THE ROMANCE OF DUELLING.

THE

ROMANCE OF DUELLING

IN ALL TIMES AND COUNTRIES.

BY

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

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE age of duelling, like that of chivalry, may be said to be past for ever in England; but there is a lingering romance about the subject, which will always invest it with interest.

The topic rings of the time when notions of honour may, indeed, have been false; but they served a purpose in the absence of better laws, better police, better taste, and better manners. The history of duelling necessarily includes that of the manners and morals of epochs; and not only that, it is notoriously connected with the politics and dynastic struggles of nations, especially in France and England. Moreover, the subject recommends itself for consideration as an institution, if not as venerable as others that still exist among us, at any rate one that was deemed sufficiently well-founded to number among its followers the most distinguished men of England and

France—even the Duke of Wellington, who seems not only not to have disapproved of duelling,* but even honoured it with his example. In no country, France excepted, has duelling been more in vogue than in England and Ireland; and in its palmy days, Sir Jonah Barrington declared that "as many as two hundred and twenty-seven official and memorable duels were fought during his grand climacteric."

Nor is it evident that the spirit of duelling is quite dead among us, if we have succeeded in "putting down" the practice. Doubtless it will startle the reader to learn that in the month of February, 1868, a challenge to a hostile meeting was sent by an Englishman in England to a fellow-countryman!† This gallant Volunteer officer appears not to have been aware that he rendered himself liable to be "*cashiered, or otherwise punished,*" according to the standing orders of our present Code of Honour.‡

But if the sword and the pistol have ceased to vindicate the honour of Englishmen in personal combat, if duelling has been decidedly "put down," abolished by Act of Parliament, rigorously applied by the Judges, and strengthened by the verdicts

* See Vol. II., p. 270.

† Mr. William Turpie, manager of the Derby and Derbyshire Bank, and captain in the Derby Volunteers, was summoned for sending a challenge to fight Mr. T. R. Hutton, recently acting as cashier at the same bank; and Mr. Turpie was bound over to keep the peace.

‡ See Vol. II., p. 366, of the present work.

of juries,—in fine, if sarcasm, ridicule, Christian and philosophical argument have "settled the question" here with us,—it is not so abroad. The duello is still very active and stirring among our gallant neighbours, the French. Quite recently, in October, 1867, there was a hostile meeting, under the eyes of the Imperial Eagle, between two of the highest in the land—the Prince Achille Murat (of glorious pedigree) and the Marquis de Rougé, in which the latter was wounded. Finally, in the month of March of the present year, we read of a duel at Nice, between Baron de Lareintz and Captain de Lapelin, of the French Navy, commander of the division on that part of the coast. The duel was with swords. In the first attack both combatants were slightly wounded—the Baron in the hip, the other in the breast; in a second onset the Baron was touched in the collar-bone, and the affair ended.

In France, nobles, officers and soldiers, gentlemen, editors of newspapers, (a fighting crew with pen *or* sword and pistol), butchers, bakers, grocers, all are ready to "go out" for the *point d'honneur*, and none of the gallant brotherhood of braves are ashamed of each other, or deem any association or companionship "ridiculous" in such a cause. There is hardly a regiment in the garrison of Paris which has not its professed duellist, officer or private; hardly a member of the Jockey Club who has not made homicidal excursions to Vincennes or St. Germain; hardly a journalist who has not been compelled, at some time or another,

to defend his principles at the point of the sword. M. Jérôme's remarkable picture of the 'Duel after the Ball'—showing one of the parties run through the body, in his masquerade garb of clown—is no artistic dream in France; and throat-cutting is still considered an appropriate wind-up to the festivities of the Carnival, just as cock-fighting used to be in England on Shrove-Tuesday.

The most revolting feature about French duels, is the apparently trifling causes which lead men, professing to be gentlemen and Christians, to hack and hew at one another as though they were wild Indians. A misapprehended joke, an adverse criticism, a collision in a waltz, a flask of champagne, or a ballet-dancer's shoe, are all deemed sufficient, in Parisian society, for the commission of "wilful murder," as *our* law declares it to be, although, in strict morals, there must be a prodigious difference between "murder," strictly so called, and the death of a man deliberately fighting a duel. The famous case of Mr. Dillon (killed in a duel only five years ago) is still fresh in the memory of men, and it should be well considered by all Englishmen who sojourn in the Queen of Cities. It is a "lesson," and will be found treated as such in this work.*

Such being the case, we can still talk of duelling as a thing of the present day; and as our countrymen are getting more and more fond of travelling in *la*

* See Vol. II., p. 374.

Belle France, and mixing with her mercurial sons of all degrees, perhaps it may be advisable to refresh their memories, or to inform their understandings, with the facts and processes of the duello, in case they may ever get involved in some delicate affair in which "things must take their course;" without the additional fear of horrid arrest by burly policemen, and a still more horrid trial at the Old Bailey, or elsewhere, with small mercy to expect from the big wigs, the juries, the indignant and facetious press, and the horrified public at large. They manage things otherwise, if not better, in France. Duelling, if not absolutely permitted, is certainly tolerated, especially among the military.*

In connection with duelling, the method of practice to secure proficiency, and the routine of a duel must always claim attention as parts of the subject; but this matter has never, hitherto, attracted the notice of the historians of the chivalric institution. It will be found that I have gone thoroughly into the interesting topic, both from personal recollection and with the aid of the experience of other writers.

The general subject of duelling has occupied several writers both in England and in France; among the

* The Penal Code does not expressly treat of duelling, but, in the view of the legislator, the chapter on crimes and misdemeanours against the person were to be applied to it, and this has of late years been enacted by the Court of Cassation, the seconds being treated as accomplices, and the family of the person killed having a right of action for damages.

latter may be mentioned Cauchy, Bataillard, Genaudet, Fougeroux de Campigneulles, in 1836, and more recently, Colombey; among the former, besides several practical writers on the subject, we have Moore's 'Full Inquiry,' published in 1790, Gilchrist's 'Brief Display,' in 1821, Dr. Millingen's 'History of Duelling," published in 1841, and two or three smaller works more or less interesting.

Millingen's 'History of Duelling,' although not without its merits, was defective, even at the time of its appearance, as a chronicle of remarkable duels, and in some of the important particulars of hostile meetings. His chief sources were the 'Histoire des Duels' by Fougeroux de Campigneulles, and Gilchrist's collection, the latter being a digest, as far as British duels are concerned, from the 'Gentleman's Magazine' and the 'Annual Register.'

In the present work, I have had recourse to many other sources; have introduced several remarkable duels not to be found in any other collection; rectified many improperly described, and, moreover, related not a few from personal remembrance in my youth, and which, I think, will be found not the least interesting and romantic in the collection, endeavouring throughout to perform my task in a manner which inspires the hope that the reader will be able to "point the moral" of every tale, which I have not attempted to "adorn."

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ROMANCE OF DUELLING.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD NOTIONS ABOUT DUELLING AND PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTERS.

At the present day no arguments are required to demonstrate the wickedness and absurdity of Duelling. It is not only proscribed as a felony by law, but, among the great majority of the people of England, the bare idea of it is a subject of ridicule, and few can imagine how, after receiving one injury, a man can be foolish enough to run the risk of getting another inflicted upon him by his offender.

It is, therefore, only on account of its past history that duelling awakens an interest, and claims the attention of all who feel concerned in the common lot of humanity—its passions, errors, dangers, and suffering.

In this respect, no page of history or romance is

more thrilling and interesting, as will be evident in the sequel.

Whilst we need no arguments to induce us to set our faces against duelling, it may be worth our while to listen with a smile to the arguments put forth of old in defence of the practice. Admitting that it was both awful and distressing to see a young person cut off suddenly in a duel, particularly if he happened to be the father of a family, the advocates of duelling still declare that the loss of a few lives was a mere trifle when compared with the benefits resulting to society at large,—for "the great gentleness and complacency which characterized the manners of the epoch, and those respectful attentions of one man to another, rendering social intercourse far more agreeable and decent than among the most civilized nations of antiquity," were ascribed, in some degree, to this absurd custom. So they said that the man who fell in a duel and the individual who was killed by the upsetting of a stage-coach, were both unfortunate victims to a practice from which society derived great advantages; therefore it was said to be as absurd to prohibit duelling as it would be to prohibit stage-travelling, because occasionally a few lives were lost by an upset!

Nor was that all that was urged to show the expedience of the practice. It was argued that duelling might probably be one of the numerous methods devised by nature for checking the too rapid increase of

population! True, in England many lives were not lost by the pistol and rapier, but among our neighbours on the Continent, deaths by duelling occurred daily, almost hourly; and the persons taken off were generally fine, fresh, healthy, propagating fellows. In England that mode was not necessary, because consumption, scarlet fever, etc., kept down the population. In the salubrious climates of Spain and Italy, however, these disorders were almost unknown, and but for that principle implanted in the breasts of the hot-blooded inhabitants of those regions, which urges them to endeavour to destroy each other upon the most trivial occasions of offence, men might live to a patriarchal age, and multiply so rapidly that the soil would soon be insufficient to supply them with nourishment. Such was what might be called the providential argument in support of duelling.

We can better understand the next argument, that duelling is a check upon a certain class of persons infesting every trade and profession, who may be denominated natural bullies—having a certain devilish propensity to attack their fellow-creatures, either by words or blows, as best suits their purpose. They are for the most part, at bottom, arrant cowards; and this blustering proceeds from a desire to appear big in their own petty circle. Regardless of wounding the feelings of others, they discharge their foul ammunition at any party whose talents or high position in society render him an object of public attention, and whose

resentment they court as the means of gratifying their detestable love of notoriety.

Mandeville says in one of his essays:—"Man is civilized by nothing so irresistibly as by his fear; for, according to Lord Rochester's oracular sentiment, 'If not all, at least most men would be cowards, if they durst.'* The dread of being called to a personal account keeps abundance of people in awe; and there are now many thousands of mannerly and well-accomplished gentlemen in Europe who would have turned out very insolent and very unsupportable coxcombs, without so salutary a curb to keep under restraint their naturally irruptive petulance. Whenever it shall become unfashionable to demand a manly satisfaction for such injuries received as the law cannot take hold of, there will then most certainly be committed twenty times the mischief that there is now; or else the present number of constables and other peace-officers must be increased twenty-fold. Although duelling happens but seldom among us, in comparison with other countries, yet it is, I own, a calamity to the individuals and families whom it may immediately affect; but all felicity of life has its alloy, from the very obvious reason that there can be no perfect happiness in this world.

"Notwithstanding, every rational person must own that the act of duelling in itself is uncharitable, un-

* It may be remembered that the great Duke of Wellington expressed a very similar opinion in the House of Lords.

social, nay, inhuman; yet, when we consider that, one year with another, above thirty destroy themselves by suicide,* and that not half the number are killed by others in duelling, surely it cannot be said of our people that they love themselves better than their neighbours.

"Is it not somewhat strange that a nation should grudge to see perhaps half-a-dozen men sacrificed in a twelvemonth to obtain and ensure such invaluable blessings as the politeness of manners, the pleasures of conversation, and the happiness of company in general, and especially a nation too that is often so ready, so willing to expose, and sometimes to lose, as many thousands in a few hours, without the least certainty that any future benefit shall accrue to her from such a loss?

"The most cogent arguments that can be used against modern honour and its favourite principle, the spirit of duelling, is its being so diametrically opposed to the forgiving meekness of Christianity. The Gospel commands us to bear injuries with a resigned patience; Honour tells us, if we do not resent them in a becoming manner, we are unworthy of ranking in society as men. Revealed religion commands the faithful to

* That was the number when Mandeville wrote, but, of course, it is much greater now (260, in London), owing to the increase of population. It is curious, however, that the annual number is very regular, so that we always know, approximately, how many will commit suicide in the year!

leave all revenge to God; Honour bids persons of feeling to trust their revenge to nobody but themselves. Christianity, in express and positive terms, forbids murder; Honour rises up in barefaced opposition to justify it. Religion prohibits our shedding blood upon any account whatever; punctilious Honour commands and urges us to fight, even for trifles. Christianity is founded upon humility; Honour is erected upon pride. I must leave to wiser heads than mine to bring about a reconciliation between them."

In addition to these arguments, the advocates of personal combat appealed to facts. They said that if men were not permitted to exhaust their irritated feelings by blows, they would resort to some other method of revenging an injury, and we should perhaps have the stiletto, dagger, or knife as commonly in use here as in Portugal, Spain, and Italy. In England, if two men quarrel, they box it out,—for every man is more or less a boxer; and after hammering at each other until all animosity is vented, they shake hands and part, perhaps with a sprained wrist, a broken nose, or a black eye; but it is rarely any serious injury is sustained by either. There are certain rules and regulations strictly enforced on such occasions, and the bystanders will not suffer them to be infringed; for instance, a man is never permitted by the regulations of boxing to strike, kick, or bite his antagonist when down; and everybody must have witnessed, at such accidental encounters in the street, the earnestness

with which the affair is viewed on all sides, and the strict observance of the rules in question.

On this ground even prize-fighting was advocated. It was said:—Prohibit prize-fighting, and the mob will soon forget how a pugilistic contest should be conducted. If two Italians or Portuguese quarrel, their knives are displayed in a moment; and the consequence is often fatal to one, if not both. No people use the knife so much as the Portuguese at Rio and Bahia, in Brazil; we scarcely meet an individual among the lower classes there who has not the mark of a stiletto wound on his person.

"About thirty-two years ago," writes a resident in Brazil, "I witnessed several most cold-blooded murders. One victim was a fine, hardy, weather-beaten old English sailor, who had left his vessel for a day's cruise on shore; he was, I believe, the coxswain of Lord Cochrane's gig. I first observed him seated near the mole, in front of a tobacco-shop, enjoying his pipe and glass of grog, and seemingly well-pleased at feeling himself relieved for a few hours from the restraints consequent to his profession.

"The man's figure particularly attracted my attention; his muscular frame and open independent expression of countenance formed a striking contrast with the appearance of the half-emaciated natives who occupied a part of the same bench. Suddenly a loud disturbance arose in the shop; another English sailor rushed out, followed by a Portuguese brandishing a

drawn sword-stick, and making several ineffectual thrusts at the man, whose coolness and agility enabled him to escape the evil intended.

"The old tar looked on for some moments; he had no arms save those with which nature had furnished him; but observing a countryman so unequally engaged, without knowing anything of the quarrel, rushed to his assistance; and a very few seconds gave a decided proof of the superiority of British muscle and valour over Portuguese science and cold steel. The man was floored and the sword-stick broken. The affray now became general; a crowd of foreigners hurried to the spot; and ere I arrived the most dreadful vengeance had been taken. The old sailor was struck from behind with a knife, which entered both his heart and lungs; his death was instantaneous; he sprang about a foot from the ground, and, falling back, never moved again.

"It would have given me great satisfaction to have discharged my pistol through the head of the assassin; but surrounded as I then was by the rascals, and unable to obtain assistance, such an act would probably only have brought upon myself the same fate that had befallen the old sailor, without mending his case. It was distressing to witness the life of a hardy old veteran, who had braved many a stiff gale, and escaped many a cannon-shot, thus brought to a close; and annoying to find that no effort was made to secure the murderer. The police at Rio are not over-active in

endeavouring to discover a culprit, when guilty of no greater offence than stilettoing a heretic."

There can be no doubt that fisticuff encounters have always been the characteristic of Englishmen in preference to the knife or poignard; but still the instances of the use of the latter have been too numerous in all times to warrant the belief that encouragement to prize-fighting would tend to abolish or check the practice among us. If in the present "decline and fall" of the Ring, we not unfrequently hear of the use of the knife among the lower orders, it is very probable that the instances are not proportionately more numerous than they were in former times, when, it is well known, defective police and street darkness prevented many a case from coming under the eye of justice. When, therefore, the Ring, by its treacheries and deceptions, has forfeited the small claim to honour it arrogated, it may be safely discarded from among our institutions without in the least affecting our national proficiency in "the noble art of self-defence."

The only tolerable argument in excuse of duelling was that relating to those great injuries that one man can inflict upon another in the case of the seduction of his wife, daughter, or sister. It was said, "In a case of seduction, who could censure the act of a brother, in calling out the author of his sister's misfortune? Or of adultery, the conduct of a husband, in avenging his wrongs upon the person of a destroyer of all his domestic comforts? Nothing, in my opinion,

is more horribly degrading to human nature than the plan adopted in this country, of awarding an individual a pecuniary compensation for the most cruel injury that can be inflicted; and I would sooner read the account of the death of a whole regiment by duelling than see recorded one of those disgusting trials for seduction or adultery, which are a disgrace to our national character."

But times are now changed more than ever, and such chivalric sentiments are by no means in vogue or tolerated in the present generation. The lapse of a century, or indeed the life of a single generation, has sufficed to put down duelling in England without an apparent chance of revival—even with the example of such great names as those of Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Canning, the Dukes of York, Wellington, and Richmond, and others among the most highly-gifted and illustrious individuals of former times who advocated and practised duelling. At the present day, most people take the view of it expressed by the celebrated philosopher, Dr. Franklin:—

"It is astonishing that the murderous practice of duelling should continue so long. Formerly, when duels were used to determine lawsuits, from an opinion that Providence would, in every instance, favour truth and right with victory, they were excusable; at present they decide nothing. A man says something, which another man tells him is a lie;—they fight; but whichever is killed, the point in dispute remains un-

settled. To this purpose they have a pleasant little story here :—A gentleman in a coffee-house desired another to sit further from him.—'Why so ?'—'Because, Sir, you smell.'—'That, Sir, is an affront, and you must fight me.'—'I will fight you if you insist upon it; but I don't see how that will mend the matter; for if you kill me, I shall smell too; and if I kill you, you will smell, if possible, more than you do at present.'*

"How can such miserable worms as we are entertain so much pride as to conceit that every offence against our imagined honour merits death? These petty princes, in their own opinion, would call that sovereign a tyrant who would put one of them to death for a little uncivil language, though pointed at a sacred person; yet every one of them makes himself judge in his own cause—condemns the offender without a jury—and undertakes himself to be the executioner."

"Duelling," says Paley, "as a punishment, is absurd, because it is an equal chance whether the punishment falls on the offender or the person offended; nor is it much better as a reparation,—it being difficult to explain in what the satisfaction consists, or how it tends to *undo* the injury or afford a compensa-

* Franklin here alludes to the celebrated duellist, St. Foix, who returned that answer to a challenge which he received from a gentleman whom he had asked, "Why the devil he smelt so confoundedly?"

tion for the injury sustained. The truth is, it is not considered as either; a law of honour having annexed the imputation of cowardice to patience under an affront, challenges are given and accepted, with no other design than to prevent and wipe off this suspicion, without malice against the adversary—without a wish to destroy him; and, generally, with no other concern than to preserve the duellist's own reputation and reception in the world.

"The unreasonableness of this rule of manners is one consideration—the duty and conduct of individuals, while such a rule exists, is another; as to which, the proper and single question is this—whether a regard for our own reputations is, or is not, sufficient to justify the taking away the life of another? Murder is forbidden; and whenever human life is deliberately taken away, otherwise than by public authority—there is murder.

"If unauthorized laws of honour be allowed to create exceptions to divine prohibitions, there is an end of all morality, as founded on the will of the Deity; and the obligations of every duty may at one time or another be discharged by the caprice and fluctuations of fashion."

Finally, there is the view taken of duelling by an eminent historian and others, that it has to be thanked for the amelioration of the general manners of modern society.

Dr. Robertson makes the averment in his usual

flowing style :—"The dominion of fashion is so powerful that neither the tyranny of penal laws nor reverence for religion has been able entirely to abolish a practice unknown among the ancients, and not justifiable by any principle of reason; though, at the same time, it must be admitted that to this absurd custom we must ascribe, in some degree, the extraordinary gentleness and complacency of modern manners, and that respectful attention of one man to another, which, at present, renders the social intercourses of life far more agreeable and decent than among the most civilized nations of antiquity."

Now, this observation is totally unfounded in fact. At the time when duelling was most in vogue, both in England and in France, it is notorious that there was very little gentleness, complacency, or even decency in manners. All who have studied the advance of civilization in both countries, especially in England, will be ready to attest this assertion, and there will be abundant proof of it in these pages. The prevalence of duelling did not prevent the most heartless seductions of wives and daughters; it did not check the utterance of the filthiest epithets; nor induce a "gentleman" to refrain from the dirtiest action—even that of spitting into another gentleman's hat, *for a bet of a guinea!** The grossness of the drama and the writings of those times, is a perfect reflex of the manners of the day. If gentlemen fought oftener in former

* See Chapter X., "Lord Harvey and Lord Cobham."

times, most decidedly they had oftener reason or cause for so doing—owing to the innate brutality of the social system then prevalent. No;—the amelioration of modern manners is simply due to the amelioration of public *taste*—the advance of education—the wholesome teaching of the better class of literature—the influence of the Press and its Argus-eyed *publicity*—together with, no doubt, a better police, a more rigorous application of the law, and the determination to make no exception of persons in its administration. To these causes must also be attributed the cessation of habitual drunkenness among gentlemen, so fashionable in the times in question; and this great fact might just as well be ascribed to the influence of duelling as the amelioration of modern manners. That there is still great room for improvement in this respect—that too many are apt to indulge in insolence and provoking demeanour, even among those "who ought to know better," must be admitted; but most assuredly duelling would be no aid to our School of Manners, or furnish any effectual hints to our Etiquette.

Nevertheless, a duellist* has written as follows:—"I have always found that, in the provinces, districts, and cities where the decision of differences by single combat had most prevailed,—for instance, the province of Connaught, city of Dublin, Galway, and some others,

* Abraham Bosquet, Esq., 'The Young Man of Honour's *Vade-Mecum;* being a Salutary Treatise on Duelling.'

—the gentry were the most polite and friendly, and the middle classes the most civilized and respectful of any other people, perhaps, in any other country; and even the lower classes tractable and goodnatured to excess. Such qualities constitute the true basis of genuine politeness. The lower orders are prone to ape their superiors, whether it be in virtue or in vice. So, by the manners and respectful attention of servants you may judge of the urbanity and other good qualities of the master. Where men dare to be rude and insulting, free from the dread of castigation, or being called to account for their conduct in a spirited way, politeness, good breeding,—nay, common good manners,—are dispensed with, and the lie given and taken as words of course. Men of fine feelings are always the least prone to give offence, though generally the most apt to take it, if insolence, insult, or rudeness be a concomitant."

The main fact alleged in this argument may be accepted, although it is difficult to see how the politeness and friendliness mentioned can be attributed to the practice of duelling, since the very provinces and cities named always continued to be notorious for duelling, which presupposes some offence incompatible with the claims of friendliness and politeness.

The general problem, however, as to what is to be done when insulted, is not without its difficulty of solution. In a conversation with the Archbishop of Paris, in the year 1841, respecting the variations of

the law against duelling, M. Olivier, the Bishop of Évreux, said to M. Affre, "But, my lord, if you were to receive a slap in the face, what would you do?"—"Sir," replied the venerable Archbishop, "I know what I ought to do, but I do not know what I *would* do."

After all, however, perhaps the method of the Greenlanders in this matter would be the best to be adopted by all nations. They use neither pistols, swords, nor knives in settling their quarrels. The two adversaries compose each a satirical poem, which they sing in public, accompanied by their friends in chorus, and the victory remains with him who manages to have the majority of the *laughers* on his side. Perhaps it will be said that one must be half-frozen to enjoy such *good sense*.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF DUELLING, ESPECIALLY IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

SOME writers have been pleased to trace the practice of duelling not only to the remotest times,—such as that when it appears that Cain "called out" his brother Abel,*—but certainly to the age of chivalry, and its extraordinary race of men who, at the sight of a virtuous and beautiful lady in distress, were inclined to expose themselves to all hazards for her sake, the age when woman's honour was held sacred by common consent.

Then it was, in those happy days of chivalry, that

* In the previous "talk" of Cain with Abel it is supposed that a challenge was given and accepted, when they went out to settle the matter. The Scriptural words are, "And Cain *talked* with Abel his brother; and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him." There is nothing in the text absolutely to exclude the supposition that Abel defended himself in the encounter.

men had such frequent opportunities of signalizing themselves in combat, of enlisting in the service of the fair sex, and winning their favours at the point of the lance.

Investing a knight was a very interesting ceremony, and attended by many solemn and religious rites, as fasting, prayer, and the reception of the sacrament. Clad in armour, he passed the night at the foot of the altar; and the priests of the church assisted at his inauguration.

Having received the sword and an embrace from the priest, as customary on the occasion, he devoted himself to the defence of religion, of widows and orphans, and all exposed to oppression.

When his sword, which had previously been blessed, was delivered to him, he received a slight blow on the cheek, as an emblem of the last affront it was lawful for him to receive unresented; and he most solemnly pledged himself to speak always the truth, to despise the allurements of ease and personal safety, and to vindicate in every perilous adventure the honour of his character.

The lance was the weapon generally used by a knight in single combat. His heavy charger was led by an attendant, while he himself, clad in full armour, rode a small palfrey, and did not mount his war-horse until he arrived on the field, where he was attended by his faithful esquire, a youth of good birth, and followed by his archers and men-at-arms. What a noble

sight it must have been to behold him mounted on his raven steed, bearing on his helm the "favour" or token which his fair lady's hand had affixed, bounding lightly forward to the fight, and wielding the huge weapon in his sturdy arms with almost incredible dexterity!

Such was the practice in the age of chivalry.

Then there was the "ordeal of battel," or the judicial combat, which was admitted not only in criminal cases, but also in civil disputes for the maintenance of rights to estates, and the like.

Nothing could be more contrary to good sense than those combats. But men, though reasonable in the main, reduce even their very prejudices to rule, and when once this point was laid down, a kind of prudential management was used in carrying it into execution.

When there happened to be several accusers, they were obliged to agree among themselves that the action might be carried on by a single prosecutor; and if they could not agree, the person before whom the action was brought appointed one of them to prosecute the quarrel.

When a gentleman challenged a "villain"—that is, a person of low degree, and not necessarily a rogue, according to our use of the term—he was obliged to present himself on foot with buckler and "baston" or stick; but if he came on horseback and armed like a gentleman, they took his horse and his arms from him,

and stripping him to his shirt, they compelled him to fight in that condition with the villain.

Before the combat the magistrates ordered three banns to be published. By the first the relations of the parties were commanded to retire; by the second the people were warned to be silent; and the third prohibited giving any assistance to either of the parties, under severe penalties, nay, even on pain of death, if by this assistance either of the combatants should happen to be vanquished.

The officers belonging to the civil magistrate guarded the list or enclosure where the battel was fought; when the pledges were received either for a crime or for false judgment, the parties could not make up the matter without the consent of the lord; and when one of the parties was overcome, there could be no accommodation without the permission of the court.

There were a great many people incapable either of offering or of accepting battel; but liberty was given them in trial of the cause to choose a champion; and that the latter might have a stronger interest in defending the party in whose behalf he appeared, his hand was cut off if he lost the battel.

When, in capital cases, the duel was fought by champions, the parties to the suit were placed where they could not behold the battel; each was bound with the cord that was to be used at his execution, in case his champion was overcome.

The practice of judiciary combat had this advantage, that it was calculated to change a general into a particular quarrel, to restore the courts of judicature to their authority, and to reduce to a civil state those who were no longer governed but by the law of nations. As there are numberless wise things which are managed in a very foolish manner, so there are many foolish things that are very wisely conducted: the practice of judiciary combat was one of the latter.

In process of time, before battel was entirely abolished by law, it was restricted to the following four cases:—First, that the crime should be capital; secondly, that it should be certain the crime had been perpetrated; thirdly, that the accused must, by common fame, be supposed guilty; and fourthly, that the matter was not capable of proof by witness.

It is extraordinary that this custom should have been first abolished by the Icelanders, a people not at all remarkable for their advancement in civilization.

It is equally remarkable that the trial by ordeal of battel was in force in England down to very recent times, as was strikingly proved in the following case detailed in the Law Reports. An alleged murderer having pleaded "Not Guilty; and I am ready to defend the same by my body," was furnished with a pair of gloves, one of which being put on, the other was thrown down, and duly taken into the custody of the court. That was in 1818. The defence was allowed by the judges; the prisoner was discharged; and

the Ordeal by Battel was abolished by Act of Parliament.*

The principle of the judiciary combat was the idea that God would invariably make the right prevail in all uncertainties; and it is rather curious that the notion was wisely doubted by St. Louis, King of France, who abolished the practice in all the courts of his demesne, allowing it only in the courts of his barons, but still excepting it in the case of appeal of false judgment. That was in the year 1260.

* This most atrocious case is reported by Barnwell and Alderson, vol. i., *Ashford against Thornton.* There was evidence of Thornton having publicly declared that he had debauched the sister of the murdered woman, and that he would debauch her too; there was circumstantial evidence of the most horrible kind that extreme violence had been used to the poor woman; and that Thornton afterwards drowned her in a pit full of water. But the man "waged his battel" (of course by the advice of his clever attorney), and after an elaborate argument, the Court of Appeal decided in his favour—Lord Ellenborough, C.J., saying:—"The general law of the land is in favour of the wager of battel, and it is our duty to pronounce the law as it is, and not as we may wish it to be. Whatever prejudice, therefore, may justly exist against this mode of trial, still, as it is the law of the land, the Court must pronounce judgment for it." Of course, there was nobody to "wage battel" with the miscreant—to "take up his glove;" and so, after the usual formalities, he was discharged—thanks to his clever attorney.

It should be stated, however, that Thornton had been before tried and acquitted of the murder, on an inferred *alibi.* After the appeal, as public opinion allowed him no peace, Thornton went, under a feigned name, to America, where he soon died, and in the meantime, his father (a most worthy man) died of broken spirits.—See the case in 'Celebrated Trials,' vol. vi. 227.

It is evident, I think, from these facts, that the modern practice of duelling cannot be traced to those national institutions of old, which had a very different object in view, and were very differently managed; but, at the same time, it must evidently be connected with the same spirit of men, fostered by the lingering sentiments of antiquity.

The great peculiarity of primitive duelling was its connection with devotional feeling: religion was so intimately allied to the practice that various acts of devotion were prescribed before the encounter. The night before the battel was passed in a church, at the foot of the altar; there, certain saints were invoked, such as St. George, "the good chevalier;" the intending combatants made confession, and received the sacrament.

It was certainly supposed that these acts of religion ensured new strength for the conflict, and warranted victory. Anna Comnena relates that a French gentleman at Court assured her that there was in his country a church in which the duellists passed the night in prayer, in order to obtain from the saint some extraordinary succour in the approaching combat. St. Drausin of Soissons was famous for the miraculous aid which he accorded, for he rendered the duellists who invoked him completely *invincible*. Thus we read that the Count de Montfort invoked St. Drausin in his church during the entire night before he met Henry Count of Essex, in mortal combat.

In England, the tomb of St. John of Salisbury was celebrated for ensuring victory to devout duellists; their agility and strength were augmented in proportion to the ardour of their prayers, and those of the nuns, who joined their prayers to those of the combatants.

It has, indeed, been attempted to explain away the fact by saying that the contests respecting which the saint was invoked were battles of armies, and not duels. But that is a vain pretence; the venerable author of the 'Life of St. Drausin' merely followed the ideas and language of his age, by assigning to this saint the attribute of fortifying duellists, because these personal combats were positively sanctioned in those days.

Much as the Church has denounced duelling in subsequent times, it is certain in the early ages, if some of the Popes opposed the practice, there were others who did not condemn it, and their legates appointed duels even when designed merely to give proof of valour, being themselves the witnesses or seconds, the judges, and the distributors of the prize of victory. The cardinal legate of Pope Gregory XI., who was besieging Bologna, commanded a duel between two Bretons and two Florentines, who had mutually questioned the valour of their respective nation. Of the four combatants, two killed each other, and the remaining Florentine having prostrated the second Breton, the legate saved his life, giving his arms and horse to the victor, accompanying the gift with the highest eulogium on his bravery. This occurred in the year

1575. In after times the Jesuit casuists permitted duelling in certain cases.*

In the nineteenth year of Edward III., we read of the "judicial combat," or duel, which was to have come off between Robert, the Bishop of Salisbury, and William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, on account of the right of the castle of Sarum. The bishop laid claim to it, and the Earl declared himself ready to defend his possession by a duel, to which the bishop consented. On the day appointed, the bishop brought to the lists his champion, clothed in a white garment reaching down to the mid-leg, above which he wore a short cloak or cassock, adorned with the episcopal arms; and an esquire and a page were attendants on this champion, bearing a staff and shield. The Earl also led his champion by the hand into the lists, accoutred in much the same manner, with two attendant esquires, carrying two white staves. But during the ceremonials of examining the arms on each side, an order arrived from the king for deferring the decision of the suit, lest the king's interests should be concerned in it; and in the meantime the matter in dispute was adjusted between the parties.

The famous meeting between the Dukes of Norfolk and Hereford, in the presence of Richard II., is well

* In the case of a nobleman at court or a military man, when challenged, and liable to the imputation of cowardice, the loss of dignity or office. (See the 'Medulla Theologiæ Moralis' of Busembaum, who quotes Laymann, Hirtius, Lessius, and others in favour of the opinion; page 169, § 6, Edit. Pat. 1729.)

known to every reader of Shakespeare as well as English history.

So late as the year 1571, in the reign of Elizabeth, a requisition was made for a decision, by judicial combat, concerning the right of some manorial lands in the small Isle of Hartie, near the Isle of Sheppey, in Kent. A proceeding was instituted in the Court of Common Pleas against the holder of the lands. The defendant demanded leave to maintain his possession by the duel. The petitioners accepted the challenge, and the whole bench of lawyers were put into confusion how to act on this appeal; which proves that the judicial combat was still held to be a legal and regular mode of proceeding, where both parties were agreed, though it had fallen much into disuse. The law court does not seem to have had a power of refusal; accordingly, champions were immediately appointed by each party—for, there being two petitioners against one defendant, the parties themselves could not fight—to decide the combat and the claim. All the ceremonials of time, place, and arms were adjusted. But the queen, being anxious to avoid the spilling of blood, issued her commands that the suit should be compounded, that the defendant should remain in possession, by paying a stipulated sum to the petitioners, but yet that means must be taken to preserve the credit of the defendant, who had demanded the combat, as well as the award for the petitioners, which enjoined its being fulfilled, or the result of the duel was to proceed.

Accordingly, an early day was appointed, and the

justices of the Common Pleas, the counsel and lawyers, in all form, went down to Tothill-fields to be umpires of the contest; and also the champions on both sides appeared equipped for the fight. Every ceremonial was gone through, and in the last place the petitioners were called on to maintain their suit in the person of their champion. But, as it had been previously agreed, no petitioners appeared to acknowledge their champion, on which they were nonsuited, and victory adjudged to the defendant. Thus ended this mock-judicial combat, which was the last but one ever demanded in England,—the last being that ostensibly demanded by Thornton, in 1818, as previously stated.

The history of modern duelling, in the strict sense of the word, seems to date from the year 1527, or the reign of Francis the First of France; but scarcely, I think, to be attributed, as some writers suppose, to the challenge sent by this monarch to Charles the Fifth, because when the emperor accepted the hostile message, and offered every facility for the meeting, the French king was not forthcoming. It was all mere "gasconading."

Francis the First broke a treaty which he had made with the Emperor, who thereupon desired the herald of the French king to acquaint his sovereign that he would henceforth consider him not only as a base violator of public faith, but as a stranger to the honour and integrity becoming a gentleman. Francis instantly sent back the herald with a cartel, in which he

gave the emperor the lie in form, and challenged him to single combat, requiring him to name the time and place for the encounter, and the weapons. Charles, as I have stated, accepted the challenge, but the French king prudently allowed the matter to "blow over."

Francis the First, however, not only tolerated but approved of duelling; but he reserved the right of giving it his sanction, and was much displeased if a challenge was sent without his knowledge. Numerous duels occurred in his reign, and many were fatal. *

During the reign of Henry the Fourth, four thousand gentlemen lost their lives by duelling, and the "Bon Henri" granted fourteen thousand pardons for breaking the edicts against single combats. Well might Montaigne say that "if three Frenchmen were placed in the Libyan desert, they would not be a month there without quarrelling and fighting."

About a century later, during the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, duelling had increased to such an extent that the severest edicts were issued against it, but which only seemed to give it additional virulence.

The minister Richelieu graduated the penalties of

* "The reign of Francis might have been one of gallantry and of pleasure; and there are not wanting even ladies who, in the present day, look upon its profligacies and their ferocious results as noble deeds—the effects of chivalric devotion. I must confesss that, in looking over its annals, I can find nothing remarkable, except an outrageous breach of all morality and decorum, and a wanton waste of human blood." (Millingen, 'History of Duelling.')

duelling according to the degrees of criminality, for he held that it was outrageous to inflict death on all duellists indiscriminately. The penalties he imposed by edict were, for a challenge, the loss of office, the confiscation of half the property of the offender, and a banishment for three years.

