the regiment, and of the Hussars in general; but I confess that if it occasions correct notions of what a mess is, I think a great good will have been gained after the conversation *on this nine days’ wonder* shall have ceased.

“Pray remember me most kindly to Lady Londonderry.

“WELLINGTON.”

The following is Lord Londonderry's account of the matter in a letter to the Duke :—

“ Clarendon, 9th May, 1824.

“ My dear Duke,—It is with the deepest regret I learn from the conversation that has just passed between us, that the Commander-in-Chief is disposed to consider the proceeding to which I have been forced by Mr. Battier as a serious breach of discipline, and one that calls for his Royal Highness's interference, and occasions his heavy displeasure.

“ I hope I may be permitted to approach his Royal Highness through your friendly medium, and to presume to urge some considerations which make my case a very peculiar one, and one that I will venture to say is unparalleled in military annals. I do not for a moment defend the accepting a challenge from an inferior officer, on points connected with military duty, where I am in command, and when the individual is still under my orders ; but permit me to say, since the publication of Sir Herbert Taylor's letter, Mr. Battier has insulted me more grossly, calumniated me more violently, in *his reply*, than any man with mortal feelings could bear. To these additional insults, and some remarks affecting not only my judgment upon the military point at issue between us (I mean the affair at the mess, which was truly the only concern I ever had with Mr. Battier), but attacking also my honour, my gentlemanly conduct, my spirit, my family, nay, every-

thing that is most dear and vital to a man and a soldier to defend. I was condemned to remain wholly without redress. There was no shield within my reach for these new, uncalled for, and unjustifiable calumnies; there was no protecting hand that relieved me from the sting of such malicious aspersions.

"I enclose you, my dear Duke, the paper in which Mr. Battier's last reply is inserted, and I will entreat you to solicit his Royal Highness's attention to the parts I have underlined, and then let it be considered that the man who has had all this battery of malignant abuse opened upon him, was merely acting as he conceived for the good of the King's service; and at least a very junior officer in the army ought not before the world thus to have renewed his vilifications; thus to appear triumphant amongst that band of hired scribblers of the day, who defame everything that is loyal and defended by royal authority.

"However, when in this same reply from an officer still in the army, I saw the Military Secretary's letter treated in a manner equally unjustifiable and improper, I dared not repine, or express the anguish of my feelings, because I conceived his Royal Highness's judgment determined to treat Mr. Battier with the sovereign contempt he deserved. Painful and galling, therefore, as it was to me, I submitted in silence to all these renewed insults, after the expression of his Royal Highness's sentiments, and I determined to bear all the insults and injuries that had been heaped upon me,

in obedience to the directions in Sir H. Taylor's letter, that his Royal Highness could *not sanction* the officers of the 10th or myself taking any notice of Mr. Battier's statements. I felt very deeply grateful to his Royal Highness for the whole tenor of Sir H. Taylor's letter to me, therefore I was the more bound to submit to any additional insults, although no motive but the discipline of the service guided my actions in the commencement of this affair.

"When Mr. Battier sent me the challenge by Lieut.-Colonel Western, I felt convinced his object was that by sheltering myself under my military rank, etc., I should decline it, and then the changes would have been rung upon this during the next two months, as they had been during the last, on everything connected with this business. It must be remembered here, I could not place Mr. Battier under an arrest.

"I had no means of defending myself, as I should have had if I had been in command, or he in the regiment. The simple consideration for me was immediately to accept the challenge, or run the risk of being insulted the next time I went out of my hotel with my family. I never for a moment can conceive that the Commander-in-Chief would think such an insult a bearable position for a General Officer. What, then, would have occurred? I must either have exhibited articles of the peace (after having been caned by such a fellow as Mr. Battier), or I must have awaited his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief's proceedings upon this renewed and gross injury.

“Now, when we remember all the libels of the press against the 10th, the caricatures, etc., the cant phrases, ‘The 10th don’t fight,’ etc., I will appeal to his Royal Highness’s known candour how I should have appeared, with all the virulent attacks of the newspapers, either before a general court-martial, as prosecutor, or before the sitting magistrates at Bow Street, with the marks of Mr. Battier’s cane over my shoulders. Mr. Battier’s sole object would have been completely gained by my refusal to go out with him; and from the mode in which all this business has been worked, and from some little indiscretion of the officers in Dublin, it would not have been in his Royal Highness’s power, with all his high authority, to have protected me against the public voice, nor from the virulence with which a conspiracy formed in Dublin is endeavouring by every possible means to run down the 10th Hussars.

“I have stated thus hastily, my dear Duke, the grounds upon which my acceptance of the challenge was founded, and I have only now to throw myself entirely on his Royal Highness’s indulgence and mercy. I am well aware that, in the strict sense of the articles of war, I have offended, and it is for his Royal Highness and his Majesty to determine, with their wisdom, whether the very extraordinary and unparalleled circumstances under which I was placed left me any alternative but to pursue the line I have done, and throw myself on the Commander-in-Chief and my

Sovereign's benign feelings and high sense of honour for pardon. Believe me, my dear Duke,

"Yours ever most sincerely and faithfully,

"VANE LONDONDERRY."

The following are the Duke's observations on the whole affair, in a memorandum addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, but which was not sent:—

"London, 10th May, 1824.

"It appears upon the perusal of the annexed letters from Lord Londonderry and Colonel Sir Henry Hardinge, that the duel between Lord Londonderry and Lieutenant Battier was not occasioned by any *statement* in Lieutenant Battier's letter, referred to by Major-General Sir Herbert Taylor in his letter to Lord Londonderry, of the 22nd March, and was not sought for by Lord Londonderry, but that he was challenged by Lieutenant Battier in consequence of the transactions in the mess-room in Dublin, of the 25th November, 1823.

"The following observations are suggested for his Royal Highness's consideration, as making a distinction between this case and others:—First. There is no doubt that the short way of settling this matter, considering that the press had made it a property, was by fighting the duel. Accordingly it will be seen that since the duel not a word has been written; and the perusal of the transactions upon that occasion will show the reason.

"Secondly. The letter of Sir Herbert Taylor, of the

22nd March, gave Lieutenant Battier a species of impunity, as it states that Lieutenant Battier would have been dismissed from the service if his statements had not contained comments which might be presumed personally offensive to his Royal Highness.

“Thirdly. Lieutenant Battier’s reply of the 7th April to this letter of the 22nd March contained additional personal insults to Lord Londonderry, accompanied by others to his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, and upon the same principle no notice was taken of these statements.

“Fourthly. Lord Londonderry, and those traduced in that and Lieutenant Battier’s former statements, were without protection either of authority or law.

“Fifthly. When the challenge was given, Colonel Sir Henry Hardinge was informed that if not accepted Lord Londonderry would be assaulted in the streets; and it is well known, from former transactions of the same description in this town, the chances which exist that the person guilty will either escape with impunity, or receive a nominal punishment so inadequate to the offence as to add public ridicule to the insult already endured by the person unfortunately obliged to have recourse to proceedings at common law upon such an occasion.

“Sixthly. This case unfortunately originated in acts of military irregularity. Lord Londonderry’s conduct, which was the immediate subject of the duel, was to be attributed to his having been kept in ignorance by

Sir George Quentin of former transactions, and of his Royal Highness's decision upon them; and his Royal Highness was induced, from the motive stated in Major-General Sir Herbert Taylor's letter of the 22nd of March, to pass over the insults and improper proceedings of Lieutenant Battier, and to permit Sir Herbert Taylor's letter to be published.

"Seventhly. The duel is an additional irregularity to the list already committed in these transactions; and it remains for his Royal Highness to consider whether all these irregularities, and all that has passed, do not sufficiently make this case an exception, as to render it unnecessary for his Royal Highness to take any further notice of it.

"WELLINGTON."*

* 'Supplementary Dispatches,' vol. ii., part 1.

CHAPTER IV.

MODERN DUELS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES— SOUTH GERMANY.

EMBARRASSING, indeed, must have been the position of officers at the time when, if their honour was impeached and they did not fight, they were expelled; and if they fought, they were shut up in a fortress! The King of Prussia, in 1843, imagined and traced the scheme of "tribunals of honour" to settle the "differences" of officers; and it seems that such tribunals may be constituted at any time, and that they have been instrumental in reconciling many determined belligerents. Still, duels are pretty frequent in Prussia and in Bavaria, especially at the Universities. The hostile but ridiculous meetings of the students or *Burschen*, as they are called, have been often described by travelers. The arm they use is the long German sword, and the shell of its hilt is an additional protection to the combatants. The students of Jena use the sword called *Schlagén*, the blade of which is three feet and a

half long, and triangular, like a bayonet; the handle is protected by a tin plate, ten inches in diameter, which has been jocosely called "the soup-plate of honour;" this handle, soup-plate, and blade can all be unscrewed and concealed, the hilt and guard under a cloak, and the blade sheathed in a walking-stick.

By the rules of some Universities, called their *Comment*, the nature of the offences requires a certain number of cuts; twenty-four cuts for the appellation of *dummer Junge*, or "stupid youth," and as many for the epithet "infamous," which is a curious equalization of penalty.

The pistol is scarcely ever selected as a weapon. When perchance a student has killed another, he is advised to quit the University, receiving from the senate what is called a *consilium abeundi*, that is, "a hint to quit."

This expulsion is called a *relegatio*. In these cases the offender enters another University; but if he is unfortunate enough to kill a second time, he is debarred from every college.

At Göttingen, about the year 1830, the students and inhabitants were long overawed by a ruffian named Luderf, of great personal strength, and who had frequently lopped off arms and hands with his huge Teutonic glaive. Fortunately he was carried off by a disease of the chest, otherwise he would have converted the University into a hospital or an *hôtel des invalides*.

At the University of Göttingen as many as thirty

duels have been fought in one day. A tribunal of honour has been established to pronounce on the various cases of duels, according to a special code. When the affair is not of much gravity, the combatants shut themselves up in a room with their seconds. Their arms are bare, their hands gloved, the head covered with a broad covering of hide, the neck protected with a thick collar, the belly cuirassed by a stout apron. Thus accoutred they lay on at each other until the seconds cry out "Enough."

A recent writer* observes that "Duelling has always been more or less prevalent among German students, but of late years it has become, at certain Universities, almost a mania. At Bonn especially, the number of duels which, during the last few months, have been attended with fatal results, has been so great that the University authorities, who have hitherto winked at the practice, are, it is said, about to take steps for putting down duelling altogether. The students, too, are beginning to perceive the folly of this mode of settling their disputes, and both at Bonn and Berlin—another University noted for the pugnacity of its members—an agitation has been got up with the object of abolishing the academical courts of honour, in which most of these duels originate."

Frederick the Great, who enacted the most rigorous laws against duelling, felt himself compelled to counteract them himself on one occasion. A Captain, named

* In the 'Pall Mall Gazette' (1867).

S—— had the misfortune to kill another officer in a duel. He was arrested. Frederick could not have avoided his being brought to trial, in which case he was sure to be condemned to death. The King loved the Captain, who was indeed a very brave fellow, and resolved to save him. He secretly insinuated to the officers, among his immediate friends, that he would not be sorry if the prisoner escaped. They took measures accordingly. In order to facilitate the escape, Frederick sent for the Captain of the Guard on that day, and said to him, "Listen to me; if you allow S—— to escape to-night, upon my word you may count upon twenty-four hours' arrest."

The Captain understood the King's intentions. About midnight he told the prisoner he might take a little fresh air in the front. The prisoner's friends were not far off with a post-chaise; they came up, informed him of their preparations, and took him off. On the following morning, the Captain of the Guard sent in his report of the escape, and Frederick, who pretended to be very angry with him, put him under arrest for twenty-four hours.

THE EMPEROR JOSEPH THE SECOND'S MODE OF GIVING SATISFACTION FOR AN INSULT.

An officer had received a slap in the face from one of his comrades. The Emperor ordered both of them to Vienna. On the first day of parade the Emperor appeared on the balcony of the palace together with

the insulted officer, whom he embraced in the presence of an immense multitude. At the same instant there appeared upon a scaffold raised above the balcony, the officer who had given the slap, together with the common hangman, who gave the former a slap in the face; after which the offender was sent off to a fortress.

BARON KIND AND SORIA.

At a soirée given at Hamburg, in 1805, by a Jewish banker, Baron Kind, his sister was made uncomfortable by the impertinence of an attaché of the Spanish embassy, named Soria. Two Frenchmen, who witnessed the scene, openly protested against the conduct of the Spaniard, and a double duel was the consequence. Soria killed both of them. Thereupon Baron Kind himself challenged him to a duel.

Pistols were the weapons. Favoured by the lots, Soria got the first fire; but before firing he thought proper to overwhelm his adversary with the grossest abuse, calling him, "Dog of a Jew! eater of infants!" etc. The Baron received his fire, just as he had received his insults, without wincing. The rage into which Soria had worked himself caused his hand to tremble, and so his habitual skill with the weapon failed him on this occasion. The Jew was now master of the field. During the previous three weeks he had given up all business, and by dint of indefatigable practice he had made himself a dead shot. So, with the utmost coolness he said to Soria, "Now say your

prayers. You will never insult any one again. I am going to treat your lordship as you deserve by marking you in the forehead." The Baron kept his promise; he fired, and sent a bullet through Soria's brain.

BARON TRAUTMANSDORF AND BARON DE ROPP.

(A.D. 1834.)

A Baron Trautmansdorf was courting the widow of a Polish general, the young Countess Lodoisk R——; he only awaited an appointment to an embassy to marry her. In the meantime a Baron de Ropp courted the lady, and in a sonnet turned his more successful rival into ridicule. The Baron immediately sent him a message, which Ropp accepted; but on the ground proposed a champion, who espoused his cause, when Trautmansdorf fell. His second, indignant at this act of treachery, insisted that Ropp should give him satisfaction. The second was also mortally wounded, when it was found out that Lodoisk herself had accompanied her betrothed in male attire!

Ropp, having recognized her when she fell, felt so deeply the turpitude of his conduct, that he threw himself on his own sword, and expired near the bodies of Lodoisk and her lover.

BOTH KILLED BY THE SAME PISTOL.

M. DE GOELER AND CAPTAIN DE VEREFKIN.

(A.D. 1834.)

Nothing is more rare than a duel in the pacific Re-

public of Frankfort; but a terrible affair occurred there in the year 1834. A grand ball was to be given in honour of the arrival of the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia at Baden. The name of M. de Haber, son of a court-banker, was placed on the list of subscribers. M. de Goeler, a Baden officer, one of the members of the ball-committee, declared that M. de Haber could not be permitted to appear at the fête, and his name was struck out by that gentleman. M. de Haber demanded satisfaction, which was refused, the corps of officers at Carlsruhe having declared that M. de Goeler was not called upon to give satisfaction. A captain of the Russian service, M. de Verefkin, M. de Haber's second, took up the affair, and a duel ensued between him and M. de Goeler. The two first shots were without result. At the second shot fired by De Verefkin, De Goeler was so seriously wounded that he required the utmost effort of his will to keep on his legs. M. de Verefkin, believing that his adversary was *hors de combat*, flung his pistol on the ground. M. de Goeler, however, still standing, aimed three times at the Russian officer, and three times the pistol missed fire. M. de Goeler's second had, meanwhile, picked up M. de Verefkin's pistol, had loaded it, but in the hurry had not put in any wadding on the ball, and gave it to M. de Goeler. With a last effort the wounded man fired at his adversary, and killed him on the spot.