A duel not followed by death was liable to incur the loss of nobility, infamy, or capital punishment; the circumstances were to guide the judges.

If one party was killed, the penalty was death and the total confiscation of property.

The Parliament of Paris, which was inclined to adopt the most rigorous measures against duelling, petitioned the king to enforce the edict to the utmost, but Richelieu told them that a physician who, after several trials, has perceived the inefficacy of a remedy, cannot be blamed for prescribing a new one, especially if he preserves the former in all its strength, to have recourse to it when necessary.

Severe examples were made. Praslin, the son of a distinguished officer of state, was banished the Court and deprived of his offices and appointments for fighting a duel; and for the same cause Francis de Montmorency, Count de Bouteville, lost his head on the scaffold.

Bouteville held the first rank among the "braves" of the day. He was an expert swordsman, and was ever on the look-out for an encounter. If ever told that so-and-so was a brave fellow, he immediately

sought him out and addressed him as follows:—"Sir, they tell me you are brave; I wish to try you. What are your arms?"

Parliamentary edicts were levelled against him, but Bouteville was not the man to sheath his sword for so small a matter. He even, by way of joke, forced the Count de Pont-Gibaut from his devotions at church one Easter Sunday to go out and fight him. The result was that the Parliament issued two more edicts against him; Bouteville laughed at them. He crossed swords in 1625 with the Marquis de Portes, killed the Count de Thorigny in 1626, and in 1627 fought the Baron de la Frette, at Saint-Germain.

Some time afterwards, a report was circulated that a duel was in contemplation between Bouteville and the Marquis de Beuvron, who was resolved to avenge the death of the Count de Thorigny, his relative. But on this occasion it was resolved to put the edicts in full force against the delinquents, and Beuvron and Bouteville had to take refuge at Brussels. Thereupon Louis XIII. wrote to the Archduchess governing the Netherlands, requesting her to prevent the duel. The Princess enjoined the Marquis de Spinola to interpose in the matter. The latter invited the parties to dinner, treated them with the greatest magnificence, and made them swear to give up the quarrel. The agreement was made in the presence of numerous high functionaries,—French, Spanish, and Flemish. Before leaving the apartment, however, the Marquis de Beuvron told

Bouteville, after shaking hands with him, "I shall never be satisfied until I have seen you sword in hand."

But the fierce Bouteville, though so ready to draw his sword, refused to fight at Brussels,—he had given his word and was resolved to keep it. He begged the Archduchess to intercede for him with Louis XIII. to permit him to return to France. The King replied that all he could do for her sake was not to send for Bouteville at Brussels, but that he had better take care never to show himself in France.

Meanwhile Beuvron returned to Paris, and sent challenge after challenge to Bouteville. At the eighth, the latter resolved to go and meet him at Paris, which he did as soon as possible. Beuvron proposed to fight without seconds, to which Bouteville objected, and the meeting took place on the Place Royal,—the Count intending to disobey the edict in the most open manner. The small sword and poignard were the weapons. The combatants set to with great impetuosity, and soon getting too near, they threw down their swords, with common consent, and seized their poignards. At the instant of stabbing each other, they mutually asked for life and desisted. Bouteville again fled, but was taken, tried at Paris, and beheaded.

At the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. occurred the duel between the Dukes de Beaufort and Nemours, brothers-in-law, and eight of their followers, together; Nemours and two of his attendants were left dead on the field.

This duel probably determined Louis XIV. to adopt decided measures making duelling a capital crime, and punishing the offenders with instant death.

The severity of this edict will not surprise the reader when it is known that scarcely a day passed without several deaths by duelling at Paris, and that Lord Herbert, our ambassador there at that time, remarks in his Life, "He hardly met, during his long residence in France, a Frenchman who had not killed his man in a duel."

During the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. the rage for duelling was at its height. In the reign of the former, the usual inquiry was, when acquaintances met in the morning, not, "What is the news of the day?" but, "How are you? do you know who fought yesterday."

About this period much of the best blood in other countries also was shed in duels, and many useful lives were lost. War itself was hardly more destructive than these contests of honour, which, although checked in France by the rigorous execution of the new law, were far from being entirely abolished.

In England, we do not find many accounts of their occurrence until the middle of the seventeenth century, when, from our close intercourse with the Continent, the higher classes of society adopted, as a matter of course, this fashionable mode of settling private differences. Some of the most terrible instances we have to narrate occurred in England during the seventeenth century.

During the reign of James I. duels were not only frequent but resorted to even by the lower orders. This appears from a speech of Bacon, when attorney-general, in the case of a challenge brought before the Star Chamber Court. Bacon therein attributes the frequency of the practice to the rooted prejudice of the times, and hopes that the great would think it time to leave off the custom, when they find it adopted by barber-surgeons and butchers; and in one of his letters on the subject, to Lord Villiers, he expresses his determination not to make any distinction between a coronet and a hatband in his efforts to repress the practice.

"I will prosecute," he says, "if any man appoint the field, though no fight takes place; if any man send a challenge in writing or verbally; if any man accept a challenge, or consent to be a second; if any man depart the realm in order to fight; if any man revive a quarrel after the late proclamation."

It does not appear, however, that this great man's exertions were productive of much beneficial result, as the monarch, in one of his proclamations, applied the term "bewitching duel" to these combats. The frequency of duels may be inferred from the account given by Bacon respecting the king's feelings on the subject, averring that, "when he came forth and saw himself princely attended with goodly noblesse and gentlemen, he entered into thought that none of their lives were in certainty, not for twenty-four hours, from

the duel; for it was but a heat or a mistaking, and then a lie, and then a challenge, and then life,—saying, that he did not marvel seeing Xerxes shed tears to think not one of his great army should be alive a hundred years. His Majesty was touched with compassion to think that not one of his attendants but might be dead within twenty-four hours by the duel."

A frightful case in point will be found in the sequel, the doubly fatal duel between Sir George Wharton and Sir James Stewart, both servants of the king, the latter being also his godson. When the king heard of this sad affair, he was much affected, and ordered them both to be buried in one grave.

James was inexorable in the case of Lord Sanquair, for the murder of a fencing-master. His lordship, who prided himself on his skill in swordmanship, had an assault with a fencing-master of the name of Turner, who put out one of his eyes with his foil. Turner made every possible excuse for the unfortunate occurrence, and Sanquair seemed to forgive him, as well he might; but some years after he visited the court of Henry IV. of France, when this prince asked him how he had lost his eye.

Sanquair was embarrassed by the question, and with some hesitation replied, "By a sword wound." The king immediately replied, "And does the man live?"

This pointed question sank deep into Sanquair's mind, and from that moment he formed the wretched resolution to rid himself of the obnoxious cause of his

misfortune in any manner he could contrive. On his return to England,—disdaining, it is said, to sacrifice his victim with his own noble hands, but more likely fearing to encounter fairly so skilful an opponent,—he basely hired two ruffians, who assassinated Turner in his lodgings in Whitefriars.

The murderers were taken, but Sanquair had fled, and £1000 reward was offered by proclamation for his apprehension. Trusting to his sovereign's partiality for the Scotch, and having for a mediator at court the Archbishop of Canterbury, he surrendered himself; but all intercession was vain. Bacon was ordered to prosecute, and Sanquair and his accomplices were condemned, and he was hanged on the 29th of June, 1612, in front of the entrance to Westminster Hall.

There can be no doubt that duelling was at its height during the entire century in question, in spite of existing laws and proclamations. It received a salutary check during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, who issued against it a very severe enactment, but which nevertheless did not prevent the duel between the Duke of Buckingham and the Duke of Beaufort in Hyde Park.

Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, was challenged by Lord Holles, Member of Parliament, and one of the leaders of the Presbyterian party. The austere Puritan declined to fight, and Lord Holles pulled his nose, saying, "Your conscience ought to prevent you from having wrongs, if it does not permit you to redress

them." Notwithstanding this affront, which Blackstone places among the most mortifying, Ireton persisted in rejecting the challenge.

At the restoration of Charles II., the cavaliers seem to have brought over with them the French partiality for duelling, and to have exercised those arms which they now wore again in common, with all the licentiousness of private combat. To check the progress of the evil, Charles II. published a proclamation to enforce the laws against duelling, which might have had some effect had he kept up to the dignity of his royal word in not pardoning offenders; but of this he was totally negligent. The practice of duelling, therefore, still maintained its ground, because in Charles's reign, as in others, there was no enforcement of the laws against it.

Pepys, in his notes, alludes to the sad prevalence of duels about this period, which he states to be "a kind of emblem of the general complexion of the whole kingdom" at the time, relating the case of Sir H. Bellassis and Mr. Porter, the former "a parliament-man, and both of them extraordinary friends," adding, "It is pretty to see how the world talk of them, as a couple of fools that killed one another out of love." This affair took place in Covent Garden.

The rage for duelling continued during the reign of "the Merry Monarch," Charles II., when ball-rooms, masquerades, theatres, the open streets, became constant scenes of strife and bloodshed. Covent Garden

and Lincoln's Inn Fields became the rendezvous for deciding points of honour, and at all hours of the night the clashing of swords might be heard by the peaceable citizens returning home, at the risk of being insulted and ill-treated by the pretty fellows and the beaux of the day. Duelling was in vogue among all classes, and even physicians were wont to decide their professional altercations at the point of the sword.

Doctor Mead and Doctor Woodward fought under the gate of Gresham College; the latter slipped and fell.

"Take your life," exclaimed Dr. Mead.

"Anything but your *physic*," replied the prostrate Woodward.

Clubs were formed of desperadoes, who assumed the name of *Bold Bucks*, and *Hell-fires*, and their profanity was too horible to be recorded in these pages; suffice it to mention the peculiarity of a club of duellists in the reign of Charles II., described by Addison in the ninth number of the 'Spectator.' None were admitted to this club that had not fought his man. The president was said to have killed half-a-dozen in single combat; and the other members took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side-table for such as had only drawn blood, and shown a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, which consisted only of men of *honour*, did not continue long, most of its members being put to the sword or hanged, a short time after its institution.

Duelling flourished during the subsequent reigns, ever in vogue if mitigated in ferocity, down to the time when political animosity gave it immense impetus in the reign of George III.

According to Gilchrist's computation,* the number of duels fought during this long reign was one hundred and seventy-two, in which three hundred and forty-four persons were concerned. *Sixty-nine* individuals were killed; in *three* of these fatal cases neither of the combatants survived. *Ninety-six* were wounded, forty-eight of them desperately, and forty-eight slightly; while one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unhurt.

"Thus it appears that rather more than *one-fifth* of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly *one-half* received the bullets of their antagonists." This is certainly a very large proportion altogether, showing that the chances of being hit were very great in England, doubtless owing to the superior national adaptation for the use of fire-arms, and the greater familiarity of the higher classes with gun practice. In a subsequent chapter I shall have to discuss the "chances" of duelling.

Out of these one hundred and seventy-two duels, in the reign of George III., it appears, according to the same authority, that only *eighteen* trials took place,—that *six* of the arraigned individuals were acquitted, *seven* found guilty of manslaughter, and *three* of murder, *two* of whom were executed, and *eight* imprisoned during different periods.

* 'Hist. of Ordeals,' etc.

Sailing down the stream of our social life, we pick up the stray memorials of fortunate and unfortunate duellists. In 1815, Daniel O'Connell shot D'Esterre in a duel. In 1821, Mr. Scott, the editor of the 'London Magazine,' was shot in a duel with Mr. Christie, at Chalk Farm. In 1824, a duel was fought between the Marquis of Londonderry and Mr. Battier, an officer. Lord Londonderry was reprimanded by the Duke of York for his duel with Mr. Battier, and the name of the latter was struck off from the half-pay list, for sending a challenge to his superior officer. Mr. Battier's troubles did not end here, for he was horse-whipped four days after by Sir Henry Hardinge. In 1826, a fatal duel occurred in Dublin between a Mr. Hayes and a Mr. Bric, an eminent Irish barrister, who was killed. In 1829 occurred the famous duel between the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchilsea, in Battersea Fields. In 1834, Sir Robert Peel challenged Dr. Lushington and dear "sum total" Hume; but both of these pacific gentlemen had the good sense to appease the wrath of the great plebeian by courteous explanations. And thus the list of duels goes on, as will be found in the sequel, to the *last* (between Courney and Barthelemy), for England has positively seen the last of duelling! *

Dr. Millingen has made some apposite reflections on

* The last duel fought by a British subject was that between Mr. Dillon and the Duke de Grammont Caderousse, at Paris, in 1862.

the duelling of England, which are well worth reproduction and serious consideration:—"When we compare the frequency of duelling during this period,—the reign of George III. and subsequent reigns,—and at the same time consider how much more fatal these meetings generally proved, we are naturally led to inquire into the causes of this material difference and amelioration in the condition of society. Desirable, indeed, would it be if this circumstance could be attributed to a better feeling in the upper classes, and a just detestation of a practice as absurd as it is inhuman; but it is to be feared that the *influence of fashion* in this country had no inconsiderable share in the change of manners. Although many men, pre-eminent in public estimation, have sanctioned the practice by their example, yet how few are they compared with those of former times, when we find York, Norfolk, Richmond, Bellamont, Exmouth, Talbot, Townshend, Shelburne, Paget, Castlereagh, Petersham, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Tierney, and many others of rank and distinction!

"The repetition of insult unavenged has become more or less the fashion; and may not this circumstance be also in some measure attributable to the frequency of the virulent discussions which have become so frequent during the constant struggles for power, when insults becoming, one may say, of daily occurrence, are rarely noticed? Has not the influence of the increased number of newspapers, many of which have been conducted with a degree of personal ani-

mosity, and we must say, ungentlemanly vituperation, rendered the use of offensive language so general as to have become a matter of course in political argument, and therefore rarely noticed, except by still more abusive recrimination?"

There can be no doubt whatever that, "if such a latitude in degrading phraseology had been as generally prevalent in France, scarcely an editor would be now living to vindicate his lingual excesses by the satisfaction of pleading his antagonist's death;—the lie, the blow, which would once have required the fall of one of the parties, is now only resented by another accusation of falsehood, a second edition of thrashing —or an action at law."

The case as it has stood and stands seems to accuse the public morality of the nation. "Of late years the most unwarrantable parliamentary language has been apologised for on the plea of its not having been allusive to *private* character, so that a legislator or a minister may be considered a political scoundrel, but a worthy individual member of society,—guilty of a falsehood in the house, but devoted to the cause of truth beyond the purlieus of St. Stephen; faithful to all his engagements with the world, but a traitor to his country; for, after all, what is the language of opposition but a strenuous endeavour to impugn an adversary's veracity, to show that for mere lucre, or the vanity of possessing power and patronage, he betrays the most sacred trust reposed in him by his sovereign;

that he hurries his country to perdition for the selfish motives of personal aggrandisement, and sacrifices the national weal for his own benefit and that of his family and dependants. Can there be any insult offered to a man more pungent, more degrading? The lie, the blow, given in a moment of passionate ebullition, are trifling offences when compared with such serious charges, which, if substantiated, should not only expose a man to universal contempt and detestation, but to the most ignoble death.

"When such impeachments are daily, hourly made, can we expect much sensitiveness, when reciprocal abuse is bandied at the bar of the house, as well as at the bar of courts of justice?"

There may be much truth in the above remarks; at any rate, everybody will be disposed to agree with the eloquent and indignant doctor in the following:—

"A falsehood is considered an expedient; evasion, an error; and a personal invective, a mere ebullition of eloquence, a bubbling over of the diplomatic cabinet, an opposition caldron, as heterogeneous and monstrous in its contents as that of the weird sisters. These observations are not intended to condemn this philosophical view of the subject. Were these excesses noticed at the pistol's muzzle, it would only be adding murder to corruption; and as society is constituted, when an electioneering hustings may be oftentimes compared to a stall at Billingsgate, a candidate who seeks to vindicate what he is complacently pleased to call *his*

honour, must indeed be a Quixotic character when he, in general, conscientiously knows that every syllable of his address to the voters is void of veracity, and all his pledges futile and false."

No doubt, however, that the change of manners has tended to check the practice of duelling; for, as Dr. Millingen also remarks, "The frequency of duels, in former times, may also be attributed to the mode of living in days fortunately gone by. Hard drinking is now rarely heard of; and when it was in fashion, insults were often given under the influence of liquor, and vindicated under the plea of excitement from the preceding night's excesses. . . . Were it possible to ascertain the influence of intemperance in many duels that have been fought, it would doubtless appear that many of these fatal quarrels would never have taken place in a sober society.

"It is also to be observed that duels, when of constant recurrence, became the subject of general conversation; and duels, like suicide, bear a fashionably contagious character, which spreads widely in society, and then the most mistaken of criminals fancies that he must also avenge certain wrongs or rid himself of an uncertain life."

There can be no doubt that among the potent causes of duels were the insinuations of artful, dangerous, and vicious females, and inflammatory mistresses, who prided themselves much in being the object of a duel, and frequently insinuated that dishonourable overtures

had been made to them by the nearest connections or intimate friends of their keepers, with a view to enhance the idea of their pretended chastity, *to resent the rejection of their own overtures,* or to banish from the society of their friends those to whom, from vicious motives, they had taken dislikes. This was a channel through which, every day, misunderstandings arose, and not unfreqently deadly quarrels ensued. In the hands of an artful woman, a fond and purblind keeper is a tool she can manage on all occasions to suit her own purposes; and as the generality of men are the palpable dupes of their women, of course they are seldom permitted to view things through a fair medium, or to act consistently with the little judgment they may have. But, as such dupes and simpletons could neither be useful to themselves, their relatives, or their friends, their fighting would have been of little consequence, if they alone had to suffer, and had it not been that men of merit were sometimes involved, and became the victims of their resentment and blind credulity.

Lastly, there was the force of royal and distinguished example. *Ad regis exemplar formantur populi.* If the people became immoral after the fashion of George, Prince of Wales, and George the King, it was not to be wondered at that they affected to be duellists after the fashion of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, who gallantly fought a duel, or rather, generously received his antagonist's fire and reserved his own.

That was in 1789; and about thirty years after we find his Royal Highness accepting the dedication of a work on duelling, the author of which endeavours "to express how much he is honoured by the condescension of His Royal Highness, in devoting the few hours of relaxation which his numerous duties yielded, to read his treatise in all its parts, and in deeming it of importance enough to appear before the British nation, bearing the unequivocal mark of his Royal Highness's illustrious patronage."

In this work, the author, Gilchrist, denounces the "unsettled contrariety between civil law and military honour, which occasionally elicits cases of extraordinary evil to the parties immediately concerned, and of the nicest delicacy to those exalted personages who are ultimately called upon to decide by their interfering views. Appalling is the evil if a British officer receives an insult and does not instantly take that notice of it which military usage requires, and thus pursue it to a fatal issue. I am aware that, under the present constitution of the army, no fair combatants will ever suffer the final and ignominious penalty of the law; that royal clemency will, in all cases which are fairly represented, interfere and snatch from an ignominious fate men of honourable minds,—men to whom no malice prepense can for a moment be ascribed, or against whom no unfair proceedings can be substantiated.* But why should they be placed in the pos-

* Nor was that all; George III. furnished intending duellists

sible line of undergoing such an horrific test of tl
understandings and their feelings?

"In this age of legislative investigation, when ev
usage, every principle affecting large portions of
community, or its whole mass, have become the s
ject of examination in committees of our enlighte
legislators, would it be beneath their paternal car
consider the situation of the honourable defender
their country in this momentous respect, and educ
system from their investigation as to fix on their l
basis the honour, the urbanity, and the social in
course of military men? Under particular circ
stances, a British officer has at present only the op
between infamy on the one hand, and the infractio
the Articles of War, in combination with the wl
mass of *civil, moral,* and *religious injunctions* on
other. And can it be the subject of a moment's
prise that the latter must, and ever will be, the ch
of every man, and especially of every young man
makes the profession of arms the object of his f
election, and feels the conviction that a stain on
courage is paramount to every possible considerati
It matters not what moralists may say on the subj
or jurists may advance, every military man knows,
no one knows it better than the illustrious Pr
who is at the head of the army, that, as things

with a "pardon" beforehand, which they carried in their poc
to the ground,—as in the case of Earl Talbot with Wilke
which the latter was aware. See the duel, Chapter XII.

are, every officer of honourable feelings is compelled, under the circumstances already stated, to act in the way already described."

Well, *nous avons changé tout cela;* duelling has completely disappeared from the British Army, thanks not only to the overwhelming force of public opinion, but also to the inexorable fiat of enactments, which render the sending of a challenge almost equivalent to suicide. It at once entails the loss of commission, besides subjecting the challenger to the great inconveniences unscrupulously inflicted by the Civil Courts. There is, therefore, no help for it; and if a British officer feels himself, like Bob Acres, "insulted in a manner which his honour cannot bear," all he can do is to lay the case before his superiors, who will constitute themselves a Court of Honour, and settle the matter as they may think proper.

The system seems to work admirably. In no army does there exist among the officers more good feeling, forbearance, and urbanity towards each other than in the British; and if, occasionally, we hear of some "unpleasantness," it comes from those whose higher position should induce them to be as gentle as they are strong—like Indian elephants.

On the other hand, however, we may be quite sure, that as long as the present Royal Duke presides over the army, no delinquent in this respect, however exalted, will be spared the lash of merited castigation, as in a recent case, too notorious to require more than

a bare allusion,—the case of Sir W. Mansfield and Captain Jarvis.

With the commencement of the present auspicious reign, must be dated the decline and fall of duelling in England, after culminating, as it were, rather grandly with the famous Cardigan–Tucker affair, and the magnificent farce of a trial in the House of Lords.

It must be confessed, however, that the thing died hard among us, and not without a struggle. Nay, it seemed likely to revive in 1845, which was marked by a fatal duel, and witnessed the establishment—doubtless with its appropriate snug offices, bland secretary, and seedy collector—of a "Society for the Discouraging of Duelling." Ten years before, the Honourable Member who now dubs himself "Tear 'em," stood face to face with the editor of the 'Morning Chronicle,' with whom he "exchanged" two shots.*

Such is the sketch of duelling in England, and it shows that if it had no healthy root in this country—as in France—still it was racy enough of the soil.

Turning to Ireland, however, we find an impulsive race of beings, who flung themselves into the practice with a boisterous *abandon* or gaiety, as has been always their custom in every case in which any sort of *fighting* was to be done.

"Irishmen," says a writer in 'All the Year Round,'† "have been the most enthusiastic professors of this

* See Chap. XIV. 'Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Black,' A.D. 1835.
† May 10, 1862.

refined chivalry, and Ireland has been the happy 'hunting ground' of *satisfaction.* Wounded honour came to the green island, and went away soothed with 'a bullet through its thorax;' perhaps was 'pickled and sent home to its friends,' in the legitimate mortuary chest. In no country has duelling enjoyed so healthy a vitality. It was sustained *con amore.* The men and women of the country flung themselves into the exciting pastime with a generous enthusiasm. It was part of the curriculum of *education.* Every man was a knight of the pistol.

"A sacred procedure like this, was not to be left to the discretion of its own wild and unlicensed professors, who at any moment might bring discredit on their calling, by some little irregularity, unwarranted by rule. A few earnest spirits, therefore, put their hands to the good work, and fashioned a series of pandects, which may be said to have regulated the practice of the honourable profession. The names of these lawgivers should not be lost; they were 'Crow' Ryan, who was president, and James Keogh and 'Amby' Bodkin, secretaries. They 'redacted' the famous 'Thirty-six Commandments of Galway,'—so they were called, with a pleasant profanity—which were headed thus:—

"'The practice of duelling and points of honour settled at Clonmel Summer Assizes, 1777, by the gentlemen delegates of Tipperary, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon, and prescribed for general adoption throughout Ireland.'

"By these constitutions, it is enacted that 'the first offence requires the first apology,' though the retort may have been the more offensive. However, it is to be open that the second offence may be explained away by apology, *after one fire*; but if the parties would rather fight on, says constitution the second, then after two shots each (but *in no case before*) the second offender may explain first, and apologize afterwards. That little parenthesis ('in no case before') should surely be read with small probability 'after,' for the intermediate necessity of 'two shots each' rendered the chances of explanation or apology doubtful at the very least. Sometimes explanations are tolerated *after* three interchanges of shots, but this is a rare indulgence. Any wound sufficient to make the hand shake or agitate the nerves must end the business *for that day*.

"No 'dumb shooting,' the constitution goes on to say, with a happy expression, 'or firing in the air is admissible in any case.' In slight cases the principals are furnished with one pistol, in gross cases two, the second holding *another case of pistols* charged, in reserve.

"Sometimes, painful disagreements have been known to arise between the seconds, which can only be arranged by the same agency as the principals are employing. In these cases, symmetry is consulted, and the parties stand in a pretty quartett, at the four corners of a square, and fire at the same moment.

The difficulty to discover a safe place of retreat for the gentleman who gives the word of command must be great, as the fire more or less covers each quarter of the horizon.

"The days of jubilee for Irish duelling were those prior to the Union. Nothing is so mysterious as the gradual alteration in a nation's manners. Strange to say, the old mode of arbitrament in the very country of 'satisfaction' appears to be utterly extinct. Now-a-days, this happy and simple mode of adjustment has fallen into disfavour. The cold shade of the Saxon has blighted the honest combativeness of the children of Erin. Before the Union, Ireland was the garden of duellists. Nay, it almost filled the function of the Propaganda College at Rome, and supplied a stock of missionaries to the rest of the world. The Irish element gave the tone to the rest of the fighting community; and it is remarkable, that in most of the recorded encounters of note, a Captain Kelly, a Captain Lynch, or a Captain Bodkin, had invariably something to do with the arrangements, in the capacity of principal, second, or perhaps accomplished referee, to be consulted on some neat duelling 'crux,' such as only a man of 'iligant experience' could decide on.

"About the year 1760, it was usual for every respectable family to have among its heirlooms the hereditary pistols—the preservatives and vindicators of the family honour. These were tenderly regarded, and kept scrupulously clean and oiled; for no man knew

the moment when they would be required. The handles were mysteriously *notched;* and it was with a pardonable pride that the head of the house, when called on by the admiring stranger, would proceed to tell off (guided by those rude chroniclers, the notches aforesaid) the history of each notch; for by each hung a tale, and—it must be added—a catastrophe. Sir Jonah Barrington swells with enthusiasm over a pair which had been in *his* family—in constant work, too—since the days of Elizabeth. Of course, adds the baronet, the cocks and barrels had been renewed. One of these ancestral 'tools' was known by a phrase of endearment, as 'sweet lips,' the other as 'the darling;' and the accumulated trophies, contributed by a long series of the Barrington family, must have been something very considerable. There was usually also a companion weapon kept carefully in the armoury, in case of an adversary drawing a 'choice of weapons;' and the baronet had a powerful instrument of this description, known as 'skiver the pullet'—a happy expression, in which lurks what Mr. Carlyle would call a 'deep no-meaning,' and on which gloss or comment would throw much interesting light. Every domestic hearth had its 'skiver the pullet;' and it may be taken for granted that each 'skiver the pullet' had its own tally of legends or 'notches.'

"This holy Irish chivalry chastened even the family circle. On Easter-day, a lady from the west tells the writer how, in her youth, she recalls one early morn-

ing, barely forty years ago, when the son of the family was sent forth with blessings to prosecute a last night's quarrels; and how, when he returned scatheless himself, and without having scathed others, he was met with lowering brows and ill-concealed displeasure. The family honour had not been properly vindicated. The gloom even re-acted upon the children and domestics. The matron and mother would barely speak to her degenerate offspring—a picture of the unhealthy state of manners at the period.

"Indeed, in the education of a young man about this time, there was considered to be an indefinable something wanting—analogous to the absence of a degree at college—when he had not qualified with the pistols. As soon as he became conspicuous enough to be the subject of any conversation, two questions were sure to be put, considered excellent tests in their way: 'What family is he of?' 'Has he ever *blazed?*'

"In nuptial matters, 'Big brother' looked with as much nicety into these qualifications of the pretendant as the father did into his pecuniary abilities and settlements. Of course it is the same among those savages who have, on similar occasions, to show the scalps they have taken, or to tell, with proof, of other atrocities. But the thing seems to have tinctured even mother's milk, for they tell of a gentleman of some duelling eminence, who was heard trying to quiet his little boy with some such little endearments as these: —'Come, now, be a good boy! Don't, don't cry, and

you shall have a case of nice little pistols, and we'll shoot them off in the morning!' The lively offspring, delighted with the notion, began to dry its eyes, and revelled in the pleasing prospect.

"At this epoch the counties of Tipperary and Galway were looked up to with a fond pride as the universities of the science of duelling. Galway was held to turn out the best swordmen, much as Cambridge is esteemed for its mathematics; but Tipperary took the higher 'honours' of the pistol. The most notable graduates had the names of Jemmy Keogh, Buck English, Cosey Harrison, Crowe Ryan, Paddy Long, Amby Bodkin, Squire Falton, Squire Blake, and Amby Fitzgerald—names significant in the highest degree. These gentlemen bore the highest reputation, and were profoundly skilled in all the points and niceties of this elegant chivalry.

"It was within the Irish barristerial ranks, in the sacred order whose province was the vindication and the interpretation of the law, that this violation of its strictest injunctions was carried out. The priests and the preachers of the Legal Temple were by far the most daring sinners. The judges of the land—where their arguments failed to convince, or were fortified by a tone and expression derived from no higher source than the mere accident of exalted position—were willing to gauge the issue by a fairer test. There is a list of legal worthies preserved, who have adopted this impartial mode of arrangement.

"Another list has been handed down of the more notable encounters. We find a Lord Chancellor fighting a Master of the Rolls; a Chief Justice fighting two peers and two other gentlemen; a local Judge fighting a Master of the Rolls and four others; a Baron of the Exchequer fighting his own brother-in-law and two others; a Chancellor of the Exchequer fighting a Privy Councillor; a Provost of College fighting a Master in Chancery; and another Chief Justice disposing of three gentlemen from the country, one with swords, another with guns—wounding all three!

"So repeated were these little differences in the case of the well-known Lord Norbury, that he was happily said to have 'shot up' into preferment.

"It strikes the modern mind with astonishment—the mind that has not as yet become 'more Irish and less nice'—to see the intimate manner in which these two departments of the profession were linked together. A nice capacity for pleading, and a nice eye for levelling, were equally essential. It would be madness, indeed, to be deficient in either, when there was to be found a noble lord, who, being worsted in a series of suits, determined to vindicate himself by calling out, *seriatim*, the dozen barristers or so who were retained on the other side. Commencing with the attorney, and distributing the parts among his own sons, he disposed of three, when some circumstances interfered and checked his future progress.

"Counsel often fell out on circuit, would leave court and hurry to an adjoining field, 'blaze,' and return (if the issue admitted of it) to the Court, where Judge and jury were anxiously expecting them.

"A perfect chronicle of duelling, taken on its facetious as well as on its serious side, may be found set out in detail in Sir Jonah Barrington's volumes, who enumerates no less than two hundred and twenty-seven 'memorable and official' duels as having occurred during 'his grand climacteric.' So lately as the O'Connell trials, the Attorney-General prosecuting, showed himself no degenerate member of his order, and wrote a challenge across the table to his adversary.

"Even when sojourning in a strange land, and under the blighting influence of the cold and order-loving Saxon, the traditions of his country did not desert the Irish gentleman. In the little pugnacious entries in the London Chronicle, which were as invariably recorded as the births and marriages, the exiled Hibernian took his part, not ingloriously. He turned up, often playing principal, very often second. His known experience made him an invaluable assistant, or even arbitrator. The inexperienced Saxon was grateful for his services. Thus, in the year 1777, where my Lord Milton met my Lord Poulett 'this morning at ten o'clock,' my Lord Poulett was fortunate enough to secure 'Captain Kelly's' advice and aid as his second. The natural ties of kindred—often carried to an absurd extent—were, in the case of unhappy Irish differences,

no bar to a happy adjustment according to the laws of honour. Thus, 'a duel was this day fought (1763) between two brothers, Irish gentlemen, in Kensington Gravel-pits, in which one received so dangerous a wound that his life is despaired of.' This quarrel arose out of the barbarous treatment of a sister by one of her brothers, she having married an officer against the wishes of the family.

"Again, the rather shabby protection afforded by what is called 'the cloth' was not allowed to avail, or, at least, was gracefully waived by the offender. The instance of the Reverend Mr. Hill is full of instruction. In 1764, 'a duel was fought in Epping Forest between Colonel Gardiner, of the Carabineers, and the Reverend Mr. Hill, Chaplain to Bland's Dragoons, when the latter received a wound of which he died two days later. Mr. Hill,' continues the obituary notice, 'was an *Irish* gentleman, of good address, great sprightliness, and had an excellent talent for preaching, but was of too volatile a turn for his profession.'"

Among the narratives of duels in the sequel, the peculiar talent and characteristics of the sons of Erin will be found sufficiently exemplified to satisfy, I trust, the requirement of such an important page in the history of that great country.

With such a race of men to deal with, no wonder that Queen Elizabeth's Minister, Lord Burleigh, wished Ireland at the bottom of the sea; and the fact explains the difficulty now occupying, and likely ever to tax the utmost energies and discretion of England.

The practice of duelling seems to be reviving in France, the slightest differences leading to hostile meetings among all ranks. The eminent names which now and then figure in duels must tend to preserve its vitality.

The chronicles of the Bois de Boulogne (taking the arena in its evident sense as symbolical of such battle grounds all over France) show many encounters between Frenchmen and foreigners. But the Bois de Boulogne has been invaded by the beautifiers of the Empire, and its pleasant privacy for such meetings is disturbed. It used to enjoy the distinction of being the traditional *locus in quo* of all tournaments, just as Chalk Farm was the trysting-place for London; and The Fifteen Acres, "be they more or less," as the attorney writing his challenge observed with professional accuracy—for Dublin.

The various localities to which duellists resorted to settle their affairs of honour have long since ceased to be suited for such meetings, even if duelling were still in vogue. All of them are either built over, or have become so habitually thronged, that the privacy of "affairs of honour" could not possibly be secured. Such has been the change effected in a century. "It is difficult for a Londoner at this day to imagine the loneliness of Hyde Park a century ago. A portion of May Fair was then the extreme western limit of the metropolis. The aristocratic region of Park Lane was then, and, indeed, at a much later period, a wild and

desolate region, in which dust-contractors had been permitted to carry on their business, and to accumulate mountainous cinder-heaps, stretching far away towards the Oxford Road. Except the few houses, and the ancient roadside public-house, which formed the 'village of Knightsbridge,' there were no habitations on the southern side save a cottage here and there in the broad fields between Knightsbridge and Chelsea. On the northern side lay Tyburn-fields, famous as the scene of executions of malefactors. The *Park* was notorious as a place where footpads prowled, and where duels took place without much danger of observation or interference."*

Finally, duelling in America and the colonies furnishes an interesting chapter, both as respects the horrible and the comical, of the practice.

What with daring and dashing personal encounters, with rifle at long range, or six-shooter revolver at close quarters, that mighty great nation has decidedly "licked all creation" in the practice of duelling, as they have done in everything else, according to their stump-orators.

Cassell's Magazine.

CHAPTER III.

THE SWORD AND THE PISTOL.

I. The Sword.

"I remember," says a writer on duelling, "upon one occasion, an affair between a young officer who was unquestionably a first-rate foil-player, and another who had been little accustomed to handle the weapon. I felt confident, when informed of what was to take place, that the inferior player would run through the body of the other in a few minutes. He was, however, a hardy, active, thickset youth, with the eye of a hawk and the nerve of a lion.

"Although aware of the decided odds against him, he stood before his antagonist's blade without flinching or moving a muscle, seemingly determined, as his mind was made up, to die, to sell his life as dearly as possible. He commenced by making several furious and random thrusts. Had foils instead of swords been in their hands, he would have felt his adversary's point

against his breast a dozen times. But I saw the fearful appearance of a sharp, polished blade moving so rapidly within a few inches of the breast,—was not quite so agreeable to the first-rate player as the foil, his usual weapon, and, in fact, he appeared half paralysed.

"I mention this affair to show that something more than skill is necessary when using a naked weapon or shotted pistol; and the most able fencer and the first-rate shot are not always the best men in the field."

Doubtless there is a great difference between mere able fencers or first-rate shots and *practised duellists* with sword or pistol; but most assuredly there is a *touch* with the former weapon "along the line," by which, like the spider described by the poet, the practised duellist at once discovers the game of his opponent, and calculates the method of finishing the contest. I know an instance in which an opponent was made to spit himself by the very first lounge he made, as soon as his game was discovered.

Casimir Périer had to fight a duel, but had never handled a sword. He was allowed eight days to prepare himself, and so he placed himself under the celebrated fencing-master Fabien. Every morning Casimir Périer shut himself up with Fabien and worked at the foils. At the expiration of the week, however, the affair in which he was involved was arranged, and the fight did not take place; but Fabien was curious to see how this extemporized fencer would manage with

regularly practised opponents. At the time in question Casimir Périer was only a banker, and unknown to the world, and Fabien introduced him at one of his Sunday reunions, at his *salon* in the Rue Richelieu. He arranged two assaults, in which Casimir Périer, confining himself to the simple and specially adapted game in which he had been initiated by the master, succeeded to perfection. His opponent, astonished by the dash and *brusquerie* of an attack which was as strange as it was irregular, received three or four hits in succession, after which Fabien took good care to stop the engagement. Casimir Périer was enchanted, transported beyond bounds by this unexpected triumph, and determined to continue taking the same kind of lessons. Some time after, however, he had to face the very same opponents, but this time it was in serious combat. The latter had had time for reflection, and Casimir Périer then found that, without method in fencing, it is impossible to count on anything but on advantage resulting from surprise. He accordingly set to work seriously, mastered the entire art and science, and became what the French call "a very dangerous and very difficult fencer," perhaps equal to the famous Saint-Georges, of whom more in the sequel.

The art of fencing, in its totality, is about the same in every country; but there have always been many secret tricks in the practice, the knowledge of which constituted the repute of its professors. In imparting

them, not only was the pupil solemnly sworn never to reveal the mysterious practice, but the instructions were given in strict privacy, after having examined every part of the room, the furniture, and the very walls, to ascertain that no third person could have been concealed to witness the deadly lesson. Such cuts and thrusts are called by the French *coups de maître,* "master-hits," and by the lower orders, more appropriately perhaps, *coups de malin,* "sly cuts."

A pass or thrust in fencing is called a *botte* by the French, and the celebrated duellist Saint-Évremond discovered a particular thrust, which was honoured with his name, and called *la botte de Saint-Évremond.*

Even among the knights of old such tricks were in practice. We read of a curious case of one of them who, having been taught invariably to strike at the region of the heart, insisted upon fighting in a suit of armour with an opening in each cuirass of the breadth of the hand over the heart. The result, of course, was immediately fatal to his antagonist. In addition to these tricks of the *art,* there were also tricks of the *trade*; the cunning of the armourers was frequently resorted to in order to obtain unfair advantages. A skilful workman in Milan had carried his mode of tempering steel to such a point of perfection that the solidity of the sword and dagger depended entirely on the manner in which they were handled. In the hands of the inexperienced the weapons flew into shivers, whereas in the grasp of a skilful combatant

they were as trusty as the most approved blades of Toledo.*

The sword-blades of Toledo have always carried off the palm as trusty weapons; proof against all violence without breaking. One was shown at the recent French Exhibition bent into a complete circle, and yet straight as an arrow on being released. The secret of their manufacture is said to be a core of soft iron coated with steel.

In order to accustom himself to the appearance of a naked blade when opposed to him—an important preparation for mortal combat—a duellist constructed an apparatus in the following manner:—He procured a strong iron spring, wormed in a conical shape, with the base riveted into a small iron plate pierced with four holes; this he screwed into the wall of his chamber. At the smallest end of the spring was fixed a socket, into which the blade of a fencing sword was fitted.

His practice consisted in standing for an hour at a time before this apparatus with his foil, thrusting, parrying, and keeping it constantly in motion.

In this way, the nervous feeling produced by the sight of the point of a naked weapon is overcome, as much, at least, as is possible by artificial means. The wrist, also, acquires a degree of strength and pliability that enables a man to handle his sword more expertly.

* Millingen.

Great judgment is required in the choice of the sword-blade, and its temper should always be carefully "proved."

Particular care is also necessary to prevent its getting rusty from the moisture of the atmosphere or other causes. The blade should be well wiped, if not used, once a week with flannel, and the sheath should be placed for half an hour before the fire.

All practised duellists take good care, if in an affair they puncture their adversary, to carefully wipe their sword with their handkerchief, before returning it to the scabbard. A beautiful Toledo has been known to be considerably damaged by carelessness in this respect. During the confusion that necessarily arises when a principal receives the *coup de cœur* or home-thrust, such an accident to the trusty weapon is very likely to occur.

So much for the sword in personal combats; but all Englishmen who go abroad and get involved in any affair of the kind should prefer the pistol to the sword, when they have the choice of the weapon, for the odds must invariably be against them with the latter. With the sword, the balance of killed and wounded has always been much in favour of the French. It is well known that, upon the termination of the last war, the French amused themselves by occasionally spitting (*embrochant*, as they called it) some half-dozen of our travelling young fashionables every day, before breakfast.

The coffee-houses were then infested by a set of bullies, sworn to exterminate the *sacrés Anglais* (after Waterloo), and their practice was to insult every young foreigner of juvenile appearance; and being men who had served in the Republican and Imperial army, accustomed from their earliest years to face danger in every form, they had the advantage, even when their antagonists were equally skilful in handling the weapon. They generally returned victorious from the encounter, feeling, what to many may seem impossible, a pleasure in having added another notch to their score of victims.

Few sensations are more delightful than those we enjoy upon finding ourselves secure after our lives have been placed in imminent peril, and men who have once known the pleasure of escaping danger often seek it, or are, at least, careless about exposing their persons, hoping again to experience similar gratification.

II.—The Pistol.

Nothing seems easier than to pull a trigger and discharge a pistol; yet no one, until the experiment is made, can be aware of the difficulty in firing with accuracy and celerity.

To become what is called a dead shot, it is necessary, first, to procure a good brace of pistols; secondly, to observe that they are carefully and properly charged, much more depending upon the method of charging

than is generally supposed; and thirdly, to devote some time every day to practice.

The pistols should measure about ten inches in length in the barrels, which should be octagon rather than round, and ought to be, at least, two-eighths of an inch in thickness, carrying a ball of about forty-eight to the pound.

They should be furnished with percussion locks of delicate workmanship, fitted into a firm handle, bent into a curve that will fit the hand comfortably.

To each barrel should be fixed two sights; one on the breach, carefully set for the centre; the second, about half an inch from the muzzle, and this also should be adjusted with the greatest accuracy. Silver sights were once very commonly in use, but they were often apt, when the sun glared upon them, to dazzle and deceive the eye. Those of steel are the best.

The inside of the barrel should be polished to the highest degree, and the greatest care taken never to allow a particle of rust to collect within it.

Some pistols used to be half rifled, that is, cut with spiral grooves from the breech to the centre of the inside of the barrel, the advantage of which I cannot see, first, on account of the spherical bullet, and next, from the fact that the part unrifled would necessarily annul the effect of rifling in the other part, supposing it effective.

The fact was, that a pistol wholly rifled was considered an unfair weapon to duel with, and, therefore,

those which appeared not to be rifled (though in reality half rifled) were substituted. They had, however, no advantage over the plain barrel at twelve or fifteen paces, which is the usual duelling distance, although, according to one authority, they were superior at a long range.

Joseph Manton (succeeded by Purdey) was always famous for his duelling pistols. I have recently fallen in with a pair of these old *Josephs*, which had evidently done service in their time. The "feel," when held in position, was exquisite, so admirably balanced, that the tool seemed capable of hitting, or enabling any expert to hit, a crown-piece at any distance up to fifty yards. In presenting the pistol, it positively felt as part and parcel of the system connected with the nerves, responsive to the will. Nothing exceeds the delight of handling a thoroughly good pistol. All its movements are, as it were, kind words of comfort and security; those, indeed, of a trusty friend that will never fail us in the hour of need. Manton's price for a pair of duelling pistols was fifty guineas; hence, everybody could not have a pair; and hence, also, the difficulty of borrowing a pair, when required, as occurred to Sir Francis Burdett's second, in his affair with Mr. Paull.

The hair-trigger! None of your heavy pull-offs for duelling pistols—excepting in the barbarous times of the art, when combatants had to do their best with the worst tools imaginable. The hair-trigger is the most

delicate part of the lock of a duelling pistol. Its construction requires the greatest nicety of workmanship, which can only be secured from the best makers.

Of course duelling pistols could be made to pull off very fine at full cock, instead of a hair-trigger, but it is impossible to fire so accurately with these, because the very movement of the muscles of the hand necessary to pull the common trigger—however fine—renders the arm unsteady. Your hair-trigger is the very counterpart—the artificial reproduction of the living nerve—in fact, volition. It is, however, a little *slower*.

No doubt, numerous accidents occurred through its use by inexperienced and careless persons; but any one intending to use the hair-trigger should take the trouble to make himself perfectly master of the principle upon which it is constructed, and be careful that it is never set too fine. If the principle is understood, hair springs may be used with less risk, as it will be apparent in what particular care is required.

The hair-trigger should never be set until the pistol is pointed to the ground, and only raised afterwards in the direction of the intended fire—being careful to keep it always so pointed until the piece is discharged; for even with locks of first-rate makers there is no security when once the trigger is set.

If constantly in the practice of pistol-firing, it is a good rule to observe—and one that, when strictly adhered to, may prevent much mischief—never to permit the muzzle of your piece to be pointed in such a di-

rection that it can do injury if it goes off—excepting when you wish to do execution. Keep it always pointed towards the ground when loaded.

For firing rapidly, with accuracy, much depends upon the stock of the pistol fitting the hand comfortably, and the whole balancing justly—that is, the weight not being too great towards the muzzle. When this is the case, it renders more effort necessary to hold the pistol in a line with the object; and the more exertion required in holding it, the less steady is the hand.

All who furnish themselves with pistols of any kind, either for duelling or for self-defence when required, should take care that the stock fits the hand comfortably. Some hands require a large thick stock, others a shorter and thinner. At one period the saw-handled pistols were much in use; but they are clumsy; the plain stock is the best.

There is, or should be, a rest for the forefinger, attached to the guard; this is very useful, being a great steadiment to the hand in holding all descriptions of long-barrelled pistols, and not at all in the way.

It is absolutely necessary that every practitioner should himself ascertain the "dispart" or throw of his pistol. If the pistol be directed to any object exactly, the ball will strike below it, owing to the effect of gravitation, which tends to bring all things down towards the earth, even the swiftly-flying bullet or

cannon-ball. Hence, we must always aim *above* an object to hit it, and the bullet's path is a *curved* line, called the "trajectory."

"The Bullet's path on high
Fashions the curve we call *trajectory.*
The art of aiming on this curve is based—
Its rules by gravitation sternly traced.
If on a distant object we direct
The axis of the piece, the bolt is check'd—
Droops by the force of Gravity, to hit
Below the actual point design'd for it.
But give the muzzle 'elevation' due—
It hits the mark with aim unerring, true:
By aptly raising thus *the line of fire*—see!
To *it* conforms our new trajectory." *

Draw the figure of a tube; from the centre describe a right line; this is the line of fire. Then, as shown in such a figure, by raising the muzzle we raise, or give *elevation* to, the *line of fire* from the muzzle of the piece, and then gravitation bends the line into the curve ending on the object. Every boy finds out that he must aim in this way in throwing a stone or in pitching his marble. But wonderful must have been the accuracy of those seven hundred slingers mentioned in the Bible who could sling stones with the left hand "at an hair breadth and not miss" (Judges xx. 16).†

To discover the variation from the true line in pistol firing, the practitioner should procure a large vice,

* Steinmetz, 'The Rifle and the Man.'

† One of the commentators thinks it necessary to say that

such as is or was kept for this purpose in town at the shooting-galleries, and fixing his pistol firmly in it, discharge it several times, with the same charge of powder, at the same object or point, marking carefully how the balls fall.

In the best pistols the dispart will occasion a variation of half an inch in a distance of twelve or fifteen yards, and in some it is two or three inches. Allowance must always be made for this irregularity in taking aim, raising the muzzle to the extent of the fall by gravity; and when the dispart is once correctly ascertained, this is easily done. The *flatness* of the trajectory, or its deviation from the point aimed at, depends upon the construction of the barrel, etc., points of the Science of Musketry which we need not

this expression is "hyperbolical;" but the extreme accuracy of the ancients with the sling is well known. Numerous examples are given in the Bible, as that of the duel between David and Goliath. Ancient writers enlarge on the proficiency of the natives of the Balearic Islands, with their slings. "They threw large stones with such violence that they seemed to be projected from some machine, so that no helmet or armour could resist their stroke, and with such exactness as rarely to miss their aim —being constantly exercised from their infancy, their mothers not allowing them to have any food until they struck it down from the top of a pole with stones thrown from their slings." The sling was very common in Greece, and was used by their light infantry. Arrows, stones, and leaden plummets were thrown from them, some of which weighed not much less than a pound. Seneca says that their motion was so violent that the leaden plummets were frequently *melted*—which *does* seem rather "hyperbolical."

here discuss beyond the practical bearings of the matter.

Many a case of duelling pistols, as before mentioned, has had a history attached to it—of terrible execution done in its day. In the West Indies crack pistols used to be as much in vogue as crack shots, and the fortunate owner found himself constantly beset for the loan of them, which being prohibited by law, he would refuse to lend them, adding—"But if you steal them I can't help it,"—pointing to the case on the table. Of course they were "stolen" accordingly, finding their way back after the day's execution. I have seen a pair of duelling pistols which had the credit of having sent twenty-five gentlemen to "their long account," and finally the *owner!*

CHAPTER IV.

METHOD OF PRACTICE FOR DUELLING—POSITION OF FIRING—THE CHANCES OF BEING KILLED IN A DUEL.

THE art of handling fire-arms should always be considered a very necessary branch of the education of a youth, as enabling him, when shooting, to use his gun without risking his own life, or endangering the lives of those near him; and also that, in the event of his being placed, by any unforeseen circumstance, in a situation of peril, he may feel a proper confidence in himself, and not embolden his antagonist by appearing to want nerve or science. The Germans and Americans are very careful that their youths should be instructed how to handle the rifle and musket; and during the war with the Americans, it is well known that our regiments suffered severely from their extraordinary proficiency as marksmen. No doubt the great Volunteer movement has tended immensely to familiarize our

youth with the use of the rifle, so that, should the necessity ever arise, the sons of England will be able to give a good account of any invaders of our sacred soil. Whether pistol-practice should be encouraged and promoted may be a different question, with reference to the well-founded objection to duelling; but, still, occasions may occur in which dexterity in the use of the pistol will be of the greatest advantage. All the French cavalry are provided with pistols, and they are systematically taught how to use them. Field-Marshal Radetzky said that all cavalry should be furnished with pistols, because a fire-arm is often of great service to a horseman for personal defence; and that excellent authority, Dr. Russell, the well-known Crimean correspondent, was of the same opinion, and gave good advice how revolvers were to be carried.

Therefore, for legitimate self-defence, pistol-firing should be taught and practised, even should it never be contemplated that a young man may be placed in the situation described in the following narrative:—

"Early one fine morning, while cantering over the downs on the Rottingdean side of Brighton, enjoying heartily the fresh southern breeze that gently swept the blue waters beneath me, I observed a small group of persons assembled, who, upon nearer approach, appeared to be adjusting an affair of honour.

"Urged, partly by curiosity and partly by the desire of rendering assistance in case of necessity, I rode towards them, and found the combatants—two young

men, one apparently a naval officer—on the point of *leeching*.*

"In a few seconds they were stationed—a few more, and the jar of 'cocking' fell on my ear—a sound that at other times would scarcely be noticed, but which, on occasions like the present, while all around wait in breathless expectancy, and observe the most death-like silence, produces a magical effect.

"I carefully surveyed their countenances and position. The sailor, who appeared the elder of the two, seemed as cool and collected, as if engaged only in an ordinary affair of duty; not a muscle or expression portrayed the least sign of fear. He stood in a firm, steady position, his right side only opposed to his adversary, and raised his hand with a most extraordinary degree of nerve, covering well his right breast with the muscular part of his right arm.

"The other, on the contrary, appeared much agitated, looked ghastly pale; had evidently enjoyed little sleep the preceding night; stood with nearly a whole front exposed; and raised his trembling hand so awkwardly, that any one would have suspected he had never fired a pistol before.

"Upon the suspension of the handkerchief—the sign in duelling—those present (the seconds, a surgeon, and servants) removed nearly thirty yards from the principals. After a momentary pause the hand-

* *Leeching* is the duelling term for stepping up to the spot whence you fire.

kerchief dropped, and both triggers were pulled. The sailor's pistol, however, missed fire, most probably from some carelessness in the method of loading; and the charge from that of his opponent, as might have been expected, did no injury, passing, I should guess, nearly three feet to the right.

"The seconds immediately closed in, and endeavoured to arrange the affair; but the seafaring gentleman would listen to no terms of accommodation, protesting that he had a right to his fire. Neither of the seconds had before been engaged in a transaction of this nature, and too ignorant to deny his assertions in support of his claim, were actually bringing him the other pistol, when I interfered.

"He was one of those athletic sons of Neptune whose very tone of voice produces an almost irresistible impulse to obey; and the seconds, who were both much agitated, seemed evidently overawed by his stentorian power of lungs.

"My interference offended him; nor did he appear very pleased when I informed him that, if his fire proved fatal to his antagonist, I should do myself the pleasure of remaining in his company until I saw him in the charge of some officer of justice, to whom I would give my name and address, that evidence might not be wanting on his trial.

"I believe he suspected I was a horse-patrol in disguise, for he immediately returned his pistol, and after a moment's conversation with his friend, walked to-

wards the town, remarking, however, that the affair 'should not terminate thus.'

"I received the hearty thanks of those who remained for having so successfully played the Bow Street officer; and from them I learned that the meeting took place, like most affairs between young men, in consequence of some dispute respecting a female. I was also assured that, in all probability, the matter would rest here, as the rough son of Neptune had his sailing orders in his pocket, and was hourly expected to get under weigh for a two years' cruise.

"While returning, I could not otherwise than seriously reflect on the scene I had witnessed. Here was a fine, healthy young fellow—the pride of his parents—the admiration of his friends—in the spring of his days—placed in a situation where his life might have been sacrificed in a moment, and quite ignorant how to conduct himself, or make the most of the advantages he possessed for his defence.

"His life had been saved, indeed, almost by a miracle, for so cool and collected was the young sailor, and apparently so well skilled in handling the weapon with which he fought, that the consequences would, in all probability, have proved fatal, had the percussion cap exploded."

There can be no objection to this sound and eloquent reasoning except that, if the young man had been equally practised, cool, and collected, he would probably have sent the son of Neptune to his long

home, whilst the latter would thus have had an additional pang added to his miss-fire and the exasperation of his tender wrongs, which led to the hostile meeting.

However, perhaps this is no reason why we should not direct attention to the practice of pistol-firing with the view of adequate self-defence when necessary, especially in present prospects.

1. *Charging the Pistol.*

This is no trivial matter, and no one can expect to be a good shot unless he understands charging a pistol. It is only by experience that we can discover how small a portion of powder is sufficient for a charge. For a long period it was the custom in loading to use the small powder-horns made for the purpose, having a measure affixed to them, and this was mostly put in full. Now it is impossible to feel certain of killing any small object with a duelling pistol so charged, and there can be no doubt that the reason of our countrymen being generally such indifferent shots, in former times at least, arose from their ignorance respecting the quantity of powder required.

On taking a pistol from the case for the purpose of loading, first apply the muzzle to the mouth and blow gently through it, to carry off any loose dust collected in the barrel, and ascertain that the touch-hole is clear. Next put the hammer at half-cock and stop it; then pour in from a measure the quantity of powder required. The exact proportion of powder requisite of

any given strength will be ascertained by observing how the balls are *flattened* when fired at an iron target. They should drop off about the size of a shilling or rather less; but if the charge is too large, they will be totally destroyed.

The ball should be cast with great nicety, and filed perfectly round; placing it in a piece of the finest kid glove leather, ram it *gently* down, keeping the thumb on the touch-hole, that no powder may escape.*

At present, however, breech-loading is destined to supersede all these precautions in loading, although, I suppose that, for duelling purposes in Europe, the old-fashioned weapon will continue to secure the preference.

2. *Method of Practice.*

For the purpose of pistol practice, we must select a suitable place where there is a range of from fifteen to twenty yards, and where a strong wall or rising ground

* Many a bullet is ruined by the *ramming*, and too much care cannot be taken in the operation.

"Nor yet neglect your bullet's shape and grace—
The fair proportions of her pretty face.
Shield the dear creature from all usage rough—
And oh! refrain from aught like fisticuff!
Remember, when you load, the golden hint—
'Two steady pressures firm'—there's plenty in't.
'All strokes that may indent her point avoid;'
Disfigured thus, her cleavage is destroy'd.
Aye, let your 'home' be 'sweet;' indeed, my friend—
Badges, pence, twopences on it depend."

STEINMETZ, '*The Rifle and the Man.*'

will check the progress of the bullet, should we miss the target. The target must be a round piece of cast-iron, about three feet in diameter and an inch in thickness, raised about three feet from the ground, so that the top may be about the height of a man standing. It must be blackened over with a composition of size and lampblack, and two dozen white wafers must be stuck upon it in three rows.

Then, retreating to a distance of fourteen or fifteen paces, begin firing, being careful to keep always in a firm, steady position, and pick off the wafers regularly one after the other.

Endeavour to raise the pistol from below upwards, so that it will come immediately direct in a line with the object. Do not keep it too firm and stiff in the hand, for if grasped very tightly the hand trembles. Fix the forefinger inside the trigger-guard, and let it lie loosely against the trigger. When the trigger is pulled, move only the knuckle-joint, and that not more than necessary, lest the motion should disturb the muscles of the hand and arm and shake the pistol, for the slightest deviation from the right line will be prodigiously exaggerated by the distance, so that the ball must go considerably to the right, left, above, or below the point aimed at, if not the entire target.

Some of the strangest misses occur in duelling. Thus, Earl Talbot and Wilkes fought at only eight yards' distance, and missed! They fought with large horse-pistols.

On presenting the pistol never hesitate more than two or three *seconds* in aiming, for unless a man fires quickly he can never fire well. One of the greatest difficulties is to know the exact moment when to fire; and all hesitation only aggravates the matter, whereupon the breathing becomes hurried, and then accurate aim is impossible.*

Much depends upon the position in duelling or in firing generally. The risk in duelling may be considerably lessened by care in the manner of turning the body towards the adversary. "I have often seen," says a practised duellist, "a raw inexperienced fellow expose his person most unnecessarily,—standing with a full front towards his antagonist, and neglecting to bring down his arms, he offered the other party a much larger surface to fire at than the laws of duelling require, rendering, of course, the danger to himself greater. Many a poor, long-armed, straggling fellow has received the *coup de cœur*, who might still have been in existence had he known how to protect his person in the field."

* With the cavalry pistol the French practice is as follows:—

1. Carry the right foot about twenty-six inches from the left; cock the pistol; raise it vertically, the trigger-guard to the front, the wrist to the front and about six inches from the shoulder; the first finger extended along the trigger-guard.

2. *Present.* Lower the pistol, the arm being half extended; place the first finger on the trigger, the muzzle pointing to the centre of the target. Avoid squeezing the fingers, to diminish the trembling of the hands.

On the position which a man takes when he fights a duel, depends, at least as one to four, that he is or is not killed or wounded. The attitude, therefore, to be taken, is that which presents *the least surface.* This being premised, it is almost unnecessary to say that a direct front face is always to be given over the right shoulder, which presents a surface more than one-fourth less than a side-face. A ball has been known to make a groove across the ear, grazing the side of the head, and sometimes carrying off the side lock, as in the case of the Duke of York in his duel with Colonel Lennox. Had the side-face been presented, the consequences would have been fatal in all these cases.

Due attention has also to be had to the position of the body. The side, which is by much the narrowest, should be carefully given—the belly drawn in, and the right thigh and leg placed so as to cover the left; at the same time the right hip must be twisted a little, so as merely to cover or guard the lower extremities of the belly. Balls have been frequently known to graze from one shoulder to the other, making a furrow across the chest, and in like manner across the back; whereas were the front presented, all such balls would "take place," perhaps mortally. Numberless instances might be given of these *hair-breadth* escapes, due to a good position. Lastly, the pistol should not be lowered until your adversary has fired, as it is a partial guard to your head, arm, and shoulder. In fact,

much of the art of firing with the pistol consists in bringing the pistol well over your own body, towards your left breast, easily foreshortening your right arm, and in firing with *both* your eyes open.

In addition to all these terrible niceties of the art, listen to the remarks of the eminent surgeon, Mr. Guthrie, in one of his clinical lectures at the Westminster Hospital. He said, in May, 1833—"I do not know whether it is advisable to recommend, with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in 'The Rivals,' that gentlemen should stand fair to the front in duelling, and be shot clean through one side of the body, instead of making as small as possible an edge by standing sideways, and running the risk of being certainly killed by the ball penetrating both sides; but this I do know, that there is neither charity nor humanity in the manner of choosing the pistols *at present* adopted. The balls are so small that the holes they make are always a source of inconvenience in the cure, and the quantity of powder is also so small that it will not send a ball through a *moderately thick* gentleman; it therefore sticks in some place where it should not—to the extreme disadvantage of the patient, and to the great annoyance of the surgeon. *These things should be altered with the present diffusion of knowledge.*"

Of course the combatant's eyes must be fixed upon the object he intends to fire at; and he must carefully single out, if possible, some small particle on it. "If aiming at a man, for instance, mark well one of the

gilt buttons upon his coat. A person can never fire with accuracy unless he aims at some *small* object. Were he to endeavour to hit a *man* he would very probably miss him; but if he aimed at one of the buttons of his coat the ball is almost certain—provided he is a passable shot—to strike within a circle of two or three inches round it."

There is sound musketry in this. It is not a mere joke that men have been known to miss a hay-stack; and all from this cause—aiming at the hay-stack instead of a particular point on it.

The disuse of the once fashionable blue coat with gilt buttons deprives the duellist of one of his most important points in aiming; but even when blue coats were in fashion, those who "went out" were always recommended to wear a black coat.

"The arm being closed well in to the side, and the pistol raised to the proper level, bring the head straight, keeping the eyes turned as much to the right as possible, and the pistol directed steadily towards the small object that has been noticed. Be cool, collected, and firm, and think of nothing but placing the ball on the proper spot. When the word is given, pull the trigger carefully, and endeavour to avoid moving a muscle in the arm or hand,—move only the forefinger, and that with just sufficient force to discharge the pistol.

"Should the party be hit, he must not feel alarmed, or imagine himself more seriously wounded than is

perhaps the case. I once knew a man grazed rather deeply on the ribs; he fell as though dead, and became quite insensible through fright.

"Constant practice, of course, is necessary to enable an individual to receive an adversary's fire without flinching or feeling nervous. This, however, will in time, by giving him more confidence, enable him to overcome the dread of personal danger, and so nerve his mind that he will stand as much at ease before his opponent as if he were only a tree or a brick wall."

Byron has touched off the thing in one of his happiest veins:—

> "It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
> That cocking of a pistol, when you know
> A moment more will bring the sight to bear
> Upon your person—twelve yards off or so—
> A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
> If you have got a former friend for foe;
> But after being fired at once or twice,
> The ear becomes more *Irish*, and less nice."
>
> 'Don Juan,' canto iv., 47.

It was, therefore, important for intending duellists to accustom themselves to receive the discharge of their antagonists without feeling nervous or uneasy; and one of them hit upon the following ingenious method of nerve-practice:—He had a wooden figure of a man constructed and placed in front of his target, or in some other position where the balls could do no injury should they miss it. A strong bracket was

affixed to the shoulder with two leather straps attached, and so disposed that they could firmly secure a pistol in the position in which it would appear if held by an adversary. A small hole was bored in the fore part of the trigger-guard to admit a piece of copper wire, one end of which was wound round the trigger, and the other made fast to a piece of whipcord about twelve yards long. To the other end of the whipcord a small hook was affixed, and the pistol being charged with a good charge of powder, rammed tight, the practitioner took his station, hooking the end of the whipcord on the waistband of his trousers. Drawing himself firmly into position, he raised his arm and fired, at the same moment receding slightly back and discharging the other pistol upon himself.

At the "Tir de Gosset," in Paris, there is fixed up the figure of a man, at which practitioners fire as against an adversary in a duel.

The same authority states, that he knew persons who required some months' practice before they could overcome that nervous sensation produced by being fired at. Constant practice, however, will overcome it sooner or later, and it is absolutely necessary to conquer the weakness. To be able to stand firm and unmoved while a pistol is discharged upon you, is quite as important as hitting the target cleverly. No man can imagine, until he makes the experiment, exactly what his feelings will be when stationed in front of his antagonist. However courageous, how-

ever accustomed to face danger, still it it impossible to avoid a slight degree of uneasiness, more particularly in a first affair. Even some of the best shots were not much to be dreaded in the field, on account of their great nervous agitation.

This disadvantage is distinct from the mere trembling of the hand owing to other causes than fear. Many a man with a trembling hand can manage to hit his mark to a nicety. Byron, for instance, was a very good shot with the pistol in spite of this infirmity.

To acquire the habit of firing briskly is of the greatest importance. I know a case in which, from being too slow in obeying the word of command, a principal got his forearm broken by the fire of his antagonist before he could pull the trigger.

Over-anxiety to hit the mark may lead to a slow, slovenly, and hesitating way of firing.

To become a good shot with the pistol, the young practitioner should pick off five or six dozen wafers in the manner before described, every morning before breakfast, and in about three months—if a clever fellow—he will become *au fait.*

Until a man can "culp" twelve wafers, at fourteen yards, in six minutes, loading the pistols himself between each discharge, he cannot be considered a proficient in pistol practice.

A man's good practice, in the presence of spectators, in a shooting gallery, has been known to act

as a "caution" to those who thought of calling him out. An English nobleman told me that an Austrian noble was thus induced to decline sending him a challenge from witnessing his proficiency in a shooting gallery.

3. *The chances of being hit or killed.*

Rather erroneous notions have prevailed respecting the probabilities of the results of duelling. In England, whenever it was reported that a man was about to fight a duel, people generally imagined that he must be killed; and nine men out of ten, upon receiving a challenge, made their will, and got no sleep the night previous to their going out, that is, in England. Abroad they treat the matter more lightly, as duels occur there more frequently, and they know from experience that the risk of being killed is comparatively trifling.

"I remember once a friend," says the authority I have been quoting, "sending for me in great haste, and, on my arrival, I found him pacing his room in a state of violent agitation. 'What has occurred, my dear fellow?' said I. 'Oh! nothing, nothing; but I am going out.' 'Out, where?' 'Where? Look at that letter on the table. I have accepted the challenge, and want your pistols. Oh! my poor wife! And the damned Equitable won't pay a rap of my insurance. What a cursed fool I am!' 'Psha! psha!' said I, for I perceived he was quite unnerved.

'Listen to me, and compose yourself. You say you are going out, true; but that is no reason why you should be shot; only one man out of fourteen that go out receives the *coup de cœur;* therefore, you have considerable odds in your favour.' I reasoned with him until his mind became much more composed; but he was naturally a nervous subject, and I felt very happy to see the affair adjusted in the morning without an exchange of shots."

The same writer found that upon the average of nearly two hundred duels, only one out of fourteen had been killed, and one out of six wounded. Thus, according to this estimate, the chances of a man's being killed are fourteen to one, and of his being hit, about six to one. There are many parts of the body through which a ball may penetrate without the wound proving mortal. In Stapleton's affair with Moore, for example, the ball passed within half an inch of the heart, yet he recovered. Recovery, however, in such cases depends much on the sufferer's habit of body and strength of constitution. Some have received shots through the lungs and spleen, and yet recovered. One, an officer in the Hanoverian service, was twice shot through the *head,* and although minus many of his teeth and part of his jaw, he survived and enjoyed good health.

If the space of a man's body, when opposed to his adversary, be supposed to be divided into nine parts, in only three of them can a wound prove mortal; therefore, if a man is hit, the chances are three to one

against his being killed, and five to one against his being hit; that is, however, provided his antagonist has not been trained and practised according to the improved method explained in these pages. It will be observed that the estimate differs materially from the results deduced in this respect by Gilchrist, as before given; but if it be true that in all battles it has required the expenditure of a man's weight in lead or iron to kill or hit him, we have reason to believe that, excepting the case of crack shots, the chances of being hit or killed in a duel are comparatively trifling. Hence, the *farce* of duelling.

On the other hand, it is not always the crack shot that does the execution. I have known a case in which a practised duellist happened to miss his antagonist, a mere youth; who, however, shot him in the head, killing him on the spot; and yet the fellow had killed some twenty men in duels. His hand had been against all men, and his name was, ominously, Cain.

To sum up,—a good position is all-important in duelling, or, indeed, in all firing, and cannot be too strongly insisted on. The side only should be turned towards one's antagonist; unless the combatants are city council or aldermen, and then perhaps the old method of fighting should be recommended, namely, turning the seat of honour to the adversary, and discharging the pistol over the shoulder. A shot in the digestive organs must be particularly annoying to a *bon vivant*. Standing thus, these organs would be se-

curely protected, as only a weapon after the fashion of the Armstrong or Whitworth ordnance could penetrate an alderman's stomach *from behind.*

Charles James Fox was remarkable for his portly figure and rotundity, and when in his duel with Mr. Adam, his second said, "Fox, you must stand sideways," he replied, "Why, man, I am as thick one way as the other." In such a case, of course, there is no help for it.

CHAPTER V.

THE CARTEL OR CHALLENGE.—SELECTION OF A SECOND.—PRECAUTIONS TAKEN ON THE GROUND.—THE NIGHT BEFORE A DUEL.—THE AWFUL MOMENT.—THE CLOSING SCENE.

IN the narratives of duels which are to follow in the course of this work specimens of the cartel or challenge will be given in connection with their results, and I will therefore content myself here with a few remarks on the general subject.

The challenge, which is an invitation from one individual to another to settle a dispute by combat, has assumed various forms according to the temper and frame of mind of the sender. Some were pithy and laconic; others rather long and windy; some were exquisitely polite, and others just the reverse.

A challenge was once given in rhyme, concluding with the two following forcible lines:—

> "Wounds of the flesh a surgeon's skill may heal,
> But wounded honour is only cured with steel."

It was from a certain poetical brandy-loving Major-General of Marines, who considered himself wronged by a brother officer during his absence from England. The Major had a wife, and his friend, people said, had been too partial to her.

The following terrible challenge was sent to a barrister by a high-spirited young fellow, who considered himself grievously insulted during a cross-examination to which the barrister had treated him at a trial:—

"Sir,—You are renowned for great activity with your tongue, and justly, as circumstances that have occurred to-day render evident. I am celebrated for my activity with another weapon, equally annoying and destructive; and if you would oblige me by appointing a time and place, it would afford me the greatest gratification to give you a specimen of my proficiency.

"Your most obedient.

"*United Service Club.*"

In earlier times it was the practice to send only a verbal challenge by some confidential friend, but latterly this method was quite discontinued. The Italians are very laconic in their mode of wording these epistles; the following is a specimen:—

"Sir,—If your courage is equal to your impudence, you will meet me to-night in the wood."

The warlike original is as follows:—

"Signore,—S'il suo coraggio è grande come la sua impudenza, m'incontra questa sera nel bosco."

However, cartels of this description were considered very ungentlemanly; and the most accredited mode was to conduct the whole affair with the greatest possible politeness, expressing the challenge clearly, avoiding all strong language, simply stating, first, the cause of offence; secondly, the reason why it was considered a duty to notice the matter; thirdly, naming a friend; and lastly, requesting the appointment of a time and place. If abroad, it was proper to state at the foot of the note the length of the challenger's sword-blade; and a correct copy should be kept of all correspondence that took place. So much for the challenge.

Upon arriving at the *releager*, or place of meeting, the challenger should make a point of saluting his antagonist,—again, also, when taking up his position; and if his ball takes effect, a third salute, and an expression of regret should always precede his quitting the ground.

The selection of a second always required the greatest caution. Duels, that might easily have been prevented, have often taken place through inexperience, or want of feeling on the part of the second, which was shown by the following occurrence. A duel occurred between two parties in consequence of one—rather a violent tempered man by the bye—taking umbrage at some remarks he overheard while in a coffee-house, which he imagined were aimed at himself, and accordingly resented by sending the supposed offender a challenge. A meeting took place; but the party to whom the

challenge was sent, thinking it absurd to be forced into a mortal affray upon an utter misconstruction, attempted, through his friend, to give some explanation. The choleric challenger's second, however, would listen to nothing, saying, that "he and his principal came there to fight about talking, not to talk about fighting, and he begged no time might be lost, as he wanted breakfast."