M. de Goeler subsequently died of his wound. Thus the same pistol killed both the combatants!

A PUBLIC DUEL AT MÜNSTER.

(A.D. 1846.)

This affair was a veritable reproduction of the judicial combats of the Middle Ages. The spectacle was authorized by the magistrates.

Two young officers, the Baron de Denkhaus, lieutenant in the 11th regiment of Hussars, and M. de Bounhart, lieutenant in the 13th regiment of infantry, had a violent quarrel at a game of billiards, during which M. de Denkhaus had made use of certain offensive words. As the insult was given at a café in Münster, in the presence of a great number of witnesses, M. de Bounhart felt bound to require a public satisfaction; and for that purpose he instituted "an action in reparation of injury" against M. de Denkhaus, before the Tribunal of Honour, sitting at Münster. This tribunal, conformably to the law, made every effort to induce the offender to retract his offensive words; and failing to do so, the tribunal issued a manifesto, declaring that, inasmuch as the words in question damaged the honour of M. de Bounhart to the extent that he could not continue to serve in the army unless he obtained public satisfaction, and, inasmuch as M. de Denkhaus obstinately refused to give him such satisfaction, the tribunal authorized a duel between the two parties, according to the military regulations.

The duel took place on the 29th of June, 1846, at

three o'clock in the afternoon, in the plain situated at the north of the town. In the middle of this plain was erected a tribune for the tribunal—the “Judge of the combat.” In front of this tribune, a considerable space, enclosed by a rope supported by stakes, was reserved for the combatants. Detachments of infantry and cavalry were posted around the lists and the tribune.

A certain number of sabres were brought to the ground; the two adversaries bandaged their eyes, and each took a weapon at hazard. Then they removed the bandages from their eyes; took off their uniform and helmets; placed themselves *en garde*, and at a signal given by the President of the Tribunal the combat commenced. The combatants fought with the utmost fury and determination. M. de Bounhart successively received two slight cuts on the arm; but soon after he gave his adversary a cut in the thigh, which toppled him over upon the ground, and made it impossible for him to continue the combat. After the surgeons had given the first care to the two wounded men, the President of the Tribunal invited the latter to become reconciled, which they forthwith did by taking each other by the hand, and by embracing. The public, who had preserved the profoundest silence during the combat, burst forth into loud acclamations of applause at the sight of the reconciliation. Two carriages conveyed the two officers to their homes, and M. de Bounhart lent a hand to

carry Baron de Denkhaus into his. The Tribunal then retired, and the crowd quietly dispersed. It was the first time that a Tribunal of Honour in Prussia authorized a duel, all affairs hitherto referred to such tribunals having been terminated by a reconciliation.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH BETWEEN TWO YOUTHS.

This outrageous duel occurred so recently as the 14th of February, 1851, at Posen, between Casimir Brodnicki, aged seventeen, and Anselm Zeenkowicz, aged sixteen, both of them belonging to noble families of the Grand Duchy of Posen, and both fellow-collegians of the royal gymnasium of that town. They had been most intimate friends. Zeenkowicz requested Brodnicki to hire a saddle for him, but refused to pay the sum agreed upon by his friend, which laid Brodnicki open to the animadversion of the tradesman. A quarrel ensued between the two friends in consequence, and Brodnicki called Zeenkowicz a swindler. A challenge ensued, and was accepted by the other stripling. They went to the ground attended by their seconds, fellow-pupils and youths of fifteen or sixteen years of age. They took up their position at ten paces distance. They fired together, and both missed. In such cases, other seconds would have tried to effect a reconciliation, but, on the contrary, those youthful "friends" insisted upon a renewal of the combat, declaring that it would be a great shame if one of them, at least, was not killed on the spot.

The principals yielded to the argument, but they had no more ammunition, neither powder nor balls. The seconds ran off to the town, and soon returned with an ample provision. In order that the adversaries might be surer of hitting each other, the seconds now placed them at only six paces' distance. They fired again together, but again they missed each other. The principals were again exhorted by the determined seconds to save their honour by trying to get killed, and induced them to have another shot. They again reduced the distance, and the adversaries stood at four paces; they fired; this time the thing was done. Brodnicki's ball went into the stomach of poor Zeenkowicz, and lodged in his spine; he fell senseless, mortally wounded.

And now, the young scamps who did the business, got frightened out of their senses at what had occurred. They dispersed, running about like madmen, not knowing what to do with themselves, for the space of two hours, and then they thought they would go and fetch a surgeon to poor Zeenkowicz. When the surgeon came, of course the unfortunate youth was as dead as a doornail, and his body was conveyed to the hospital of Posen, where his parents found their darling, stiff and horrible to look at.

And then the youngsters who had urged the glory of a death, set their wits to devise a story to get rid of all blame in the transaction. They said they had been all skating on a pond, when a farmer who owned the

property, in order to frighten them away, fired a pistol at them, and so Zeenkowicz got wounded ! They had at last, however, to make a clean conscience of the whole affair, as related. Then came the question as to how they procured the weapons, when it appeared that all the pupils of this royal gymnasium were provided with pistols, powder, and shot, and that they constantly practised in secret. The youths were prosecuted ; Brodnicki, the slayer, was condemned to six years' imprisonment, and the two seconds, who were evidently the instigators and cause of the catastrophe, to only eighteen months of the same penalty.

2. RUSSIA.

The Russian laws against duelling were very severe. According to the Code of Peter I., whoever challenged another to a duel should be hanged, whether the duel took place or not ; the seconds should suffer the same punishment, unless they exerted themselves to prevent the meeting. Under Alexander I., however, who entertained some chivalric notions and a faint idea of honour, duels came into fashion.

GENERAL ZASS AND PRINCE DOLGOROUCKI.

An old General, of the name of Zass, received from Prince Dolgoroucki an order which would have defeated the plan of operations, if obeyed, and refused to carry it into effect. High words ensued, and a challenge was sent. At that moment the Swedish artillery

was heard, and intelligence was brought that the enemy was attacking a redoubt. "Prince," said the General, "we cannot fight a duel when our duty calls us to meet the enemy, but let us both stand in an embrasure of that battery, against which the enemy are directing their fire, and let us remain there until one of us is struck." Dolgoroucki accepted the proposal. They both exposed themselves to the enemy's fire, standing erect with one hand on the hip, and looking fiercely at each other, until the Prince was cut in two by a cannon-ball; this desperate resolve being witnessed by the whole army.

COUNT DE TOLSTOY AND A NAVAL OFFICER.

One of the most celebrated Russian duellists, Count de Tolstoy, having quarrelled with a naval officer, sent him a challenge, which was declined on the plea of the Count's dexterity in the use of arms. Tolstoy then proposed that they should fight with pistols muzzle to muzzle, but this also the sailor declined, and insisted upon fighting according to what he called a naval manner, which was to seize each other and jump into the water, the victory being awarded to the party that escaped drowning. The Count in his turn objected to the proposal, on the plea that he could not swim, on which his adversary accused him of cowardice, when the Count rushed upon him, seized him, and threw himself with him into the sea. They were both, however, drawn out of the water, but the naval

officer was so much injured that he died a few days after.

3. BELGIUM.

Duelling became rather frequent in Belgium after the Revolution of 1830. Among the most remarkable meetings were the following :—

CAPTAIN PARISSET AND CAPTAIN EENENS.

(A.D. 1834.)

In the year 1834, Captain Pariset, of the Belgian Artillery, reprimanded one of his lieutenants, M. Vanderstraeten, who had neglected to salute him. The latter sent him a challenge for the offence. The Captain refused to fight with an inferior. Thereupon, another Captain, named Eenens, espoused the cause of the lieutenant, and the two officers proceeded to a spot on the field of Waterloo. They fired together, and Captain Pariset was killed.

M. KANT AND M. DUTILLEUX.

(A.D. 1843.)

M. Kant, a Lieutenant of Artillery, was leaving his quarters with one of his friends, when he was addressed by M. Dutilleux, of Namur, as follows :—"I should like to know, Sir, why you look at me so insolently?" Kant replied, with perfect composure, "Sir, far from looking at you, I did not even perceive you." The former, however, raising his voice, repeated his ques-

tion over and over again, and requested to see him on the following day. On the following morning M. Kant received a challenge from Dutilleux. Sabres were the weapons. The parties met. After a few vigorous cuts delivered by M. Dutilleux, his adversary took advantage of the moment when the former dashed in again, and after a parry gave point, transfixing his antagonist. The sabre went through the right lung, after wounding his wrist and the inner part of the forearm. He fell dead on the spot.

4. ITALY.

M. DE LAMARTINE AND COLONEL PEPE.

The only remarkable duel of modern times in Italy was that of the celebrated writer Lamartine and General Gabriele Pepe. Lamartine had just published his '*Dernier Chant du Pèlerinage d'Harold*,' in which were the following verses, put in the mouth of Byron :—

"Je vais chercher ailleurs, pardonne, ombre Romaine !
Des hommes, et non pas la poussière humaine."

"I elsewhere seek, O Rome, indeed I must,
(Excuse me) *men*, and not mere *human dust*."

Soon after the publication, Lamartine went to Florence as secretary of legation. The words had given offence, and the poet was likely to be snubbed ; but the Government interfered, not daring to allow a *diplomate* to be attacked. Gabriele Pepe, however, published a brochure in which he said, "This rhyme-

ster of the 'Dernier Chant de Childe Harold,' who tries to make up for the poetic vigour which he lacks, and the ideas worthy of that vigour, by jokes against Italy, jokes which we would call insults, if, like Diomed, the blows of the weak and of cowards could ever hurt." Lamartine demanded an explanation; the Colonel replied, but unsatisfactorily, and the nettled poet wrote again and again, and at last requested an interview. "I received him," says Pepe, "with all possible politeness. He asked me for an explanation by word of mouth. I told him that, having refused it in writing, I should give him a poor opinion of myself if I consented to do so verbally. Then he said he would be obliged to get it arms in hand. At this proposition I said I should always be at his orders. He wanted to fight the same day, but I refused, because he limped a little, having had a fall from his horse the day before. 'Get well,' I said, 'and rest assured that I shall not quit Florence without apprising you of my departure, even if peremptorily summoned home.' He accepted my advice and took leave."

Colonel Pepe had the greatest difficulty in finding a second, the bare mention of the subject being likely to spoil the whole thing, under his circumstances at the time. So he went to Lamartine, quite in a friendly way, made arrangements to fight on the following day, and confiding to him his embarrassment respecting a second, requested Lamartine to dispense with the regulation, saying, that he had too high an opinion of

the French to fear any overreaching. "Besides," he added, "I have too much confidence in myself to feel the least fear even against two opponents." Lamartine, however, insisted upon his having a second, whereupon Pepe told him to appoint one for him. A Monsieur Villemil was accordingly introduced by the poet—a perfect stranger to the Colonel, who, however, undertook to place himself at his disposal.

The meeting took place. Swords were the weapons. Lamartine received a thrust in the arm. Pepe then asked him if he was satisfied. He said he was. "I then," says Pepe, "threw down my sword, and bound up his wound with my handkerchief. After that, we returned to town and separated."

The Colonel seems to have been a great boaster, and overflowing with self-conceit, to judge from the way in which he describes the whole affair, and his subsequent glorification for his chivalry.

Lamartine afterwards gave a grand dinner, and Pepe was invited, the parties being perfectly reconciled.

5. SPAIN.

O'DONNELL AND BRIGADIER LOPEZ.

In the disastrous conflict between the Carlists and Christinos, General O'Donnell sent a challenge to the Christino Brigadier Lopez. The chivalric bombast of this challenge was worthy of the days of Don Quixote of La Mancha:—

"The cavalry of Don Carlos ardently desires to measure itself with that of Donna Christina; but, as the results of battles are uncertain from position, or from the number of the combatants, let us, chiefs of party, imitate the knights of old, and select an equal number of warriors who, sword in hand, will decide the question by their sheer valour. On my side, I swear upon my honour not to bring into the field a greater number of combatants than shall be agreed upon. Trusting that my enemy will follow my example, I salute all my numerous friends and former companions, who now serve in the Christino ranks, wishing them every prosperity, excepting in battle, for I know no enemy save those I meet in the field."

Lopez accepted the challenge, and issued the following order:—"I merely want to know the appointed ground, to lead you into the conflict. Death is a noble reward to all those who feel Spanish blood flowing in their veins; and you will find your commander at the head of this romantic duel."

Nothing came of this gasconading, not even smoke, unless it was that of cigars.

ISNARDI AND SARTORIUS.

(A.D. 1840.)

A controversy raged between the 'Eco del Comercio,' a radical journal, and the 'Correo Nacional,' the organ of the conservatives or constitutionalists, and a duel was the result, in the month of August, 1840. Isnardi,

who had the choice of weapons, named the sabre. The two adversaries, accompanied by their seconds, appeared on the ground. One of the sabres was longer than the other. The choice was decided by lots, and Isnardi got the longer. The seconds decided that the combat should continue until they gave the signal for its cessation. After a few cuts on both sides, Sartorius hit Isnardi twice in succession, giving him two serious wounds on the head. The seconds then interfered, and put an end to the combat.

CHAPTER V.

DUELLING IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

AMERICA is the country where life is held cheaper than anywhere else. There, duels or "difficulties" are off-hand diversions. But, when men fight in the States they fight in earnest. "Killing is the word." Revolvers are ever revolving. There is no objection to fowling-pieces, to rifles, to bowie-knives; the last are ever ready. A pretence to scratch the back of the neck whips out the formidable tool into action. It is "worn" on the back, somehow sheathed in the lining of the coat. In the hotels at Washington and elsewhere, you may see the marks of bullets on the walls, shots that missed, fortunately, or that went through a man, leaving him dead on the floor. The barman at hotels is always prepared. There is a ready revolver on the shelf behind him. His life may be in danger from some *rowdy*, at any moment. In the street men "exchange" revolver shots occasionally;

and in the wild forests they track each other like game or "varmint."

Nevertheless, a man, taking care to be reasonable, may pass through the States most comfortably. I have been almost everywhere in that country repeatedly; mixed with Americans of all classes, but was never molested nor insulted; and I have every reason to remember their kindness, their generous hospitality on all occasions.

Several of the States have endeavoured to check the practice. That of Massachusetts enacted a law for that purpose in 1719, and twice revived subsequently, by which, any person fighting a duel was deprived of political rights, and rendered ineligible to any public situation for twenty years, and the body of the deceased, when the meeting proved fatal, was appropriated to anatomical demonstration. In New Orleans, it was proposed, in 1834, to establish a Court of Honour, to decide upon any "differences" that might arise among its citizens. The Legislative Assembly of Mississippi, enacted in 1835, a law which condemned the survivor in a duel, *to pay the debts of his victim*. That was certainly hitting the nail on the head with a vengeance. In Virginia, public officers, upon entering on their functions, were called upon to take an oath never to fight a duel, and after this duels became more rare. The habits of the Virginians disposed them to duelling more than any other of the Americans, and the extent of the country rendered it

more difficult to seek the protection of a neighbouring State; for when people are determined to fight, they are generally impatient. Therefore, the Legislature of Virginia sought to obtain the object by a less severe penalty, which from that very reason was more likely to prove efficacious, and their "notion" was certainly most ingenious. They laid it down as a maxim, that, when in frivolous matters, or in differences of opinion, which the law tolerates and even authorizes, a man is induced to expose himself to death or to slay another, he is actually *demented*, and that, therefore, all principals and seconds in a duel should be considered labouring under an alienation of mind, and deprived of any public station that they might hold; that their property, moreover, should be vested in the hands of trustees, and, in fact, be considered as under an interdiction. After that, again, we are told that duels in the State of Virginia have been rarely heard of. But then, all enactments against duelling in the States may be easily rendered a dead letter or inoperative. Most of the States have denounced the penalty of death against those duellists who have killed their adversaries, but the penalty is only *comminatory*, a mere threat, since it is eluded by the parties repairing to a neighbouring State, of which they are not citizens, and which has not the power to take cognizance of their offences, the laws on this head not extending to the whole country, but being limited to each of the States constituting the Union.