A writer on the subject says, that "a man cannot be too careful in selecting the individual who is intrusted with his cartel. He should run over the names of his friends, and endeavour to obtain the services of a staid, cool, calculating old fellow—if possible, one who has seen some few shots exchanged; but I should advise his never choosing an Irishman on any account, as nine out of ten of those I have had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with, both abroad and in this country, have such an innate love of fighting, that thay cannot bring an affair to an amicable adjustment.* An

* This experienced writer takes care to add, however, a prudent protest against the supposition that he meant any offence to the gallant sons of Erin:—

"By this remark, I beg it will be understood I do not intend any reflection upon the Irish character; on the contrary, many of my intimate associates are Irishmen, and I believe the oppressed sons of Erin to be the most generous, open-hearted, and truly courageous people on the face of the globe. I could not, however, be otherwise than amused at the following account, in the 'Times' newspaper, during the late French revolution:—'Two Irish gentlemen, travelling for pleasure, happened accidentally to arrive in the suburbs of Paris at the moment when

instance occurred in my own experience, in which an Irish second was so exacting in the terms of a required apology, that nothing but abject cowardice could account for the acquiescence of the challenged party; and when, upon its being shown to the challenger, the latter pointed out that the word "apology" was misspelt, having two *p*'s, the Irishman insisted that he was right, high words ensued, and the principal had the greatest difficulty in appeasing his wrath, which well nigh rendered a meeting necessary.

If a man is the challenger and aware that he is slightly in fault, he should inform his second of every particular, and never allow a feeling of obstinacy or pride to prevent his authorizing him to make any reasonable concession.

We read of cases in which men, who were aware of having given just grounds for the meeting, refused to make any apology until after receiving their adversary's fire, when, discharging in the air, they owned themselves in fault. This they did merely from a

the populace were engaged with the King's troops; they dismounted, sent on their baggage to the hotel, and entered as warmly into the contest as if the cause had been one in which their private interests were deeply concerned.'

"During the time of peace our Government may hold our union with Ireland in light estimation; it would be otherwise if at war. Some of the highest ornaments of our army and navy are natives of the sister kingdom; and old Erin can boast of having given birth to the greatest military genius that ever commanded an army—the man who lived to be sixty-five, and erred only three times in judgment."

fear that it might be supposed they apologized through cowardice. Now, such conduct is both wrong and ungentlemanly. If a man is conscious that he is not a coward, he should never fear being thought so; and he has always the power to prove the falsity of such an accusation.

A man who accepts the office of second to a friend undertakes a most important charge. Unfortunately, few are aware of the great responsibility that devolves upon them, and from ignorance, inexperience, or want of presence of mind, often commit serious mistakes. Until the experiment is made, it is not easy to imagine what are the feelings of a man who attends a dear friend on such an occasion; it requires quite as much nerve to act the part of a second as of a principal, when the individual is one whom you highly esteem.

"The first duty of a second is to prevent, if possible, the affair coming to a serious issue, without compromising the honour of his friend. The various duties of a second must be sufficiently obvious from what has been already said, but, above all, he has to take care that the ground is well selected, for in choosing the ground two things are to be observed; first, to avoid the sun in the face, and then, if possible, not to choose a spot with a hedge or wall, or some other dark object in the background, for this is a material assistance in firing, it being much easier to hit an object when there is something dark behind it than when nothing

appears beyond but a long range of blue sky; for instance, should there be a thick hedge in the field where the duel takes place, the second should not place his principal between it and his antagonist, and he should be careful not to station him in a position where he is inconvenienced by the sun,—a caution, however, which was almost unnecessary to persons in this country, as we are so seldom favoured with its appearance in the morning."

"Among the many instances of misconduct in seconds," says a practised duellist, who had fought four duels and acted as second in twenty-five, "I shall mention a few. Two learned doctors, who had had a long paper war, met one evening in the pit of one of the Dublin theatres, where their resentments burst out, with reciprocal violence, between each act. Both were men of abilities, and extremely eloquent, and afforded, by these interludes, much entertainment to the audience, who clapped the victor of the moment in proportion to the impression he had made. My friend, who sat near me, had rather the advantage; but, on the curtain dropping, was called upon by his adversary to meet him at an early hour next morning, at the Four Mile stone on the North Road, and immediately withdrew. This seemed to stun my friend a little, who had not before been concerned in an affair of honour of this nature. However, he determined to fight, finding it could not be avoided, the other having publicly declared that he would post him

if he did not. In consequence of this, he requested me to be his second, to which I consented, in the hope of being able to reconcile the parties, and if not, at least to protect him from any undue advantage that might be taken of him, he being an Englishman, a stranger, and quite a novice in the duelling art. I therefore brought him home with me, where I left him, and went, without his knowledge, to the house of his opponent, thinking, if I could see him, proceedings might be stayed; but he had immediately set off to Drogheda, twenty-four miles distant, to procure a friend, and of course there was no possibility of meeting till we came on the ground. I suspected the man he went for, who was also hostile to my friend, and besides, had some experience in tactics of this kind, and was in the capacity of both surgeon and second. I therefore took my friend under training during the night, prepared the pistols, aired the powder, and gave him the necessary cautions and instructions, which should be accurately understood, both offensively and defensively, and which generally afford the experienced duellist a decided advantage.

"We got to the ground at six, the hour appointed, and shortly after the others arrived; the second was the same I expected. After a distant salute I took him aside, and observed that it was rather unfortunate that we had not had an opportunity of talking the affair over before we came there; but that, as it was not of a desperate nature, being a mere war of

words, I conceived it might be as much to their honour to make a mutual apology as to fight, when he immediately vociferated that he would not consent that his friend should either give or take any apology, that they came there to fight, and that whilst a ball remained (pulling out a handful of bullets) or until one or the other fell, they would not quit the field. In this, however, his principal did not second him.

"Whilst charging the pistols, our opponent's second addressed himself to my friend in these words: 'Sir, I am glad to meet you here; I have an affair to settle with you the moment this is over, if you survive my friend.' I immediately called his principal forward, and told him the unmanly and infamous declaration of his second, whom, as it seemed, he had brought there with the view either to intimidate or to assassinate my friend, but that, as I came there to protect him at all points, he must instantly take the ground with *me*, or immediately withdraw his declaration and apologize; the latter, by the advice of his principal, who disapproved of his conduct, he preferred.

"We then proceeded to measure the ground, which he proposed should be seven yards. In this, however, I overruled him, after much resistance, and placed them at twelve yards asunder. By agreement, they fired at the same moment, my friend's ball passing through the hat of his opponent, and his ball grazing the left jaw of my friend, and would certainly have broken both jaws had he not given a full front face.

After the first fire, I interfered again, and having made an impression, reconciled them, much to the visible dissatisfaction of my opponent, who had put the second pistol into the hands of his friend, exclaiming, that the town would call it a shabby business if they did not proceed. They made, notwithstanding, mutual apologies, shook hands, and ever after lived on a friendly and intimate footing.

"I am confident that there is not one case in fifty where discreet seconds might not settle the difference and reconcile the parties before they come to the field. The law that takes cognizance of the conduct of these sanguinary tools is of much importance to society. And here, I cannot help repeating with just indignation, from a review of numberless facts, that in the variety of instances that have occurred where life has been lost, several shots exchanged, and the most dangerous wounds received, four-fifths, at least, of these duels might have been prevented by a timely and judicious interference by qualified and well-disposed seconds."

Unfortunately, these were not the only sins of omission or commission at the door of the seconds. It has been known that by injudiciously overloading, the principal has been killed by his own pistol bursting—a part of the barrel having entered the temple; and it has frequently happened, through the same cause, that the pistol-hand has been shattered to pieces. On one occasion, a principal shot his own second through the

cheek, knocking in one of his double teeth—not by the ball, but by a part of the pistol-barrel, which was blown out near the muzzle. On another, a principal shot himself through his foot, at the instep, which nearly cost him his life, but of course put an end to further proceedings at the moment; his second had given him his pistol at full-cock, with a hair-trigger, which he held dangling at his side before the word was given, and in that position it went off. On another occasion, the second charged his friend's pistol so carelessly, that the ball and powder had fallen out before he presented,—when, but not till after receiving the opposite fire, snapping and burning his priming (the matter being then accommodated), he discovered, on making several attempts to discharge his pistol in the air, that it was unloaded!

It frequently happened, also, that the flints were so badly adjusted, and so bad in themselves, through the ignorance or inattention of the seconds, and the pistols so much out of order, that the principal, who was subject to such remissness in his friend, often stood in a very awkward predicament. A pistol has been known to snap a dozen times before it went off, though the flint was often clipped. This was putting the man in serious apprehension of his life, *eleven* times oftener than he expected!

It was no unusual case that a pistol hung fire, owing to the dampness of the powder, or foulness of the touch-hole, by which the aim was always lost, and,

of course, the fire, and, it might be, your life! The reader will, therefore, by this time, have already realized the full import of the words in 'Hudibras:'—

> "Ay me! what perils do environ
> The man that meddles with cold iron!"

The following *naïve* advice was given by an experienced hand to intending duellists:—

"A man should not allow the idea of becoming a target to make him uneasy; but treating the matter jocosely, he must summon up all his energy, and declare war against nervous apprehension. That his mind may not dwell upon the affair, he ought to invite a few friends to dinner, and laugh away the evening over a bottle of port, or, if fond of cards, play a rubber of whist. He should, however, carefully avoid drinking to excess, or taking any food that tends to create bile. The man who makes too free with the bottle over night seldom rises with a very steady hand in the morning; and many poor fellows have suffered through intemperance and want of care previous to fighting. If a man 'leeches,' that is, advances, boldly, and as a lion, it always checks the ardour of his antagonist; but if he crawls out like a poor ragamuffin going to be shot, it in some degree raises the courage of the opposite party, and renders his aim, of course, more steady. Firmness and determination on these occasions depend much on the state of the nerves, which are always unstrung by intemperance. Bile has also a two-fold operation; first, on the nerves; and se-

condly, on the sight; when we are bilious, it is well known that objects are not seen either distinctly or correctly. Should he feel inclined to sleep when he retires to rest, and troubled images disturb his imagination, let him take some amusing book—one of Sir Walter's novels, if a lover of the romantic; or Byron's 'Childe Harold,' if he delights in the sublime; and read until he drops asleep, leaving word with a trusty servant to call him at five, and provide a cup of strong coffee, to be taken immediately on rising.

"Upon the previous day he should have been careful to secure the services of his medical attendant, who will provide himself with all the necessary apparatus for tying up wounds or arteries, and extracting balls.

"Let him drink the coffee, and take a biscuit with it, directly he rises; then, in washing his face, attend to bathing his eyes well with cold water. If in the habit of wearing flannel next the skin, he should omit putting it on. Wounds, comparatively trifling, have often become dangerous from parts of the flannel clothing being carried into them, particularly in warm climates.

"I do not advise his taking more than a biscuit and a cup of coffee. To eat a hearty breakfast is wrong. I am not one of those who subscribe to the Italian opinion that nothing can be well done by an Englishman unless his stomach is full of roast beef. The digestive organs are seldom prepared for the reception of food at such an unnatural hour as six or seven; and

the brain would consequently be oppressed with the fumes proceeding from an unhealthy digestive process.

"If he smokes, let him take a cigar;* but if a married man, avoid disturbing his wife or children. With respect to the last point, a friend of mine told me the most affecting scene he ever witnessed was the parting between an old English nobleman† and his daughter previous to a duel in which the father was a principal, and engaged in consequence of some disrespectful language used to her. It occurred near Paris. The old gentleman—with his eyes bathed in tears—tore himself from his child, and came into the field trembling, not with fear, but with nervous excitement. It is grievous to behold a man in this state under the necessity of handling a weapon.

"When the pistols were offered him he looked wildly round; his thoughts were all with his poor distressed child, who, unwilling to lose sight of her father, had followed him with one of her attendants,

* With that "smoky sceptre in his fist," the immortal Ney charged the enemy. And a Roman Catholic priest, condemned for his religion, went to the gallows "pipe in mouth." Indeed, a pipe or cigar must have been particularly useful to the duellist on the morning of his possible execution, for—

"This is the opiate which the Turks must take
When they their hearts would light and jocund make."

† I think my friend, who was a foreigner, was mistaken about the individual being a nobleman.

and stood weeping at a distance. The old man raised his arm as though it had been palsied, and fired, of course without effect. The other principal immediately *deloped,** much to the satisfaction of my friend and all present.

"I consider it the wisest plan for a principal to keep an affair of this nature concealed from every one except his surgeon, servant, and second, until it has terminated.

"About six in the morning is the best time for meeting in the summer, seven in the spring and autumn, and eight in the winter. I have generally gone to the ground in a postchaise, and prefer it here to making use of my own conveyance, in case of molestation by the honourable members of Bow Street, who now† keep, what sailors term, 'a very sharp look-out' early in the morning in the suburbs of the metropolis.

"He should observe that the pistol-case is furnished with caps and every other necessary, and see it put into the chaise himself. Instances have occurred more than once of the pistols being left behind in the confusion of starting, subjecting the parties, of course, to much inconvenience and ridicule.

"While proceeding to the scene of action, if he feels himself nervous, or imagines that he is not sufficiently braced up to the encounter, he should stop and take a little soda-water, flavoured with a small wine-

* *Deloped*, duelling term for "firing in the air."

† Thirty years ago.

glass of brandy. This will be found an excellent remedy, and, from experience, I can strongly recommend it as a most grateful stimulant and corrective.

"Arrived at the *releager*,—where it is always advisable to get a start of his adversary,—he should dismount and walk about, coolly puffing his cigar, leaving his second to forward the arrangements, and mark out the ground, observing himself, however, that all is correctly done; and when called upon to *leech*, he should step up quietly and firmly, as though he were going to shake hands with an old friend, instead of to shoot one.

"Having taken his station, he should cast his eyes closely upon his adversary, and mark if there is any nervous tremulation in his movement,—as to observe it is encouraging, because, when a man trembles, his fire is seldom effectual. He should also be very careful to remain himself as firm and stiff as a statue—not a muscle in his face or movement of his body should portray any extraordinary degree of feeling or excitement. When he receives the pistols, let him fix the stock comfortably in his hand, and attend to all the rules I have given.

"The seconds should now retire about eight yards from the line of fire, equidistant from the antagonists; the two surgeons and any friend should be about two yards behind them, and the servants in a line rather further back.

"This ought to be the position previous to the signal for firing. I do not know any particular advantage

arising from this mode of placing the parties, but it looks better than to see a number of persons straggling round the principals, not unfrequently at the risk of their own lives—with hair-triggers in close proximity.

"The signal is a matter of some importance; frequently there is none given, and the parties draw lots for firing. Formerly, the challenger had the privilege of firing first. The plan I prefer, as considering it most equitable, is to fire on a given signal, and I think none better than dropping a handkerchief; but even giving the word is sufficient."* In most of the duels in England during the reign of George III., the adversaries tossed up for the first fire; and the same practice prevailed, and still prevails in France, unless the nature of the fire be altered by the peculiarity of the duel.

"Instances have not unfrequently occurred where, through a misconception of the signal, one party has fired before the other. In these cases, the second party has undoubtedly a right to his fire. Few men, however, under such circumstances, would take it, but rather waive the right, if convinced that the error had arisen through mistake.

"I once witnessed a case of this kind. One party fired before signal—the other waived his right to fire;

* All words of command at the moment of firing tend to shake the nerves; and no doubt the word of command, which was most usual, caused the numerous misses of duellists.—A. S.

they re-loaded,—raised at the same moment,—but the individual who had previously fired did not discharge his pistol, although he raised it apparently with the intention of doing so. A little care in giving the signal, which should be well explained to both principals, will preclude the possibility of such an occurrence.

"It requires some nerve to elevate the hand and keep the pistol perfectly steady, when the muzzle of an adversary's weapon is directed upon you, and when aware that a very few moments will bring its contents much closer than is agreeable; but the period most trying to a duellist is from the time the word 'ready' is given until the handkerchief drops.

"'Tis an awful moment, certainly. He must not, however, allow it to operate on his mind; indeed, he should endeavour to banish every thought, except the thought of hitting his adversary cleverly. Standing up firmly, he should throw out his muscles, cover his right breast well with his right arm, keep his left close to his side, his stomach drawn in, his head inclined towards his adversary, and his eyes fixed on a button or some other small part of his opponent's dress, as near the centre of the breast as possible.

"Standing thus, he should give the word to the second, 'All's Ready.'

"On the reply of the second, 'All's Ready,' he should turn his eyes slightly towards the left, and pull the trigger as the handkerchief falls.

"If, upon the discharge, his adversary's ball has taken effect, he must not be alarmed or confused, but quietly submit the part to the examination of his surgeon, who should close round him, with his second, the moment the discharge has taken place.

"I cannot impress upon an individual too strongly the propriety of remaining perfectly calm and collected when hit; he must not allow himself to be alarmed or confused; but, summoning up all his resolution, treat the matter coolly; and if he dies, go off with as good a grace as possible."

In the duel between Stackpole and Cecil,—two of the first shots in the kingdom,—the former was mortally wounded. He died almost immediately, and only remarked, while falling,—alluding to his antagonist,—"By George, I've missed him!" . . . .

If surgeons are on the ground, they should turn their backs to the combatants, so as not to see the firing; but as soon as they hear the report they should turn, and run to the spot as speedily as possible.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CODE OF HONOUR, OR THE REGULATIONS OF THE DUELLO.

ALTHOUGH many a duel has been unfairly fought on one side or the other, the institution itself has all along been regulated by a code of honour, the restrictions of which have always been held binding by all right-thinking, honourable men; and I shall reproduce in the present chapter the leading points of this Common Law of the Duello, as a necessary introduction to the narratives which are to follow, although much of it is very absurd.

This elabrate *Code of Duelling* was published in the year 1836, by Chateauvillard, and was quoted entire by Millingen in his 'History of Duelling.' *

* An interesting article on this *Code du Duel* appeared last May in 'Chambers's Journal,' and one in 'All the Year Round,' April 18, 1863, both of which have been useful to me in writing this chapter.

1. *Duels with the Pistol.*

Instances have frequently occurred where one or both parties, when on the point of firing, have taken a dead aim at each other, and presented as though practising before a target. This has occurred sometimes wilfully, at others from the individuals being ignorant that it was unfair. It was the duty of the seconds instantly to step up and insist upon a change of position.

If a pistol misses fire, the party loses the shot: he cannot, under any circumstances, be permitted to fire again.

Sometimes a man is placed in a situation when he considers it his duty to "delope," or fire in the air. This is quite proper in every way; but if such be his intention, he should be cautioned to keep it carefully concealed until his antagonist has discharged, and to raise his pistol with the same nerve and accuracy as if he intended to fire; because, when a principal is aware that the opposite party does not intend to fire at him, his aim is likely to be much more accurate, and his arm more steady, than while he expects the reverse.

If any dispute arises while on the ground respecting the position, or other circumstances, the principals should not leave the spot on which they are stationed, but remaining, have the pistols handed to them. A second discharge cannot take place without the consent of all parties; and either of the principals has the privilege of refusing to fire more than once.

Upon a *delope* the affair immediately terminates, and the seconds should never permit another discharge. When a man fires in the air, it is considered an acknowledgment that he has been in fault; and although he may still refuse to make an apology, the opposite party has no right to demand another fire: he has "given satisfaction." Some years ago a duel took place in England, in which the parties met in the evening, when nearly dusk; they fired without effect —one deloping. Another discharge was insisted upon by the individual who had marked his antagonist, and was improperly permitted by the seconds. The man who had deloped fell, mortally wounded, exclaiming "Oh! my God! there was no occasion for this!" and expired.

A pace in duelling is about three feet, and duels are generally fought at ten, twelve, and fourteen paces. If a man has a good shot for his opponent, and is but an indifferent shot himself, it is decidedly to his advantage to fight at the shortest distance; if a good shot, and opposed to an inferior, he should then choose the longest distance.

Among the French, fifteen paces is the nearest distance, and it may be thirty-five paces; in the latter case the offended party has a right to the first fire; if only fifteen paces are marked, the first fire is decided by drawing lots.

The seconds have a right to ascertain that the principals do not carry any defence about their person; a

refusal to submit to this examination is considered a refusal to fight. The French not only give the word "MAKE READY," but also the word "FIRE."

A flash in the pan is always considered a shot, unless a stipulation to the contrary has been made.

If one party is wounded he may fire upon his antagonist, but not after the expiry of two minutes.

In a pistol duel termed *à volonté*—"at will"—the seconds mark out the ground, at a distance of thirty-five to forty paces; two lines are then traced between these two distances, leaving an interval of from twenty to fifteen paces. Thus each combatant can advance ten paces. The ground being taken, one of the seconds, drawn by lot, gives the word "MARCH." The combatants then advance upon each other, if they think proper, holding their pistols vertically while advancing; but they may level the weapons and take aim on halting, although they may not fire at the time, but continue to march on to the line of separation marked with a cane or handkerchief, where they must stop and fire. But although one of the parties may thus advance to the limits, his antagonist is not obliged to move on, whether he has received the fire of his opponent or reserved his own. The moment one of the combatants has fired, he must halt upon the spot, and stand firmly to receive the fire of his adversary, who is not, however, allowed more than one minute to advance and fire, or to fire from the ground he stands on. When one of the parties is wounded

the affair must be considered ended, even though the wounded party should express his wish to proceed—unless the seconds consider him in a fit state to continue the combat.

Obviously, the moment a man has fired he must remain a prey to the most uncomfortable feelings, whilst his adversary adjusts his aim and covers him. On this account, in Ireland, there has always been a reasonable prejudice in favour of receiving the adversary's fire,—the apparent risk being more than counterbalanced by the enormous advantage of a quiet aim, without the disturbing influence of a hostile barrel, which must naturally confuse and agitate.

In the pistol duel termed *à marche interrompue,* the combatants advance fifteen paces from the same distance (forty-five or fifty paces) in a zigzag step, not exceeding two paces. They may take aim without firing, and while advancing stop when they choose, and advance again; but having once fired, both parties must halt on the spot. The combatant who has not fired may now fire, but without advancing; and the party who has fired must firmly stand the fire of his opponent, who for that purpose is allowed *half a minute:* if he allows a longer time to elapse, he must be disarmed by the seconds.

This kind of duel appears at first sight to differ little from the one last described; but there are grave and important points of distinction. Out of these various shapes of encounter the skilful amateur will

find his advantage according to his experience, and the peculiar manner he will have acquired during that experience. There are the same lines and the same distances marked off. But the parties advance in a zigzag direction—halting and advancing like Indian skirmishers—with power to fire the moment either halts. This is the grand distinction—not one of form, it will be observed, but of principle, and much to be recommended to novices, who might naturally be agitated by their *débût*. They will thus secure an early shot with a freedom from disturbing influences. There is, of course, always the drawback of having to accept the adversary's fire without sign or protest. It should be mentioned, that as soon as one has fired, the other is not allowed to advance further, but must discharge his pistol from the point at which he is standing.

In the duel called *à ligne parallèle*, the combatants are placed in this manner:—

A_____

_____B

The parallel lines, at a distance of fifteen paces, are in length from twenty-five to thirty-five paces. In the present case the seconds divide into two parties, one being stationed behind each man, so, however, as to be covered from fire. On the usual signal "MARCH" being given, the combatants do not walk towards one another directly, but each progresses on his own line. Neither is bound to stir, however. Supposing A to have fired from a point midway on his line, B, whom

we will suppose to have escaped injury, is by rule allowed half a minute to advance and fire: he may thus walk along his line till he is brought opposite to A, at a distance, of course, of fifteen paces, A being bound to remain quite stationary after discharging his shot.

There is also the duel *à marche non interrompue et à ligne parallèle*—a rather cumbersome title for a very simple mode of arrangement. The inevitable parallel lines are traced at about fifteen paces' distance (though it seems a little mysterious how those marks can be "traced" along the greensward of the Bois de Boulogne), and the parties are started from points exactly opposite each other, as before described. They can walk either fast or slow, and can fire when they please; but are not allowed to stop, or to reserve their fire a second after reaching the end of the march. This system, however, is not open to the objection of being too favourable to the person who receives the first fire and reserves his own, for he is compelled to be *en route*, or "on the move," while taking his aim, and is limited by time and the short distance he has to walk.

Then there is the duel *au signal*, which is an approach to the old Hiberno-Britannic fashion, and was doubtless intended to conciliate national prejudice. The signal is to be given by three claps of the hand, with an interval of three seconds between each. At the first, the parties move slowly towards each other; at the second they level, still walking; at the third, they halt and fire. If one fires before or after the sig-

nal, by so much as half a second, he shall be considered a dishonourable man; and if by the disgraceful manœuvre he shall have killed his adversary, he is looked upon as an assassin. To minds less nice there would appear but little distinction between the cases. But if the adversary who has been fired at thus dishonourably has been lucky enough to escape, he is allowed a terrible retribution—namely, to take a slow, deliberate aim, and a shot at leisure. Where one disgracefully reserves his fire after the signal, the very disagreeable duty is allotted to the seconds of rushing in at all risks and peril, even in front of the weapon, if no other course will answer, and disarming him.

Then follows the duel *à Barrière,* which is, strictly speaking, a generic term, and applicable to any shape of combat where a line of separation between the parties is enforced. Sometimes the term is applied to an arrangement, by which the parties are set back to back, and at a given signal must march away ten, or any special number of paces, then turn round smartly and fire. This is, perhaps, the most *humane* sort of duel, as there are many chances that the parties will miss each other. But your Englishman, who has graduated on the bogs and moors, will have a fatal advantage in this flurried style of shooting. On the other hand, however, allowance must be made for a profitable experience of our neighbours among the robins and sparrows, a good range of practice among those tiny warblers of the grove and bushes contributing to steady the eye and hand very considerably.

We now come to what, in the gory annals of French duelling, are termed "exceptional duels,"—the fashion of turning two adversaries into a dark room, armed each with a pair of pistols; then, that Mexican practice of an encounter on horseback, armed with weapons of every kind. The first is a worthy reproduction and representative of gladiatorial days, and the most savage atrocities of the Roman emperors; and there is something horrible in the notion of the two caged men creeping round by the wall, with finger on the trigger, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of giving their enemy a hint of their position. There was opportunity, also, for all manner of artful devices to make an enemy deliver his fire first, the light from which would illuminate his figure, and render him a favourable target. But these shapes of action the French code looks on as exceptional and irregular, refusing to take any notice of them, or apply its ordinances to their case. It throws out only one contemptuous hint in reference to them, namely, that all stipulations and arrangements must be put in writing.

The terrible duel *à l'outrance*, where so desperate is the character of the offence, it is agreed that one of the parties shall die on the ground, is contrived by loading one pistol only. The other is merely primed, and the second, holding them behind his back, the parties choose, by saying, "To the right," or "To the left." Then the end of a pocket-handkerchief is placed in each of their hands, and the fatal signal is given. If

the holder of the pistol pulls the trigger before the signal, he is justly dealt with as an assassin, in the case of his having the loaded weapon. In case of its proving the empty one, the opponent has the privilege of putting the muzzle to his head and shooting him on the spot. But these extravagances—outpourings of an indecent and ungentlemanly animosity—receive but little toleration, and the genteel code, as before stated, takes no cognizance of its incidents. Of the dramatic elements involved in a "situation" of this sort, that skilful dramatist, Alexandre Dumas, was not slow to avail himself; he has worked this stratum up according to true "Saint-Martin's-Gate" traditions, in his melodrama of Pauline, the English version of which, in the hands of Charles Kean, horrified and gratified the fashionable audiences of the Princess's.

2. *Duels with the Sword.*

In duels with the sword, the seconds mark the standing spot of each combatant, leaving a distance of two feet between the points of their weapons. The standing ground is drawn for by lots. The swords are measured to ascertain that they are of equal length, and in no case must a sword with a sharp edge or a notch be allowed. The combatants are requested to throw off their coats and to lay bare their breasts, to show that they do not wear any defence or cuirass that could ward off a thrust. A refusal to submit to this proposal is to be considered a refusal to fight. If, on

comparing weapons, the swords are found to differ, the choice must be decided by chance, unless the disproportion is of a material nature. The hand may be wrapped in a handkerchief, but an end of it is not allowed to hang down, lest the point of the opponent's sword might catch in it, and so entrap him. At the word ALLEZ, "commence," they set to, the seconds holding a sword or a cane, with the point downwards, and standing close to each combatant, and prepared to stop the fight the moment the rules agreed upon are transgressed. Unless previously stipulated, neither of the combatants is allowed to turn off the sword of his opponent with the left hand; should a combatant persist in thus using his left hand, the seconds of his adversary may insist that the hand shall be tied behind his back. Of course the combatants are allowed to stoop, to rise, to vault to the right or to the left, and turn round each other, as practised in the fencing lessons and depicted in the various treatises on the art. When one of the parties exclaims that he is wounded, or a wound is perceived by his second, the combat is stopped; but with the consent of the wounded man it may be renewed. If the wounded man, although the combat is ordered to be stopped, continues to press upon his opponent, this act is equivalent to his express desire to continue the conflict; but he must be stopped and reprimanded. If, in the same circumstances, the combatant that is not wounded continues to press on his antagonist, although ordered to stop by the seconds,

he must be immediately checked by them, and considered to have infringed the rules. The signal to stop is given by one second raising his sword or cane, when the other second cries out "stop," and then the combatants recede one step, still remaining in guard.

3. *Duels with Sabres.*

In these duels the short sabre is preferred by the seconds, its wounds being less fatal than those of the long. The combatants are posted at the distance of one foot from the sabre-points. In general, these duels are fought with cuff-gloves, but otherwise the parties may wrap a handkerchief round their hand and wrist, provided that no end is allowed to hang down. Of course the same precautionary steps are taken to ascertain, as in a sword duel, that no defence is worn by either party. At the word ALLEZ, the combatants advance on each other, and either give point or cut, vaulting, advancing or retreating at pleasure. To strike an opponent when disarmed, to seize his arm, his body, or his weapon, is a foul proceeding. A combatant is disarmed when his sabre is either wrenched from him or dropped.

Duels with the sabre may be stipulated to take place without giving point, when blunt sabres are used. In this case, to give point and kill an opponent is considered an assassination. These duels are always considered ended on the first loss of blood.

When soldiers fight, the *maître d'armes,* or fencing-

master of the regiment, stands by, ready to parry any very ugly cut or thrust, as the form of the duel may be, and otherwise to see that everything is done properly according to the regulations. A disabling wound in a duel, with permission of his Colonel, is considered equivalent to a wound in battle, and entitled to a like pension.

It is evident from all these details that the fancy of duellists must have run mad in devising such a multiplicity of methods of fighting,—many of them calculated to place a man in an extremely ridiculous situation, veritably making the affair a monstrous tragicomedy.

Such, however, were the various modes of duelling sanctioned for the vindication of injured honour, and we have now to inquire into the nature of the offences entailing such tremendous retribution. According to the French code of honour there are three sorts of offences :—(1) A simple offence; (2) an offence of an insulting nature; and (3) an offence with personal violence. With regard to the first, if in the course of a discussion an offence is offered, the person who has been offended is the injured party. If this injury is followed by a blow, of course the party struck is the injured one. To return one blow with another of a more serious nature—severely wounding, for instance, after a slap in the face—does not constitute the person who received the second blow, however severe it may be, the party originally insulted. If in the course of a

discussion, during which the rules of politeness have not been transgressed, but in consequence of which expressions have been used which induce one of the party to consider himself offended, the man who demands satisfaction cannot be considered the aggressor, or the person who gives it the offender; the case must be submitted to the trial of chance. But if a man sends a message without a sufficient cause, he becomes the aggressor; and the seconds, before they allow a meeting to take place, must insist upon a sufficient reason being manifestly shown. All these are insisted on because the selection of the weapons and the kind of duel rests with the offended party. A son may espouse the cause of his father if he is too aged to resent an insult, or if the age of the aggressor is of great disparity; but the son cannot espouse the quarrel of his father if he has been the aggressor. As Dr. Millingen observes, this is a very judicious rule. Some of your old men are particularly crusty and inconsiderate, and if this rule were not enforced any old gentleman might grievously offend another, screening himself by his age and infirmities, and sending some vigorous, active, and practised "big boy" to do the brave for him. Consequently he should be made personally responsible for his conduct, and obliged to make a most humble apology, if he cannot give personal satisfaction. Besides, the rule prevents the sacrifice of life to which filial affection might expose a generous youth, who in his conscience may condemn his father's conduct.

If the offence has been attended by acts of violence, the offended party has the right to name, not only his duel, his arms, the distance, but may also insist upon the aggressor not using his own arms, to which he may have become accustomed by practice; but in this case the offended party must also use weapons with which he has not practised.

Honour can never be compromised by the offending party admitting that he was in the wrong. If the apology of the offending party is deemed sufficient by the seconds of the offended, if the seconds express their satisfaction and are ready to affirm this opinion in writing, or if the offender has tendered a written apology considered of a satisfactory nature,—in such a case the party that offers to apologize ceases to be the offender, and if his adversary persists the arms must be decided by lot.

However, *no apology can be received after a blow.* Such an offence has often led to a mortal combat.

If the seconds of the offending party come to the ground with an apology instead of bringing forward their principal, it is only to them that blame can be attached, as the honour of their principal was placed in their hands.

No challenge can be sent by collective parties. If any body or society of men have received an insult, they can only send an individual belonging to it to demand satisfaction. A message collectively sent may be refused, but the challenged party may select

an antagonist from the collection, or leave the nomination to chance.

All duels should take place during the forty-eight hours that succeed the offence unless it is otherwise stipulated by the seconds. As Dr. Millingen remarks, this rule is of importance; forty-eight hours may be considered a fair time to reflect upon the painful necessity of a hostile meeting, and there is in general reason to suppose that a challenge sent long after a provocation has been the result of the interference of *busy friends*.

It is the duty of the seconds to decide upon the necessity of the duel and to state their opinions to their principals. After having consulted with them in such a manner as not to allow any chance of avoiding a duel to escape, they must again meet, and exert their best endeavours to settle the business amicably.

The seconds of a young man shall not allow him to fight an adversary above sixty years of age, unless this adversary had struck him, and in this case his challenge must be accepted *in writing*. His refusal to comply with this rule is tantamount to giving satisfaction, and the young man's honour is thereby satisfied.

If any unfair occurrence takes place in a duel, it is the duty of the seconds to commit the circumstance to paper, and follow it up before the competent tribunals, when they are bound to give evidence.

Such are the chief rules and regulations of the

French code of honour. These new pandects were authorized and signed by eleven peers, twenty-five general officers, and fifty superior officers. Nearly all the maires and préfets gave in their adhesion, and even the minister of war, being restrained by a pardonable delicacy and the awkwardness of official position from attaching his signature, took the trouble of writing a formal letter, signifying his approval of the entire arrangements.

Many of the regulations, however, are transparently borrowed from the Irish constitutions before mentioned. The important axiom of a blow admitting of no verbal apology whatever, and the almost casuistical theories as to what constitutes "the insulted party," are common to both.

Strange as may appear such exalted sanction accorded by the leading men of France to the practice of duelling, we must not forget the very wise remark of Bentham:—"If the legislator had always applied a proper system of satisfaction for offences, there would have been no duelling, which has been, and is still, but a supplement to the insufficiency of the laws."

"I remarked," says Tom Moore, in his diary, "that one of the worst things, perhaps, that O'Connell had done for Ireland, was his removing, by his example, that restraint which the responsibility of one man to another, under the law of duelling, imposed, and which, in a country so little advanced in civilization as

Ireland, was absolutely necessary. We see, accordingly, that the tone of society there is every day growing lower and lower, and men bear blackguarding from each other in a way that, to an Irishman of the old school, or to real gentlemen of *any* school, seems inconceivable. In all this they both agreed with me, and said that to the existence of the Code of Honour introduced by duelling, we owed very much the great difference between the moderns and the ancients in the good-breeding and decorum of manners in social life. What personal abuse, for instance, what blackguarding (as it would now be deemed) Cicero indulged in towards his adversaries!"*

So he did, and it was borne or rebutted; great and valiant antiquity knew nothing about *duelling*. Its single combats were mere episodes of war. David and Goliath continued the battle between the Jews and the Philistines; Achilles in a stand-up fight with Hector and Paris was always Greece struggling with Troy. Turnus and Æneas, Eteocles and Polynices, struggled, the former for the hand of Lavinia, the latter for the throne of Thebes, *with an army behind them*. In like manner, Pittacus and Phrynon, the Horatii and Curiatii, Manlius Torquatus, Valerius Corvus, Claudius Marcellus, and the chieftains of Gaul, Scipio Africanus and the Spanish giant,—all of them were engaged in a national quarrel; there was no duelling. None of

* Memoirs.

these encounters had the slightest resemblance to duelling. They managed the thing as well as they could, anyhow, if not by brute strength or dexterity, at any rate by trick and *ruse*, or cunning. Pittacus flung a net, which he had concealed under his shield, over the head of his opponent and gained an easy victory. Assuredly, Goliath never could have imagined that he was to be knocked down with a beggarly pebble. Yet Pittacus was one of the Seven Sages of Greece, and David was a warrior, a fighting brave of incomparable pluck and daring. The fact is, all they cared for in those days was to get the upper hand. Defeat was the only disgrace and dishonour they dreaded.