Moreover, European experience has evidently shown that death does not intimidate those who fight, because they either brave it or wish to show that they do not fear its terrors.

It would require a volume to narrate the duels of Americans, and my space only allows of the following cases, which have been selected as characteristic of that original nation.

THE HON. AARON BURR AND GENERAL HAMILTON.

(A.D. 1804.)

The Hon. Aaron Burr was Vice-President of the United States, and General Hamilton was appointed Ambassador at Paris. The origin of the dispute between these gentlemen was from a pamphlet published by a Dr. Cooper, containing the following passage:—"General Hamilton and Dr. Kent say they consider Colonel Burr a dangerous man, and one unfit to be trusted with the reins of government." In another place Dr. Cooper said, "General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr opinions still more despicable." This latter passage excited the resentment of Colonel Burr, who sent his friend with a letter to General Hamilton, in which he demanded "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the expression, which could justify this inference on the part of Dr. Cooper." General Hamilton, in his answer, admitted the first statement, "the language of which," he contended, "came fairly within the bounds pre-

scribed in cases of political animosity." He objected to Colonel Burr's demand, by considering it as "too indefinite," or "as calling on him to retrace every conversation which he had held, either publicly or confidentially, in the course of fifteen years' opposition; and to contradict that which, very possibly, had escaped his memory. If anything more definite should be proposed, he expressed his willingness to give Colonel Burr all due satisfaction." Colonel Burr, in his reply, insisted upon a general retractation, and said, "It is no matter to him, whether his honour had been attacked loudly or in whispers." General Hamilton rejoined by calling for something more defined, and refused either a general denial or a general acknowledgment. A meeting was consequently demanded by Colonel Burr.

The parties met, and the General was mortally wounded. When the General fell, Colonel Burr walked towards him, with apparent gestures of regret; but he did not speak to him, as he was hurried from the ground by his friends in the usual way.

On receiving the shock of the mortal wound, General Hamilton's pistol went off involuntarily, by a convulsive twitch, and without being aimed at Colonel Burr. This was denied by the opposite party; but the fact was conclusively established by the search after the ball, which was found.

DR. SMITH AND DR. JEFFRIES.

(A.D. 1830.)

In the August of 1830 a most savage duel took place near Philadelphia. A challenge was sent by a Dr. Smith to a Dr. Jeffries, and being accepted, the parties met. The distance fixed upon was only eight paces, at which they exchanged shots without either of them receiving any injury. Some efforts were then made by their friends to bring about an accommodation, but unavailingly, as Dr. Jeffries declared he would not leave the ground until he had lost his own life, or taken that of his antagonist. Pistols were then handed to them a second time, and at this fire the right arm of Dr. Smith was broken, which delayed the proceedings for a few moments, until he recovered from the exhaustion, when he declared that, as he was wounded, he was ready to die, and requested the seconds to proceed. The pistols were then put into their hands a third time, Dr. Smith using his left hand. At this fire Dr. Jeffries was wounded in the thigh, and his loss of blood occasioned an exhaustion, which again delayed the conflict for a few minutes. He, however, recovered, and both desired to shorten the distance. They now stood up for the fourth time, covered with blood, and at a distance of six feet. They were to fire between the words "one" and "five," and the shot proved fatal to both parties. They fell to the earth. Dr. Smith was dead when he dropped, the ball

having penetrated his heart; Dr. Jeffries was shot through the breast, and survived but four hours. They fought with perfect coolness. When Dr. Jeffries saw that his antagonist had fallen, he asked if he was dead; and being assured that he was, he declared his own willingness to die. Before he expired, he said he had been schoolmate with Dr. Smith, and that they had been on terms of great intimacy and friendship for fifteen years; and he bore honourable testimony to his character as a man of science and a gentleman.

CAPTAIN WHITE AND COLONEL BELLAMY.

(A.D. 1835.)

The election of a representative to the American Congress, for Jefferson's County, in Florida, caused a lamentable duel on the 28th of November, 1835. All the preparations for it were such as to leave no doubt that one of the combatants must fall, and the result exceeded the expectations. The two adversaries were Captain Everett White, brother of a delegate in Congress, and Colonel Bellamy, formerly President of the Legislative Council of Florida. They accused each other of intrigue and calumny, and resolved to fight to the death. Captain White and Colonel Bellamy, attended by their seconds, and armed each with two pair of pistols, posted themselves at the distance of sixty paces. The agreement was that they should advance upon each other, and fire when they thought proper, up to the limit of ten paces, marked by two

handkerchiefs placed on the ground. White had three shots fired at him without being touched, and was only fifteen paces from the Colonel when he returned fire. His first ball fractured his adversary's left arm; the second went into his body; and just as he was pulling his second pair of pistols from his waist-belt, Colonel Bellamy, firing his fourth shot, killed him on the spot.

MR. ANDERSON AND MR. JONES.

(A.D. 1837.)

This sanguinary affair of honour took place at Brownville, in the State of Pennsylvania. For some time past a slight misunderstanding had existed between Mr. Banner Anderson, of Bolivar, and Mr. Jones, merchant, of Brownville. Mr. Anderson came to Brownville, and, according to custom, placed his name on the hotel-register. Shortly after he discovered a written mark immediately under his name, impugning his character, and bearing the signature of "R. H. Jones." He then inserted a reply, attaching thereto his proper signature. A day or two after Mr. Jones called at the hotel, and seeing the appended reply, became enraged, and declared he would have satisfaction. He walked to the door of a store (as the Americans call their shops) into which Mr. Anderson had just entered, and called to him to come out. Anderson complied with the request, when Jones demanded of him whether he had written the remark or

not? Anderson answered in the affirmative, upon which, in an instant, each presented a pistol, standing about four yards apart.

They fired together. And then occurred one of the most extraordinary freaks of fire-arms; Jones's ball lodged right in the muzzle of Anderson's pistol, whilst the contents of Anderson's pistol lodged in Jones's breast. He expired in three hours. Anderson submitted immediately to the civil authorities, but was discharged. Upon examination, the whole was found to have been a misunderstanding; and that, if the parties had only conversed together on the subject, no difficulty would have ensued.

MR. CILLEY AND MR. GRAVES.

(A.D. 1837.)

Mr. Cilley, of Maine, and Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, were members of the House of Representatives. Mr. Cilley had spoken disrespectfully of Colonel Webb, editor of the 'New York Courier;' whereupon Colonel Webb sent him a challenge by Mr. Graves. Mr. Cilley said he would not fight such a blackguard as Webb, but was ready to accept a challenge from Mr. Graves. The following were the arrangements for the meeting, drawn up by Mr. Cilley's second:—"Mr. Cilley proposes to meet Mr. Graves at such place as may be agreed upon between us, to-morrow at twelve. The weapons to be used on the occasion shall be rifles; the parties, placed side to side at eighty yards' distance

from each other; to hold the rifles at arm's length downwards; the rifles to be cocked, and triggers set; the words to be, 'Gentlemen, are you ready?' After which, neither answering 'No,' the words shall be in regular succession, 'Fire—one, two, three, four.' Neither party shall fire before the word 'fire,' nor after the word 'four.' The position of the parties, at the ends of the line, to be determined by lot. The second of the party losing the position, shall have the giving of the word. The dress to be ordinary winter clothing, and subject to the examination of both parties. Each party may have on the ground, besides his seconds, a surgeon and two other friends. The seconds, for the execution of their respective trusts, are allowed to have a pair of pistols each on the ground; but no other person shall have any weapon. The rifles to be loaded in the presence of the seconds."

Three shots were exchanged without result; at the fourth, Mr. Cilley was shot through the heart.

MR. NAYLOR AND MR. BROUNAUGH.

(A.D. 1837.)

Mr. Naylor, of Donaldsonville, had entrusted Mr. Brounaugh, of New Orleans, to negotiate a bill of 2000 dollars (about £400). The latter not having remitted the value, was called a cheat and a thief by Mr. Naylor, and Mr. Brounaugh replied by calling Mr. Naylor "a wretched impostor." A duel ensued on the 19th of March, 1837. The two champions

approached each other up to the distance of three or four paces, and then fired together. Brounaugh's ball shattered Naylor's jaw and cut one of the arteries in the neck; he expired in a few seconds. The former was wounded in the groin; when one of Naylor's seconds, having a pistol in his hand, accidentally touched the trigger; it went off and lodged another ball in Brounaugh's belly. Seeing him fall the second exclaimed, "He's dead!"—"Who is dead?" asked Naylor with a faint voice. "Mr. Brounaugh," they replied. "So much the better!" said Naylor, breathing his last.

COLONEL WEBB AND MR. MARSHALL.

(A.D. 1842.)

The same Colonel Webb, before mentioned, fought a duel with Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, whom he grievously wounded, for which he was prosecuted and condemned to two years' imprisonment. This gave occasion to a singular circumstance, which is too illustrative of American manners to be passed over in silence. Some time before, Colonel Webb, being offended by certain expressions applied to him by Bennett, the proprietor of the 'New York Herald,' gave the latter a thrashing in the most frequented street of the city. Bennett patiently waited for an opportunity to take his revenge, and he found it in Webb's imprisonment. He began by announcing several times, that in order to lessen the *ennui* of

“poor Webb,” he had sent him several bundles of cigars and some bottles of champagne. Then he drew up a petition addressed to Mr. Seward, then Governor of the State of New York, soliciting a pardon for the prisoner, and presented it for signature. He sent it to the Governor with 1500 signatures, announcing that he would have obtained 5000 if Webb had behaved better in prison, and had decently received the “capital treat” of wine and cigars which he had sent him; but that the people had judged by his conduct that he was not sufficiently repentant to obtain his pardon. The list of the signatures was published in the ‘New York Herald.’

MR. LEE AND MR. MOORE.

(A.D. 1843.)

Mr. Robert Lee, son of the former attorney-general of the United States, having a difference with Mr. Moore, a near relative of the Commodore of that name, declared that he would horsewhip his adversary wherever he should meet him. Mr. Thomas Moore, the son of the gentleman thus threatened, having demanded satisfaction for the insult, a meeting was appointed. Among the seconds was the father of young Moore, the cause of this bloody combat. When the parties reached the ground, Mr. Thomas Moore asked Mr. Lee if he had threatened his father with a horsewhipping. On Mr. Lee replying in the affirmative, Mr. Moore struck him with a cane which he had

in his hand, and then threw it down to seize his pistol. The ground had not been measured; all was confusion. Young Lee had fallen back a few paces. He fired, but missed his adversary. Moore fired in turn and wounded Lee. The latter fired a second shot and again missed his enemy. Young Moore presented his second pistol, but only the cap exploded; thereupon, old Moore, his father, handed him another pistol in good condition, but the other seconds refused to permit the affair to proceed any further. Mr. Lee was still standing, but it was soon perceived that he was mortally wounded. The ball had broken one of the ribs on the left side, traversed the lungs, and lodged under the false ribs of the right side. He was carried to a neighbouring inn, where he expired in a few minutes.

MR. HUESTON AND MR. LABRANCHE.

(A.D. 1843.)

Mr. Hueston, the editor of a newspaper at the town of Bâton-Rouge, Louisiana, had published an article offensive to Mr. Labranche, member of the second congressional district of Louisiana. Labranche having been informed that Hueston was at New Orleans, dogged his steps, and at length came upon him in a billiard-room. After a few insulting words, he struck him with his cane; Hueston returned the blow with the cue he had in his hand. A scuffle ensued, and there was a difficulty in separating the combatants. A

meeting was arranged for the 19th of August, 1843, at six o'clock in the morning, at a place called Chenes, some distance from the road to Gentilly.

It was agreed to fight with double-barrelled fowling-pieces, loaded with ball, at the distance of forty yards. The combatants had a right to fire together or separately their two shots, to the numbers one, two, three, four, five, pronounced by one of the seconds. The parties fired three shots at each other without effect, but at the fourth discharge Hueston was mortally wounded; his gun fell from his hands; he fell backwards at full length on the ground, and soon after expired.

MR. COCHERAN AND MR. MAY.

(A.D. 1844.)

On the 15th of February, 1844, at a party in Washington, Mr. Cochran, the son of a rich landowner, said that Mr. May was a coward, for he had had a "difference" with him about a dance, and he had not required satisfaction. This aspersion was duly reported to Mr. May, and, of course, necessitated a meeting. The place of combat was an open space near the Nelson Hotel. Mr. Cochran arrived about half-past five in the morning, with his two seconds, in a magnificent equipage, drawn by four white horses; Mr. May and his two seconds came half-an-hour after in a modest carriage. Two surgeons were on horseback close by to give attendance, if required. The terms of combat were drawn up in writ-

ing by the seconds; it was agreed that the carbine should be the weapon, at the distance of fifty paces. The combatants were to hold the butt of the carbine at the level of the shoulder, but the barrel pointing downwards, and were not to raise it till the words "Fire! . . . one . . . two . . . three." It was declared unlawful to fire before the word *one* was pronounced, or after the word *three*.

The ground being measured, the choice of position was decided by lot. Mr. May got the more favourable, which was on a slope a little higher than that of his adversary. Both the combatants displayed the greatest *sang froid*, and they had rejected every proposal of reconciliation. Mr. Cocheran, according to his custom, hummed a popular or operatic tune; but, as a member of a temperance society, he declined a glass of wine which was offered to him. The preparations having been made, Mr. Ash, the second of Mr. May, who was the offended party, had the melancholy privilege of giving the signal. "Are you ready, gentlemen?" he cried out. Both replied, "Ready!" and Mr. Cocheran flung up his hat in the air. At the word "*Fire! . . . one*," both fired almost at the same instant; but Mr. Cocheran's fire was a little behind, and his adversary's ball struck him exactly in the centre of his forehead, killing him on the spot. Mr. May was not wounded.

MR. STEWARD AND MR. COKER.

(A.D. 1854.)

On the 19th of June, 1854, a duel, accompanied by terrible circumstances, took place at Newmansville, Florida, between two young lawyers, who were intimate friends, Mr. Steward and Mr. Coker. Steward, who was on the point of being married, had taken Coker into the secret of certain details of the ball which was to follow his wedding-dinner, making him promise not to say a word about them to any one beforehand. Coker, however, broke his word, and lost no time in divulging the whole to the young lady herself, whom, of all persons, Steward wished to surprise with his design and preparations. Enraged by this abuse of confidence and violation of his word, Steward wrote and told Coker that he must immediately send him a letter of apology, in which he simply and purely acknowledged himself guilty of falsehood, or prepare for a duel to the death! Coker refused to submit to this humiliation, and, as all the efforts of their mutual friends failed to bring about a reconciliation, the duel took place.

On the appointed day the two adversaries, both armed with double-barrelled fowling-pieces, met, with their seconds, in a plain situated three miles from Newmansville. Coker had put twelve balls in the barrel of his gun—double the charge, in fact, of what it was capable of taking. As for Steward, he had loaded his gun with about thirty buck-shot.

A first discharge, at seventy-five paces' distance, was without result. The combatants, advancing ten paces upon each other, re-loaded their pieces as before, and fired—again without any result on either side. Again they advanced ten paces; they were now only thirty-five paces apart; they reloaded, and fired. This time Steward was knocked over by three balls—two in his left shoulder, and the third, after having entered below the right breast, tore through the flesh, and lodged in the upper part of his right shoulder.

JUDGE TERRY AND MR. BRODERICK.

(A.D. 1859.)

The cause of this very remarkable duel was as follows. Terry wished to be re-elected judge of the Supreme Court, but Mr. W. W. Cope was chosen in his place. In his bitter disappointment he delivered a very intemperate speech, in which he attacked, in no measured terms, all his political opponents. The name of Broderick was mentioned in the midst of his passionate declamation. The newspapers of Sacramento published the speech, which produced very great irritation. Two days after, Broderick was breakfasting at the International Hotel. He had just read the scurrilous expressions which Terry had applied to him, and under the great excitement which they had produced in him, he spoke of Terry in very violent terms, which were immediately taken up by a friend of the latter, D. W. Perley, who happened to be sitting near

him. Perley took the part of his absent friend; a sharp altercation ensued, notwithstanding the presence of numerous ladies at breakfast, and led to a direct challenge to a duel.

The parties met in a ravine, situated on the property of Mr. Davis, two miles from the Lake Merced, and about twelve miles from San Francisco.

More than seventy persons were present on the spot to witness the dreadful drama, the *dénouement* of which was, perhaps, to be the death of one of the combatants.

The adversaries took off their coats. Broderick appeared agitated, his hand seemed under the influence of a nervous contraction when he received his weapon. His second had to place him in position again. He wore a hat which he drove low down on his forehead. His attitude did not indicate fear, but hurry to get done with the transaction. As for Judge Terry, he held himself erect and immovable—like a man quite habituated to such affairs.

The seconds retreated. One of them commenced the signal agreed upon, and the combatants raised their pistols, which till then were turned towards the ground, when Broderick's suddenly went off before he had raised it towards his atagonist. The ball buried itself in the ground at some distance from his feet. Terry then fired, instantly exclaiming, "The shot is not mortal; I have hit him two inches to the right side." Broderick made a movement as though to

turn, then he gradually sank down, and finally fell upon the ground. He did not utter a word. He still held his pistol with a convulsive clutch. Meanwhile, Judge Terry was standing in his place. His seconds approached him, and they quitted the field together.

The surgeons went up to the wounded man, opened his dress, and at once verified the track of the ball in the right side of poor Bröderick, as Judge Terry had declared. It had entered near the breast, traversed the anterior part of the body, and lodged in the left side. Broderick expired in the course of the night.

DUELS IN DARK ROOMS.

The desperate gambling of the Americans frequently leads to quarrels, and these are generally settled on the spot with the revolver or bowie-knife, or in a dark room on the premises.

On one occasion a Southern planter went to a gaming-house attended by a negro, whom he left in waiting at the door. This negro soon got gambling with another, by whom he was taxed with cheating. A Mexican gentleman who had come up and overlooked the game, interfered, and told the negro that he saw him cheat. The fellow told the Mexican that he lied, and the latter instantly stabbed him to the heart. The master, on coming to the spot and learning the circumstances, turned to the Mexican, saying, "Sir, my negro's quarrel is mine; I demand satisfaction; follow me." The Southerner led the way to

a room on the premises ; two shots were heard ; both had fallen in the conflict, killed on the spot.

They tell of another gaming-house duel, as follows :—Two Yankees quarrelled about a bet, and resolved to settle the matter with pistols in a dark room. They took up their position at the distance of the corner's of the apartment. One fired and missed. "Now, you rascal," cried the other, "I'll track you till I send my bullet into you." Thereupon he began sidling about stealthily, groping for his intended victim. After a while, not finding him, nor hearing the least sound of footsteps or breathing, he began to think that his man had "absquatulated ;" but, at length, a "notion" struck him, and he exclaimed, "Oh ! I know where you are—capital—just the thing !" Thereupon, going to the fireplace, he poked his pistol up the chimney, saying, "Now for it !"—"For God's sake, don't fire ; I'll pay the bet," said a voice up the chimney, whilst the other Yankee kept his muzzle close to the speaker's seat of honour. "Will you pay me 800 dollars ?" asked the latter. "Oh yes ; do take away that d—— pistol !"—"Stop a bit," said the other, "I must have a voucher." Thereupon he took out his knife, and cut off the seat of the fellow's breeches, saying, "Now, I have got your bond, you may come down." The chimney-groper descended, paid the money, and was glad to slink off, minus his money, and the piece of his outer integument.

CHAPTER VI.

DUELS IN THE COLONIES.

IN the Colonies, especially the French and English, duels used to be very common, if they are not so at the present day, and always very *serious*, to use the consecrated expression. Both the British and French creoles are hasty in the expression of their displeasure, and vindictive in seeking to avenge their real or supposed wrongs. A rather ingenious explanation of this peculiarity has been suggested by Millingen, namely, that it is to be attributed to the great mortality which afflicts these unhealthy regions, as the constant sight of death, and the incessant tolling of the passing bell, must in a great measure strip death of many of its terrors.

In accordance with this state of things, fencing and pistol-practice were early attended to, indefatigably cultivated, and mastered to perfection. It was no uncommon thing to see a broad-headed nail driven

in by successive pistol shots at twelve or fifteen paces, and many fencers there were who found it utterly impossible to touch each other. Being thus thoroughly prepared on all occasions, and possessing unbounded confidence in their proficiency, the sending or the acceptance of a challenge was a matter of very trivial import, although no "child's play" entered into their expectations.

To these social causes of duelling were superadded, if they are not still added, the constant dissensions in colonial politics, where the representatives of the place were often in collision with the government; and it was to be lamented that too frequently the crown lawyers themselves, instead of endeavouring to check the evils that must arise from such a want of concert and harmony, were the first to disturb the public peace; and attorney-general and solicitor-general were occasionally the most troublesome and pugnacious members of society. It was not only in the British colonies that law officers showed the detestable example of duelling; in 1829, the Attorney-General of Martinique shot a French Count, in consequence of some ill-timed jokes in a ball-room. The Governor of one of our transatlantic possessions fought a duel with the Chief Justice of the island.

DR. WILLIAMS AND DR. BENNET.

The disagreements of the doctors may sometimes cause the death of their patients, but at the period in

question they often proved fatal to themselves ; instead of being content to kill their unfortunate patients they killed each other, when, no doubt, the Morrisons of the day said "so much the better for their patients."

The duel between Dr. Williams and Dr. Bennet occurred in the year 1750, at Kingston, Jamaica, in the West Indies, where, in the olden time at least, if not at present, dreadful deeds were committed and frightful tragedies enacted.

Dr. Williams and Dr. Bennet, two physicians of Kingston, who had grossly abused each other in print, on matters relating to their profession, met on December 28th, 1750, and had a scuffle, when some blows passed ; and the same day, some letters and messages were sent by Dr. Bennet, proposing a meeting, when they might decide their difference "like gentlemen." This offer being, it seems, rejected by Williams, Bennet went next morning, and knocking at his door, Williams, on opening it, discharged a pistol loaded with duckshot into his breast. The wounded doctor retired across the way towards a friend's house, pursued by Williams, who, very near the door, fired another pistol into his body ; and while he was striving to draw his sword, which was fastened in the scabbard, by his strongly knocking with the pummel at his friend's door, Williams, with his sword, ran him through the body. Bennet, in this dismal condition amidst so many wounds, had yet at last the strength to draw his sword, and praying to God to invigorate

him to avenge his death upon his murderer, gave Williams a home thrust, which entered the upper part of his breast, and came out at the shoulder-blade, the sword breaking, and leaving part in the wound. Williams, in retreating to his house, fell down dead, and Bennet lived four hours after, during which he settled his affairs.*

A DESPERATE DUELLIST CHASTISED.

CAPTAIN STEWART AND HENRI D'EGVILLE.

Henri D'Egville was a French creole of St. Domingo, and had obtained great notoriety from the frequent quarrels and frequent duels in which he had been engaged. In the year 1817, he made his appearance at Kingston, Jamaica, whither he had escaped from the massacres of Hayti. He was dining one day in company with several persons, among whom was a Scotch captain, of the name of Stewart. The meeting was convivial, and various songs and toasts were called for and given. The captain was requested to sing a Gaelic song, but he said he did not know one. D'Egville, however, peremptorily insisted upon having a Gaelic song from the Scot, who, pretending to yield to his insolent persistence, said he would sing one—"The Lady of Scotland's Mountains;" and thereupon, being,

* 'Gentleman's Magazine,' xxi. Millingen relates this duel or *rencontre*, with some little variation, and, moreover, omits the important point of the transaction, namely, that it occurred in the West Indies.

it appears, a first-rate Greek scholar, he intoned an ode of Anacreon, which was rapturously applauded by the guests, D'Egville joining in more on account of his success than otherwise, and not aware of the trick which the captain had played. One or two of the party, however, well aware of the joke, not only enjoyed it, but, of course, talked it over afterwards as an "uncommonly good thing."

The party broke up, and Stewart repaired to his vessel, accompanied by a friend, when the conversation turned upon duelling, and the reputation that D'Egville had obtained as a dangerous man. Stewart expressed his horror of duelling, and admitted that it had been his misfortune to kill one of his intimate friends in a hostile meeting, occasioned by some difference between them concerning a lady, when his friend had struck him. The Scotchman expressed his deep sorrow for that melancholy event, which had ever since embittered his existence. While the parties were thus conversing, they perceived a boat pulling towards the ship, and Stewart recognized in it a Captain Wilthorpe, an officer in the Columbian service, a professed duellist, and worthy companion of D'Egville. Stewart had a foreboding at this unexpected visit, which was soon realized. Wilthorpe came on board, and, after politely saluting the captain and his friend, delivered a message from Henri D'Egville, who had considered himself mystified by Stewart's having sought to impose upon him a Greek ode for a Gaelic

song. The Scotch captain expressed his surprise at this communication, and at the same time declared his firm resolution not to fight a duel after the melancholy result of a former one in which he had been engaged. Wilthorpe withdrew, and returned to his boat. Shortly after Stewart, having occasion to go on shore, met D'Egville on horseback, when the latter rode up to him, struck him with a horsewhip, and galloped off.

Stewart, greatly indignant at this outrageous conduct, instantly made the resolution to rid the world of such a pestilent fellow; but at the same time to peril his own life by compelling the creole to fight a duel which would render the fall of both of them certain. He sent him a message, and requested a meeting behind the Iguana Rocks. Then, accompanied by two of his crew, he proceeded to the rendezvous, and directed the men to dig a grave sufficiently deep to receive two bodies. D'Egville soon appeared, and Stewart at once proposed, as conditions of the duel, that they both should stand in the grave, holding their pistols in one hand, and the end of a pocket-handkerchief in the other—a duel *à outrance*.

The sun was shedding its parting rays on the wild spot Stewart had selected. He was firm and calm, in implacable resolve. The creole, despite his efforts to appear undismayed, betrayed evident signs of perturbation. The seconds, one of whom was Wilthorpe, drew lots for the word of command—the fatal signal of death. The parties descended into the grave,—

Stewart, with an undaunted step; D'Egville, with much trepidation. The handkerchief was placed in their hands; firmly grasped by the Scot,—tremblingly held by the creole. The word "Fire!" was about to be given, when the ruffian fainted, and fell at the feet of his adversary, the pistol and handkerchief dropping from his hands as though he had been suddenly struck dead. Stewart spurned him with his foot as a dastardly coward, and exclaiming—"Cowardly cut-throat, you are too pitiable an object to excite my anger,"—left him to the care of his worthy companion and friend.*

AN UNEXPECTED SHOT.

A fatal duel of a most singular nature took place in Jamaica, in the year 1830. Two planters, having made rather free at a merry dinner, quarrelled, and determined to fight a duel with muskets. Their boon companions consented to the meeting; but, knowing the friendship that had long subsisted between them and the absurdity of the dispute, they determined to load the pieces with powder, and without ball. The parties met; it was night; torchlights were placed beside them; they fired by signal; and to the utter dismay of the seconds and the party assembled to witness the sham-fight, one of them was shot, and dropped a corpse! The poor fellow, however, was shot in the

* This affair was originally described in the 'Monthly Magazine,' and was slightly varied by Dr. Millingen.

back; and this fact led to inquiry. Recovering from their surprise, they carefully examined the surrounding bush, when at last they discovered a negro concealed under a tree, and armed with a carbine. The man was seized, and he confessed that he was the assassin. The motives that had impelled him to this deed were as singular as the result. It appeared that the preceding day one of the planters had passed by a gibbet on which a negro was hanging, when he wantonly put a tobacco-pipe in the mouth of the culprit. It was a friend of the unfortunate man, who, on beholding the unfeeling action, resolved on punishing the planter as soon as a favourable opportunity might be presented. He was present when the duel was decided on, and he hastened to his cabin, loaded a carbine, and, concealing himself behind a tree near the scene of action, intended to fire upon his victim; but the darkness of the night led to the fatal mistake.

The idea was certainly ingenious. He expected to escape the consequences by confounding his bullet with that of the combatants; but, instead of hitting the offender, he sent his bullet into the back of the innocent opponent of the latter!

LONG-SIGHTED AND SHORT-SIGHTED.

At Martinique, in the year 1836, M. L. de Maynard, author of a romance entitled '*Outre-Mer*,' was bitterly criticized by a journalist. He sent him a challenge, which the journalist declared he was quite willing to

accept, in order to give him satisfaction, but that being long-sighted he could not fight except at a long distance. M. de Maynard, on his part, declared that, being short-sighted, he expected to fight at a short distance. After some discussion ten paces was the distance agreed upon, and M. de Maynard was killed.

A PROMISED MEMENTO.

When the creoles visited the mother-country, they brought with them their swords and pistols, together with their keen susceptibilities and recklessness; but they were not always in the wrong. On one occasion at a *table d'hôte* in Paris, a young creole perceived that a Frenchman was annoying an English young lady with his assiduities, and resolved to interfere. Going up to the gentleman he requested him very politely to discontinue his attentions, as they were evidently not acceptable to the lady. The Frenchman, of course, resented the intrusion, insisted upon an exchange of cards, and left the table in a fury. The creole went to his apartments, and ere long received a visit from a gentleman who described himself as the friend of the Comte de —, requesting the honour of knowing the name of a friend with whom the unavoidable affair might be brought to the issue. The creole rang his bell, and, on the appearance of the *garçon*, told him to request M. de — to step up to him at once. As soon as M. de — entered, the creole said to the challenger's second, "Now, Sir, I

meant no offence to your principal. Had the lady been his sister or friend, I suppose he would have felt much obliged to me for interfering, had a stranger thus annoyed her. I repeat, I meant no offence. But, if your principal insists upon fighting, I am ready, and depend upon it I shall give him a *memento* of the transaction—a reminder that he ought to have listened quietly to a friendly hint. Pistols are my weapons.”