Moreover, with your mighty men of old it was a matter of indifference whether they accepted or refused a challenge. Antigonus challenged by Pyrrhus, Metellus by Sertorius, Julius Cæsar by Mark Antony, merely replied, "I am not tired of life."

Popedius Silo challenged Marius, saying, "If you are so great a captain as they say you are, come out of your camp and fight me."

"Nay, my dear fellow," replied the mighty Roman, "if *you* are a great captain, just force me to come out and fight whether I will or not."

What did the grand Achilles when they ran off with his beautiful captive Briseïs? Why, he pouted in his tent!

And the valiant Ajax, worsted in the council of the

army by the astute Ulysses, actually vented his wrath upon a flock of innocent sheep, which he pursued sword in hand, and finished with committing suicide!

When Themistocles, in an altercation with Eurybiades, got his eye knocked out by a blow with a stick, he contented himself with saying, "Strike, if you like, but do listen to me!"

Roman history is full of similar examples, proving that in all antiquity they had no notion whatever of the point of honour. The barbarians! Only think of the outrageous accusations heaped upon Cæsar by the acetic Cato, without a thought of being "called out" for his insolence. And when the same Cato was sorely lashed by Cicero in the Senate, with his envenomed tongue, he contented himself with exclaiming:—"Well, gentlemen, here's a very facetious consul!"

No doubt Antony avenged the *Philippics* of Cicero against him, but it was not sword in hand, but with the poignard of assassins.

The son of Cicero, at a banquet, flung a cup or a dish at the head of Agrippa, the favourite of Augustus and the real conqueror at the battle of Actium; but the only result of the outrage was that fine ode of Horace, immortalizing the brutal deed:—

> "Natis in usum lætitiæ scaphis
> Pugnare Thracum est."
>
> "To fight with cups, for jovial uses made,
> Is barbarous."
>
> Hor. Od. I. xxvii.

Certainly the ancients had their prize-fighters, their "ring" boxers, wrestlers, athletes, who knocked each other about in the most approved fashion; but when Alexander the Great observed at Miletus a number of statues raised to crowned wrestlers, he exclaimed:—"Where on earth were these men when the Persians besieged their town?"

No doubt many will apply this sarcasm to duellists; and, indeed, Napoleon professed the greatest contempt for duellists, as untrustworthy in the battles of armies, as did old Montaigne long before; but, unfortunately for all that sort of denunciation, the greatest duellists in modern times—the most numerous and determined—have been produced by the nations which have carried all before them in war, the English, the French, and now in this latter day, the Germans, as of old.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY DUELS IN FRANCE.

ALTHOUGH the single combats of the age of chivalry do not form part of the design of this work, it may be proper, for the sake of contrast, to quote a specimen, and I know of none more appropriate than the trial by combat, as related by Brantôme, between

THE CHEVALIER GONTRAN AND COUNT INGELGER, (A.D. 880.)

In the reign of Louis le Begue, the wife of Ingelger, Count of Gastonois, was accused of having murdered her husband, his corpse having been found with her in bed. Gontran, a relation of the deceased, and the most expert swordsman of his time, was her accuser. The king appointed a day for the trial by combat, at the castle of Landon.

Ingelger, Count of Anjou, and godson of the accused countess, at that time not sixteen years of age, threw

himself at the king's feet, and solicited the royal permission to accept Gontran's challenge to the trial by combat. The king, equally affected by his courageous request and extreme youth, made use of many arguments to dissuade him from such a dangerous attempt as that of encountering the redoubtable Gontran, whose very name struck terror into the bravest ears, and addressed him to the following effect :—

"Consider, my child, that youth and a want of sufficient reflection often precipitate people rashly to undertake enterprises of such arduous moment that they are forced to shrink under them, and yield ingloriously. Think, therefore, in time,—be persuaded of the great inequality of a trial by combat between one of your tender years and so renowned a hero for acts of chivalry as the long-experienced Gontran. Reflect that such a combat can promise no other event than the devoting yourself to death by your first essay in arms. Wherefore, my dear child, I entreat you seriously to meditate this affair, and the fatal consequences which, in all probability, must ensue."

The young count, with a becoming mixture of modesty and valour, thanked the king for his royal and paternal concern, but inflexibly persisted in his resolution. All the courtiers pitied him, and nothing was heard from every mouth but this general lamentation—"What a pity so amiable a youth should thus rush on certain destruction."

The next day was appointed for the trial. The

count took leave of his godmother, heard mass, distributed alms, made the sign of the cross, and, mounting his horse, entered the lists,—the wonder and admiration of all the spectators.

The Countess of Gastonois and Gontran, having both affirmed on oath the truth of all the articles they had severally alleged, the combatants — the young Ingelger and the veteran Gontran—rushed furiously upon each other. The latter made a violent thrust at the count's shield, which the youth parrying, drove his lance through Gontran's body, felled him from his horse, and alighting, cut off his head, which bleeding trophy he presented to the king. The vindicated countess, in return for the young champion's successful prowess, made him a present of the manorship of Landon, together with the castle and estates.

Duel between a Man and a Dog.
(A.D. 1400.)

At the close of the thirteenth century, Philip the Fair, having justly entertained at that early period a refined sense of the evil attending the judicial combat, used his best means to put a restraint on its practice. But the state of the times militated so much against his good intention that all he was able to effect was the publication of an edict of regulation, whereby nothing was to be brought to that bloody issue which could be determined by any other means. In consequence of this was adopted that singular ordeal, for

want of other evidence, which took place in the Isle of Notre Dame, in the reign of Charles V. of France.

The Chevalier Maquer, in the sight of all Paris, entered the lists, with a dog, in mortal combat. The spot which was the scene of this singular encounter is still shown. The following are the circumstances that gave rise to it. Aubry Mondidier, whilst taking a solitary walk in the neighbourhood of Paris, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, which he had left at home, went out at night to search for his master, whom at length he traced to the forest, and discovered his grave. Having remained some days on the spot, till hunger compelled him to return to the city, he hastened to the Chevalier Ardilliers, a friend of the deceased, and by his melancholy howling gave him to understand that their common friend was no longer in existence. Ardilliers offered the dog some food, and endeavoured to quiet him by caresses; but the distressed animal continued to howl pitiably, and, laying hold of his coat, led him significantly towards the door.

Ardilliers at length complied with the dog's apparent request, and was led by the sagacious and affectionate animal from street to street, and conducted from the city to a large oak in the forest, where he began to howl louder, and to scratch the earth with his feet. Aubry's friend could not help surveying the spot with melancholy foreboding, and desired the servant who accompanied him, to fetch a spade and dig

up the earth,—when, in a short time, he discovered the body of his murdered friend.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the murderer of his master, barked, rushed upon him, and attacked him with such ferocity that the spectators could not, without great difficulty, extricate him. The same circumstance occurred several times. The faithful animal, which was in general as quiet as a lamb, became like a raging tiger every time he saw the person who had murdered his master.

This circumstance excited great astonishment; and strong suspicions having arisen, it was remembered that Maquer, on several occasions, had betrayed symptoms of enmity against Aubry; and various other circumstances being combined, brought the matter almost to a certainty. The King, hearing of this affair, was desirous of being convinced with his own eyes whether or not the dog was in the right. The parties were brought before him; the dog fawned upon everybody else, but attacked Maquer with the utmost violence as soon as he saw him enter. The King, considering this to be a fair occasion for the ordeal,—which was at the time customary upon less important occasions,—ordered the fate of Maquer to be determined by single combat with the dog. Charles instantly appointed the time and place. Maquer entered the list armed with his lance; the dog was let loose upon him, and a most dreadful contest ensued. Maquer made a thrust, but the dog, springing aside,

seized him by the throat, and threw him down. Thereupon the villain confessed his crime, and Charles, in order that the remembrance of the faithful animal might be handed down to posterity, caused to be erected to him, in the forest where the murder was committed, a marble monument, with a suitable inscription.

Such is the historical relation respecting this remarkable dog; and although it may seem "passing strange" that a dog should have the instinct to discover the murderer of his master, yet the incident is by no means more incredible than the many which I have read or heard of in the matter of canine sagacity. Indeed I would believe anything good related of the dog —that animal which has done so much to make man a gentleman. The following, however, is the only fact I have ever heard of, respecting the dog, which seems to stagger belief. They tell a story of a Scotch dog, which, whenever a penny was given to him, used to go at once to a baker with the coin in his mouth, when, on dropping it, the baker would give him a penny roll. On one occasion, however, the baker cheated him, taking his penny, but giving him only a halfpenny roll—and then the dog went and fetched a *policeman!* It should be remembered, however, that it was a *Scotch* dog.

With regard to the contest which has just been described, it may be remarked that Maquer had a great advantage over the dog in being armed with a lance,

so that the encounter was ten to one in his favour. On the other hand, it by no means follows that Maquer, unarmed, would have had no chance with the dog. This would depend entirely on the kind of man and kind of dog. Some dogs would be an overmatch for most men; but some men, unarmed in any manner, would be an overmatch for *any* dog. An instance of this, among many others that might be mentioned, occurred in the city of Londonderry. A man undertook to fight a very fierce and powerful bulldog merely for a trifling bet. The place appointed was in the Diamond—a square in the centre of the city, where a great concourse of people assembled to witness so unprecedented a contest. When the hour came, the man appeared, pulled off his clothes, entered the ring, and threw off his shirt; whilst the butcher, to whom the dog belonged, held the eager animal, on the other side of the ring, by the neck. When the man, without any apparent intimidation, said he was ready, the dog was slipped at him, and advanced in a couchant attitude till within about four feet distance, where he made a spring at the man's throat—the man, at the same instant, dexterously striking him with the edge of his hand across the windpipe, which he seconded with a vigorous kick in the stomach, thus flinging the dog upon his back at some distance. But the dog immediately recovered, and made another spring at the man's throat, which was his invariable object, and which was parried in like manner by his antagonist,

hitting him, as before, with his feet. Seven or eight times did the dog renew the attack, whilst the man never once missed his blow, nor received a scratch. At length the dog could rise no more, though not killed, when the man stepped forward, and taking a knife from his breeches pocket, seized the dog, with the intention of cutting his throat; but the butcher, amazed at seeing his dog thus conquered, after having beaten so many bulls, called out that he would give five pounds to save his life—to which the other readily agreed, whilst the surrounding and astonished multitude filled his hat with silver and coppers.

Chataigneraye and Guy Chabot or Jarnac.

(In the sixteenth century.)

In those days, duels were attended with great bustle and *éclat;* and one of the most remarkable was that between Châtaigneraye and the famous Jarnac. The former had spoken insultingly of the latter, who publicly called him a liar. The quarrel had occurred in the reign of Francis I., but the King had refused to permit a duel between his favourites. At the accession of Henry II., however, the affair came off, the King yielding to the entreaties of the two noblemen, and granting the permission which his predecessor had refused.

Respecting this duel, Pasquier makes a remark, drawing attention to the change introduced by duel-

ling in the procedure of chivalry. Before the former practice, the defendant was called upon to give the lie, and yet ceased not to be the defendant or injured party; but in the code of duelling, if one man charges another with anything, and receives the lie, he is compelled to challenge him in order to wipe out the offence, so that his enemy becomes the defendant, thus having a great advantage, since he can select his arms, after having practised with them as long as he pleases, and take his opponent unawares on the day of combat, as in the duel between Jarnac and Châtaigneraye.

The way Jarnac availed himself of this privilege was in every way remarkable. His challenge required Châtaigneraye to provide more than thirty different sorts of arms, and various kinds of horses, such as Spanish, Arabian, etc., with different kinds of harness and saddles—and all merely to put his enemy to expense, and to surprise him on the day of battle—the consequence being that Châtaigneraye must have been ruined, had he not been assisted by the King, as well as provided with ample means of his own. He might well remark that "Jarnac wanted to try his purse as well as his courage."

The preparations for the duel were made with great pomp and extravagance, and it came off at Saint-Germain, in the presence of the King, the whole Court, and an immense concourse of people. All the duels in those times were fought in the presence of a concourse of people.

Châtaigneraye, who enjoyed the reputation of being an expert and accomplished duellist, had prepared a royal banquet, to celebrate the victory upon which he counted; but he did not count on that famous cut, since termed "The Cut of Jarnac," which severed his hamstring, and laid him at the feet of his opponent. Furious at his defeat, he refused the assistance of a priest, and died blaspheming. Henry II., who was greatly attached to Châtaigneraye, took an oath over his corpse, never again to permit a duel.

Chateauneuf and Lachesnaye.
(Seventeenth Century.)

Henry II. kept his oath, but the rage for duelling only increased the more, and from the time of the first edicts against it to the beginning of the 17th century, it is said that six thousand gentlemen had been its victims.

Brantôme mentions the above duel as having taken place towards the end of the reign of Henry II.

Châteauneuf was a young man, the ward of Lachesnaye, his guardian, who was eighty years of age. The meeting took place at Louviers. When the parties were in presence, Châteauneuf asked Lachesnaye if he had uttered the insulting words reported to him. The old man assured him, on the faith of a gentleman, that the report was false.

"Then I am satisfied," said Châteauneuf.

"But I am not," replied Lachesnaye, "for as you

have given me the trouble of coming hither, I must fight. What will these people here, assembled from all parts, say of us? Why, that we came to talk, not to fight. That is too much for our honour to bear, and so let's fight."

They set to with sword and dagger.

"Oh, you rogue," exclaimed Lachesnaye, "you are *cuirassed*. Ah! But I'll do for you, notwithstanding."

Thereupon he aimed at the head and neck of his young opponent, but in a minute or two he was run through the body, and fell, dying on the spot.

Achon and Matas.

This tragic affair occurred at the accession of Francis II. to the throne of France. Achon, otherwise called Mouron, was a young man, and Matas an old soldier, and both of them were attending the King at the chase, in the forest of Vincennes, when a few words passed between them, and they withdrew to cross swords. In a few seconds Matas disarmed his opponent, exclaiming in a fatherly tone,

"Now go, young man. Mind you hold your sword better next time, and beware of attacking such a man as I am. Pick up your sword. Go away. I forgive you, and let's never hear another word about it, young man as you are."

Thereupon Matas walked off quietly towards his horse, but whilst he was in the act of mounting on the saddle, the young miscreant, who was burning

with the desire to avenge his discomfiture, basely rushed upon his brave antagonist and killed him on the spot.

Nothing was said of this foul murder, because Achon was highly connected, and the family of the murdered man was related to Madame Valentinois, the celebrated Diane de Poitiers, who, by the death of Henry II., was then only a neglected mistress, and without influence.

Still, poor Matas was very much regretted, for he was a gallant fellow; and the great Duc de Guise, in his sympathy for him, blamed him for having spared the young murderer when he had him at his mercy, thus coming by his own death. "On the other hand," he added, "your old bravos and military foxes should not abuse their talents and luck by provoking young fools, who are only too ready with their weapons, for *it grieves the Almighty.*" *Dieu s'en attriste.* This singular expression conveys the feelings of the time respecting matters which, at the present day, we contemplate only with unmitigated horror and aversion.

D'Entragues and Quelus.

(A. D. 1578.)

This affair is called "the duel of the favourites." The principals were Charles de Balzac d'Entragues, belonging to the Guise family, and Jacques de Quélus, the greatest favourite of Henry III. The quarrel had occurred at the Louvre, and was on account of the

"ladies." It was the first occasion on which the seconds took an active part in the combat. The seconds of Quélus were Livarot and Maugiron; those of D'Entragues, Riberac and Schomberg.

When the two principals had set to, Riberac said to Maugiron—

"I think we ought to reconcile these gentlemen, rather than let them kill each other."

To which the other replied:—

"Sir, I have not come here to talk. I want to fight."

"To fight? With whom? The quarrel does not concern you."

"With you, Sir?"

"With me? Then let us pray."

Whereupon Riberac crossed his sword with his poignard, and, falling on his knees, made a short prayer, which, however, the impatient Maugiron thought rather long. Urged to the fight, Riberac sprang up with a bound, and rushed furiously upon his taunting opponent. In a few minutes both fell mortally wounded.

Ashamed of standing with their hands beside them after this example, Schomberg said to Livarot,—

"These gentlemen are fighting. What shall we do?"

"Let's have a fight for the fun of the thing."

They set to. Schomberg, who was a German, followed the method of his country and cut off half Livarot's

left cheek, who returned the compliment with running him through the breast. He died on the spot blaspheming; Riberac died on the following day; Livarot recovered, but was killed two years afterwards in a duel. "As for Quélus, the cause of the whole affair," says Pierre de l'Étoile, "he received nineteen cuts and languished during thirty-three days, when he died. Of no avail to him was it that the King his master went to see him every day and hung over his pillow, and had promised him a hundred thousand crowns, and a hundred thousand crowns to the surgeons if they healed him. He died, continually repeating, even with his last breath, these words, which he uttered with loud groans and much affliction, 'Oh, my King! my King,' without saying one word of God Almighty or his mother.

"The King, indeed, was deperately attached to Quélus and Maugiron. He kissed them both when dead, had their heads shaved, and preserved their golden locks, and took off Quélus's earrings which he had himself given him."

Whilst a preacher of the time exclaimed in the pulpit that "the bodies of these blasphemers should be flung into a ditch," they were laid in state on magnificent beds, a princely funeral was given to them, and the following epitaph consecrated to three of them:—

"Reçoi, Seigneur, en ton giron,
Quélus, Schomberg, et Maugiron."*

* "Receive, O Lord, upon Thy lap,
Quélus, Schomberg, and Maugiron."

There was another epitaph composed for the occasion :—

> "Hic situs est Quélus, superas revocatus ad auras,
> Primus ut assideat cum Ganimede Jovis."*

Henry III. raised splendid monuments to Quélus and Maugiron; and thus the whole affair forms as complete a picture of the times as can well be furnished to the philosopher, the moralist, or the Christian.

Saint-Just and Fossé.

(Beginning of the seventeenth century.)

Henry IV. had scarcely entered Paris when duelling broke out with greater fury than ever. More gentlemen fell in duels than during the civil war. From 1589 to 1608 eight thousand victims were numbered.

Fossé and Saint-Just were two gentlemen of the opposite parties, the second of the former was the Duc du Maine, that of the latter was the Maréchal de Biron. The duel was fought on horseback and in the sight of the two armies. Henry IV., who was then at Saint-Denis playing at tennis when Saint-Just took leave of him, observed as he was setting off, "There's a man who is going to die." The prophecy was fulfilled; Saint-Just dropped his sword, remaining where he was, and Fossé ran him through the body.

Henry IV. had the humour of his father, Antoine de

* "Here lie the remains of Quélus, being called on high to sit first with Jove's Ganymede."

Navarre, who one day made a sign to one of his suite named Bellegarde, telling him "he would like to have a word with him in private," which was his mode of giving the challenge; and Henry IV. himself was very near fighting a duel. It was during the League. The future King was to fight, in company with the Prince de Condé, with the Ducs de Mayenne and Guise. Henry III. prevented the duel.

But if Henry IV. did not fight a duel in person, he did so by proxy. It was in 1605. The King had expressed to the Duc de Guise feelings of jealousy respecting Bassompierre, who had been rather assiduous to his mistress, Mademoiselle d'Entragues,—indeed had completely succeeded with the frail beauty, as he was the father of her son, M. de Xaintes. The Duke offered to avenge the King. "I am," he said "a knight-errant, and I am ready to break three lances with your rival this very day after dinner in any place your Majesty may be pleased to appoint."

Henry IV. agreed to the proposal, "The King," says Bassompierre, "was quite agreeable, as usual with him on such occasions, and fixed upon the Louvre, the court of which he said he would get sanded for the purpose. He named M. de Joinville, his brother, as his second, and M. de Thermes as his third party. I took M. de Saint-Luc and M. de Sault."

The duel took place before the *Salle des Suisses*, and at the first shock Bassompierre received a furious thrust of the lance in his belly. He himself describes

the horrible consequences:—"All my bowels," he says, "came out of my belly and fell to the right down my leg. The King, the Constable, and all the chief gentlemen of the court were present, most of them weeping, believing that I had not another hour to live."

A characteristic letter of Henry IV. to Duplessis-Mornay, who complained to the King of having been insulted by a young lord, shows plainly enough that duelling was encouraged by him to the utmost extent, and may account for the prevalence of the practice, at least, during the earlier part of his reign. Here it it is:—

"Monsieur Duplessis, I am much grieved at the insult which you have received, in which I share as king and as your friend. As the former, I shall do justice to you and to myself also. If I had only the second title, you have no one whose sword would be readier to fly from the scabbard, or who would make lighter of life than I."

It is also on record that one of the King's expressions ultimately caused a foul assassination in England, as before related, page 34.

Such was the consequence of the inconsiderate words of King Henry IV., and such was, generally, his share in the promotion of duelling. Duellists had a fine time of it during the reign of the *Bon Henri,* and one of the most redoubtable of them figures in the following account, Lagarde Vallon.

Lagarde Vallon and Bazanez.

(Seventeenth century.)

This Lagarde Vallon, by his great celebrity as a duellist, attracted the attention, and provoked the artistic jealousy, of one Bazanez, another exterminator of the time. The latter hit upon a rather fantastic mode of challenge, worthy of the times described by Cervantes, and suitable to the hero of La Mancha. He sent Lagarde Vallon a *hat*, with the threat of taking it from him, together with his life. Duellistic fancy could no further go, we imagine.

Lagarde put on the hat quietly, and hurried off in search of Bazanez, who, by the bye, was also eagerly on the watch for the former. At last they fell in with each other, or rather, as we may be sure, they were brought together by the human animals existing in all times and countries, who like nothing better than to see a row, a fight, a murder, an execution; for it was impossible for them to recognize each other, as they had never met before.

They set to on the instant. Lagarde came down at once with a vigorous cut on the head of Bazanez, but the frontal bone was so hard that it turned off the weapon. The second cut, however, went in, and Lagarde said, "That's for the hat."

"This is for the feather," he added with another thrust.

"And this is for the tassel," a third time he said by way of conclusion.

Bazanez lost a great deal of blood, but was not done for as yet. He made an extreme effort, rushed upon his opponent, and got him down. In this position he drove his poignard repeatedly in a line between his neck to his shoulder, saying, "I am giving you a scarf to wear with the hat." He gave him fourteen stabs from the neck to the navel. At each stab Bazanez exclaimed, "Beg for your life."

"No, no!" said Lagarde, "not yet, my dear fellow;" and, hacked about as he was in every part of his body, he bit off the chin of his slaughterer, and smashed the back of his head with the pommel of his sword.

This put an end to the conflict, which was thus a drawn battle, both being drunk with slaughter and incapable.

Strange to say, both of them recovered from their frightful wounds. Bazanez died some years after, being surprised by an ambuscade. The other cut-throat "retired," and became the terror of the neighbourhood where he took up his habitation, a public pest, addressing to the objects of his hatred, letters in the following style:—

"Your house in ashes, your wife ravished, your children hanged.

"Your mortal enemy,

"LAGARDE."

I need quote no more instances of duelling in this reign of Henry IV. No doubt there were issued edicts against duelling in his name, owing doubtless

to the wise interference of his great minister, Sully; but still there is the ugly fact that no less than seven thousand "pardons" were granted by his Majesty for duelling during an interval of nineteen years,—that is, on the average, 368 in the year, or one a day!

The Three Brothers Binau.

Tallement des Réaux devotes a chapter to the duels of the days of Richelieu; among the rest are the following:—There were three brothers named Binau; they were all brave fellows, but the second was a madcap. He took it into his head to fight his younger brother, and, in spite of all efforts and persuasions, he one day insulted him so grossly that the young man could bear it no longer; they set to, but the offender was disarmed and compelled to promise not to mention the shameful and unnatural duel to any one. The eldest was at Metz, and sent for the second brother, who managed to pick a quarrel with a brave fellow named La Faye. The elder brother insisted upon reconciling them, but in the attempt the madcap pulled out a stick which he had under his cloak, and, as La Faye was inclining towards him, he raised it and belaboured him. Binau fell upon his brother, knocked him down, and kicked him unmercifully. The bystanders prevented La Faye from taking his revenge, whereupon he declared he would fight all of them, and in effect challenged four. The younger brother was put in prison, and Binau did all he could.

to appease La Faye, who, however, insisted upon a duel. They met with pistols on horseback; La Faye's shot struck the pommel of Binau's saddle, and the ball of the latter went through the body of his opponent. La Faye tottered, and his horse ran off with him. Binau cried out, "La Faye, come back, come back; you are running away." The wounded man fell from his horse and died the same day, declaring with his last words that his only grievance was the fact of his having been told that he was running away,—which Tallement thinks being rather delicate.

The Baron d'Aspremont.

The Baron d'Aspremont fought two duels in one day. In the morning he killed a man and was slightly wounded in the thigh. At noon he sat down to dinner at the house of M. d'Enghien, but the pain of the wound prevented him from eating, when he amused himself with pitching pellets of bread at one of his friends. One of the pellets unfortunately struck the forehead of some gentleman who happened to be visiting there for the first time. The gentleman thought he would be contemptible if he put up with the joke, and demanded an explanation. Aspremont told him that he never gave any explanations excepting sword in hand. Accordingly they went out together to a neighbouring field, where they set to, and Aspremont wounded and disarmed his antagonist.

The Chevalier d'Andrieux.

This man at the age of thirty had killed seventy-two men in duels, as he once boasted to a brave with whom he was fighting. The man had said,—"Chevalier, you will be the tenth man I have killed;" to which the latter replied,—"And you will be my seventy-second:" and he killed him. This man seems to have been an unaccountable monster; sometimes he compelled his discomfited antagonists to deny God, on the promise of their lives, and then he cut their throats, in order, as he said, to have the pleasure of killing their souls and bodies together! . . . .

Sword-cut and Cannon-shot.

Among the odd stories of the old gossip Tallement des Réaux, we are told of a celebrated duellist, called Fontenay Coup-d'Épée, which surname "Swordcut" he received from a frightful gash he gave a constable who was taking him off to prison. One day this desperado came in contact with another of his own stamp in the street, who refused to make way for him.

"I'd have you to know that I am Fontenay Coup-d'Épée," cried the former with a voice of thunder.

"And I," replied the other, "am Lachapelle Coup de Canon" (*cannon-shot*).

In an instant they set to, and would have cut each other to pieces had they not been separated.

Fontenay Coup-d'Épée was always at war; but

sometimes he fell in with his match, and received two severe lessons on one day. He went to the church of the Celestins, where he insulted a burgess, who gave him a slap in the face. He durst not make a noise in the church, so he went out and walked about, waiting for the man to come out when the service was ended. As he walked about muffled up in his cloak, he attracted the attention of a joiner then passing with a friend, and the young man exclaimed, pointing to Fontenay, "There's a fellow who seems to be in a rage." Fontenay, who, in effect, was in a towering rage, drew his sword, and made a cut at the joiner's ears; but the latter happened to have a long sword under his arm: in fact, the man had been a professional cut-throat. He defended himself, and as his sword was much longer than Fontenay's, he wounded our captain in the thigh, and left him on the ground. Fontenay's friends, being informed of the mishap, went and carried him home; and he could not help railing at himself for having been beaten in so short a time, in two different ways, by a burgess and a joiner.

During the reign of Louis XIII., private rencontres were carried on with circumstances which rendered them as absurd as they were atrocious. In one instance we read of two champions getting into a puncheon and fighting with knives; and in another two noblemen fighting with daggers, holding each other by the left hand.

The Baron de Luz, his Son, and the Chevalier de Guise.

(A.D. 1613.)

This is one of the most tragic personal encounters of the period we are contemplating. The baron had met De Guise in the Rue St. Honoré, and some words arose between them respecting the death of the late De Guise, who had been assassinated at Blois, by order of Henry III. The baron was on foot, De Guise on horseback; he immediately alighted, and requested the baron to draw. The old man could scarcely believe that the chevalier was in earnest, yet drew his sword in self-defence. He was not only aged, but for years had been out of practice; whereas his antagonist was a young man, in the prime of life, and famed for his swordmanship.

The first thrust of Guise proved fatal, his sword passing through the body of his adversary, who staggered to a shoemaker's shop hard by, and fell down dead. His antagonist quietly wiped his sword, remounted his horse, and rode off in the most unconcerned manner.

The deceased had a son about the same age as the chevalier, who, upon hearing of his father's death, was determined to avenge him. From the high rank and station of De Guise, he well knew that, if he fell, no part of Europe could afford him an asylum from prosecution; yet was he determined in so just a cause to

run every risk; and, as he did not dare approach the hotel of the proud nobleman, he sent him a challenge by his esquire, couched in the following respectful language:—

"No one, my lord, can bear witness to the just reason of my sorrow more forcibly than your lordship. I, therefore, entreat your lordship to forgive my resentment when expressing my desire that you will do me the honour of meeting me, sword in hand, to give me satisfaction for my father's death.

"The esteem which I feel for your well-known courage induces me to hope that your lordship will not plead your high rank to avoid a meeting in which your honour is so deeply compromised.

"The gentleman who bears this will conduct you to the place where I am waiting for your lordship, with a good horse and two swords, of which you will have the choice; or, should your lordship prefer it, I shall attend you at any place you may command."

The meeting took place on horseback, and, after a desperate conflict, the murderer of the father gave the son the satisfaction of taking his life also.*

While they were fighting, their seconds wounded each other; and D'Audignier, who gives the particu-

* This De Guise was grandson of Henri de Lorraine, Duc de Guise, surnamed *the Great*, and who was killed at the siege of Orléans; his father, surnamed the *Balafré*, from a deep scar on the face, was assassinated at Blois. They were both looked upon as *doctors* in the science of duelling, and their opinion and decision considered law.

lars of this duel, adds, very naïvely, that "this victory would have been more gratifying to God if the chevalier had fought for the same cause that led his ancestors into Palestine."

After such a sentiment, respecting such an occasion, the reader will not be surprised to learn that this D'Audignier was a conscientious advocate of duelling. He seems to have been particularly interested in such encounters, of which he relates many instances. He was a gentleman belonging to the court of Louis XIII., and did himself the honour of presenting a supplication to that monarch, not only to cancel all edicts against duelling, but to allow the practice. The following are the terms of the document:—

"A great trial, Sire, is carried on between the nobility and the law in your Majesty's dominions, in which you alone can decide. Your nobility maintain that a gentleman whose honour is impeached should either vindicate it with his sword, or forfeit his life; whereas law asserts that a gentleman who draws his sword shall lose his life; and surely your Majesty, who is the chief of the most generous nobility in existence, cannot feel it your interest thus to blunt their valour, or, under the vain pretence of preserving their honour, behold them reduced to the necessity of losing sight of its dictates, or seek to maintain it with their *pen*,—like the low-bred, disputing the right of arms before menial lawyers."

Our advocate of the noble practice and the rights of

honour, concludes by imploring the King to render duels less frequent by permitting them to take place on certain occasions when the King himself should be present; and when the public, he adds, "instead of being involved in differences and law-suits, which consume both blood and fortune, would be delivered of the two monsters, and would feel proud of displaying their courage in your service, and their valour in your royal presence."

The most remarkable duel of this warlike epoch is that which brought the head of François de Montmorency, Count de Bouteville, to the scaffold,—as before related, page 29. Every morning the hall of this desperate duellist had been crowded with what was called "the golden youth of France," where fencing and trials of skill at all arms were practised, and a sumptuous repast laid out for the company.

In the midst of these scenes of blood, however, it affords some relief to find that even then there were individuals who dared the prejudice of public opinion, and, respecting the laws both of God and man, firmly resisted the practice—among the rest, Monsieur de Reuly, a young officer, who could not be induced to fight a duel under any circumstances. Having once been grievously offended, he submitted the case to the decision of his generals, who determined it in his favour; but his opponent insisted upon a personal meeting, and sent him a challenge. De Reuly told the ser-

vant who brought it that the person who had sent him was much in the wrong, and that he had received all the satisfaction which in justice or reason could be demanded. But the other still pressing and repeating his challenge, and that, too, with some insolent and provoking language, Reuly stated "that he could not accept the challenge, since God and the King had forbidden it; that he had no fear of the person who had insulted him, but feared God, and dreaded offending him; that he would continue to go abroad every day, as he was wont, wherever his affairs should call him; and that, if any attack was made upon him, he would make the aggressor repent it."

His adversary, unable to draw him into a duel, sought him, accompanied by his second; and, having met him when only attended by his servant, attacked him, when both the principal and his second were severely wounded by him; and, assisted by his servant, he carried them both to his quarters, where he got their wounds dressed, and refreshed them with some wine. Then, restoring to them their swords, he dismissed them, assuring them that no boasting of his should ever compromise their character. Nor did he ever after speak of the transaction, even to the servant who had been present at the affair.

In my humble opinion, this M. De Reuly was far more deserving of the qualification, *sans peur et sans reproche,* than the celebrated cut-throat to whom it has been absurdly appropriated.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY DUELS IN ENGLAND, OR BY ENGLISHMEN ABROAD.

PASSIONS, crimes, and virtuous acts that make an immortality, are things of epochs; so that, after all, when the balance is struck, we find all humanity on a par, in all countries and all times, in virtue and in vice, each having its representative exponent perpetually reproduced, and making the misery and happiness of mankind *everlasting constants,* as to *measure, degree, or nature.*

I know not whether the reader will think better of England than of France in the details of the early duels of both countries; but no doubt all of us will feel inclined to accuse the force of example, as usual, as first given for evil by poor unfortunate mother Eve.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF B—— AND LORD B——.

This frightful encounter is described in a MS. paper

found in the library of Mr. Goodwin, author of the 'Life of Henry VIII.'

The following was the cartel on the occasion:—

"His Grace the Duke of B—— to the Lord B——.

"The affront which you gave me at the imperial minister's ball last night would argue me a person very unworthy of the character I bear to let it pass unregarded. To prove me that adventurous knight, which your evasive expression would have given the noble lady to understand, may perhaps be the most acceptable means to reconcile your spleen. Convince me, then, that you are more of a gentleman than I have reason to believe, by meeting me near the first tree behind the lodge in Hyde Park, precisely at half an hour after five to-morrow morning; and that there may be no pretension to delay, I have sent by the bearer of this two swords, of which I give you the privilege to make a choice. I shall approve of whatever terms of fighting you shall please to propose. In the interim, I wish your Lordship a good rest.

"B.

"*Nine o'clock.*"

"Lord B——'s answer to the above.

"I received your Grace's message, and accept the contents. It would give me a sensible concern to be obliged to give up the pretension which your Grace is doubtful of. It was from an oversight, I presume, that your Grace gave me the privilege to choose my sword, except your Grace has been so little used to

this sort of ceremony as to have forgot that it is the challenger's choice. This, however, is but a trifle (if anything). The terms I leave to our seconds, and will not fail to appear at the time appointed; and in the interim, I wish your Grace a very good night.

"B."

"*Eleven o'clock.*"

Thus, in two hours, the affair was arranged.

"After my Lord B—— had answered his Grace's letter, he visited several of his friends, and was observed to be remarkably jocose at Lady Nottingham's, which occasioned a young lady, after his departure, to remark, that she fancied there was something very agreeable to his Lordship renewed again, relating to the Countess E——, well knowing his extraordinary passion for that lady. He told the messenger who carried his letter to bring his Grace's answer to General De Lee, his second, with whom he remained that night in St. James's Street.

"About four in the morning his Lordship waked, and got softly up, without (as he thought) being observed; and dressing himself, buckled on his sword, and fixing two agate flints in his pistols, charged them; but recollecting that the Duke's second would probably desire to see them loaded, he drew the cartridge.

"By this time the General was awake, and observing his Lordship taking a book out of his pocket, he thought it improper to interrupt him. His Lordship

then kneeled down at a small jasper table, and seemed to pray with great devotion for a quarter of an hour, often repeating, just loud enough to be heard, the errors of his youthful days, and fervently supplicating the Almighty not to impute them to him; after which he awoke the General, adding, that as the morning was cold and rainy, he did not wish to delay his Grace.

"By the time they were accoutred, De Lee requested to view his Lordship's sword, when he examined the point and handle most cautiously, and then returned it, adding, that he wished it was going to be employed in a cause more serviceable to his country. His Lordship replied, that it could be matter of little consequence, let the event be what it would. On their departure, the General desired to know if there was anything he was desirous to communicate, upon which he placed in his hand a letter, addressed to the Right Honourable the Countess of E——, desiring that he would deliver it to her when alone, and not upon any consideration to put it into another hand.

"They arrived somewhat before the appointed time, and took several turns from the tree to the lodge, his Lordship several times expressing surprise at his Grace's delay, though it was not more than two minutes beyond it.