The meeting took place in the Bois de Boulogne, at twelve paces. The Frenchman had the first fire and missed. The creole then fired, and his bullet cut a piece clean off the top of his right ear; the part was aimed at, and the wound was the intended *memento*.

A QUICK SHOT.

Two friends had a quarrel respecting a bet, sharp words passed between them, and a meeting with pistols was arranged. The distance was fifteen paces; and the combatants were to fire together at a given signal. They were both good shots, one from the island of Martinique, the other from Barbadoes. The word Fire! was given; but only one report was heard, when the arm of the Barbadian was seen to drop gradually, still holding the pistol. His adversary's ball had broken his fore-arm before he could pull the trigger.

BRAIN OR HEART?

Two most intimate friends in one of the West India

islands had a trivial quarrel, over which, however, one of them brooded unreasonably, and at length persuaded himself that he was called upon to demand satisfaction. The other, on receiving the challenge, made a joke of it, and laughing outright, said, "Tell him to come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and that I say he ought to be ashamed of himself for thinking that I could be capable of fighting with *him*." Whether the bearer of the message aggravated the matter by giving a false colour to the incident and expression of this interview, did not conclusively appear, but it is probable that he did, and the consequence was that the challenge was repeated more urgently than before.

Mr. R——, the party challenged, felt at length compelled to consent to the duel; but he urged his second to do all he could to prevent a meeting. His second complied with his request, but at length returned to him declaring that Mr. N——, the challenger, would hear of no accommodation; on the contrary, that he had even hinted that Mr. R—— was afraid to meet him, and that he was determined to shoot him through the head.

On hearing these words, Mr. R—— became pale with emotion, and after a momentary pause, said to his second, "Then I'll shoot him through the heart!"

They went to the ground. They were the two deadliest shots ever known in the island. The distance agreed upon was fifteen paces. They were to fire together at a given signal. They fired. Mr. N——

missed his adversary, whose bullet went, as he had resolved, through the heart of the unfortunate man, who had only time to grasp the hand of his sorrowing friend, and expired without uttering a word.

THE END OF A DUELLIST.

In one of the West India Islands a Mr. Cain enjoyed the renown of being an unapproachable duellist and infallible dead-shot. He had killed about a score of men, and was the terror of the community, doing and saying what he pleased. Nobody ever thought of venturing to give him offence; but, unfortunately for everybody, he would manage to take offence when not intended, and insist upon having satisfaction,—apparently merely for the pleasure of having a shot at *somebody*. One day he brutally insulted a young man, a mere stripling. Of course the idea of calling out Cain could not be entertained; but the opprobrious insult clung to the young man; his companions taunted him with it; society seemed closing its doors to him; his life became worse than death. A friend of his went to him—this time not to reproach him, but the first words he uttered were, “You must kill Cain.”—“I was just thinking of letting him kill *me*, to get rid of my horrid existence!” said the young man, utterly desponding. “Tut!” said the friend, “I’ll manage the affair. Only do all I prescribe and I warrant you a safe skin out of the scratching. Do you consent?”—“Oh, anything you

like; I cannot be in a worse condition!" said the young man.

Forthwith the comforter took the young man to his house, and put him through a course of training with the pistol, and in about a fortnight he pronounced him ready for the encounter. "At any rate," said the trainer, "even if he kills you, you will have a good chance of being a public benefactor, by ridding the world of a monster."

Of course this gentleman was to be the young man's second. He delivered the challenge, which was gladly accepted by Cain, who observed that "the fellow had been a long time screwing up his courage to the sticking point." The place was named, and the time fixed for half-past six precisely on the following morning.

The young man and his second were early on the ground. This was intended by his second, who had also managed somehow to get the negro delayed who was to bring Cain's pistols. Cain came on the ground, and finding himself anticipated by the other party, and moreover that his negro was behind time, began to fume and swear intemperately. The young man's friend inwardly rejoiced at this, knowing that Cain was getting himself into the worst condition for cool, steady firing. At length the negro came up with the pistols, when Cain said to him furiously, "You scoundrel! As soon as I have shot this fellow, I'll give you a good hiding." The poor negro slunk out of the way,—no doubt inwardly praying that a good

shot might be vouchsafed to save him from a merciless hiding.

The seconds tossed up for the position. The young man's second won it; the result was that the rising sun blazed full in Cain's face,—to his additional disgust and annoyance. A tall tree was also just behind him. Nothing could be better for his adversary. The parties were to fire together at a given signal, by Cain's second. The word was given; the two shots went off together; the young man was safe; Cain had missed him, but received his adversary's bullet right in his heart. He sprang about two feet from the ground, and, falling heavily, expired.

STRANGE EFFECT OF BEING SHOT.

Two West Indians, both in love with the same young lady, determined to decide the question as to who should have the prize, by a duel. They were both good shots, and therefore liked nothing better than bringing the matter to this conclusion. On the appointed morning they took their ground, at twelve paces, to fire at the word of command, and simultaneously. They fired; only one was shot, and strange to say he sprang up a tree close by, and then rolled down dead to the ground.

WHAT IT COSTS TO KILL A MAN.

A man of small stature called upon the Count

d'E——, French consul at Valparaiso, and sent in his card, upon which were these words :—" M. S——, French consul at Peru." As soon as he was introduced he sat down in the coolest manner possible. "You will remember," he said, looking fixedly at the Count, "the voyage I had the honour of making in your company about a year ago, in a French ship of war, bound to Peru. You know there was a violent quarrel at table one night, on a most trivial subject. One of the guests got up, and coming up to the party who was speaking to him, gave him a slap in the face. The aggressor I need not name, Sir ; the party struck was myself. Do you remember the transaction ?"—"Perfectly well," replied the consul, becoming very pale. The visitor continued, "The captain of the ship, having disembarked you at Valparaiso, refused to allow me to go on shore ; consequently, I continued my journey and reached Lima. A year has passed away, and doubtless you thought I had forgotten the incident, but shame is ineffaceable from the memory of a man of honour. I applied for leave of absence, but it was refused ; as I could not obtain it, I have taken it. I took passage in an American whaler bound for Valparaiso. We set sail, and here I am."—"And resolved to fight ?" asked the consul. "Yes," was the reply. "And you will accept no other satisfaction ?"—"Yes, one. It is this. To-morrow, in the presence of two witnesses, one of them chosen by yourself, the other by me, I shall return you the slap

you gave me.”—“Very well,” said the consul, “come back this evening with a friend.”

In the evening, accordingly, the Peruvian consul returned, accompanied by a naval officer. The Count d'E—— was waiting for him in company with a *chargé d'affaires*.

“You consent?” asked M. S—— in a low voice.

“Yes,” replied Count d'E—— with a strange smile.

M. S—— was embarrassed with his too easy revenge. He hesitated to take it. At length he made up his mind to raise his hand, when the Count, grasping and crushing it with a clutch of iron, exclaimed, “And you really thought the thing possible! Because you have patiently endured the shame of a slap for one year, you think I would bear the affliction for ever! You did not perceive that I wished to see how far you would carry your demands and your credulity. You are indeed very amusing, Sir; but you had better undeceive yourself. I am not a stone. I am a man.”—“I prefer that,” replied M. S——. Thereupon he told the witnesses that he was not desirous of taking advantage of his position as the offended party; he said he had been practising daily for a year, both with the sword and the pistol, and believed that, with either weapon, he was now equal to his adversary, who was considered a great proficient.

The Count d'E—— on being asked what weapon he would prefer, said, “the pistol, the sword, a *knife*, anything you please.” Upon which all the parties

immediately went out, directing their steps to a spot which was closed in by the mountains on one side and the ocean on the other. The seconds made an attempt to effect a reconciliation, insisting on the long time that had elapsed since the injury was received. "Impossible!" said M. S——. "The Count's hand is still on my cheek."

The moon was shining; it was as bright as day. The two combatants were posted at the distance of twenty-five paces, M. S—— keeping himself as sideways as possible, and the Count presenting almost an entire front to his adversary. The first shot was exchanged without result. The pistols were reloaded. The Count lost hold of the pistol as it was given to him; it went off as he tried to catch it, and the ball went into the ground at his feet. M. S—— called upon the seconds to reload his adversary's pistol, but the Count refused to permit it. "Fire, Sir, I insist upon it," he exclaimed. M. S—— was obliged to comply and the Count fell, muttering the words, "It is ended!"

M. S—— rushed towards him, in utter despair, and when he was told that the wound was mortal, he ran off like a madman, with haggard eyes, and tearing his hair. The man who had hankered after revenge for a twelvemonth, now that he had got it to his heart's content, cursed the skill which had served him so well. He died of remorse a few years after. Before breathing his last, he called his son to his bed-

side, and pointing to the fatal pistol, hanging on the wall and covered with crape, he said, "Keep that weapon as the best part of your inheritance. The remembrance which it will ever call to your mind will, perhaps, render you less a slave than I have myself been to the cruel laws of the point of honour. At any rate, it will teach you what it costs to kill a man."

CHAPTER VII.

BRITISH DUELS FROM 1829 TO THE LAST ON
RECORD.THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE EARL OF
WINCHILSEA.

(A.D. 1829.)

THIS celebrated affair of honour must be considered an epoch in duelling. Nothing can be more significant of the change which has come over our sentiments and opinions during the last thirty years than that such a man should have felt it his duty to resort to such a practice in vindication of his character.

It is quite evident, however, that the Duke thought very lightly of duelling. In his letter to Lord Londonderry, before quoted, he states that he had entreated his Royal Highness to keep the 10th regiment in Dublin, although he knew that duels would be the consequence. "I think it not impossible," he says, "they may have to fight a duel or two; *but that I consider of*

no consequence." Only think of such an authority as the Duke of Wellington giving utterance to such an opinion, and only thirty years ago!

Such being the sentiments of the Great Duke on the subject of duelling, we cannot be surprised at his conduct when insulted by the Earl of Winchilsea. Doubtless, however, the Duke little thought, when adjudicating, as we have seen, on the Londonderry and Battier duel, before described,* that he would himself be the next personage to figure in a similar transaction, and to render himself amenable, not indeed to the rules and regulations of the Horse Guards, but to the laws of the country and public opinion. The circumstances of this very curious duel were as follows.

The constitutional part which the Duke of Wellington took, as Minister of the country, in bringing in the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, stirred up the fanatic wrath of the Earl of Winchilsea, who was strongly opposed to that simple measure of justice; and he thought proper to try the effect of a "diversion," or a little bit of "skirmishing," to damage the great strategist and tactician, as he could not oppose him "in force." The Duke had generously given his valuable patronage to the establishment of King's College, London; and the Earl of Winchilsea thought proper to write a letter to the secretary of its committee, in which he stated that the Duke, "under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant

* Vol. ii. p. 270.

religion, was carrying on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State." At the present day such an aspersion would be laughed at by a prime minister of England; but, unfortunately, it was otherwise in those ticklish times when the "No Popery" cry had to be seriously considered by the Government. Accordingly, the Duke considered that the averment quoted imputed to him, "in no measured terms, disgraceful and criminal motives for his conduct in the part which he took in the establishment of the college," and called upon Winchilsea to "relieve himself from the pain of having thus insulted a man who never injured or offended him."

A prodigious correspondence ensued. In the seventh "memorandum," Winchilsea offered terms; he would withdraw the imputation, provided the Duke would state "that at the time he came forward to preside at the meeting for the establishment of King's College, he did not contemplate the measures then in progress for Roman Catholic emancipation." This, of course, was an absurd demand, totally irrelevant—"impertinent," as the lawyers call it; and therefore the Duke returned to the "charge," and said plainly enough, reiterating the original sin—"For this insult I believed, and am not willing to part with the belief, that his lordship will be anxious to give me reparation." Now, "reparation" is the same as "satisfaction," and it was quite evident that this was what the Duke was driving

at. The Earl of Winchilsea, or his "friends," did not, or would not, see the evident "drift" of the war, and more letters passed, "beating the bush." At length, by the Duke's command, went forth these words,— "I repeat what has already been verbally arranged between us, that the Duke of Wellington will be at the place appointed at eight o'clock to-morrow morning;" followed by a note from the Duke himself, in which he says, "I now call upon your lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses to give. I have the honour, etc., WELLINGTON." To this Winchilsea replied at last,— "The satisfaction which your Grace has demanded, it is, of course, impossible for me to decline. I have the honour to be, etc., WINCHILSEA."

Accordingly, the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchilsea met at the place appointed, Battersea Fields, on the next morning, and the following is, I have good reason to believe, the only true account of the transaction. On their first arrival on the ground the parties were interrupted by the presence of some common people, and they moved off to another locality, apparently, however, without improving the situation in this respect, for it is certain that the affair was witnessed by several bystanders.

After some little delay, and a sort of address from Lord Falmouth expressive of regret, etc., the pistols were delivered to the principals in position.

At the word "Fire," the Duke raised his pistol, but seemed to hesitate, as indeed he must have done, for he saw that Lord Winchilsea kept his pistol pointing to the ground, evidently not intending to fire. The Duke fired, but, of course, at random. Thereupon, Lord Falmouth, Winchilsea's second, delivered to Sir Henry Hardinge, the Duke's second, a memorandum expressing his Lordship's regret for publishing the opinion in question, and after a word was added in pencil at the Duke's demand, the latter declared himself satisfied,—the Earl declaring that he would cause this expression of his regret to be inserted in the 'Standard' newspaper, as the same channel through which the offensive letter was given to the public. The parties then separated, but not without a little explanation being demanded by a person who was present, from Lord Falmouth. The party in question expressed his astonishment to Lord Falmouth that the Duke of Wellington should be put in such a situation of peril. Lord Falmouth thereupon assured him that the only condition on which he consented to act as second to the Earl of Winchilsea was, that the latter should *not* fire at the Duke! This was certainly a very odd arrangement; but Lord Falmouth went on to say that the Earl of Winchilsea thought that the injury he had done the Duke was too great for a mere apology, and that he ought to receive his fire. Was ever infatuation carried further? And yet I believe that this is the true version of the affair, as given by one who was

both an eye- and ear-witness of it from beginning to end, and whose manuscript I have perused.