"His Grace then arrived, attended with one second only. He bade his Lordship good morning, and hoped

he had not waited for him long; then, pulling out his watch, said he had hit it to a point, adding, that he would rather die than break his promise upon such an occasion. His Lordship returned the expression, and said, that, though they had waited a little, there was sufficient time left to dispatch the business they were upon. To which his Grace replied, the sooner it is dispatched, the more leisure there will be behind. In the interim the seconds were pairing the swords, and each one loading his adversary's pistols. They then agreed to the following terms, namely:—

"1. That the distance of firing should not be less at each time than seven yards and a half.

"2. That if either should be dangerously wounded on the first discharge, the duel should cease, if the wounded person would own that his life was in the hands of his antagonist.

"3. That between the firing and the drawing swords there should be no limited time, but each should endeavour to make the first thrust.

"4. That if either should yield, as in the second article, during the engagement with swords, whether by a wound, false step, or any other circumstance, then the engagement should cease.

"To which four articles both assented. His Grace stripped off his coat, which was scarlet, trimmed with broad gold lace, when his Lordship's second stepped in to unbutton his Grace's waistcoat, to see justice done to the cause he had espoused; on which, with

some indignation, his Grace replied,—'Do you take me to be a person of so little honour!'

"The same ceremony was performed on his Lordship, who had already pulled off his coat, which was crimson, with broad silver lace; and both the combatants being ready, Lord B—— added,—'Now, if it please your Grace, come on.'

"His Grace fired, and missed; but my Lord B——, perhaps from more experience, and knowing that battles were seldom won by hasty measures, deliberately levelled at him, and wounded his Grace near the thumb.

"They both discharged again, when his Lordship received a slight wound in his turn. On which they instantly drew their swords, and impetuously charged each other, each of them seeming rather to meditate the death of his adversary than to regard his own safety.

"In the first or second thrust Lord B—— entangled the toe of his pump in a tuft of grass, and, in evading a lounge from his antagonist, fell on his right side, but, supporting himself on his sword-hand, by inconceivable dexterity, he sprang backwards, and evaded the thrust apparently aimed at his heart.

"A little pause intervening here, his Grace's second proposed to his Lordship a reconciliation; but the ardent thirst after each other's blood so overpowered the strongest arguments and reason, that they insisted to execute each other forthwith, whatever might be the

consequence. Nay, the anger of his Grace was raised to such a pitch of revenge, that he, in that irritated moment, swore if, for the future, either of the seconds interposed, he would make his way through his body.

"Then, after all remonstrances had proved ineffectual, they retired to their limited distances; and perhaps one of the most extraordinary duels ensued that the records of history can produce, fairly disputed hand to hand.

"The parrying after this interval brought on a close lock. In this position they stood, I dare say, a minute, striving to disengage each other by repeated wrenches, in one of which his Grace's sword got caught in the guard of his Lordship, which circumstance his Lordship overlooked, so that this advantage was recovered by his Grace before the consequence which it might have brought on was executed. At last, in a very strong wrench on both sides, their swords sprang from their hands. I dare say his Lordship's flew six or seven yards upright.

"This accident, however, did not retard the affair a moment, but both seizing their weapons at the same time, the duel was renewed with as much malevolence as ever. By this time his Lordship had received a thrust through the inner side of his sword-arm, passing forward to the exterior part of the elbow; his, at the same time, passing a little over that of his antagonist: but, cleverly springing back, I think partly

before his Grace had received his push, he ran him through the body a little above the right pap.

"His Lordship's sword being thus engaged, nothing was left for his defence but a naked left arm; and his Grace being in this dangerous situation, yet had fair play at almost any part of his Lordship's body, who bravely put by several thrusts exactly levelled at his throat, till at last, having two fingers cut off in defending the pushes, and the rest mangled to a horrible degree, his Grace lodged his sword one rib below the heart, and in this affecting position they both stood without either being able to make another push.

"Each of them by this time was in a manner covered with blood and gore, when both the seconds stepped in and begged they would consider their situation, and the good of their future state; yet neither would consent to part till, by the great loss of blood which his Lordship had sustained, he fell down senseless, but in such a position that he drew his sword out of his Grace's body.

"Recovering himself a little before he was quite down, he faltered forward, and, falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in the middle.

"His Grace, observing that he was no longer capable of defence or sensible of danger, immediately broke his own sword, and fell on his body with the deepest sigh of concern, and both expired before any assistance could be got, though Dr. Fountaine had orders not to be out of the way that morning.

"Thus fell two gallant men, whose personal bravery history can scarcely equal, and whose honour nothing but such a cause could stain."

Such is the narrative of this horrible encounter, which, I suppose, must be accepted as veracious in all the particulars; but I cannot well see how, with his body spitted by his Lordship, as described "a little above the right pap," and consequently inferring a home-thrust to the very hilt, his Grace could either be able to use his *sword*, or have "fair play at almost any part of his Lordship's body." If poignards had been mentioned, one might understand it a little better; but really, after the previous struggle, either this case proves that human endurance, under pain, is illimitable, as perhaps shown by Tom Sayers in continuing the fight with Heenan so long after his right arm was broken, or that the narrative is a mere broadsheet concoction for a sensational purpose. It is utterly incomprehensible how his Grace, being spitted as aforesaid on the right, could possibly "lodge his sword one rib below the heart" of his Lordship—that is, on the left. Doubtless such a feat would produce, as the narrative says, an "affecting position;" but I cannot conceive how it could possibly be performed under the circumstances described. Other particulars mentioned also throw discredit on the narrative. Most likely it is a pure invention, probably an extract from some work of fiction, written at the commencement of the eighteenth century, although, of course, it may have been "founded on fact."

Sir George Wharton and Sir James Stewart.
(A.D. 1609.)

Merry Islington, or that part of North London called Canonbury, was the scene of a deadly personal conflict during the reign of King James I.

Sir George Wharton and Sir James Stewart were courtiers and favourites of King James; the latter was also godson to the King, being the eldest son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre. The particulars of the quarrel of these fine gentlemen are not on record. We are merely told that "reproachful words passed betwixt them;" but the tenor of the hostile messages, happily preserved, leaves no doubt that they were "inflamed with a desire of revenge," such as could only be inspired by some intolerable wrong, and deep-seated hatred; in fact, as one of them says, "some odds which no breath could make even," which is very tersely put. The following is Wharton's challenge:—

"Sir,—Your misconstruing of my message gives me cause to think you extreme vainglorious, a humour which the valiant detests. And whereas you unjustly said I durst not meet you in the field to fight with you, you shall find that you are much mistaken; for I will fight with you with what weapon you shall appoint, and meet you where you will, being contented to give you this advantage, not valuing the worst you can do.

"George Wharton."

SIR JAMES STEWART'S REPLY.

"Sir,—Your message either being ill-delivered, or else not accepted, you have since, though ill-advised, retracted, and have repented it; for your messenger willed me from you, that either of us should make choice of a friend to debate the matter. To which I confess I did but lightly hearken, since I knew some odds which no breath could make even. And now you have to acknowledge no other speeches than you charged me with, which is, that I said you durst not meet me in the field to fight. True it is, your barbarous and uncivil insolence in such a place, and before such a company (for whose respect I am only sorry for what I then did or said), made me do and say that which I now will make good. Wherein, since you find yourself behind, I am ready to do you all the right you can expect. And to that end have I sent you the length of my rapier, which I will use with a dagger, and so meet you at the farther end of Islington (as I understand nearer you than me) at three of the clock in the afternoon; which things I scorn to take as advantages, but as my due, and which I have made indifferent. And in respect I cannot send any of my friends without great hazard of discovery, I have sent my servant herewith, who is only acquainted with this business.

"JAMES STUARTE (*sic.*)."*

* The correspondence is among the Harl. MSS. Brit. Museum.

The only description extant of the encounter is "A lamentable Ballat of a Combat lately fought near London," preserved in Nichols's 'History of Canonbury,' which is much too long for quotation, and moreover composed too much in the style of ballad-mongers, to warrant belief in its particulars. The following scene, however, of the drama seems to be probable enough:—

"Seven thrusts in turn these gallants had
Before one drop of blood was drawn,
The Scottish Knight then valiant spoke—
'Stout Wharton, still thou hold'st thy own.'
With the next thrust that Wharton thrust
He ran him through the shoulder-bone.
The next was through the thick o' thigh."

After this rather serious skirmishing, it appears that

"They made a deadly desperate close,
And both fell dead upon the ground.
Our English Knight was the first that fell—
The Scotch Knight fell immediately,
Who cried out both to Jesus Christ,
'Receive our souls, O Lord, we die!
God bless our noble King and Queen,
And all the noble progeny!'"

Certain it is that these desperadoes killed each other.

"With ruthless spears and ruthless hate
They rush'd, victorious both—both shared a common fate!"

When the King heard of this sad affair he was much grieved, and ordered them both to be buried in one grave, which was done accordingly, as may be inferred

from the following extract from the register of Islington :—

"Sir George Wharton, sonne of Lord Wharton, was buried the 10th of November, 1609; James Steward, Esq., godsonne to King James, was buried the 10th of November, 1609."

Sir Hatton Cheek and Sir Thomas Dutton.
(A.D. 1609.)

This duel took place in the same year as the preceding. "Sir Hatton Cheek was the second in command of the English army at the siege of Juliers, in 1609, where a few hasty words addressed by him to Sir Thomas Dutton, induced that officer, who was of an inferior rank, to resign his commission, and repair to England, where he endeavoured to injure the character of Cheek by various unfavourable reports, and the latter demanded a meeting at Calais. On their meeting on the sands, Dutton began to reproach Cheek with the injuries he had received at his hands, but Cheek insisted upon the immediate settlement of the business.

The seconds stripped both parties to their shirts, and they attacked each other, each armed with a rapier and a dagger. In the first onset, Cheek ran Dutton through the throat with his dagger, close to the windpipe; when Dutton made a pass at him and ran him through the body, while he stabbed him in the back with his poignard. Although Cheek's

wounds were mortal, he rushed upon his antagonist, who, observing that he gradually drooped from the loss of blood, merely kept on the defensive, till he fell dead at his feet."

The Earl of Dorset* and Lord Bruce.
(A.D. 1613.)

One of the most remarkable duels on record, and fought by two British subjects, although not in England, was that between the Earl of Dorset and Lord Bruce. Jealousy is said to have been the cause of the meeting, but Lord Bruce had also given the Earl two or three slaps in the face. They had had a bout of arms on the occasion, but were parted, and Lord Bruce went to France to learn to fence. Jealousy about a woman was the cause of the quarrel.

The present affair came off at Bergen-op-Zoom, and the place was selected to the end that, having finished the matter in hand, the party who was able might quickly exempt himself from the justice of the country by retiring into the dominion whose laws were not offended, there being in that locality only a village dividing the States' territories from those of the archduke. It was likewise agreed, that in case either party should fall or slip, then the combat should cease, and he whose ill-fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because

* Previously, Sir Edward Sackville.

that could only take place by chance, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go at it again.

According to the regulations of duelling, the Earl of Dorset had sent his sword to Lord Bruce in order to pair it, but, instead of doing so, the latter brought one twice as broad, though of the same length. The earl's second excepted against it, and advised him to match his own, and send Lord Bruce the choice, it being the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. The swords were sent by Sir John Heidon, and, past expectation, Lord Bruce chose the earl's, and, moreover, informed his lordship that "little of the Earl of Dorset's blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have him alone, because he knew that so worthy a gentleman and friend as Sir John Heidon could not stand by and see him do what he felt compelled to do, in order to satisfy himself and his honour!" In vain the earl protested that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life. Lord Bruce only reiterated his resolution, and the Earl of Dorset agreed.

They rode together, but one before the other, about two English miles; and then the Earl of Dorset, mad with anger at the bloodthirstiness of the noble Bruce, bade him alight, which with all speed he did, and there in a meadow, ankles deep in water, putting off their

doublets, and in their shirts, they set to, having before commanded their surgeons to withdraw at some distance, and requiring them, as they respected their favours or their own safety, not to stir, but to suffer them to execute their pleasure, both being fully resolved to dispatch each other by what means they could.

And now we must quote the Earl of Dorset's dreadful description of the encounter:—"I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and on drawing back my arm, I received a great wound therein, which I interpreted as a reward for my short-shooting; but, in revenge, I pressed it to him, though I then missed him also, and then received a wound in my right pap, which passed both through my body and almost to my back; and then we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand, having but an ordinary glove upon it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest, which having hung by a skin, and, to sight, yet remaineth as before.

"At last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question, which on neither part either would perform; and wrestling again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long-captivated weapon, which, instantly levelling at his throat—being master still of

his—I demanded if he would ask for his life, or yield his sword—both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely refused to do.

"Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood—having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint—and he dangerously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions—through remembering his former bloody desire, and feeling my present state, I struck at his heart, but, by his avoiding, missed my aim, yet passed through the body; and, drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place, when he cried, 'Oh, I am slain!' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But he being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back, when, being upon him, I re-demanded if he would request his life, but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate, to be beholden for it, bravely replying, 'He scorned it,' which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find it in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, until at length his surgeon afar off cried out, 'He would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped.' Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of, and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, counting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be.

"The matter being thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained awhile,

for want of blood I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, lost my life also; but strong waters and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped from a very great danger:—Lord Bruce's surgeon, when nobody dreamt it, came full at me with his lordship's sword, and had not mine, with my sword, interposed, I would have been slain by those base hands, although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former courage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand!'"

Such was the terrible duel between the Earl of Dorset and Lord Bruce.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY DUELS IN ITALY, SPAIN, GERMANY, NORTHERN EUROPE, BELGIUM, AND ICELAND.

1. Italy.

During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Italy teemed with treatises on "the noble art and science" of duelling, which was held up to the admiration of the world in the most elegant language; and it is among the Italians that we hear of the most atrocious duels and the disreputable tricks and ruses with which expert, but dishonourable, combatants have triumphed in the deadly encounter. The celebrated *Jarnac*, or *hamstring cut*, was an Italian invention, taught to Châtaigneraye, before mentioned, by an Italian master of fence. There were regular professors of the *scienza cavalleresca*, and Alberic Balbiano, Constable of Naples, instituted a military order, under the patronage of St. George, for the due maintenance of this honourable pursuit. One Michael Angelo Cara-

vaggio, an artist,—not the great Michael, of course,—made it a practice to challenge all the critics of his productions. He sought out endless quarrels, was obliged to fly to Malta, and, having killed a critic in Rome, finally ended his days in abject poverty on the highroad.

Bayard and Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor.

Whilst the French army was engaged in Italy, during the reign of Louis XII., Bayard routed a party of Spaniards, and with his own hands made prisoner of Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor. The generous chevalier treated his prisoner in the best manner possible, giving him a fine suite of apartments in the castle, with the utmost freedom on parole, which the Spaniard solemnly promised. But a fortnight after he made his escape, only, however, to be caught again by the vigilant French troopers. Of course, Bayard could not trust him again, and confined him to a tower, but without any other indignity.

Don Alonzo, although conscious of having necessitated the precaution, thought proper to complain of the treatment and conduct of his captor. Bayard was highly offended, and immediately sent him a challenge to mortal combat, either on foot or on horseback, and with any arms he might select.

A challenge on such grounds must surprise us, but it emanated naturally from the chivalric sentiments then in vogue, and Bayard had, it seems, determined

to maintain the integrity of his character as a knight fearless and reproachless (*sans peur et sans reproche*). Therefore it was quite natural that he should wish to kill the Spaniard who had dared to tarnish his reputation.

Soto Mayor accepted the challenge. On the appointed day, Bayard, although suffering from ague, was the first to reach the spot fixed upon for the duel, mounted on a magnificent charger, and clad in white. He sent to inform the Spaniard of his arrival, but the latter declined to fight on horseback, claiming the right of dictating the terms of the combat, and insisted upon fighting on foot. Bayard instantly consented, and Don Alonzo made appearance.

As soon as Bayard saw him approaching, he fell on his knees, put up a prayer, kissed the ground with great humility, and then rose and advanced to meet his opponent.

It does not appear that the Spaniard really believed that he would be called upon to fight for so stupid a cause, for his first words to the pious and bloodthirsty knight were :—

"Señor de Bayardo, what do you want with me?"

"I want to defend my honour," replied the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*

No doubt, Bayard drew at the same moment, and of course the Spaniard followed his example, and they set to. Soon, however, Bayard discovered that Don Alonzo was practising one of the tricks of the noble

art, by instantly covering his face as soon as he had delivered his thrusts, which were parried. Bayard was equal to the occasion; and when Don Alonzo made another thrust, instead of parrying in the usual way, he allowed the thrust to glance forward, and instantly drove his point into the throat of his opponent.

Don Alonzo, with the Chevalier's point sticking in his throat, immediately closed with his opponent, when a struggle ensued, in which both fell to the ground. In this position, Bayard drew his dagger, and thrusting it into the nose of Don Alonzo, exclaimed, "Surrender, or you are a dead man."

But it was all over with the unfortunate Spaniard; he never uttered a word, dying on the spot.

The chronicler assures us that Bayard was much grieved at the result, "for the good Chevalier would have given a hundred thousand crowns to have overcome the Spaniard alive"—and this notwithstanding the cut-throat thrust he had delivered. "Nevertheless," continues the chronicler, "the Chevalier, thankful for the grace that God had vouchsafed him, fell upon his knees, thanked God most humbly, kissed the ground three times, and then dragging and delivering the dead body of his enemy to the second of the latter, he asked him "if he had done enough." "Rather too much, Señor de Bayardo, for the honour of Spain," replied the second. The good Chevalier coolly observed, "You know that I have a right to do as I like

with the body. However, I give it up to you, and I wish the result had been otherwise,—my honour being untarnished." The Spaniards carried off their champion, with lamentations, and the French escorted theirs with the sounds of clarions and trumpets." Such was the chivalric duel between the Chevalier Bayard (*sans peur et sans reproche*) and Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Italy continued to be the teacher and exemplar of the nations in the art of killing people, and nowhere was the practice more rife than in Piedmont. All edicts, proclamations, and denunciations were of no avail against the practice of duelling, until Prince Melfe-Caracciolli, the viceroy of Piedmont for Francis I., hit upon a scheme which was most successful in mitigating the evil. The bridge over the Po at Turin was the favourite resort of duellists; and the viceroy ordained that the only part of it on which they might fight was —the *parapet*, with the strict prohibition of attempting to save any one who might fall into the river.

Duels were frequent in Savoy, especially among the grandees of the land; but one of them received a reply to a challenge, which was highly creditable to the wit and good sense of his offender. Amadeus V., called the Great, sent a challenge to Humbert II., who replied to his herald as follows:—

"My friend, tell your master that the virtue of a prince does not consist in strength of body; and that if he wishes to boast so much of his strength, nerve,

and vigour, I tell him that I have not a single bull which is not stronger and more vigorous than he can possibly be; and, therefore, if he likes, I'll send him one to try."

Vasconcellos and M. de Foulquerre.

One of the most singular duels took place at Valetta, between a Spanish commander of the Knights of Malta, named Vasconcellos, and a French commander of the same order, named M. de Foulquerre. The challenge ensued in consequence of the insolence of Foulquerre, in having presented the holy water (after the fashion in Italy) to a young lady entering the church, whom the Spanish knight was following.

Although Foulquerre had been engaged in many duels, on this occasion he went to the meeting with some reluctance, as though he anticipated what would be the consequence. As soon, therefore, as his opponent appeared, he said, "What, Sir; do you draw your sword upon a Good Friday! Hear me. It is now six years since I confessed my manifold sins, and my conscience reproaches me so keenly that three days hence—" But the Spaniard was inexorable, instantly drew, pressed upon him, and soon laid him prostrate with a home thrust. "What, on a Good Friday! May Heaven forgive you!" exclaimed Foulquerre, adding, "Bear my sword to *Tête Foulques*, and let a hundred masses be said for the repose of my soul, in the chapel of the castle." The Spanish commander

paid no attention to the dying man's request, and on reporting the circumstance to the chapter of his order, according to the rules, he was subjected to no punishment; on the contrary, he was promoted.

But it happened that every Friday night after the duel, he dreamt he heard his enemy enjoining him to "bear his sword to *Tête Foulques.*"

Where on earth this *Tête Foulques* was he knew not. At length, being still pestered with the horrid dream every Friday night, he learned from some French knights of his order that *Tête Foulques* was an old castle, four leagues from Poictiers, in the centre of a forest remarkable for dreadful events; the castle containing in its halls many curious collections, among which was the armour of the famed knight *Foulques Taillefer,* that is, being interpreted, *Faux, the iron-cutter,* with the arms of all the enemies he had slain in single combat; and, from time immemorial, it appeared that all his successors of many generations deposited in this armoury the weapons which they used either in war or in private conflict.

Here, then, was the apparent explanation of the mysterious dream, and the means of solving the problem it perpetually suggested. Vasconcellos, having received this information, resolved to obey the injunction of the deceased, and set out for Poictiers with the sword of his antagonist.

Arriving at the castle, he found no one but the porter and the chaplain.

To the man of God he communicated the purport of his visit. Thereupon he was introduced into the armoury of the weird old castle, and on each side of the chimney he beheld full-length portraits of Foulques Taillefer, before mentioned, and his worthy wife, Isabella de Lusignan. The sturdy old seneschal was armed *cap-à-pié*, that is, from head to foot, and above him were suspended all the arms of his vanquished foes, as before stated.

Enough here—in the complete accomplishment of his dream—to render our worthy prior devotional; and so he laid down the sword, and proceeded to tell his beads with reverence and compunction until nightfall. But lo! as the shades of evening fell, and the place got darker, he beheld the eyes and the mouths of the seneschal and his wife in motion; and he distinctly heard the old iron-cutter say to his wife, "What dost thou think, my dear, of the audacity of this Spaniard, who comes to dwell and fill his belly in my castle, after having killed the commander, without allowing him time to confess his sins?"

To this the lady replied, in a very shrill voice, "I think, master, that the Spaniard acted with disloyalty on that occasion, and should not be allowed to depart without the challenge of your glove."

Here was a prospect! The man who never felt fear before, now trembled like a scared infant, and rushed or staggered to the door of the hall. But, alas! it was locked; and whilst in that fix, the redoubtable senes-

chal (in the picture) flung his heavy gauntlet at his face, and brandished his ponderous sword.

The dread necessity of the dilemma nerved the Spaniard once more, as of old, and being thus compelled to defend himself, he snatched up the very sword he had deposited, and falling on his phantom-antagonist, ran him through the body (or fancied he did), and on the instant he felt a stab from a burning weapon under the heart, and fainted away.

* * * * *

When he recovered from his swoon, he found himself in the porter's lodge, to which he had been carried, but free from any injury.

He departed, and returned to Spain; but ever after, on every Friday night, he received a similar burning wound from the visionary Taillefer; nor could any act of devotion, or payment of money to friars or priests, relieve him from this horrible phantom. So much for fighting a duel on a Good Friday!*

At all times Italian duels were attended with circumstances of ferocity and treachery; and to avoid

* This phantom scene reminds us of Byron's terrors on a similar occasion. His great uncle had killed Mr. Chaworth in a dreadful duel; but still the two families were friendly, and Byron not only visited the Chaworths at Annesley, but also fell deeply in love with the daughter of the slain or murdered man. He used at first, though offered a bed at Annesley, to return every night to Newstead to sleep, alleging as a reason that he was "afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths;" that he fancied "they had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel, and would

publicity, these meetings frequently took place behind hedges and ditches, and in woods and solitary places.

The practice of having seconds, who were, in former times, to share the dangers of the principals, originated in Italy. Brantôme tells us the story of a Neapolitan gentleman who, being called out, killed his antagonist. He was about to leave the field, when the second of the deceased stopped him, and observed that he could not allow him to depart until he had avenged his fallen friend. To this proposal the gentleman very politely acceded, and killed him. Another then stepped forward, and with much courtesy said, that, if the principal did not feel himself tired, he would be delighted to have a share in the honour; but proposed, if he felt fatigued, to postpone the meeting until the following day. The principal was too courteous to disappoint him, and told him that he did not feel in the least tired; and as he was warm, and his hand in, they might just as well lose no time in gratifying his fancy. They set to, and in a few lounges the amateur's

come down from their frames at night to haunt him." It may possibly have been the recollection of these pictures that suggested to him the following lines in the 'Siege of Corinth':—

"Like the figures on arras that gloomily glare,
Stirred by the breath of the wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like and awful to sight;
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
From the shadowy wall where their images frown."

Moore, Works of Lord Byron, vol. i.

corpse was stretched by the side of his two departed friends.

Brantôme states that, when he was at Milan, he took fencing lessons for a month under a celebrated master named Trappe, and during this period not a day passed but he witnessed at least twenty *quadrilles* of persons fighting in the streets, and leaving the dead bodies of their adversaries on the pavement. There were also numerous bravoes who let themselves out to hire to fight for those who did not feel disposed to risk their own lives. The same practice prevailed in Spain. This mode of fighting was called the *vendetta*, and the hired combatants termed bandeleri.

But this kind of *vendetta*, or "vengeance," must not be confounded with the practice under the same name which prevails or prevailed in Corsica, and which suggested to Alexander Dumas one of his most popular figments, 'The Corsican Brothers.'

In that country an injury became an everlasting cause of conflict, personal or general, as long as any representatives of the hostile families existed. Endless duels or reprisals followed each other, and hatred was eternal. The last winner was the fortunate avenger of his family. Horrible instances are sufficiently vouched for, and one of them will doubtless serve to give an idea of the institution.

It is related that a grandee being rejected by a high lady as her lover, sought revenge on her relatives. There were numerous fights, with varying results on

both sides of the quarrel, till at length the lady took the old sinner prisoner and shut him up in a sort of den, like a wild beast, in her castle. Not content with this, she added an inconceivable refinement to her cruelty by presenting herself every day before the cage of the old man in the state by which the goddess Venus is said to have won the apple in the contest of personal beauty. "Look at me," she would say; "do you think that one so beautiful as I am could possibly wed such an ugly old beast as you are?"

Day after day thus she excited and thus she taunted the old man in the cage; but there is counting without the host, and gold is omnipotent in this blessed world. The lady's waiting-maid was bribed to favour the escape of her old enemy, and one day when she went, as was her wont, in that tempting condition, to taunt and reproach the old man, she found herself caught up at once and carried off, just as she was, to the old man, who was waiting to take his *vendetta*. The sequel is almost too horrible to tell. Not only was she brutally outraged by her old enemy, but she was exposed in a public place to receive the outrages of all who might wish to share the infamy.

Duels have always been unknown in the Roman States. The fact is, at any rate, something in favour of the Papal government.*

* If this is to be attributed to the absence of spirit and pluck among the Pontifical Romans, recent events have shown that a new leaf has been turned over. Voltaire said that the Pope's soldiers always mounted guard and fought with umbrellas, the

Perhaps Malta was the only country in the world where duelling was permitted by law. As their whole establishment was originally founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they were ever thought too consistent with these principles to abolish duelling, but they laid it under such restrictions as greatly to lessen its danger. These are curious enough; the duellists were obliged to decide their quarrel in one particular street of the city, and if they presumed to fight anywhere else, they were liable to the rigour of the law. But what is not less singular, they were obliged, under the severest penalties, to put up their swords when ordered to do so by a woman, a priest, or a knight. Under these limitations, in the midst of a great city, one would imagine it almost impossible that a duel could ever end in blood; however, this is not the case. A cross is always painted on the wall opposite the spot where a knight has been killed, in commemoration of his fall. "We counted,"

only arms they knew how to handle; and *soldat du Pape*, as every one knows, meant anything but a compliment for those to whom the designation was applied. It is only fair to admit, that whatever may be thought of the temporal power, the pontificals, in their recent contest with Garibaldi's Redshirts, have proved that they know how to use other weapons with effect, and that they did not throw them down and run away at the first sight of their enemy, as was confidently anticipated. This is a modern "development" not without significance. Perhaps, however, we must remember that the French were behind them, and so, between the two sets of bayonets, there was no help for it but to fight.

says Brydone,* "twenty of these crosses. 'About three months ago, [A.D. 1770] two knights had a dispute at a billiard-table. One of them, after giving a great deal of abusive language, added a blow, but to the astonishment of all Malta (in whose annals there is not a similar instance), after so great a provocation, he refused accepting a challenge. The challenge was repeated, and, though warned of the consequences, still he refused to fight. He was therefore condemned to make the *amende honorable* in the great church of St. Jerome, fifty-five days successively, then to be confined in a dungeon, without light, for five years, after which he is to remain a prisoner in the castle for life. The unfortunate young man who received the blow is also in disgrace, as he has not had an opportunity of wiping it out in the blood of his adversary. This has been looked upon as a very singular affair, and is still one of the principal topics of conversation. The first part of the sentence has already been executed, and the poor wretch is now in his dungeon, nor is it thought that any abatement will be made in what remains. If the legislature in other countries punished with equal rigour those that *do* fight, as it does in this those that do not, I believe we should soon have an end of duelling."

2. Spain.

The early annals of Spanish valour abound with

* 'Tour through Sicily and Malta.'

instances of chivalrous encounter and duelling, which was sanctioned, and even encouraged, by various laws, more especially in Arragon and Castile. If, in 1165, the king and council of Arragon abolished the practice, yet we find, in 1519, the practice had become so frequent that Charles V. issued an edict against it.

The perpetual feud existing between the Moors and the Christians, and the general disorder of the kingdom were sufficient to account for the frequency of personal conflicts,—right or might asserting claims that could not be established by law and executive government.

Religion was mixed up with the practice. In 1491, a young Spaniard fought and killed a Moor, when Ferdinand, as a reward for his valour, authorized him to bear as his motto the letters of the *Ave Maria*. The sign of the cross was made amidst the click of arms. Men cut each other's throats ferociously between two *paternosters*. Ignatius of Loyola, the celebrated founder of the great Order of the Jesuits, had challenged a Moor to deadly combat, for denying the divinity of Christ. This was, of course, before his "conversion" from the world's ways. Afterwards he discovered a much better method of prevailing over men than the argument of force; and his followers carried out his views so well and successfully that the name "Jesuit" and "Jesuitism" became synonymous with "deceiver" and "deceit," in the opinion of their discomfited opponents,

and in the dictionaries of all languages down to the present day.

It appears that both in Spain and in Portugal duelling ceased to be common at an early date,—thanks to the severity of the edicts against it,—and the good sense of the people, perhaps laughed out of the practice by Cervantes, in his 'Don Quixote,' from its apparent connection with the absurdities of knight-errantry.

3. Germany.

In early times, in Germany, duels occasionally took place, but they were never so frequent as in France; "for," as Madame de Staël observed, "the Germans do not possess the same vivacity and petulance as the French nation, nor do they partake of the same notions of courage, public opinion being much more severe on the want of probity and fair dealing." The earlier instances of personal conflict partake more of the character of chivalry than modern duelling. Thus, in the year 1043, the Empress Gunehilde, wife of Henry III., and daughter of Canute, king of England, was accused of adultery. "No one," says La Colombière, "could be found to act as her champion, on account of the gigantic form of her accuser, named Rodinger. But the empress at last found a champion in a little English boy, whom she had brought from her country. This youth, by a divine miracle, being unable to strike higher, cut the hamstrings of

the slanderer, which was considered a public proof of the innocence of the empress." According to the same authority, Gunehilde, in spite of her victory, retired to a convent, where she died, and was subsequently canonized and numbered among the saints.

The same Henry III., her royal consort, challenged Henry I., king of France, to settle, arms in hand, some question of territory pending between them, but the latter declined the honour.

Venceslas I., Duke of Bohemia, who was canonized, was challenged by Radislas, and entered the lists covered with a light robe, under which he retained his sackcloth or hair shirt, for he was much given to asceticism and devotion. Radislas made his appearance armed at all points, lance in rest, and with a huge sword dangling at his side. He was on the point of rushing upon the duke, when he beheld two angels in the place of his pious opponent, and heard a voice crying out "Stop!" He immediately fell upon his knees and begged pardon. It appears that the two angels with flaming swords, who on this occasion preserved Venceslas from the lance of Radislas, must have been elsewhere engaged when the poor duke was subsequently stabbed to the heart, in a church, by his own brother.

4. Northern Europe.

According to the ancient law of Sweden, if a man told another that he was inferior to any other man, or

had not the heart of a man, and the other replied, "I am as good a man as yourself," a meeting was to follow. If the aggressor came to the ground, but did not find the offended, the latter was to be considered dishonoured, and held unfit to give testimony in any cause, and deprived, moreover, of the power to make a will. But if, on the other hand, the insulted party came forward, and the offending party did not make his appearance, the former was to call him aloud by name three times, and if he did not appear, make a mark upon the ground, when the offender would be held as false and infamous. When both parties met, and the offender was killed, his antagonist had to pay a half compensation for his death; but if the aggressor succumbed, his fate was to be attributed to temerity and an unguarded expression, therefore his death called for no compensation. In Norway, any gentleman who refused satisfaction to another was said to have *lost his law*, and could not be admitted as evidence upon oath. According to the Danish laws, it was held that force is a better arbiter in contestations than words, and in the judicial combats, which frequently arose on the slightest provocation, no champion was allowed to fight in the cause of another, however feeble or unskilled in arms he might be.* It would be difficult to cite a single example of the employment of a champion in Scandinavia, unless we admit the authority of a Danish ballad, in which, according to the ordinary intrigue of

* Millingen; Fougeroux de Campignuelles.

romances, a woman is righted and justified by the arms of her lover from a calumnious accusation. Nor is it less remarkable that, in conformity with the Teutonic custom, women were refused the right of having champions. A woman challenged by a man was obliged to fight in person. But it must be admitted that the mode of fighting prescribed in such cases tended to equalize the combat, to a certain extent at least. The man was planted, as it were, in a hole dug in the ground, and deep enough to enclose him up to the middle. This gave a great advantage to the woman, who could vault round him, and belabour his head with a strap or sling loaded with a heavy stone at the end. The man was armed with a club; but if in aiming at the woman he missed three times, so that the club struck the ground three times, he was declared vanquished.

The Scandinavian combatants frequently selected small islands for their meetings, in order to prevent either of the parties from fleeing; these islands were called *Holms*, and the duels *Holmsgang*. Sometimes a hide, seven ells long, was spread upon the ground; at others, the lists were enclosed by circular stakes, or marked off with stones, in order to circumscribe their limits. Whoever stepped beyond this barrier, or was beaten out of the circle, was considered conquered. The *kamping matches* of our Norfolk and Suffolk peasantry are traces of these encounters, which were called *kempfs*.*

* Millingen.

5. Belgium.

In the year 1554 Jean de Henin-Liétard, *Seigneur de Boussu,* in Hainault, being at a bal masqué at the Court of Charles V., challenged to a meeting on the following morning a mask who had tormented him with incessant raillery during the entire evening. "I shall be there, Boussu," replied the mask, still chaffing him.

Jean de Henin, on the following morning, went to the place appointed, and there found waiting for him a chevalier armed *cap-à-pié,* who, raising his vizor, exclaimed :—"Count de Boussu, did I not tell you I would be here?"

The count was petrified with astonishment. The chevalier was no other than the Emperor Charles V. himself.

Instantly he fell at the feet of the emperor and requested him to give him permission to adopt as the motto of his arms the very words used by his imperial majesty : *Je y serai, Boussu,* "I shall be there, Boussu." The emperor consented and the motto continued to figure on the arms of the challenger's descendants.

A Duel of Twenty against Twenty.

Shortly after the capture of Fort Saint-André by the Prince Maurice of Nassau, the Marquis de Bréauté, a captain of cavalry, had a quarrel with a lieutenant

named Lekerbitkem. Bréauté sent him a challenge, offering to fight either five against five, ten against ten, or twenty against twenty. It was agreed to fight twenty against twenty. They came upon the field; Bréauté and his party having white plumes, Lekerbitkem and his companions being distinguished by red ones.

Bréauté forthwith levelled at his opponent, shot and killed him on the spot, and charged his opponents with such fury that he brought down five of them, one of them being the brother of Lekerbitkem. But he was not well supported by his friends, who took to flight at the second onset, and left Bréauté in the midst of fifteen, who managed to seize him and carried him off, together with a cousin of his and two others, to Bois-le-Duc, the head-quarters of the governor Grobbendonck. The governor happened to be at the gate of the town waiting for the return of his lieutenant, and as he was not forthcoming, he asked where he was. On being told that he and his brother were killed, he exclaimed, "Indeed! Then why have you not killed these fellows?" The words were no sooner spoken than executed. His attendants rushed upon Bréauté, his cousin, and the others, and slaughtered them in cold blood.