Of course such a duel was well calculated to make a great noise, and the following is one of the most eloquent and amusing versions of it, given in the columns of the venerable '*Morning Herald*' (23rd March, 1829):—

“The City was thrown into a great ferment this morning by a report which seemed so utterly improbable, that at first few people believed it, except those whose mental swallows are so outrageously capacious as to take down everything in the shape of news that is presented to them. For our part we were amongst the incredulous, considering the story as only fit to amuse male and female old ladies—the gossipers in and out of petticoats. Notwithstanding our unbelief, however, we were seriously told by every third person we met how his Grace the Duke of Wellington had taken offence at his lordship’s, the Earl of Winchilsea’s letter, about the King’s College; how the aforesaid noble Duke had challenged the aforesaid noble Earl; how the said noble belligerents had agreed, through their seconds, the Earl of Falmouth and Sir Henry Hardinge, to meet, stand up, and fire at one another, at the distance of twelve paces, like sage legislators and true Christians; how they accordingly did meet this morning in Battersea Fields, among the cabbages; how his Grace, the premier, the champion of emancipation, shot at his lordship, the Earl of Winchilsea, the champion of Protestantism; how the above-mentioned

Duke was near settling emancipation, and the above-mentioned Earl to boot, by shooting him through the body; how, notwithstanding, the ball hit the lappel of his lordship's coat only; how thereupon the noble Earl fired his pistol in the air; how the seconds then interfered; how the lord presented to Sir Henry Hardinge, the Duke's second, a written apology; how it was accepted; and, lastly, how the affair was thus amicably arranged; the Duke luckily being left at liberty to defend the Emancipation Bill instead of being called upon to defend himself from a charge of murder; while the Earl may, if he chooses, again take his place at the head of the 'No Popery' boys, instead of being quietly laid up in the narrow house, to decay among the bones of his buried ancestors. Strange as this story appears, it turned out in all its principal features to be literally true. Yes; reader, the Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of a greater conqueror than either Alexander or Cæsar, the first warrior of his day, the victor of a hundred battles, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the author of a measure which, he says, is necessary, absolutely necessary, for the welfare of the empire, setting all these things at nought, placed himself in a situation where it was probable he might have become a murderer; might have committed a deadly crime, which would have brought him to the bar of his country to plead for his life as a felon of the blackest dye. And all this risk was run, forsooth—all this wickedness was to be perpetrated—merely because a

noble lord, in a fit of anger, wrote a pettish letter, which even his best friends and warmest admirers laughed at. Truly it is no wonder that the multitude should break the laws when we thus see the law-makers themselves, the great, the powerful, and the renowned, setting them at open defiance.

“The Duke wished Lord Winchilsea good morning, and, the compliment being returned, the parties left the ground and returned to town. About fourteen or fifteen gardeners and labouring men, who were on the spot during the transaction, advised the noble combatants to settle the matter in dispute with their fists.

“The spot on which the occurrence took place was well known to the Duke of Wellington, being the same which his Grace, in company with some noblemen and gentlemen, a number of years since, frequented for the purpose of practising shooting.”

There was, I have reason to believe, not the slightest foundation for the last statement; but it is not improbable that the rabble present made remarks on the affair,—although it is rather singular that no letters appeared in papers from that source of information respecting this extraordinary duel.

It seems that the pistols used were *hired* ones; they were bought by a gentleman who kept them in his museum; and they were subsequently offered for sale to the present Duke of Wellington, who declined the purchase, as it was impossible to vouch for the one used by his father on the occasion.

MR. ROEBUCK, M.P., AND MR. BLACK.

(A.D. 1835.)

This duel is, I find, rather slightly alluded to, but I think it shows the original pluck of the British dog "Tear'em" as strikingly as any incident in the life of the veteran politician. In one of his political pamphlets published in 1835, Mr. Roebuck imputed cowardice to Mr. Black, the editor of the '*Morning Chronicle*,' and applied the epithets "base and utterly disgraceful" to his conduct with reference to Mr. Goldsmid. For these words Mr. Roebuck was called to account, Mr. Black insisting that they should be retracted. Mr. Revans, Mr. Roebuck's second, said he felt authorized in saying that Mr. Roebuck had never intended to impute cowardice to Mr. Black, in fact, "that he really believed him to be a *philosopher*, and as such would, of course, not fight; this was all that Mr. Roebuck would admit." Mr. Black, however, although no doubt a philosopher, was also, it seems, a fighting-cock, and rejected this comical explanation, demanding a hostile meeting. They met. Mr. Roebuck received Mr. Black's fire, fired in the air, and, advancing towards Mr. Black, said, "Now, Sir, I again repeat that I had no intention of imputing cowardice to you. I find I was led into error in stating that the correspondence between you and Mr. Goldsmid was copied into the '*Morning Chronicle*,' which I have been informed is not the fact. But I

am still of the same opinion respecting the conduct of yourself towards Mr. Goldsmid, and I vindicate to myself the right of stating my opinion of the public act of a public man."

Mr. M'Gillivray, Mr. Black's second, then insisted that the words "base" and "disgraceful" should be retracted, as he said they could, without dishonour to Mr. Roebuck. Mr. Roebuck answered, that his opinion respecting the conduct in question remained unchanged; that he could not say he did not think it base and disgraceful; it was dishonest and unjust, and still, in his opinion, disgraceful.

On this, Mr. M'Gillivray said that the affair must go on, unless Mr. Roebuck consented to withdraw the expressions complained of. Thereupon Mr. Roebuck walked back to the ground, and shots were then exchanged, but without effect.

Mr. Roebuck asked what was now required, and an apology was again demanded, and again refused. Mr. Revans observed, that they were there with their minds made up, and that, if Mr. M'Gillivray desired, the affair must go on. Mr. M'Gillivray here declared that *he* was the proprietor of the 'Morning Chronicle,' and that Mr. Black ought not to be further exposed upon account of that journal. Mr. Roebuck asked if that was meant as a threat. Mr. Revans here reminded Mr. M'Gillivray, that though he might be the proprietor of the 'Chronicle,' in this affair he was a second. Mr. Revans further observed that *he* was

ready to meet Mr. M'Gillivray immediately, in any way he might desire. Mr. M'Gillivray then observed that he did not know Mr. Revans; and Mr. Roebuck answered, "Sir, I am a sufficient guarantee for any man; Mr. Revans is a friend of mine, and I desire that no altercation of this sort may proceed. If you are not satisfied, I am here, and you must determine for yourself what you will do. I am not to be driven from what I believe just by any threats of *assassination*. I vindicate to myself the right of saying that I think the conduct of a public man 'base' and 'disgraceful,' and I will not be driven from this. Choose what you will do." On this Mr. M'Gillivray decided that the affair should end. Mr. Roebuck then said to Mr. Black, "I have respect for you, Sir, but, though I say this of you, I still assert my right to speak of your acts as I have done. It must now, however, be distinctly understood, that hereafter, Mr. Black is personally responsible for everything said in the 'Morning Chronicle,' and by me will be held so." Mr. Black replied that he did not think what Mr. Roebuck was now doing would do him credit. Mr. Roebuck replied, that he himself must be allowed to judge for himself.

Some little controversy ensued as to Mr. Roebuck's fire on the occasion; but it seems certain that at the first shot he fired in the air after receiving his adversary's fire, but that at the second discharge the fire of the combatants was simultaneous. Mr. Roebuck,

in the conversation following the first shot, alluded to his mode of firing, saying, "You saw how I fired;" whether he fired in like manner at the second shot is not stated, although it may be inferred.*

THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY AND DR. MAGIN.

(‘FRASER’S MAGAZINE.’)

(A.D. 1836.)

An article appeared in ‘Fraser’s Magazine,’ containing matter extremely offensive to Mr. Grantley Berkeley; and on his applying to the publisher, Mr. James Fraser, respecting it, an altercation ensued, in which he committed an outrageous assault on that gentleman. Thereupon, Dr. Magin, the author of the article in question, left his card at Berkeley House, with an acknowledgment of the offence. A hostile message was forthwith sent by Mr. Berkeley to Dr. Magin, and a meeting was agreed upon for seven o’clock in the evening: it was in the month of August. Major Fancourt was Mr. Berkeley’s second, and Mr. Hugh Fraser attended Dr. Magin.

The parties met in a field near the Edgware Road, and after exchanging *three* shots without effect, Mr. Hugh Fraser thought it high time to withdraw his chivalrous principal, no apology nor explanation having been required or tendered. This was certainly a very odd termination to the affair, although, of course,

* ‘Morning Chronicle,’ November 21, 1835.

Mr. Hugh Fraser deserves great credit for not allowing the parties to risk their valuable lives any further.

AN UNFORTUNATE LOVER.

LORD CASTLEREAGH AND M. GÉRAUD DE MELCY.

(A.D. 1838).

Lord Castlereagh, then a young man, became violently in love with the celebrated singer Giulia Grisi, then the wife of M. Gérard de Melcy. The lady gave him no encouragement whatever; but his lordship never failed to be present at every representation of the Italian Opera in London. Placing himself in that part of the theatre which is termed the *omnibus*, it was his habit to applaud the actress with irrepressible enthusiasm, and in the intervals between the acts he would proceed behind the scenes to offer her his immense and sincere admiration. There was no great harm in all this; but, unluckily, his lordship thought proper to go a step further. He wrote the lady a letter, conceived in the warmest terms. Unfortunately this letter fell into the hands of the lady's husband, who was, of course, greatly annoyed thereat, although the terms of the letter conclusively proved that it was a first declaration, and even expressed little hope of a favourable reply. M. de Melcy called twice at Lord Castlereagh's, but was unable to get an interview, his lordship being at Ascot. He then wrote a letter to him, stating that he had intercepted his cor-

respondence, and expected the only satisfaction that a gentleman can give.

As soon as Lord Castlereagh received this letter, he went to M. de Melcy, and assured him that he (Lord Castlereagh) was alone to blame in the affair; that nothing whatever on the part of Madame de Melcy had countenanced or warranted such a hazardous proceeding, and he expressed his great regret for the error, promising to renounce the insane delusion. M. de Melcy replied, that he could not be satisfied with verbal excuses, but that his wife's honour demanded a different sort of reparation. A duel was therefore arranged. The young lord was attended by Mr. Bentinck as his second, and M. de Melcy by another Frenchman, M. Cottreau. The meeting was fixed for the following morning, at half-past four o'clock, at Wormwood Scrubs, a rather appropriate name for the place where his lordship was to receive a bitter lesson.

The champions came to the ground, bringing their pistols; but a difference arose among the seconds on a novel point in duelling. There was an objection to allowing the combatants to use the weapons with which they had been accustomed to practise, and it was actually resolved to send and purchase a new pair of pistols at a gunmaker's. This, of course, caused much delay, and it was ten o'clock when the unhappy lover and the husband were placed in position for mortal combat. Before proceeding, Lord Castlereagh, by his second, gave to his adversary's friend a folded

letter, with permission to read it where and as he pleased. A distance of twelve paces having been measured, it was agreed that the two adversaries should fire together to the signal—"Are you ready, gentlemen? Fire!"

These words being given, the two shots were fired together. Lord Castlereagh was wounded; the ball entered his wrist, furrowed his arm, and grazed his breast, causing a great effusion of blood. Thereupon Mr. Bentinck declared that the affair should not go any further. "For the present," said M. de Melcy.

It was then that Lord Castlereagh's letter, before mentioned, was read by the offended husband. In that letter his lordship said, in the most solemn manner, that having, perhaps, in a few minutes to appear before his Maker, he declared that Madame de Melcy's honour was utterly untainted, and that the lady had never even written to him, nor authorized him to write to her. With this declaration M. de Melcy considered his honour satisfied, and consented to terminate the affair.

THE LINENDRAPER AND THE INNKEEPER'S SON.

MIRFIN AND ELIOT.

(A.D. 1838.)

This is the famous tragi-comedy, the ridicule of which gave the first serious blow to the practice of duelling in England. Mirfin was the son of a mercer at Doncaster, and had kept a linen-draper's shop in

Tottenham-Court Road, and Eliot was the nephew of an innkeeper at Taunton, and recently an officer in the Spanish Legion, of regretful memory.

The duel arose out of a dispute which took place at the Saloon in Piccadilly, and was fought on Wimbledon Common, in a ravine about two hundred yards from the mill.

The parties fired at a distance of twelve paces. At the first shot Eliot's ball went through Mirfin's hat. The seconds immediately interfered; but the latter objected, and insisted upon having a second shot. The pistols being reloaded, the parties fired again, when Mirfin fell. He was immediately attended by a surgeon, but his death was nearly instantaneous.

Warrants were immediately issued for the apprehension of all the parties concerned, and Young and Webber, the seconds, were tried at the Old Bailey on the 21st of September following.

The jury, after retiring about twenty minutes, brought in a verdict of "Guilty." The foreman then said that he had been desired by his brother jurors to express the horror they felt at the conduct of Mr. Scott; and to say that, in their opinion, he ought to have been placed at the bar along with the prisoners. Mr. Justice Vaughan said he quite agreed with the jury as regarded Mr. Scott. Mr. Chambers said he was instructed by the brother of the deceased, who had felt it his duty to institute the prosecution, to recommend the prisoners to mercy, on account of

the excellent character they had received. Mr. Justice Vaughan said the recommendation should be attended to, but for the present, the Court would order that sentence of death should be recorded against the prisoners, and they would from that understand that their lives would be spared. The sentence of death was afterwards commuted to twelve months' imprisonment, the last month to be passed in solitary confinement.

Eliot and the other parties had escaped abroad. As before stated, all the parties who had appealed to this "gentlemanly" mode of settling a difference and the code of refined honour, could, apparently, claim only a very doubtful gentility, thus giving rise to much sarcastic comment in the press at the time; and there can be no doubt, as previously remarked, that this affair did much to bring the practice of duelling into ridicule and detestation. It was destined, however, to get its honour restored to it for a time, two years after, by the celebrated Cardigan-Tuckett affair.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY AND MR. HENRY
GRATTAN.

(A.D. 1839.)

In consequence of some expressions which were made use of by the Marquis of Londonderry in the House of Lords, with regard to a speech reported to have been made by Grattan at a public meeting in Dublin, the latter addressed a letter of inquiry to the Marquis, to which the following answer was re-

turned :—"Lord Londonderry presents his compliments to Mr. Henry Grattan. Lord Londonderry read, in his place in the House of Lords, an extract from the reports of the newspapers of a speech of Mr. O'Connell's, stated to have been made at a public meeting in Dublin, to address the Queen, in which accusations were made against that party to which Lord Londonderry is proud to belong. The paragraph Lord L. cited is as follows :—"Mr. Grattan had said, that her Majesty's life would not be safe if the Tories came into power; and he (Mr. O'Connell) declared solemnly he was convinced she would not live six months, if that event took place.' Lord Londonderry at once admits, if these sentiments are accurately reported, accusing the Tory party of the intention of murdering the Queen, he considers them base and infamous. It was to such accusations Lord Londonderry's epithets applied."

In a second letter, Grattan begged to say, that he was not accountable for any opinion or expression in Mr. O'Connell's speeches. As he had not alluded, in any speech of his, in any way to Lord Londonderry, he requested his lordship would distinctly say, whether he intended that the words "base" and "infamous" should be applied to him? In answer to this letter, Lord Londonderry observed, that, unwilling as he should be to fix upon any individual such sentiments as those reported in the public accounts of the meeting to which he alluded, he must

adhere to the opinion he had already expressed, as applying to any individual who was prepared to avow such language. The epithets complained of were, he said, applied not to individuals, but to injurious accusations reported to have been publicly uttered against a political body; and since there was no disavowal, on Mr. Henry Grattan's part, of the language and sentiments reported to have been used, Lord Londonderry regretted he could not recede from the opinions he had already expressed. In consequence of this correspondence, a meeting was arranged, which took place at three o'clock in the day, on Wimbledon Common. Upon the signal being given, Lord Londonderry received Mr. Grattan's fire, and then fired in the air. Mr. Bodkin, on the part of Mr. Grattan, then expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and the affair terminated.

LORD POWERSCOURT AND MR. ROEBUCK.

(A.D. 1839.)