6. Iceland.

Duelling was established as an institution even in this *Ultima Thule* of the Ancients. Arngrimus Josas,

an astronomer of Iceland, the pupil of Tycho Brahé, and author of a history of Iceland, published in 1643, tells us that duels took place in that island in former times, on account of disputed inheritances and betting. The last and the most memorable of Icelandic duels occurred between two poets, respectively named Gunnlang, "serpent-tongue," and Rafn, the interpretation of which is not given. They fought for the hand of the beautiful Helga, with golden locks, and both fell in the encounter. The fate of these young lovers excited universal commiseration, and an edict was passed, in one of the largest popular assemblies ever known in Iceland, and with the concurrence of all the wise men of the country, prohibiting and completely abolishing duelling in perpetuity.

CHAPTER X.

DUELS FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY TO THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH.

1. France.

About the commencement of the period to which I am referring, or immediately preceding it, there figured in France an English nobleman and duellist, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, then our ambassador at the French Court, to whom I have already alluded, as the authority who stated that there was scarcely a Frenchman deemed worth looking on who had not killed his man in a duel.

To show the prevalence of duelling in France, and the esteem in which duellists were held, he relates the case of a M. Mennon, who, being desirous to marry a niece of M. Disancour, thought to be an heiress, was thus answered by him,—"My friend, it is not time yet to marry. I will tell you what you must do if you will be a brave man. You must first kill in single combat two or three men; then marry, and beget two or three

children; and then the world will neither have gained nor lost by you." It may be interesting to know that this Disancour had fought three or four gallant duels in his time; but whether he made the compensation which he suggested does not appear.

Lord Herbert relates another anecdote, which shows the high consideration in which duellists were held at this epoch by the fair sex, who are supposed to influence the conduct of the other sex by their taste and opinion, as much as kings and queens are said to do by their morals and demeanour.

"All things being ready for the ball, and every one being in his place, and I myself next to the queen, expecting when the dancers would come in, one knocked at the door somewhat louder than became, I thought, a very civil person. When he came in, I remember there was a sudden whisper among the ladies, saying, '*C'est Monsieur Balaguy!*' Whereupon I also saw the ladies and gentlemen, one after another, invite him to sit near them; and, what is more, when one lady had his company awhile, another would say,—'You have enjoyed him long enough, *I* must have him now.' At which bold civility of them, though I was astonished, yet it added to my wonder that his person could not be thought at most but ordinary handsome; his hair, which was cut very short, half grey; his doublet, but of sackcloth, cut to his skin; and his breeches only of plain grey cloth.

"Informing myself by some standers by who he

was, I was told that he was one of the gallantest men in the world, as having killed eight or nine men in single fight, and that for this reason the ladies made so much of him,—it being the manner of all French women to cherish gallant men, as thinking they could not make so much of any else with the safety of their honour."

Notwithstanding this reckless spirit of duelling that prevailed in France, Lord Herbert—if we may believe his somewhat gasconading account of himself—found some difficulty in bringing various noblemen to the field. At any rate, the following account gives a fair picture of the times:—

"It happened one day that a daughter of the Duchess de Ventadour, of about ten or eleven years of age, going one evening from the castle to walk in the meadows, myself, with divers French gentlemen, attended her, and some gentlewomen that were with her. This young lady, wearing a knot of riband on her head, a French cavalier took it suddenly and fastened it to his hatband. The young lady, offended, herewith demands her riband; but he refusing to restore it, the young lady, addressing herself to me, said,—'Monsieur, I pray you, get my riband from that gentleman.' Hereupon going towards him, I courteously, with my hat in my hand, desired him to do me the honour, that I might deliver the lady her riband or bouquet again; but he roughly answering me,—'Do you think I will give it to you, when I refused it to her?' I replied,—

'Nay, then, Sir, I will make you restore it by force.' Whereupon, also, putting on my hat, and reaching at his, he to save himself ran away; and after a long course in the meadow, finding that I had almost overtaken him, he turned short, and, running to the young lady, was about to put the riband in her hand, when I, seizing upon his arm, said to the young lady,—'It was I who gave it.' 'Pardon me,' quoth she, 'it is he that gives it me.' I then said,—'Madam, I will not contradict you; but, if he dare say that I did not constrain him to give it, I will fight with him.'

"The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and we conducted the lady again to the castle. The next day I desired Mr. Aurelian Townshend to tell the French cavalier that he must confess that I constrained him to restore the riband or fight with me. But the gentleman, seeing him unwilling to accept of this challenge, went out from the place, whereupon I following him; some of the gentlemen that belonged to the constable taking notice hereof acquainted him therewith, who, sending for the French cavalier, checked him well for his sauciness in taking the riband away from his grandchild, and afterwards bade him depart his house; and this was all I ever heard of the gentleman, with whom I proceeded in this manner because I thought myself obliged thereunto by the oath taken when I was made Knight of the Bath."

This conscientious Knight of the Bath was, by his

own account, constantly getting into hot water on account of the ladies, their top-knots, and ribbons, and he tells us of another instance,—this time in England, —when a Scotch gentleman took a ribbon from a maid of honour and refused to give it up; he not only caught him by the neck and almost threw him down, but also offered to fight him and went to the place appointed, near Hyde Park; the duel, however, being interrupted by order of the Lords of the Council.

This pugnacious nobleman assures us, however, in spite of the numerous quarrels which, by his own showing, he evidently sought,—if not compelled by his oath as Knight of the Bath,—"that, although I lived in the armies and courts of the greatest princes of Christendom, yet I never had a quarrel with man for mine own sake, so that, although in mine own nature I was ever choleric and hasty, yet I never, without occasion given, quarrelled with anybody; for my friends often have I hazarded myself, but never yet drew my sword for my own sake singly."

This solemn averment notwithstanding, he appears to have picked a quarrel with the redoubtable M. Balaguy before mentioned, so much prized by the ladies; perhaps the duellistic laurels of the cavalier would not let him sleep in comfort. Accordingly he tells us:—"I remembered myself of the bravado of M. Balaguy, and coming to him, told him that I knew how brave a man he was, and that, as he had put me to one trial of daring when I was last with him in the trenches, I

would put him to another." One would suppose that some grand cause of battle would be propounded after this flourish, but his lordship goes on in the vein of Don Quixote de la Mancha, as follows:—"And saying that I had heard he had a fair mistress, and that the scarf he wore was her gift, I would maintain I had a worthier mistress than he, and that I would do as much for her sake as he or any one else durst do for his."

Doubtless, Balaguy thought him mad; at any rate he declined the challenge with a joke of a somewhat indelicate nature, whereupon his lordship told him, "that he spoke more like a *paillard* than a cavalier." Even this insult was considered innocent by the receiver, as nothing more was heard of the matter. We may rest assured that Lord Herbert was set down as a crack brained knight errant, who served to enliven society as much as any clown does the circus, and therefore that it would be a pity to curtail his mission in this dull world.

It is impossible to doubt the courage of Balaguy, and as for the first affair described, it is very probable that the "French cavalier," whom his lordship pursued and insulted, was a favourite of the precious young lady, who only sought to embroil him with the British hero, and that the Frenchman knew his man too well to consider the whole business anything but a childish joke.

But it was at the siege of Rees that his lordship must be set down as an English Don Quixote. A

trumpeter came forth from the Spanish army with a challenge from a Spanish cavalier to the effect that if any cavalier would fight a single combat for the sake of his mistress, the said Spaniard would meet him upon the assurance of a field. Lord Herbert was the only madman found to accept the defiance.

The Prince of Orange took cognizance of the affair, and Lord Herbert himself tells us the admirable lesson read to him by the prince thereanent. "His Excellency," he says, "looking earnestly upon me, told me he was an old soldier, and that he had observed two sorts of men who used to send challenges of this kind; one of them, who, having lost perchance some part of their honour in the field before the enemy, would recover it again by a single fight; the other was of those who sent it only to discover whether our army had in it men affected to give trial of themselves in this way. Howbeit, if this man was a person without exception to be taken against him, he said, there was none he knew upon whom he would sooner venture the honour of his army than myself. Hereupon, by his Excellency's permission, I sent a trumpet to the Spanish army, when another trumpet came to me from Spinola, saying that the challenge was made without his consent and therefore he would not permit it."

Not content with this termination of the affair, Lord Herbert proceeded to the Spanish camp in quest of the challenger. Spinola received him with great courtesy, and, instead of a battle, the visit ended with

a festive dinner; after which, he parted from his noble host with a particular request to be allowed to fight the infidels if ever he undertook a *Crusade*, when he would be the first man who died in the quarrel. It is evident that Lord Herbert was born *after* his time.

Ludovic de Piles.

Ludovic de Piles was a famous cut-throat of this period. Soon after the death of Louis XIII. he was on a journey to Paris, accompanied by his elder brother, Paul. Having reached Valence in the evening, they entered a tavern and called for supper. The host replied that he had only eggs and cheese to offer them.

"Oh, indeed! And pray, for whom are you preparing that splendid roast there?"

"Oh, for four officers," replied mine host.

"Just ask the gentlemen to permit two famished travellers to share their repast," said Ludovic de Piles.

The host went on his errand, but shortly returned from the officers with a coarse and unmannerly refusal.

The two brothers partook of their scanty supper, and went to bed in a room separated from that of the officers by a thin partition. Paul soon fell asleep; not so Ludovic. He could not forget the discourtesy of the four officers, and kept munching or twisting his moustaches, brimful of wrath. At length, however, the day's fatigue began to tell upon his nerves; but just as he was falling off to sleep, he heard a roar of

laughter proceeding from the next room. He listened, and discovered that they were talking of himself and Paul, saying "what a capital joke it was to send those fellows to bed on a supper of eggs and cheese."

On the following morning the two brothers De Piles set off to continue their journey. About a mile from Valence, Ludovic stopped suddenly, and feeling in his pocket, exclaimed, "Oh! I have forgotten my purse under my pillow. Go on, I'll go back for it, and overtake you for dinner."

He returned to Valence, went to the tavern, and proceeded at once to the room occupied by the officers.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am one of the two travellers whom you rather unpolitely refused to permit to share your supper last night. You had a perfect right to do so. I have nothing to say on that score. But the case is different with regard to the jokes you thought proper to crack at our expense. My brother was asleep, and did not hear them. As for myself, I lost not a word of them. I think them execrable, and demand satisfaction from all four of you."

Nothing was more natural, and the gallant officers signified their assent to the reasonable request. The five parties soon found themselves in a field hard by, the officers doubtless imagining that one of them at least would be able to make their joke still more practical. It turned out otherwise, however. Ludovic laid all four of them in succession upon the ground, mounted his horse, and rejoined his brother at the

hour appointed. He assured him that he had succeeded in finding his purse, but said not a word of the "change" he had given the officers.

When the travellers arrived at Paris, Paul presented himself at an audience of Cardinal Mazarin, who said to him, as soon as they were alone,—

"What! Are you and your brother actually in Paris?"

"Yes! Monseigneur."

"Why, the man must be mad to show himself here after what has happened at Valence!"

"I don't understand you, Monseigneur."

"What! You know nothing about it?"

"Indeed, I do not, Monseigneur."

"Why, don't you know that he has killed four officers."

"I assure you, Monseigneur, that we were together throughout the whole journey from Valence to Paris."

"Ah, bah! But I tell you he has killed four officers at Valence. I am sure of it."

"*Ah! mon Dieu!* Now, I remember. He left me to return for his purse."

"Well! He challenged four officers, and killed them all. Tell him not to show himself until he is assured that the matter will not be investigated."

In effect, the affair was hushed up, Ludovic having a reliable friend in the cardinal, and being otherwise in favour at court. Such a desperate character might always be useful at a time when the summary way of

getting rid of obnoxious individuals was part of the machinery of the executive.

Malherbe and Ludovic de Piles.

This miscreant poignarded and killed the son of Malherbe, the celebrated French writer, and in spite of his great age—seventy-three—the old man insisted upon avenging the murder. Of course the idea was absurd in every way, and Malherbe was persuaded by his friends to accept ten thousand crowns, which Ludovic offered in compensation for the loss of his son, instead of attempting to cross swords with such a fiery dragon.

"Well," said Malherbe, "I will take your advice. I will take the money as I am compelled to do so; but I protest that I shall not touch a sou of it. I shall apply it to the erection of a *mausoleum* to my son." An odd idea, certainly, and more suggestive of the feelings of the poet than the father.

The Celebrated Abbé de Rancé, or Retz, as Duellist.

At that epoch, churchmen graduated in the *Scienza Cavalleresca.* Ignatius of Loyola had been a duellist before he founded the Order of the Jesuits, as previously stated, and the Abbé de Rancé had been the same, but probably to a much greater extent, before he founded or reformed the Order of the Trappists. The future reformer of La Trappe gave himself up heartily to the noble practice of duellistic arms, and

handled the sword like a Jarnac, a Balaguy, or a Ludovic de Piles.

When appointed canon of Notre Dame at Paris, he was looking out for an opportunity of fleshing his sword. "I placed myself," he says, "in communication with Attichi, the brother of the Countess de Maure, and requested him to command my services the first time he had to fight a duel. His duels were frequent, and I had not long to wait. He soon requested me to challenge for him Melbeville, colonel of the guards, and the second of the latter was Bassompierre, who has since died with great reputation, a major-general of the army.

"We fought with sword and pistol behind the *Minimes*, in the Bois de Vincennes. I wounded Bassompierre with my sword in the thigh, and in the arm with my pistol. Still, he contrived to disarm me by closing in upon me, when his superior strength had the advantage. Thereupon we proceeded to separate our principals, both of whom were seriously wounded. This duel made a great noise, but it did not produce the effect I apprehended. The authorities began an inquiry, but it was stopped at the request of my relatives; and thus I remained with my cassock* on, and with *one* duel."

But the gallant Retz did not stop short on such a fine road. Another opportunity of drawing his sword was offered, and he seized it with avidity. He became

* Priest's gown.

enamoured with Madame du Chastelet. "But," he says, "as she was under the protection of the Coun d'Harcourt, she treated me like a schoolboy, and even went to the length of doing so publicly, in the presence of M. d'Harcourt.

"I called him to account, and sent him a challenge at the theatre. We fought on the following morning at a spot beyond the Faubourg Saint-Marcel. He closed upon me after slightly wounding me in the breast, got me down, and would infallibly have had all the advantage, if he had not dropped his sword in the struggle. I tried to shorten my hold of mine to stab him in the loin, but as he was much my senior and much stronger, he held my arm so fast under him that I could not execute my design. Thus we remained, without being able to do each other any harm, when he said, 'Let's get up, it is not decent to cuff and hustle each other. You are a fine fellow (*un joli garçon*); I esteem you, and I make no difficulty, in the state in which we are, in telling you that I have not given you any cause for quarrelling with me."

I should state, to do justice to the Abbé, that he amply atoned for these young extravagances in after-life. The shock at seeing his mistress dead and disfigured by the small-pox, "converted" him; and, divesting himself of all his honours and emoluments, he plunged into a career of self-mortification and asceticism, equal as a penance to that of Simon Stylites on his pillar, or Jerome in the Wilderness, but infinitely

more creditably to him as a man, even should we be as little pleased with his dreadful monasticism as with his ferocious duelling.

The Poet Voiture a Duellist.

Few braves fought more duels than Voiture. He fought as many as four times,—by day and by night, by moonlight and by torchlight. His first duel was at college, with the president; his second with La Coste, on account of a gaming quarrel, and this was rather an odd affair, Voiture having thought proper to take off his peruke, which he hung upon a tree by way of a scarecrow, I imagine, to his antagonist. His third duel was at Brussels, with a Spaniard, by moonlight; and his fourth and last was in the garden of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, by torch-light, with Chavaroche, the steward of the house. Their quarrel arose from mutual aversion on account of three sisters at the hôtel, who were pretty coquettes. Voiture insulted Chavaroche, and the latter, well knowing that Voiture would take advantage of any forbearance he might show, and accuse him of cowardice, drew at once and wounded him in the thigh, whereat Voiture cried out as though mortally wounded. Some persons rushed in, and it was lucky that they did, for it is said that one of Voiture's lacqueys was on the point of stabbing Chavaroche from behind.

Voiture would not admit that his antagonist had given him the wound, which, he protested, was in-

flicted by a lacquey who separated them. Godeau, the Bishop of Grasse, composed an epigram on this duel, in which he described a hog fighting with a pike. The hog was Chavaroche, who was called the *hog of the abbey,* because he often visited the convent of Yères, of which Mademoiselle de Rambouillet was abbess. Condé always addressed Voiture as "my *compère* the Pike," from the occasion when the latter had written to him his hundred and forty-third letter, which is supposed to be written by a carp, and begins with these words:—"*Mon compère le brochet.*" Voiture died soon after this exploit, not from his wound, but with the gout, which was rather incomprehensible, as he drank nothing but water.*

* According to Bassompierre, wine, which revives the heart of other people, always gave Voiture a fit of fainting. It was, moreover, sarcastically suggested that Voiture, whose father was a wine-seller, wanted to play the gentleman, and so whatever reminded him of the jugs and counter of his young days, could not but weigh heavily on his heart. The following is the epigram of Baron Blot, alluding to the subject:—

Quoi! Voiture, tu dégénère!
Sors d'ici! maugrebleu de toi!
Tu ne vaudras jamais ton père;
Tu ne vends du vin, ni n'en boi.

"Oh, Voiture, thou art degenerate!
Get thee gone! and pest be thine!
Thou wilt ne'er be worth thy father's fate,
Since thou neither sell'st nor drinkest wine."

Voiture replied to this sarcasm with two poems in which he celebrates the amorous successes of a water-drinker, instead of

This terrible bully, being challenged by a gentleman on whom he had written an epigram, replied as follows:—"The game is not equal; you are big, I am little; you are brave, I am a coward; however, if you want to kill me—well, *I consider myself dead.*"

Théophile de Viau and the Baron de Panat.

Théophile de Viau, the poet, was totally different in his demeanour to the fantastic and bombastic Voiture, but he was much less tolerant and no flatterer. It was this feature in his character which ultimately led to his duel, but in a very roundabout way, as will be evident by the sequel.

It appears that a certain courtier had composed some stupid verses in honour of one of the ladies in waiting on the Queen mother, named Diana, whose good graces he wished to secure. Having shown the verses to the poet Théophile de Viau, and asked his opinion of them, the latter contented himself with smiling piteously. The courtier stormed as though he had received the cut of a whip, when Théophile intensified the wound by extemporizing and repeating the following quatrain:—

"Tu ne dois point nommer Diane
La jeune beauté que tu sers;

---

calling out the contemptuous baron. The fact is, he much preferred to cross the pen rather than the sword, and there can be no doubt that his ink-bottle inspired him with a courage that carried all before it, like many a writer (not in France) secure by usage and conventional toleration.

Car Diane prenait des cerfs,
Et ta maîtresse a pris un âne."

"Thou shouldst not give great Dian's name
To the young beauty thou wouldst serve;—alas!
What Dian caught were stags or deer,
Whereas thy mistress, Sir, has caught an ass!"

Dreadful was the revenge taken on the poet for his biting sarcasm. Théophile de Viau was the author of a work entitled 'Parnasse Satyrique,' levelled against the devotees and perverse religionists of the day, and the courtier lent them all his influence to get Théophile burnt at the stake on the Place de Grève. In effect the poor fellow was condemned to be burnt alive; but as he preferred being burnt in effigy, he took to flight and found a secret refuge at the house of a Huguenot gentleman, an old friend of his, by name Baron de Panat. But shortly after, the baron, calling to mind that he had been very nearly burnt alive on a former occasion as an accomplice for sheltering another proscribed individual, required Théophile to leave his house instantly. The poet remonstrated, but in vain, and at last exasperated to the highest degree, he drew his sword and defied the baron to eject him. Thereupon the baron whipped out his toledo, and they set to with all imaginable fury. But the combatants, happening to be equal in the noble art, could not touch each other; at length, utterly fatigued with the exercise, they gave up and cordially embraced each other, the baron exclaiming, "Well, if I am to be

burnt I shall not be hanged, and I cannot burn in better company."

La Fontaine, the Fabulist, and Poignan.

The *good* La Fontaine, as he has always been called, lived at the small town of Château-Thierry. He had a pretty wife and many friends, whom he was only too glad to see at all times. Small towns are usually filled with ill-natured gossips, and the small town of Château-Thierry did nothing but talk scandal about Madame La Fontaine and a certain big trooper who constantly visited the house. Of course, he never had the least suspicion of anything of the sort, but a kind friend had the charity to enlighten him on this delicate but most detestable subject.

"How can you permit that Poignan to come to your house every day?" he asked the simple-minded La Fontaine.

"And why should he not come? He's my best friend."

"Ah! but that's not what the public say, I can tell you. The fact is, they say he only comes to see Madame La Fontaine."

"Then the public is wrong. But what am I to do?"

"Do? Why, demand satisfaction sword in hand from the man who dishonours us."

"Very well—I'll demand satisfaction."

On the following morning he went to Poignan, and,

without any prefatory remarks, he said to him, "Get up, and come out with me." The old captain of Dragoons dressed himself as quickly as he could, in utter bewilderment, and followed the fabulist without uttering a word. When they reached a spot which La Fontaine deemed convenient, he exclaimed,

"My friend, we must fight."

And suiting the action to the word, he put himself in position.

"Fight?" asked Poignan, aghast with astonishment; "but what have I done to offend you?"

"Oh, you know that better than I do."

"Be —— if I do."

"Nonsense, nonsense. We are losing time. Let's draw."

"But, my dear fellow, I am an old trooper, and you have never handled a sword!"

"So much the worse for me! The whole town of Château-Thierry requires me to fight you. Let's fight."

Poignan saw there was no help for it, drew, and placed himself *en garde,* smiling all the while, and at the first bout sent the poet's innocent weapon spinning in the air.

"Now, my dear fellow," he said, "I trust you will explain the meaning of this fable, which passes my comprehension."

"Why, the public say that it is not on my account that you come to my house every day, but on account of my wife."

"Ah! my friend, I should never have thought that such a crotchet could get into your brain, and I swear that you shall never see me in your house again."

"The deuce, I shan't! No, no. I have done what the public required; and now I insist upon your never discontinuing your visits to my house. If you do, I shall challenge you again."

Thereupon the two friends re-entered the town, and did justice to a good breakfast, prepared by the unconscious Madame La Fontaine, who had not the least idea of the honour her good husband had been doing her. Obviously the whole affair may be considered one of La Fontaine's best fables, to be entitled, 'The Public and Two Friends.'*

M. de Richelieu and the Baron de Ponterieder.

This Richelieu was a celebrated duellist, ever ready with his weapon, and unscrupulous in incurring the risks of being called to account for his misdemeanours. He carried off the mistress of the German Baron de Ponterieder, who challenged him, and the duel took place in the rear of the *Invalides* at Paris. The combat lasted only five minutes. Ponterieder was run through the breast, and expired, murmuring the name

* The reader may suspect, "nevertheless and notwithstanding," as usual, that there must have been something wrong in Madame La Fontaine's conduct; and Dr. Millingen alludes to the "irregularities" of the good man's wife; but the imputation does not really appear to be founded in the present case.

of his lost mistress. Richelieu was wounded under the third rib, but recovered to do more work of the kind.

M. de Richelieu and the Prince de Lixen.

The cause of this duel was a *bon mot* uttered by the Prince de Lixen. Richelieu, who had been exceedingly fatigued during the day, was very much heated, and some drops of perspiration were observed on his forehead. The Prince de Lixen, who had been offended by several of the Duke's witticisms, observed, "that it was surprising he did not appear in a more suitable state, after having been purified by an admission to his family." This was an allusion to the fact that Richelieu had allied himself to the House of Lorraine by marrying the Princess Élisabeth Sophie, daughter of the Duc de Guise, whereas his original name was simply Vignerod. Such an insult could not be tolerated. The duel occurred at the siege of Philipsbourg, in the trenches, when he passed his sword through the body of the Prince de Lixen.

It may be interesting to state that Richelieu's second on this occasion was a young captain, the *Marquis de la Pailleterie,* who was the grandfather of the omnipotent novelist, *Alexandre Dumas,* one of the best specimens of an African stock "amalgamated" with the Caucasian or Indo-European "type of mankind."

The Duc de Guise and Coligny.

The cause of this famous duel was a letter supposed

to have fallen from the pocket of the Count de Coligny; it was in a woman's hand-writing, and attributed to Madame de Longueville.

The Duchess de Montbazon, who led a gay life herself, and therefore was only too glad to have other fair sinners around her, had spread scandalous reports on the subject. Madame de Longueville was indignant at the attack on her virtue; she required and received an apology. But she was not satisfied with this reparation. She incited Coligny to challenge one of the numerous favourites of Madame de Montbazon, and no less a personage than the Duc de Guise, the grandson of the *Balafré*.

It was on the morning of the 12th of December, 1643, that M. D'Estrades went and challenged the Duc de Guise on behalf of Coligny. The meeting was arranged for the same day, on the Place Royale, at three o'clock. At the appointed hour the two adversaries were in presence.

An expression uttered by the Duc de Guise on this occasion lends unexpected grandeur to the scene, which brought together on the Place Royale, and for the last time placed in deadly struggle, the two most illustrious champions of the Wars of the League, in the person of their descendants. On taking his sword in hand, Guise said to Coligny,—

"We are on the point of deciding the ancient quarrels of our families, and it will be seen what difference there is between the blood of Guise and that of Coligny."

In the first onset Coligny lounged upon Guise and inflicted a severe wound, but, being weak, his rear leg failed him and he fell on his knee. Instantly Guise closed on him and placed his foot upon his sword. Although disarmed, Coligny refused to ask his life.

Guise said to him, "I don't wish to kill you, but only to treat you as you deserve for having dared to challenge a prince of my birth without any cause for so doing," and then he struck him with the flat of his sword.

Coligny, rendered furious by this indignity, made an effort, flung himself backwards, disengaged his sword, and recommenced the contest. Guise was slightly wounded in the shoulder and Coligny in the hand, when Guise, rushing in again upon Coligny, seized his sword, from which he received a slight cut in the hand, and wrenching it from his antagonist, gave him a frightful gash in the arm, which placed him *hors de combat.* Meanwhile, D'Estrades and Bridieu, the duke's second, had been fighting with equal vigour, and both were seriously wounded.

Such was the issue of this duel, said to be the last of the celebrated duels of the Place Royale. It made a great noise in Paris. The affair was deferred to the parliament, but the proceedings of the law officers were stopped by the influence of the Condé, and especially on account of the deplorable condition of Coligny, the chief offender, since he was the challenger.

Madame de Longueville would not have been the sister of the conqueror of Rocroy, a heroine worthy to be compared with those of Spain, who beheld their lovers dying at their feet in tournaments, if she had not witnessed the combat between Guise and Coligny. It is stated that on the 12th of December, she was at an hotel on the Place Royale, at the Duchesse de Rohan's, and that, concealed behind a window curtain, she beheld the terrible contest.

A strange fatality followed this duel. Admiral de Coligny, the illustrious victim of the massacre of St. Barthélemi, was murdered by the orders of the Duc de Guise, and seventy years after, the grandson of the Admiral was killed by the grandson of the Duke!

Monsieur de Boisseuil and a Gambler.

The duel just described is of historic interest relating to the time; the following is of moral and social interest, and may deserve a little consideration from its general import.

A Monsieur de Boisseuil, one of the King's equerries, being at a card-party, detected one of the players cheating, and exposed his conduct.

The insulted "gentleman" demanded satisfaction, when Boisseuil replied that he did not fight with a person who was a rogue.

"That *may* be," said the other, "but I do not like to be *called* one."

They met on the ground, and Boisseuil received two desperate wounds from the sharper.

This man's plea against Boisseuil is a remarkable trait. Madame de Staël has alluded to it in her best style. "In France," she says, "we constantly see persons of distinguished rank who, when accused of an improper action, will say, 'It may have been wrong, but no one will dare assert it to my face!' Such an expression is an evident proof of confirmed depravity, for what would be the condition of society if it was only requisite to kill one another to commit with impunity every evil action,—to break one's word and assert falsehood,—provided no one dared tell you that you lied?"

The Duc de Beaufort and the Duc de Nemours.

This extraordinary duel occurred in 1652. When the parties met, the Duc de Beaufort exclaimed, "Oh, *beau-frère*, what a shame! Let us forget the past and be friends!" To this the Duc de Nemours replied, "Rogue! I must either kill you or you must kill me." It should be stated, that the quarrel between them was only on a point of precedence. The Duc de Nemours fired; but missing, he rushed upon Beaufort, sword in hand, and was killed by a ball which entered his breast. The seconds then fought; upon which two of the three of the Duc de Beaufort's were killed, and the others seriously wounded. The result was equally remarkable. At first the Archbishop of Paris forbade

the funeral service to be performed over the body of Nemours; but a fortnight after he consented, at the intercession of the Prince de Condé. The prohibition was the more remarkable, because the archbishop was the celebrated Cardinal de Retz, who generally carried a dagger in his pocket.

The Prince de Conti and the Grand Prior de Vendôme.

At the Dauphin's, the Prince de Conti accused the Grand Prior de Vendôme of cheating at play, and moreover called him a coward and a liar; the Prior threw the cards in his face and insisted upon immediate satisfaction. The Prince claimed the privilege of his birth, but, at the same time, condescended to add that, although he could not infringe the laws by acceding to his challenge, it was an easy matter to meet him in a *rencontre*. These meetings were resorted to instead of duels, in order to keep within the pale of the laws; hence the term. Meanwhile, however, the Dauphin, hearing of the quarrel, jumped out of bed, and in his shirt proceeded to terminate the difference. Subsequently, making his report to the King the next morning, the Grand Prior was sent to the Bastille, whence he was only liberated on the condition that he should make a humble apology to the Prince de Conti for having been called by him a cheat, a liar, and a coward!

THE MARQUIS DE SÉVIGNÉ AND THE CHEVALIER D'ALBRET.

This duel derives its interest from its connection with "the Queens of Society" during the reign of Louis XIV., especially Madame de Sévigné, the celebrated letter-writer and devoted wife and mother. The Marquis de Sévigné, her husband, was a profligate of the deepest dye, and separated from the wife who loved him to distraction. He formed a *liaison* with a married lady, Madame de Gondran, to whom, however, the Chevalier d'Albret made pretensions. Proud in his secure triumph, the Marquis, who was aware of his rival's designs, spoke of the latter with ridicule and contempt. Monsieur de Gondran no sooner heard of this than he sent a friend to the Marquis to demand explanations. Meanwhile the devotedness of Madame de Sévigné, in spite of all her domestic grievances, was touchingly displayed. At her place of retirement she received a letter which felled her to the ground. Her husband, she was told, was desperately wounded. She thereupon wrote to her husband a letter of tender reproaches and womanly forgiveness. The news was false. The quarrel had indeed taken place, the duel had been arranged, but it had not yet come off. The letter of his wife may have brought some remorse into the profligate's heart, but could not avert the catastrophe. The parties met, and the Chevalier ran the Marquis through and through with such extraordinary

precision that Saint-Mégrin exclaimed, "*Ma foi!* this Chevalier d'Albret is a fine, witty fellow, who kills to perfection." The profligate woman, Madame de Gondran, on whose account the duel was fought, on learning the news, only said, "Then my husband and I have lost our dearest friend!"

This catastrophe closed the first romance of Madame de Sévigné's life. She had chosen and loved her husband from her heart. She had forgiven his inconstancy and endured his neglect. He was now taken from her, slain in a quarrel for a woman unfit to be her rival. So completely had he neglected her that she had nothing of his to cherish as a relic, and in her grief and love was fain to demand from the very woman for whom he had abandoned her, his portrait and a lock of his hair. Her grief, indeed, was so intense that in after years she could never meet his antagonist (if we may not say his murderer) without falling into a swoon. Her husband had absorbed all her love, and she was one of those women whose passion has but one centre. When that was gone, and grief, after long years, had calmed down, the passion still survived in a maturer form, and the deep love of the wife passed into a calmer yet as powerful attachment for him and his child, and it is only thus that we can account for her devotion to her daughter, Madame de Grignan.*

* Wharton, 'The Queens of Society,' vol. i., in which will be found an admirable memoir of this celebrated lady.

2. Duels in England.

Mr. Jermyn and Captain Howard.

This meeting took place in the year 1662, in the old Pall Mall, St. James's. Mr. Jermyn was the nephew of the Earl of St. Alban's, and afterwards himself Lord Jermyn. Captain Thomas Howard was brother to Lord Carlisle. Mr. Jermyn's second was Colonel Giles Rawlins, and Captain Howard was attended by a friend.

The challenged party, Mr. Jermyn, was entirely ignorant of the nature of the offence he had given, nor could he induce his antagonist to inform him. The duel, therefore, was irregular, and demonstrates a total disregard of the first principles of the practice.

All the parties fought, seconds as well as principals. Mr. Jermyn was severely wounded, and his second was killed. Captain Howard was supposed to have worn a coat of mail under his dress!

Sir H. Bellasses* and Mr. Porter.

(A.D. 1667.)

According to Pepys, duels were very prevalent in England about this period, and he calls them "a kind of emblem of the general complexion of the whole kingdom," at this time. The following is his account of the duel between Sir H. Bellasses and Mr. Porter.

"They two dined yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's,

* So in Pepys, but properly Bellasis or Belasyse.

where, it seems, people do drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were talking together, and Sir H. Bellasses talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, 'What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?' Sir H. Bellasses hearing it, said, 'No, I would have you know I never quarrel, but I strike; take that rule of mine.' 'How?' said Tom Porter, 'strike? I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow?'

"With that, Sir H. Bellasses did give him a box on the ear; and so they were going to fight, but were hindered. And by-and-by Tom Porter went out, and meeting Dryden, the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellasses presently, for he knew, if he did not, they would be friends to-morrow, and then the blow would rest upon him; and he desires Dryden to let him have his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Bellasses goes.

"By-and-by he is informed that Sir H. Bellasses' coach was coming; so Tom Porter went down out of the coffee-room, where he stayed for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellasses come out. 'Why,' said Sir H. Bellasses, 'you will not hurt one coming out, will you?' 'No,' says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew.

"And Sir H. Bellasses having drawn and flung

away the scabbard, Tom Porter asked him whether he was ready. The other answered, he was; and they fell to fight, some of their acquaintances by. They wounded one another; and Sir H. Bellasses so much, that it is feared he will die. And finding himself severely wounded, he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself; 'for,' says he, 'Tom, thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand on my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of thee; for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done.'

"And so, whether he did fly or not I cannot tell, but Tom Porter showed Sir H. Bellasses that he was wounded too; and they are both ill, but Sir H. Bellasses to the life. And this is fine example! and Sir H. Bellasses a Parliament man too; and both of them extraordinary friends."

Bellasses died in a few days, and Pepys comments on the event, as before quoted, thus:—"It is pretty to see how the world talk of them, as a couple of fools, that killed one another out of love."

The duel took place in Covent Garden.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and the Duke of Buckingham.

This duel took place about the same period as the last described.

"It appears that the Duke of Buckingham, the well-known profligate, had debauched Lady Shrews-

bury, the daughter of the Earl of Cardigan, and was challenged by her husband. The King, who had been apprised of the intended meeting, commanded the Duke of Albemarle to secure Buckingham, and confine him to his house. Albemarle, by all accounts, wilfully neglected the royal command, and the meeting took place. The Duke was attended by Captain Holman and Sir J. Jenkins; and Lord Shrewsbury was accompanied by Sir J. Talbot, a gentleman of the Privy chamber, and Lord Bernard Howard, son of the Earl of Arundel. The parties met at Barnes Elms. According to the custom of the day, the seconds also engaged each other.

"The combat on both sides was long and desperate. Buckingham ran Lord Shrewsbury through the body; Sir John Talbot was severely wounded in both arms, and Jenkins was left dead on the field. Buckingham and the other seconds were only slightly wounded.

"It is reported, that during this murderous conflict, Lady Shrewsbury—in a page's attire—was holding Buckingham's horse in a neighbouring thicket, to facilitate his escape in the event of his having killed her husband. Such a circumstance is very probable, as showing the profligacy of the times, since it was reported, and generally believed, that Lady Shrewsbury had not only been most anxious that the meeting should take place, but actually slept the same night with her paramour in the very shirt stained with the blood from the wound he had received as her champion.

"The King, by proclamation, pardoned all parties concerned in the death of Sir J. Jenkins, but declared his determination not to extend his gracious mercy to future offenders."*

Lord Mohun, Captain Hall, and Montford, the Actor.

This celebrated affair is rather an assassination than a duel; but as a similar doubt does not exclude other rencontres from the category, I quote it as such.

Lord Mohun was one of the most disreputable characters of the times, connected with a set of men as unprincipled as himself, and ready to engage in any desperate transaction.

Together with a Captain Hall, one of his associates, he had formed a project forcibly to carry off Mrs. Brace-

* Millingen, who adds, "After this duel Buckingham, patronized by Lady Castlemaine, openly took Lady Shrewsbury to live with him in his own house; and when the Duchess ventured to expostulate on such a line of conduct, adding, that it was out of the question that she and his mistress should live under the same roof, he quietly replied, 'That is also my opinion, madam, and I have therefore ordered your coach to carry you to your father.' Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury afterwards lived together at Clifden.