Mr. Roebuck had applied certain insulting words to Lord Powerscourt in a speech which he delivered at Bath. A meeting was the consequence, at Coombe Wood. His lordship was attended by the Hon. H. Fitzroy, and Mr. Roebuck by Mr. Trelawney. On the ground endeavours were made in vain to prevent proceeding to extremities, Lord Powerscourt's second insisting on Mr. Roebuck's retracting or apologizing for the offensive words in question. Mr. Roebuck

received his adversary's fire, discharged his pistol in the air, and, advancing to Lord Powerscourt, said, "Now, my Lord, I am ready to make any apology your Lordship may suggest,—for certainly, in my speech at Bath, I did not mean to imply anything personally offensive." With this declaration all parties being satisfied, the affair terminated.

THREATS SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

LORD WILLIAM PAGET AND MR. FISKE.

(A.D. 1839.)

This duel took place on Wimbledon Common. Mr. Fiske received his lordship's fire, and fired in the air; when the seconds interfered. It appears that Lord William had called upon Mr. Fiske to deny that he had ever lent money to his lordship, as had been stated in a morning paper,—which request Mr. Fiske refused to comply with on the ground of its being accompanied by a threat; but, after receiving his lordship's fire, he said he had no hesitation in declaring, in the presence of the seconds, Captain Baillie and Mr. Nightingale, that he never had lent any money to his lordship.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN AND CAPTAIN H. G. P. TUCKETT.

(A.D. 1840.)

This celebrated affair commenced at a party which Lord Cardigan, Lieut.-Colonel of the 10th Dragoons, gave at Brighton. According to custom, he had in-

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vited the majority of the officers of the 11th Hussars in garrison at that place. A handsome young lady among the guests happened to express her surprise at not seeing Captain Reynolds at the party.

Lord Cardigan replied, "Milady, Captain Reynolds is not one of the persons whom I receive." This reply, probably with variations and additions, was reported to Captain Reynolds, who wrote to his lordship for an explanation; but received no answer. On the following day he sent a challenge to Lord Cardigan. His lordship consulted his friends, and all declared that the regulations prohibit a duel between a superior and an inferior officer, although belonging to different regiments. But Captain Reynolds became more urgent, writing letter after letter. At length Lord Cardigan sent the whole batch of correspondence to Prince Albert, who was Colonel of the 11th Hussars. The Prince sent the letters to Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief, who, instead of calling a court-martial, took upon himself to place Captain Reynolds under arrest.

Matters were in that state when a new incident supervened, affording great excitement to the press. Captain Tuckett, late of the 11th Dragoons, took up the cause of his comrade Captain Reynolds, and inserted in the 'Morning Chronicle' a letter with the signature of "An Old Soldier," which Lord Cardigan considered very offensive to his honour. This time the difference of grade seems to have been disregarded; Lord Cardigan, through Captain Douglas, sent a chal-

lenge to Mr. Tuckett, which the latter accepted, selecting Captain Wainwright as his second, to arrange the preliminaries. An apology was demanded by the noble Earl; to which the reply was that if he would deny the allegations contained in the letter referred to, it should be given. Lord Cardigan declared that certain portions were true; but that the greater part were calumnies. One of the allegations was, if I remember rightly, his lordship's great antipathy to ordinary black bottles—the consequence being that people began forthwith to call black bottles “Cardigans.” On the apology being refused, the meeting was fixed on.

It took place on a Saturday afternoon (12th of September) on Wimbledon Common. The first shot was ineffectual on both sides; on the second, Mr. Tuckett received his adversary's ball in the back part of the lower ribs, which traversed round the spine.

As Lord Cardigan and his second were moving off after the duel, they were taken into custody. When the inspector said he hoped his lordship had not been fighting with Captain Reynolds, the noble Earl stood up erect, and seemed to reject it, by his action, with the utmost disdain, and said, “Oh, no! do you suppose I would fight with one of my own officers?” This was certainly not very complimentary to his “own officers.”

Lord Cardigan and his second were liberated on bail being given to the police for their appearance

before the magistrates at Wandsworth on the following Monday,—when Sir James Anderson deposed that, after the removal of Mr. Tuckett to his house, he made an examination, and found that a pistol-bullet had entered on the upper part of his right hip-bone, slightly shattering it, had passed transversely, and come out over the spine of the backbone. The parties were required to enter into heavy recognizances, the Colonel in one thousand pounds and Captain Douglas in five hundred.

Lord Cardigan was tried by his peers in the House of Lords for the “felony,” amid all the pomp and circumstance of glorious law. Into the voluminous details of that mighty great sham it would be wearisome to enter; but a single specimen of the proceedings will suffice to give an idea of the whole. Sir James Anderson, the surgeon at the duel, was called, of course; and equally, of course, he was at once cautioned by the Lord High Steward as follows:—“With the permission of the House, I think it my duty to inform you that, after the opening of the Attorney-General, you are not bound to criminate yourself.” Then followed a remarkably exhilarating scene. Sir James was then examined by the Attorney-General. “Of what profession are you?”—“I am a physician.” “Where do you live?”—“In New Burlington Street.” “Are you acquainted with Captain Tuckett?”—“I must decline answering that question.” “Were you on Wimbledon Common on the 12th of September?”—“I must decline

answering that also.”—(Laughter.) “Were you on that day called on to attend any gentleman that was wounded?”—“I must decline that again.”—(Laughter.) “Can you tell where Captain Tuckett lives?”—“I must decline the question.” “Has he a house in London?”—“I decline answering that question.”—(Laughter.) “Do you decline answering any question respecting Captain Tuckett?”—“Any question that may criminate myself.” “And you consider answering any question respecting Captain Tuckett may tend to criminate you?”—“Possibly it would.” “And on that ground you decline?”—“I do.”

The termination of the trial was equally hilarious. After proclamation made for silence, the Lord High Steward, standing up, by a list called every peer by his name, beginning with the junior Baron, and asked him,—“John Lord Keane, how say your lordship, is James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, guilty of the felony whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?” Whereupon each peer, upon his name being called, standing up in his place uncovered, and laying his right hand upon his breast, answered, “Not guilty, upon my honour,”—the only exception being the Duke of Cleveland, who said, “Not guilty *legally*, upon my honour,” which happened to be the very reverse of public opinion, and certainly wrong “on the merits.” After all the peers had given their verdict, the Lord High Steward, standing up uncovered, declared his opinion to the same effect. The Earl of Cardigan being then

brought to the bar, the Lord High Steward said,—
“James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, you have been indicted for a felony, for which you have been tried by your peers, and I have the satisfaction of informing you that their lordships have pronounced you not guilty by a unanimous sentence. The number of their lordships who gave this verdict I have not precisely at this moment before me, or I should have been glad to have stated it to your lordship; but their lordships have unanimously said, ‘Not Guilty.’” The Earl of Cardigan having retired, proclamation was made for dissolving the commission; and the white staff being delivered to the Lord High Steward by the Gentleman Usher of the *Black Rod*, his Grace stood up uncovered, and, holding the staff in both hands, broke it in two, and declared the commission to be dissolved. There is no doubt that this duel tended to revive the practice of duelling, which had been on the decline.

A writer in the ‘*Times*’ said that “Lord Cardigan’s acquittal was ‘honourable,’ no doubt, in the eyes of those who would have thought it equally honourable to be convicted, and of those alone.” Captain Douglas was, of course, acquitted in his plebeian trial. Captain Reynolds was deprived of his commission by court-martial for having challenged his superior officer.

COLONEL PATERSON AND MR. ROBERT MARK MARSDEN.

(A.D. 1841.)

Colonel Paterson was of the East India Service, and

Mr. Marsden was a gentleman, residing at Park Lodge, Regent's Park. The parties met in a field at the back of the Eyre Arms Tavern, at day-break, and exchanged shots without effect. The seconds then interfered, and endeavoured to reconcile the gentlemen; but not succeeding, the parties were again placed on the ground. At the second fire, the ball from Mr. Marsden's pistol took effect on the right side of the gallant Colonel, which was severely shattered. The affair then terminated.

This duel had the honour of attracting the attention of the House of Lords, when several noble lords, among the rest, Lord Eldon, the Earl of Mountcashel, Lord Melbourne, and the Bishop of London, took occasion to denounce "the barbarous, wicked, and unchristian practice of duelling."

The 'Times' put forth a well-reasoned leader on the subject, hitting very hard at the absurd farce of the Cardigan trial. "What the effect upon society in general must be of letting it be understood, that there is a crime which must not, or cannot, be restrained or punished, because peers and 'gentlemen' think proper to commit it, while the law declares it to be felony, we leave those to judge who know the power of example, and the aptness of the lower orders to learn evil from their betters. We are firmly convinced that no more pernicious or anarchical principle than that of the defenders of duelling was ever broached by Chartism, or even Socialism itself."

MR. LYNCH AND MR. MALACHY KELLY.

(A.D. 1841.)

A steeplechase at Ballinasloe, near Dublin, in the month of June, 1841, gave rise to a serious quarrel between Mr. Lynch and Mr. Malachy Kelly. These gentlemen, who had ridden their own horses in the race, mutually accused each other of a fraudulent infraction of the regulations. From words they took to horse-whipping. Kelly's father was present, and he urged his son to challenge Lynch to a duel. The parties went to the ground, and old Mr. Kelly had the inconceivable courage to load the pistols himself! His son was shot under his eyes.

THE HON. WILLIAM WELLESLEY* AND COUNT HUMMELL.

(A.D. 1843.)

This duel was fought in the Bois de Vincennes, near Paris. The Count Hummell was a Belgian, said to be of the oldest family in Europe. The dispute occurred at Brussels, but on what subject did not transpire. The Count, who was the challenger, required that the duel should be with swords; on the part of Mr. Wellesley it was urged that, not only was he unaccustomed to that weapon, but that an injury to the elbow of his right arm disabled him from fighting with the sword, and he produced a certificate to

* Better known to the public as Mr. Wellesley Pole.

that effect from M. Cloquet, the eminent surgeon. It was then agreed that they should fight with pistols, and they met accordingly in the Bois de Vincennes. After an exchange of shots, which did no harm, Mr. Wellesley advanced towards his opponent, and expressed his regret for having used the strong language which had given offence to Count Hummell. A reconciliation immediately ensued; they shook hands, and the matter terminated. The seconds of both parties were Frenchmen, but Mr. Wellesley was further attended by Mr. J. Gunning, who had served with the Duke of Wellington, as principal surgeon, during the whole of his grace's Peninsular campaigns, and accompanied him to the field of Waterloo.

COLONEL FAWCETT AND LIEUT. MUNROE.

(A.D. 1843.)

On the 1st of July, 1843, two carriages, a brougham and a phaeton, were observed, at a quarter to five o'clock, by a policeman passing by the Camden Villas, towards the 'Brecknock Arms' tavern. At the toll-gate they stopped, and the toll-keeper saw five gentlemen alight, and go by different directions, in parties of two or three, into the adjoining fields. In about ten minutes two gentlemen returned, and entering the phaeton drove off quickly towards the Regent's Park. The toll-keeper did not hear any shot, or did not pay attention to it, as shots were often heard in that neighbourhood early in the morning; the 'Breck-

nock Arms' having a rifle-ground attached to it. But he told the policeman who had come up, that he thought a duel had been fought; and the two went to the ground.

Here they found three gentlemen, one lying on the ground, and two standing over him. The wounded man was Lieutenant-Colonel David Lynar Fawcett, of the 55th regiment; one of the others was Mr. George Gulliver, Surgeon in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue); and the third was a slender gentleman, not of military aspect. He went, by the Colonel's desire, with the brougham to fetch Mrs. Fawcett.

The policeman asked what was the matter, and the Colonel answered, "What is that to you? it is an accident." The policeman procured a board, and the wounded man was carried to the 'Brécknock Arms,' but the waiter, whose master was ill in the country and mistress in bed, refused to admit them. They succeeded, however, in obtaining admittance at the 'Camden Arms,' in Randolph Street. Mr. Sandys, a surgeon at Kentish Town, was immediately summoned; and the Colonel's friend, who had gone off, sent Mr. Liston and Sir Benjamin Brodie, the eminent medical men of the time.

It was ascertained that the ball had penetrated the right side, and entered the cavity of the chest. The sufferer was put under proper treatment, though with slender hopes of his recovery.

On the arrival of Mrs. Fawcett, her husband con-

fessed that his antagonist was his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Alexander Thompson Munroe, of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), then at Knightsbridge. The two gentlemen had a dispute in the evening of the day before, about the mode in which Lieutenant Munroe had managed some property of Colonel Fawcett; and the Colonel, in a state of irritation, rang the bell and ordered Mr. Munroe to leave the house; and next day, the latter sent a challenge by Lieutenant Grant.

The Colonel lingered till six o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, when he died.

A coroner's inquest was immediately held, and after repeated adjournments, the jury returned the following verdict:—"We find that Alexander Thompson Munroe, Duncan Trevor Grant, and William Holland Leckie Daniel Cuddy, are guilty of wilful murder, as principals in the first degree, and that George Gulliver is guilty of wilful murder, as principal in the second degree, the jury believing that he was present only as a medical attendant."

At the report of this duel the public were greatly shocked, and then was formed the Anti-Duelling Association, alluded to in a previous page, and consisting of 326 members, so many of whom were of the two services, or noblemen, baronets, and members of parliament, that they fairly conceived themselves strong enough in their union to lead public opinion in the matter of personal honour. Their first act was to denounce duelling as contrary to the laws of God and

man, and eminently irrational as well as sinful, and to pledge themselves to discountenance by influence and example the practice which they condemned. In the next year the following amended articles relating to duelling were issued from the War-Office, by order of the Queen :—

“1. Every officer who shall send a challenge, or who shall accept a challenge to fight a duel with another officer, or who, being privy to an intention to fight a duel, shall not take active measures to prevent such duel, or who shall upbraid another for refusing or not giving a challenge, or who shall reject or advise the rejection of a reasonable proposition made for the honourable adjustment of a difference, shall be liable, if convicted before a general court-martial, to be cashiered, or suffer such other punishment as the court may award.

“2. In the event of an officer being brought to a court-martial for having acted as a second in a duel, if it appear that such officer exerted himself strenuously to bring about an honourable adjustment of the difference, but failed through the unwillingness of the adverse parties, then such officer is to suffer such punishment as the court shall award.

“3. Approbation is expressed of the conduct of those who, having had the misfortune to give offence to, or injure or insult others, shall frankly explain, apologize, or offer redress for the same, or who, having received offence, shall cordially accept frank explana-

tions or apologies for the same ; or, if such apologies are refused to be made or accepted, shall submit the matter to the commanding-officer ; and, lastly, all officers and soldiers are acquitted of disgrace or disadvantage who, being willing to make or accept such redress, refuse to accept challenges, as they will only have acted as is suitable to the character of honourable men, and have done their duty as good soldiers who subject themselves to discipline.”

These articles constitute our British ‘Code of Honour.’

I do not believe that the Anti-Duelling Association had much effect ; but there can be no doubt that the action taken by the War-Office, and by order of the Queen, together with the vigilance of the police, the determination of judges and juries to convict all duellistic delinquents of the capital offence, and the reiterated denunciations, sarcasms, or ridicule of the public press directed against the practice,—effectually checked the evil, although, as I before observed, it seemed inclined “to die hard.” Not long after, there occurred the following fatal duel:—

MR. SETON, OF THE 11TH HUSSARS, AND LIEUTENANT
H. C. M. HAWKEY, ROYAL MARINES.

(A. D. 1845.)

In this affair, it appears that at a *soirée* held at the King’s Rooms, on Southsea Beach, Mr. Seton paid somewhat marked attention to the wife of Lieutenant

Hawkey; and was afterwards, in the public room, most grossly insulted by Mr. Hawkey, who called him a blackguard and a villain, and told him, if he would not fight him, he would horsewhip him down the High Street, at Portsmouth. At the time these words were used, Mr. Seton was endeavouring to leave the ball-room, when Lieutenant Hawkey, who was sitting upon a sofa, rose, and attempted to kick him as he passed. The duel took place on the seashore, near Gosport. The seconds were, Lieutenant Byron G. Rowles, R.N., for Mr. Seton, and Lieutenant Edward L. Pym, R.M., for Lieutenant Hawkey. The distance of the combatants asunder was fifteen paces; the word was given; when Mr. Seton fired, and missed his antagonist. Lieutenant Hawkey's pistol was placed in his hand by his second at half-cock, and consequently Lieutenant Hawkey did not have his shot. Other pistols were, however, supplied to the combatants; the word was again given, and both fired. Mr. Seton immediately fell. Lieutenant Hawkey, without waiting to see the result of his fire, or going up to his antagonist, immediately fled with his second, saying, "I'm off to France."

Mr. Seton was carried on a shutter on board a yacht in waiting, and conveyed to the Quebec Hotel, on the water's edge. Surgical assistance was called in; and it was discovered that the patient had been dangerously wounded on the right side of the abdomen, the ball passing through and coming out on the left side. Mr.

Seton, like his opponent, was under thirty years of age, was married, and had one child. Hopes were, for some time, entertained of his recovery; but after a lingering illness, fatal symptoms supervened, and the unfortunate gentleman died, after an operation for tying a main artery.

I think it may be said that this was the last duel of Englishmen in England; at any rate, I have been unable to find the record of any other. I have reason, however, to believe that parties now and then went abroad to settle affairs of honour: and seven years elapsed before another duel—the last I think fought in England—gave the public a sensation.

COURNET AND BARTHÉLEMY.

(A. D. 1852.)

The last duel fought in England was between two Frenchmen, Cournet and Barthélemy. Cournet was a refugee in England. At the time of the Exhibition in 1851, he had been the bearer of a confidential packet for Barthélemy, but on learning that this man was the keeper of a house of ill-fame, he contented himself with sending him the packet, resolved to decline his acquaintance; but, in addition to this, whenever he fell in with him he did not fail to let him feel the contempt he had conceived for him. Hence the duel, on the 19th of October, 1852.

It was fought at Egham. When the parties met, Cournet won the toss for choice of position, pistols,

and right to fire first. They were posted at forty paces, each having to advance ten paces. Cournet advanced ten paces, fired, and missed. Barthélemy then advanced his ten paces, and thus standing twenty paces from his adversary, addressed him in the true style of French rhodomontade, reminding him that his life was now at his mercy, but that he would waive his right to fire if Cournet would consent to continue the duel with swords. Cournet, who, it is said, had previously shot fourteen men in different duels, refused the offer, and reminded his antagonist that he had still the right of another shot if he should fail.* On this Barthélemy raised his pistol, drew the trigger, but the percussion-cap failed to discharge the pistol. A new cap was put on, a second attempt was made, but with the same result. Barthélemy again appealed to Cournet to have the contest decided with swords; and again Cournet refused, but offered him the use of the pistol which he himself had previously discharged. The offer was accepted; the pistol was loaded, placed in his hands, and discharged with fatal effect—Cournet being shot through the body. The wounded man was conveyed to the ‘Barleymow,’ a small public-house on the Green, where he died in a few hours.

* According to the *French* account, Barthélemy said, “There is still time to retract, and all may be arranged. I have received your fire. Now, do *your* duty.”—“No, no,” replied Cournet; “I shall certainly not retract at the muzzle of your pistol. It would be cowardice. I will not. We shall see what’s to be afterwards.”

The cause of the failure of Barthélemy's pistol was singular, and gave rise to suspicions of foul play. On drawing the charge, a piece of linen rag was found at the breech, which effectually prevented explosion; but it appeared that when the parties hired the pistols they were somewhat foul, and therefore the seconds had, in each other's presence, wiped out the barrels with linen rag, and afterwards sealed them in a packet. They were also loaded in each other's presence, so that the imputation of unfair dealing seems unjust; but it is singular that Cournet, who was a good shot, should have missed his helpless adversary, and should have fallen at the first shot on the weapons being exchanged.

Cournet's fate was generally regretted, and the papers were filled with his praises. He was only eighteen years of age when, with only six men in a long boat, he captured a Spanish frigate in the Tagus. For this exploit he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Before he was twenty-one he was appointed lieutenant in the French navy by Admiral Roussin, the Minister of Marine, in the reign of Louis-Philippe. He was one of the deputation sent to England to represent France at the coronation of her Majesty. It is said that the Queen, calling this fact to mind, graciously sent one of her carriages to attend the funeral obsequies of Cournet, who was followed to the grave by a great multitude of sincere mourners.

I give the above on the authority of the French

account of the affair. Cournet was certainly of good family, but he had involved himself in perpetual plots, had had many quarrels, had fought many duels, had been repeatedly imprisoned for political and other offences, and had finally made himself so obnoxious by his republican ideas, that on the accession of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, he had thought it safer to withdraw from France.*

It seems to have been known for some weeks among the French residents in Leicester Square and its neighbourhood that the duel was to come off; and on the day it took place, the pavements were crowded with expectants awaiting the result.

Barthélemy and his seconds were arrested, and tried for the felony, when they were found guilty, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. The leniency of the sentence was in consideration of their being foreigners, insufficiently acquainted with the laws of this country against duelling; besides, they had already passed more than five months in prison.

Barthélemy did not long survive Cournet. Within two years of the duel, he committed a double murder in Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, not only killing a man in an ignoble quarrel about money said to be due to a woman who accompanied him, but also shooting another man who attempted to prevent his escape. He was tried, convicted, and condemned to death. His behaviour throughout was a mixture of deliberate

* 'Annual Register.'

defiance and bravado, not without intemperate blasphemy. Neither the sheriff, the Protestant parson, nor the Catholic priest could bring him to the least sense of his situation. To the last he evinced the greatest possible nerve and self-possession, and it was evident that, for him, the dreadful death which awaited him possessed no terror. Just before emerging from the gaol-entrance to mount the scaffold, he stopped for a moment, and addressing Calcraft, the hangman, he said, "I have one thing to ask of you, do it quickly." He then said, "Now I shall know the secret;" and walking rapidly up the steps of the scaffold, and calmly, or rather contemptuously surveying the crowd, he placed himself boldly in position, was swung off, appearing to expire in an instant—an easy death for a murderer.

This Barthélemy was a notorious character in every way. He had been condemned to the galleys in the reign of Louis XVIII. for shooting down a gendarme; he was liberated at the Revolution of 1830, as a man condemned for a political offence, and greatly distinguished himself in the insurrection of June, 1848. Victor Hugo talks of him, accordingly, as a hero, among his 'Misérables.' It was in consequence of his acts that he sought refuge in England, to live and die as he did in expiation.

This man did not think he deserved death; he blamed Lord Campbell for the verdict; moreover, he said he "was going to be executed for murdering two

men, while the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who had committed much greater crimes than he had, was thought a great man." A very odd view of the subject, certainly.

Strangely enough, the French refugees appeared to suspect Barthélemy of being in the pay of the French police, in spite of his boasted and ferocious republicanism.*

MR. DILLON AND THE DUC DE GRAMMONT CADÉROUSE.

(A.D. 1862.)

This is the last duel on record fought by a British subject, and it is remarkable not only as such, but on account of all its incidents.

Dillon is an Irish name, but, according to my authority,† Mr. Dillon was an Englishman, said to have been a member of the bar. He had acted for many years as editor of the French journal 'Le Sport;' he had been mainly instrumental in that organization of the French turf which forms such a remarkable epoch in the second Empire; and, as a racing and betting man, was naturally hand-in-glove with the aristocratic and luxurious class in Paris known as *Gandins*.‡

* See 'Annual Register,' 1854 and 1855.

† 'Daily Telegraph,' 25th October, 1862.

‡ This word sounds very much like "dandy," and still more like "gander;" but the derivation of the term is as follows:—The ruined *noblesse*, or nobles of France, during their revolutionary and imperial proscription, took refuge at Ghent (in French, *Gand*), and on their return at the Restoration they figured

The Duc de Grammont Cadérouse, the other party to this duel, as is well known, is or was a Gandin of the first water, and had been conspicuous with M. Pozzo di Borgo and others in the strange O. P. (or old price) riots at the Vaudeville theatre. Small blame to him for that, however; our English Gandins occupy and amuse themselves as they please. Such, then, was this French noble with the long name, obviously one of those human things which are, it seems, the "necessary evils" of civilization.

Now, it happened, on the occasion of some races at the Châlons Camp, that the Duc had taken exception to a certain Mr. Thomas being described as a "gentleman rider,"—just one of those exceptions that a Gandin, French or British, would take. Well, it appears that the gentility of this Mr. Thomas was a matter of some importance to be established, and so Mr. Dillon, in his paper 'Le Sport,' espoused the cause of Thomas, and wrote several articles reflecting on the Duc de Grammont Cadérouse, which, of course, roused that gentleman's, or rather, that nobleman's ire. He did not, however, do what most Frenchmen would do, at once request the writer to substitute the sword or pistol for the pen, in the 'Bois de Boulogne.' No; he followed Dillon's example, and addressed sun-

in the Boulevard des Italiens, and affected to be the leaders of *ton*, being termed *Gandins*, in ridicule, that is, "Men of Ghent." They sent down the name to their present successors, who are also called *crevés*, that is, "burst bubbles," or "crushed insects."

dry letters of recrimination to 'Le Sport,' and another sporting paper, 'La France Hippique;' but neither Dillon nor his *confrère* would allow the Gandin to have his "say" in their papers; they threw his indignant letters into the waste-paper basket.

Nobody, I think, will say that this was fair play, even with a Gandin. British Gandins are not treated in that way by the considerate and honourable editors of British newspapers; moreover, the latter have generally the tact of allowing angry people to make greater fools of themselves by "rushing into print."

Thus denied "simple justice," the Duc de Grammont Cadérouse sent his epistles to the editor of a Belgian paper—the 'Indépendance Belge,' I think—who, of course, was only too glad to put the "little bit of excitement" into his journal. In nursery phrase, this "tit-for-tat" could only be what everybody might expect, especially an editor who had attacked the writer, that writer being, too, a Gandin. Besides, Dillon could have returned to the charge, and given the Duc another "dressing."

But, strange to say, the man who was first to attack, was the first to appeal to arms to decide the quarrel. Dillon considered his honour attacked in these letters, *adopted and conformed to the French ideas on the subject*, and challenged the Duc to mortal combat, appointing the Vicomte de Noé and an officer named De Maury as his seconds—other *Gandins*, like the Duc. Most assuredly Mr. Dillon must have become intensely

“Frenchified” to take this course. It may be all very well to quote the proverb of doing at Rome what the Romans do; but I cannot help thinking that Mr. Dillon, the Englishman, should have had the good sense to refrain from such a proceeding.

By a sort of providential hint, the proud Duc de Grammont Cadérouse declined the challenge; pleaded his high rank; and alleged that he was not bound to fight Mr. Dillon.

Now, ought not that to have been enough for an Englishman? for the *editor of a paper*? What a glorious flourish of his trumpet might he not have given forth, descanting on the baseness of a noble shielding himself behind his rank when called to account for his insolence! But, no; Mr. Dillon persisted: and at length, stung by a strong letter from Dillon’s second, the Vicomte de Noé, the Duc waived his peerage, accepted the challenge, and named his seconds—the Vicomte Talon, and the Prince d’Essling, a descendant, no doubt, of the sanguinary Davoust, of the Imperial wars, who were authorized to arrange a meeting.

Contrary to the usage of duelling, Mr. Dillon insisted upon naming his weapon; being the challenger he required that pistols should be the weapons. Most assuredly he had no right to the choice, and the Duc cannot be blamed for refusing to yield this point as well as that of his rank. The demand evidently inferred that Dillon thought himself pretty well in hand

with the pistol; and perhaps the Duc had a contrary opinion of himself. Why, then, should he yield the point and expose himself, perhaps, to a dead-shot?

After a protracted negotiation, in the course of which the Prince d'Essling resigned his place as second to M. de Fitzjames, it was arranged that the duel should be fought with swords.

The combat took place at St. Germain, on the 22nd of October, 1862, and after a few passes, Mr. Dillon got the worst of it; he was run through the body; the heart was touched; and he died on the spot.

There is no knowing what degree of proficiency in the use of the foils Mr. Dillon had attained; but it may be reasonably assumed that he was no very shining exception to his countrymen in this respect; and, consequently, no match for an adversary such as the Duc de Grammont Cadérouse, who, like other Frenchmen of his degree—and, indeed, of every degree, from the common soldier to the *Gandin*—had been habituated from early youth in the management of the small sword. The particulars of the encounter not being given, we can only suppose that Mr. Dillon, like other inexperienced fencers, relied on his mere physical strength, and on the impetuosity of his assault; and that the Duc, hard pressed by a furious, albeit clumsy foe, was forced to thrust where he could, and so thrust home.

No doubt an unskilful but impetuous fencer has a good chance at the first onset; but he must make sure

of his thrust at once ; for, the moment a skilful fencer discovers his deficiency he will be able easily to make him spit himself to the hilt, as I have before observed in treating of the subject.*

In the English papers the death of Mr. Dillon was termed a "cold-blooded murder;" but I cannot see it in that light. It is quite evident that Mr. Dillon was wrong in the first instance—that he forced the duel on the Duc—and would have killed, or maimed, or wounded him, if he could. Had he succeeded in killing the Duc, in his impetuous onslaught, would people have been justified in calling the death "a hot-blooded murder?" I think not. And, at the termination of this entire investigation of duelling, I do not hesitate to say, that this last representative of British duelling not only showed by his conduct, the absurdity of the practice, but also brought upon himself the penalty of his infatuation.

I must make another remark which is germane to my subject.

Unquestionably, this duel was a most deplorable affair ; but if Englishmen will go and mix with Frenchmen in France, and adopt their mode of "envisaging"† matters, they had better take my advice and go *thoroughly prepared* with both weapons—sword and pistol—and ponder over very attentively all that I have expounded in the third and fourth chapters of this work.

* Vol. i., p. 61.

† From the French, "*envisager*."

On the other hand, however, I would also submit to them the consideration of the wisdom of adopting the following method of—

DISPUTING WITHOUT DUELLING.

A graduate of Cambridge gave another the lie, and a challenge followed. The mathematical tutor of his college, Mr. V——, heard of the dispute, and sent for the youth, who told him he must fight.

“Why?” asked the mathematician.

“Because he gave me the lie,” said the youth.

“Very well; let him *prove* it; if he proves it, you did lie, and if he does not prove it, *he* lies. Why should you shoot one another? Let him *prove* it. Q. E. D.”

THE END.

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