'Clifden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.'

After the death of the Earl of Shrewsbury, this worthy pair dissipated the estate of the young Earl, when the matter was brought before the House of Lords, and an award was made that the Duke should not converse or cohabit with the Countess in future, and each should enter into a security to the King's Majesty in the sum of £10,000 for that purpose."

girdle, an actress to whom, or rather to whose successful and lucrative career on the stage, this Hall was attached. They hired a coach to go to Totteridge, directing the driver to have six horses in readiness, and to be waiting for them in Drury Lane, near the theatre, but with only two horses to the carriage, about nine o'clock at night. Captain Hall had secured the assistance of a party of soldiers belonging to his company in his regiment.

It turned out, however, that Mrs. Bracegirdle did not perform that night; but the conspirators discovered that she was to sup at the house of a Mrs. Page, in Drury Lane; they therefore lay in wait for her in the vicinity.

About ten o'clock Mrs. Bracegirdle, accompanied by Mr. Page, her mother, and her brother, were returning home towards Howard Street, where she lived, when these ruffians seized her, and, assisted by the soldiers, endeavoured to force her into the carriage, while Captain Hall at the same time tried to drive away Mr. Page; but Mrs. Bracegirdle's mother firmly grasped her, and struggled to protect her daughter. The uproar had now become so great, the neighbourhood being alarmed by the woman's shrieks, that several persons rushed to the rescue; the desperate project was defeated, and the soldiers were dismissed by their commander.

Mrs. Bracegirdle returned home, but Lord Mohun and his companion watched near her house at the

corner of Norfolk Street, pacing up and down the flags with drawn swords, waiting for Montford, whom they expected to pass in that direction on his way home, resolved to make amends for their disappointment by wreaking their vengeance on the unconscious actor.

The sequel of this drama shows the state of society at the time, if the event just described be not sufficient to do so. Mohun and Hall, tired of standing sentry, amused themselves with drinking two bottles of wine in the street, and this, with their extraordinary conduct and their naked swords, attracted the attention of the watchmen, who ventured to question the rioters, upon which Lord Mohun told the insolent guardians of the night that he was a peer of the realm, and dared them to molest him. At the same time, he condescended to inform them that his *friend's* sword was drawn in consequence of his having lost his scabbard. The watch, therefore, very respectfully withdrew, apologizing for the breach of privilege of which they had involuntarily been guilty.

About midnight the unfortunate Montford, returning from the theatre, fell in with this worthy couple. Lord Mohun approached him in a very cordial manner, and even went so far as to embrace him, when Montford asked him what he could possibly be doing in the street at that advanced hour of the night. His Lordship replied, "I suppose you have heard of the lady?" To which Montford answered, "I hope my

wife" (who was also an actress) "has given your Lordship no offence?" "No," said Lord Mohun, "it is Mrs. Bracegirdle I mean." To which Montford observed, "Mrs. Bracegirdle, my Lord, is no concern of mine; but I hope your Lordship does not countenance the conduct of Mr. Hall." At these words Captain Hall came forward, and exclaiming, "This is not a time to discuss such matters," ran Montford through the body.

At the subsequent trial, it was asserted that several passes had taken place between the parties before the fatal wound was inflicted; this circumstance, however, was by no means clearly proved.

A cry of murder was raised, the watch rushed in, but the assassins had fled. Lord Mohun surrendered himself, observing that he hoped that Hall had made his escape, as he was well satisfied to be hanged for him, and he further avowed that, to facilitate his escape, he had changed coats with him.

It appeared upon the trial that Captain Hall, who wished to marry Mrs. Bracegirdle, had conceived that the rivalry of Montford was the only obstacle to the success of his suit; he had repeatedly sworn that he would get rid of him some way or other, and it was to effect this purpose that he and Lord Mohun had exchanged coats and hats in the scene-room of the theatre. That the assassination of their victim had been coolly premeditated, there could not be the slightest doubt. Hall had made preparations for it, and when he seemed to doubt the resolution of his

Lordship, and observed at the tavern that he would be ruined unless Lord Mohun attended at the theatre to assist him by six o'clock, Lord Mohun replied, "Upon my soul and *honour* I will be there!"

Notwithstanding this evidence, however, Lord Mohun was acquitted of the charge of having been accessory to the murder. The only circumstance in his favour was the question whether Hall had stabbed Montford when unprepared, or whether the unfortunate man had defended himself. It was proved that his sword was broken. However, little doubt could exist as to the culpability of Lord Mohun in having coolly and deliberately planned the act of violence against Mrs. Bracegirdle, with a determination to rid themselves of her supposed paramour anyhow; and we cannot but marvel at his peers allowing him to escape unpunished.*

* "William Montford, the victim, was an actor of considerable merit, and was also a successful dramatic writer. He was only thirty-three years of age when he met with this untimely end. Cibber speaks of him in the following terms:—'He was tall in person, well made, fair, and of an agreeable aspect. His voice full, clear, and melodious. In tragedy, he was the most affecting lover within my memory. His addresses had a resistless recommendation from the very tone of his voice, which gave his words such softness that, as Dryden says:—

"Like flocks of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell!"

It was to be expected that such worthless ruffians as Mohun and Hall should have been anxious to remove the rivalry of a person so likely to please Mrs. Bracegirdle, although the intimacy between her and Montford was such as to leave those acquainted

Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton (1712).

This same Lord Mohun fought a most desperate duel with swords in Hyde Park with the Duke of Hamilton. In some law proceedings, the Duke said that Mohun's witness had neither truth nor justice in him, to which Mohun answered that he had as much truth as his Grace, and challenged the latter. The seconds were Colonel Hamilton, of the Foot Guards, for the Duke, and M'Carthy for Lord Mohun. The particulars are not given precisely, but it is stated that the seconds fought as well as the principals, according to the old custom. The Duke of Hamilton received a wound on the right side of the leg about seven inches long, another in the right arm, a third in the upper part of the right breast, running downwards towards the body, a fourth on the outside of the left leg. Lord Mohun received a large wound in the groin, another in the right side through the body and up to the hilt of the sword, and a third in his arm.

It appears that the parties did not parry, but gave thrusts at each other, and Lord Mohun, shortening his sword, stabbed the Duke in the upper part of the left breast, running downwards into the body, as before stated, which wound was fourteen inches long, and he

with the parties firmly convinced that no improper intercourse existed between them. From her walk in the drama, they constantly performed together, and a strict intimacy had not only existed between them but between Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Montford."—*Millingen.*

expired soon after he was put into a coach. According to Swift, "the dog Mohun was killed on the spot, and the Duke was helped towards the lake-house, by the ring, in Hyde Park, where they fought, and died on the grass before he could reach his house, and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor Duchess was asleep." It was said that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed the Duke, and some say that M'Carthy, Mohun's second, did so too, but this seems to have been an unfounded statement.

Swift exhibits considerable sympathy in this case; he says, "I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. They carried the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene, for, indeed, all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for any one to be a greater loser in all regards; she has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have moved her to another, but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backwards, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers dinging her husband's murder in her ears."

The second, M'Carthy, fled to Holland, but about four years after, he was convicted of manslaughter. Colonel Hamilton was also found guilty of manslaughter, but "prayed the benefit of the statute."*

* 'Tryal of J. Hamilton, 1712' (Lib. Brit. Museum)

Swift tells a curious anecdote in connection with this affair. A reward had been offered for the apprehension of M'Carthy. A gentleman, one night, was attacked by highwaymen, and to save himself hit upon the idea of making them believe he was M'Carthy, the stabber of the duke, for whom the reward was offered. Thereupon the rogues brought him before a justice, in the hope of receiving the reward for his apprehension, when, to their huge surprise, he gave them in charge for the attempt at highway robbery.

Altogether, the whole affair presents a very accurate picture of the manners and customs of the time. To say nothing of the moral depravity of the period, "the streets were then so unsafe that the nearer home a man's club lay, the better for his clothes and his purse. Even riders in coaches were not safe from mounted footpads, and from the danger of upsets in the huge ruts and pits which intersected the streets. The passenger who could not afford a coach had to pick his way, after dark, along the dimly-lighted, ill-paved thoroughfares, seamed by filthy open kennels, besprinkled from projecting spouts, bordered by gaping cellars, guarded by feeble old watchmen, and beset with daring street-robbers. But there were worse terrors of the night than the chances of a splashing or a sprain, risks beyond those of an interrogatory by the watch, or of a '*stand and deliver*' from a footpad. These were the lawless *rake-hells*

who, banded into clubs, spread terror and dismay through the streets.* Such was London in the first quarter of the last century. Add to these social elements, the nocturnal fraternities of "Mohocks," "Hectors," "Scourers," "Sweaters," the "Tumblers," whose amusement was to set women on their heads, feet in the air, and we can imagine a picture which is calculated to make us doubt whether the men of these days could possibly be our progenitors.†

In consequence of this desperate and brutal duel, a bill was introduced into the House of Commons, for the more effectual suppression of the practice, but after twice reading, it was lost.

Beau Fielding and a Barrister.

As before stated, the pit of the theatre, at this period, was the constant rendezvous of the young bloods of the day, who frequented it merely for the purpose of insulting females, and getting themselves involved in disputes that might increase their fashionable popularity, to which nothing seemed more likely to contribute than a duel. Strange perversity, that the same men should insult one woman and fight for another, and that womanhood smiled approvingly on the practice!

In the year 1720, Mrs. Oldfield, a celebrated ac-

* Timbs, 'Club Life in London.'

† The reader will find much curious matter respecting those times in Mr. Timbs's 'Club Life in London.'

tress, was performing in 'The Scornful Lady,' when Beau Fielding (the *Orlando the Fair* of the 'Tatler') insulted a barrister of the name of Fulwood, by pushing rudely against him. Fulwood expostulated with some degree of violence, upon which Fielding laid his hand upon his sword. The pugnacious lawyer drew, and gave his antagonist a severe wound in the body.

Beau Fielding, who was then a man above fifty years of age, came forward, and uncovering his breast, showed his bleeding wound to the public, to excite the compassion of the fair sex; but, to his no small disappointment, a burst of laughter broke forth from the audience. Fulwood, emboldened by his success with poor Fielding, repaired to Lincoln's Inn Fields' Theatre, where he picked another quarrel with a Captain Cusack, and then demanded satisfaction. They went into the fields, and the lawyer was professionally dispatched by the soldier, and left dead on the ground.*

Ensign Sawyer and Captain Wrey.

This duel was fought at Kinsale, in Ireland. It appears that Ensign Sawyer had beaten the servant of Captain Wrey, for giving a slighting answer to his wife. His master had permitted the servant to obtain a warrant for the assault, which the ensign hearing of, before he could be served with it, challenged the

* Millingen.

captain to fight him on the spot. The captain, after having in vain remonstrated with him upon the impropriety of his conduct, accompanied him some distance out of town, in order to gain some time for persuasion, when the ensign on a sudden drew his sword, and at the first onset wounded the captain in the left breast; at the second pass, in the left arm; but on the third lounge the captain ran him through the body. He expired in two hours, after owning himself the aggressor, and giving the captain a kiss as a last farewell.*

A Duel for a Debt of Honour.

"Never lend, borrow, beg, or steal" is an admirable maxim, no doubt, for a social man, and, in spite of its apparent selfishness in some respects, perhaps the world would get on all the better if it were strictly complied with in every case. At any rate there is ample experience to attest that many a friendship has been converted into hatred, and much calamity in the household has resulted from borrowing money. Such was the cause of the following duel.

Lord Belfield, a baron of Ireland, had lent some money as a debt of honour to Richard Herberd, Esq., member of Parliament for Ludlow and colonel of one of the new regiments raised at the time, and demanded it when due. The consequence was a challenge. The parties met with sword and pistol, in the fields (as *then*

* 'Gentleman's Magazine,' xxi.

existed) between Tottenham Court Road and Marylebone. The particulars of the encounter are not on record, but the result was, that Herberd received a ball which went in at the eye and out at the back part of the skull, and Lord Belfield was very much wounded.

Major Oneby and Mr. Gower.

This duel originated as follows:—It appears that a Major Oneby, being in company with a Mr. Gower and three other persons at a tavern, in a friendly manner, after some time, began playing at hazard, when one of the company, named Rich, asked if any one would set him three half-crowns, whereupon Mr. Gower, in a jocular manner, laid down three halfpence, telling Rich he had set him three pieces, and Major Oneby at the same time set Rich three half-crowns, and lost them to him.

Immediately after this, Major Oneby, in an angry manner, turned about to Mr. Gower and said, "It was an impertinent thing to set down halfpence," and called him "an impertinent puppy" for so doing. To this Mr. Gower answered, "Whoever calls me so is a rascal." Thereupon Major Oneby took up a bottle and with great force threw it at Mr. Gower's head, but did not hit him, the bottle only brushing some of the powder out of his hair. Mr. Gower, in return, immediately tossed a candlestick or a bottle at Major Oneby, which missed him, upon which they both rose to fetch their swords, which were then hung in the room, and

Mr. Gower drew his sword, but the Major was prevented from drawing his by the company. Thereupon Mr. Gower threw away his sword, and, the company interposing, they sat down again for the space of an hour.

At the expiration of that time, Mr. Gower said to Major Oneby, "We have had hot words, and you were the aggressor, but I think we may pass it over," at the same time offering him his hand; but the Major replied, "No, d—n you, *I will have your blood.*"

After this, the reckoning being paid, all the company, excepting Major Oneby, went out of the room to go home, and he called to Mr. Gower, saying, "Young man, come back, I have something to say to you." Whereupon Mr. Gower returned to the room, and immediately the door was closed, and the rest of the company excluded, when a clashing of swords was heard and Major Oneby gave Mr. Gower a mortal wound. It was found, on the breaking up of the company, that Major Oneby had his great coat over his shoulders, and that he had received three slight wounds in the fight. Mr. Gower, being asked on his deathbed whether he had received his wounds in a manner among swordmen called fair, answered, "I think I did."

Major Oneby was tried for the offence and found guilty of murder, "having acted upon malice and deliberation, and not from sudden passion."

Steele and a Brother Officer.

Steele, notwithstanding his efforts to discountenance duelling, as before mentioned, was drawn into a quarrel that very nearly proved fatal. At that period he was an officer in the Coldstream Guards, when a brother officer communicated to him his intention of calling out a person who had offended him, but was dissuaded from this purpose by the powerful arguments of Steele. Some of the other officers of the regiment thought proper to spread a report that Steele had thus interfered in the affair to screen the offender from a merited chastisement, thus compromising the honour of the person whom he had offended. A challenge was therefore sent to Steele. He sought in vain to avoid the meeting, but at last consented. Relying on his skill in swordmanship, he felt persuaded that he could chastise the aggressor without endangering his life. The parties met, and Steele's buckle breaking as he was tightening his shoe, he urged this accident to induce the challenger to desist, but to no purpose. Swords were crossed, Steele parried several lounges, till at last, in an attempt to disarm his antagonist, he ran him through the body. After lingering some time in a hopeless state, Steele had the gratification to hear of his recovery.*

* Millingen.

Lord Hervey and Lord Cobham.

This affair was only a challenge followed by an apology, but it may be worth while to quote it as an illustration of the manners of the day at the end of the period comprised in this chapter. It is related by Sir Robert Walpole in a letter to Mann, and occured in the year 1750.

"About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham's assembly, Lord Hervey was leaning over a chair talking to some woman and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it,—yes, spit in it,—and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent and said, 'Pay me my wager.' In short, he had laid a guinea that he would commit this absurd brutality, and that it would not be resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sense, asked if he had any further occasion for his hat. 'Oh, I see you are angry.' 'Not very well pleased.' Lord Cobham took the fatal hat and wiped it, and made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it off as a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun and went to visit Lord Hervey; he would not see him, but wrote to the *spitter* (or, as he is now called, Lord *Gob'em*) to say that he had grossly insulted him before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham made a most submissive answer and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent's name. Here it rested

for a few days, till, the matter getting wind, Lord Hervey wrote again to insist upon an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him. This, too, was complied with, and the *fair conqueror* showed all the letters."*

* Walpole calls Lord Hervey "the fair conqueror" from his great effeminacy, which induced Lord Cobham, better known as Earl Temple, to insult him in so gross a manner.

The same Lord Hervey challenged Pulteney for his articles in the 'Craftsman' against him; they met, and both combatants were slightly wounded.

Lord Cobham, who acted so disgracefully, was nevertheless a man of "standing" among his party, and was made a Field Marshal in the year 1742.

Hervey was a young man of considerable wit and ability, but most infirm health, insomuch that he found it necessary to live on asses' milk and biscuits. Once a week he indulged himself with an apple. Emetics he used daily. He attracted ridicule by the contrast between his pompous, solemn manner, and his puny effeminate appearance, and still more unhappily for him, he attacked that spiteful and heartless creature Alexander Pope, who, in return, has sent down his name to posterity as a monster of profligacy, and a "mere white curd of asses' milk."

CHAPTER XI.

DUELS IN FRANCE FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE following picture of the period to which we are approaching will throw much light on the character of the duels it produced. The social body in France was to undergo a total renovation and reform. "The long despotism of Louis XIV. had brutalized the public mind, and rendered it unfit to receive any generous impressions, or to be capable of any noble reaction against tyranny. The nation was sick of glory, and of a magnificence which had drained its wealth. Still, it murmured silently and moodily, as perhaps it murmurs at the present day, until master minds should appear to bring these elements of discord into action. Apathy had succeeded energetic deeds, and indolence ushered in vice stripped of all its gaudy, attractive fascination, and in all its natural baseness and turpi-

tude. Philip d'Orléans, Regent of the kingdom during the minority of Louis XV., plunged the Court into every possible species of debauch; and the polished gallantry of former days was succeeded by the most degrading excesses. Libertinism, in all its hideous deformity, no longer sought the concealment of a prudent mask; but profligacy was considered fashionable, consequently the pride and boast of its votaries. Vice had become the reigning *ton*, and, where a blush was raised, it was upon the conviction of having performed a virtuous action. Abandoned to all the voluptuousness of a profligate Court, the Regent displayed neither authority nor energy in repressing evils, and only considered the possession of power valuable as being the means of commanding fresh pleasures. The former edicts on duelling were now disregarded, since the laws were not enforced, and no punishment awaited their transgressors. Six weeks after the death of Louis XIV., two officers of the Guards fought on the quay of the Tuileries in open day; but as these young men belonged to families of the long-robe, the Duc d'Orléans, out of respect to the Parliament, which he dreaded, merely removed them from their corps, and sentenced them to a fortnight's imprisonment. This duel had been fought about an Angola cat; and the Duke, when reprimanding the parties, told them that such a matter of dispute should have been settled with claws instead of swords.

"Courtly intrigues now became frequently mixed up

with duelling, and the jealousies and quarrels of fashionable women were the constant sources of disputes among their lovers. The Court of Honour, consisting of the Marshals of France, an institution established in the reign of Louis XIV., would decline interfering when any of the parties were not of high birth or distinguished rank. An instance of this proud distinction occurred in the following case. An abbé of the name of D'Aydie had fought with a clerk in the provincial department at an opera-dancer's house, and wounded him. The Duchesse de Berry, daughter of the Regent, immediately ordered that the Abbé d'Aydie should be deprived of his preferment, and obliged to become a Knight of Malta. The scribe, on recovering from his wound, was constantly seeking his antagonist, who was compelled to fight him four times, until the Duchess brought the parties before the Court of Honour, presided over by Marshal de Chamilly, who, upon hearing of the condition of one of the parties, exclaimed, 'What the deuce does he come here for? A fellow who calls himself *Bouton* (Button), do you presume to think we can be *your* judges? Do you take us for bishops or keepers of the seals? And the fellow, too, dares to call us *My Lords!*'*

"This Abbé D'Aydie, it should also be known, was

* To understand these punctilious feelings, it must be remembered that the Marshals of France were only called *my lords* by the nobility, being considered the judges of the higher orders; and such an appellation from a *roturier*, or "commoner," was deemed an affront.

the lover of the Duchesse de Berry, who naturally feared that the low-bred clerk might deprive her of her paramour by an untimely end. The tribunal recommended the Regent to imprison the lover of his daughter, as a punishment for having fought a low-born fellow, who, on account of his ignoble condition, was discharged as beneath their notice. The Duchess, however, did not approve of this finding of the court; but, after procuring the liberation of her favourite, pursued the unfortunate clerk with such rancour that she at last got him hanged, thereby exciting, according to Madame de Crequi, 'the horror and the animadversion of all Paris.' Strange to say, this despicable Princess died a month after, on the very same day that the clerk was hanged. The execution took place on the 19th of June, and she breathed her last on the 19th of July!

"A duel took place between Contades and Brissac, when both were wounded, in the very conservatories of the palace. After a few days' concealment they appeared before the Parliament as a mere matter of form, and Contades was made a marshal of France. Another duel, fought in open day on the quay of the Tuileries, between two noblemen, Jonzac and Villette, was also passed over with little or no animadversion; and Duclos, in his 'Secret Memoirs,' asserts that the Regent openly insinuated that duelling had gone too much out of fashion.

"Duelling was not only resorted to by men of the sword, but by men of finance; and the celebrated

Scotchman, Law of Lauriston, who was placed at the head of this department, had commenced his famous career by several hostile meetings. Howbeit, he so managed matters as not to compromise the security of his gambling-house in the Rue Quincampoix by quarrels, although an assassination ultimately exposed this *hell* to a serious investigation. One of the murderers was a Count Horn, a Belgian nobleman of distinguished family, but who, notwithstanding the powerful interest made in his behalf, was sentenced to be broken on the wheel. The Regent, in this case, was inflexible, nor would he even commute the punishment into a less degrading execution. This firmness was attributed to his partiality for his creature Law, whose bank was of great assistance to his constant debaucheries. Madame de Crequi, who was a relative of the criminal, and who exerted her best endeavours to save him, attributes this murder of what she calls 'The Jew who had robbed him,' to other motives, and asserts that his highness's implacable hostility arose from having once found him with one of his favourites, the Comtesse de Parabère, when the Duke disdainfully said to him, 'Go out, sir!' to which the other replied, 'Your ancestors, sir, would have said, let *us* go out.'*

* Voltaire attributes a similar reply to Chalot, when placed in the same situation with the Prince de Conti; but Madame de Crequi exonerates herself from the suspicion of having misapplied the repartee, by observing, "There once lived an old Jew, called Solomon, who mantained that there was nothing new under the sun."

"Madame de Crequi and other writers of the times affirm, that duels had become so frequent that nothing else was heard of, and desolation and dismay were spread in numerous families. Among the victims of this practice was another lover of Madame de Parabère, and rival of the Regent, the handsome De Breteuil. It appears that the Countess was unfortunate in her attachments, as many others of her favourites met with a similar fate.

"It has been truly said by historians, that Louis XV. received from the hands of the Regent a sceptre stained by corruption and a crown dimmed by depravity. He found a court composed of libertines and females of the most abandoned character. His guides and councillors were steeped in vice, and it would have required, perhaps, more than mortal power to resist the pestilential influence of such an atmosphere of prostitution. The commencement of his reign, however, was marked by a display of good qualities, that obtained for him the flattering appellation of 'the Beloved,' *le Bien-aimé*, an appellation far more desirable than that of Great, which had been applied to his predecessor. Little was it then thought that ere long he would show himself the Sardanapalus of his age.

"In the first year of his reign he applied himself to check the practice of duelling, and issued an edict, in which it was provided that any gentleman who struck another should be degraded from his rank and

forfeit his arms; and he solemnly declared that he would keep most religiously the coronation oath, by which he had bound himself to enforce these laws in all their rigour. But, alas for the coronation oaths! They appear to have been, in the annals of every nation, but too often mere formal professions. We find, however, that in pursuance of this resolution, the Parliament of Grenoble condemned to the wheel one of the councillors for having killed a captain in the army; but, as the offender had made his escape he was only executed in effigy, and the arm of justice fell upon his unfortunate servant, who was branded and sent to the galleys."*

M. de Richelieu and the Comte de Bavière.

This affair, although abortive as a duel, was remarkable as giving occasion to a meeting of the Court of Honour. Being anxious to meet the Comte de Bavière, Richelieu left Paris with his followers to waylay him on the road from Chantilly; and, for the furtherance of his project, obstructed and barricaded the road with his equipages. The parties met, and high words arose between the coachmen and the servants of both parties, when the masters stepped out of their carriages and drew their swords. However, they were

* The prince of duellists in these despicable times was the celebrated Duc de Richelieu, before mentioned—the Duke of Buckingham of France—but who was ever ready to give satisfaction for the injuries he inflicted on the peace of families.

separated by the Chevalier d'Auvray, who was lieutenant of the Marshals of France, and whose duties were to prevent all duelling, and bring offenders before their tribunal. Such was the case in this instance. All the noble youth of France was assembled, with their heads uncovered and without their swords, in the hall of meeting of the *Point d'Honneur*, and Richelieu was ordered to make an ample apology to the Comte de Bavière.

M. de Richelieu and Count Albini.

The Count Albini was nephew of Pope Clement XI., and being on a visit at the French court, was most anxious to become acquainted with the Marquise de Crequi-Blancefort, a lady not easy of access. Foiled in various attempts, he consulted Richelieu, who advised him to disguise himself as a servant and to wait upon the Marquise in that capacity, with strong letters of recommendation which he gave him. So far the scheme succeeded that Albini was actually taken into her service, but soon after he ventured to undeceive his supposed mistress by an avowal of his passion, for which he was forthwith dismissed with ignominy. Richelieu pretended to be ignorant of the transaction, but the share he had in the disgraceful business being proved, he was sent to the Bastille. On his quitting the fortress, the young Marquis d'Aumont, a relation of the Marquise, called him out, and so severely wounded him in the hip that at one period his recovery

was despaired of, and it was thought he would remain a cripple.

The Comtesse de Polignac and the Marquise de Nesle.

Richelieu not only fought on account of women, but also had the honour of making them fight for his sake. He had appointed two rendezvous to two different ladies for the same day, one at two o'clock, the other at four. At any rate, such was the order he had given to his secretary, who had to arrange matters on such occasions, but unfortunately the latter, by mistake, fixed the same hour for both fair visitants, when, of course, there was a scene—a *dénouement.* The result was a duel between the two ladies in the Bois de Boulogne, and they set about it as implacable rivals. The Marquise proposed pistols, which happened to be the weapon with which the Comtesse was familiar. The latter, however, thought proper to break through the regulations, and called out to the Marquise, "Fire first, and mind you don't miss me, if you think I am going to miss *you.*"

The Marquise de Nesle aimed, fired, and cut off a branch of a tree hard by. Thereupon the Comtesse de Polignac exclaimed, with the *sang froid* of a bully, "Your hand trembles with passion," and aiming in her turn, she fired and cut off a small piece of the ear of the Marquise, who fell to the ground as though mortally wounded.

Richelieu was the Adonis of the day, and attracted the eyes and won the smiles of the highest ladies of the court. Moreover, it was merely his handsome person that secured to him the favour of the King, who loaded him with honours and gifts, and transformed him into a "gentleman."

Du Vighan and the Baron d'Ugeon.

Du Vighan was another fashionable *roué* of the period. His handsome appearance was so fascinating, that hackney-coachmen are said to have driven him without a fare for the mere pleasure of serving such a *joli garçon*. Another anecdote is related of a tailor's wife, who called upon him for the payment of four hundred francs due to her husband, but his attractions were such that she left behind her a bank-note for three hundred. Although of middling birth, he sought to attract the notice of the King, succeeded, and received letters of nobility—all through his good looks.

This fortunate youth was constantly involved in law suits, wherein he always contrived to gain the day. So successful was he in all his undertakings that the Archbishop of Paris called him "the serpent of the terrestrial paradise." The name he was usually known by was *Le Charmant*.

It was of course of the utmost necessity that such a charming gentleman should be constantly engaged in some duel, and his fascinations seemed to operate as powerfully on the Marshals of France constituting the

Court of Honour, as on the hearts of the ladies of the court, for he was inevitably acquitted. His sword, however, was not always as successful as his features and manners, for he received from the Comte de Meulan a severe wound that endangered his precious life. On his recovery, he had the presumption to pay his addresses to Mademoiselle de Soissons, a young princess of great beauty, who become so enamoured of her admirer that her aunt was obliged to shut her up in a convent at Montmartre, under the surveillance of one of the provost officers. But bars and locks could not keep out such a Lothario, and a letter and a rope-ladder having been discovered, the lady's family applied to the Baron d'Ugeon, one of their relatives and an expert swordman, to bring the youth to reason. The challenge was sent and accepted, but the meeting did not then take place, owing to the fatal malady of the King, upon whom Du Vighan attended to the last.

At the death of the monarch, Du Vighan lost no time in seeking his adversary; the duel came off, and he received two dangerous wounds in his right side. Notwithstanding the severity of the injury, he contrived to scale the walls of the Abbey of Montmartre to see his beloved princess, but he was obliged to spend the night under the arches of the cloisters, the young lady having been shut up. During this painful vigil his wounds broke out afresh, and the hæmorrhage was so profuse that he was found there a corpse on the following morning. The body was carried

home and a report spread abroad that he had died of the smallpox, caught from the King during his attendance on the royal sufferer. As for the Princess, although she grieved pretty nearly unto death, yet she at length consoled herself by marrying the Prince de Cobourg.

Poulain de Saint-Foix and his Duels.

This celebrated duellist had been a lieutenant in a cavalry regiment. He accompanied the Marshal de Broglie in Italy, as aide-de-camp, and distinguished himself by his bravery at the battle of Guastalla. He expected to be promoted to a captaincy after the campaign, but being disappointed in his expectations, he resigned his commission and devoted himself entirely to literature. He was a very violent man, and in his regiment he had done plenty of work with his rapier. Nor did he divest himself of his martial propensities on doffing his uniform; and this was perfectly understood by all who had anything to do with him. It is affirmed that the journalists took very good care always to praise Saint-Foix above all others, for he often declared that he would cut off the ears of any of them who should dare to attack him, and these gentlemen were quite convinced that he would keep his promise.*

Nevertheless, he had steadfast friends, a few literary men who courted his society on account of his brilliant

* 'Correspondance Littéraire.'

wit. He was a good sort of fellow, provided he was never contradicted. In public he showed himself a perfect master in the art of teasing, but he only provoked those who seemed likely to be able to reply sword in hand. One day, at the Café Procope, one of the King's Guards entered and called for a cup of *café au lait* with a small roll, adding, "That will do for my dinner." "'Pon my soul, that's a sorry dinner," observed Saint-Foix. The guardsman at first took no notice of the impertinent remark, but Saint-Foix went on repeating and drumming it in his ear, till at last the guardsman got into a rage, called him out on the spot, and wounded him in the arm, when the inveterate railer exclaimed, "Well, but that does not prevent a cup of *café au lait* and a small roll from being a very sorry dinner."

It was Saint-Foix who declined a challenge in the manner mentioned in a previous chapter, quoted by Franklin against duelling.*

One day, meeting a lawyer whose countenance had the misfortune not to please him, he walked up to him, and whispered in his ear, "Sir, I have some business with you." The attorney, not understanding the drift of his speech, quietly named an hour when he would find him at his office. The meeting was of course most amusing, the expression of Saint-Foix being that "he wanted an *affaire* with him," a term which is equally applicable to a duel and a legal transaction.

* Chapter I., p. 11.

It is said that he never hesitated to decline a duel when he knew he was much superior to his challenger. Oddly enough, this desperado always denounced duelling; such is the logic of human nature!

Voltaire and the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot.

If Saint-Foix denounced duelling whilst ever ready to practise it, Voltaire sacrificed to the monster after attacking it with his usual wit and acerbity, which is another instance of the logic of human nature.

Voltaire's "affair" is rather a long one, but, as literary fighters are eminent curiosities, I doubt not that it will be worth while to give all the details without abridgment.

It appears that *young* Voltaire, as he was then, was dining at the Duc de Sully's. There was a discussion, and Voltaire, who began life with a wonderful degree of self-assurance and liberty of opinion, at once "shut up" one of the principal speakers, who happened to be no less a "personage" than the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot. Turning to the host, the nettled Chevalier asked,—

"Who is this young man that contradicts me with such loud talk?"

Voltaire replied, as the future *Grand Monarque* of literature and "all he surveyed,"—

"Sir, he is a man who has not a great name, but who *honours* the one he has."

Rohan left the table in a rage.

"Happy deliverance, if you have rid us of him," said the host to Voltaire, whereat all the guests applauded vociferously.

A few days after, Voltaire had the honour of again dining at the Duc de Sully's. In the midst of the pleasant entertainment a servant entered, saying that some one wanted him below for a kind purpose, and Voltaire rose hurriedly, dinner-napkin in hand, and went down to the door, whereat he saw a hackney-coach. In this hackney-coach were two men, who, with a voice of distress, begged him to get in. As soon as he got in, one of them collared him whilst the other gave him a thrashing, five or six cuts with a cane. Ten paces from the spot was the Duc de Rohan in his carriage, escorted by four other scoundrels. "That will do;" said the duke, "now drive on."

Of course, all that Voltaire could do in the circumstances was to return to the dining-room and desire the Duc de Sully to consider, as inflicted on himself, an outrage perpetrated on one of his guests; but, in spite of the energy with which, we may be sure, the young man urged this honourable necessity, the Duc de Sully peremptorily refused to have anything to do with it, even to appear before a magistrate to depose to the assault. Thereupon, Voltaire took leave of the duke, and quitted for ever a house more disgraced than himself by the insult he had received.

Voltaire applied to the authorities; he sent the following plaint to the minister of the department:—

"I declare very humbly that I have been outraged by the brave Chevalier de Rohan, assisted by six cut-throats, behind whom he was safely posted. Since then I have continually endeavoured to repair, not my honour, but his, which would be too difficult."

Nothing came of the plaint, as Voltaire bitterly discovered; and finding that he could not count on the assistance of human justice, he resolved to trust to his own courage and resolution.

Most other young men would at once have challenged the infamous and brutal "personage;" but Voltaire was a man of caution. He never did anything in his life without calculation. He always did his best to be on the safe side. He was no fencer; what a fool he would be to challenge a fellow who might, and would if he could, spit him like a duck or a partridge! Voltaire was no fool, and so he took lessons at fencing; set to work at the *scienza cavalleresca;* and as soon as he found he knew "*assez*" of the thing, and believed himself up to the mark, he went one night to the Théâtre Français, followed by his friend Thieriot, and shoving open the door of Rohan's box, he said, as Voltaire only could say, biting, sarcastic, like a dog crunching a bone,—

"Sir, if no *little matter in which you may have been engaged* has made you forget the outrage at your hands which I have to complain of, I hope you will feel disposed to give me satisfaction."

The allusion of the words italicized was crushing. No one could comprehend their meaning so completely as Rohan himself, who had lent himself to all manner of low tricks and "dirty transactions."

The Chevalier accepted the challenge for nine o'clock on the following morning, and fixed himself the rendezvous at the Porte Saint-Antoine.

Alas for all Voltaire's fencing-practice, his determination, his courage, his magnificently bitter challenge! The wretch Rohan told the affair to his family, and thereupon all the Rohans in existence rushed to the palace, and Voltaire was quietly carried off to the Bastille!

There he was kept incarcerated for a fortnight, and only set free on condition of going to England, in the custody of a galley-sergeant.

In one of his letters, he writes as follows respecting this phase of his career:—

"I admit, my dear Thieriot, that I touched at Paris; but since I did not see you, you may be sure that I saw nobody. I was only seeking one man, the instinct of whose cowardice has hidden him from me, as though he was aware that I was on his track. Besides, the fear of being discovered made me quit more precipitately than I came."

Condorcet, in his 'Life of Voltaire,' remarks that, after all, Voltaire "saw that an enemy, who ruled as he pleased both the ministers of Government and the judges, could equally avoid or destroy him. He, there-

fore, buried himself in retreat, and disdained to trouble himself any longer with revenge, or rather he resolved to avenge himself by compelling his enemy to hear repeated—at the sound of the acclamations of all Europe—the name he wished to vilify."

A thousand to one, however, Rohan cared not a rap about it: at any rate, he died comfortably in his skin, a lieutenant-general.

The Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) and the Prince de Condé.

At one of those *bals masqués* at the Opera, which have been the occasion of many a duel, to which additional ridicule or horror has sometimes been given by the parties fighting and doing execution in their gala costume—the Comte d'Artois appeared arm in arm with Madame de Carillac—both masked. The Duchesse de Bourbon (Princesse d'Orléans) recognized and followed them, addressing the parties in a sarcastic style, which, though warranted by the usages of a masquerade, was not the less offensive, especially as the parties were conscious of the intent and meaning of the annoyance. The fact is, Madame de Carillac had been the mistress of the Duc de Bourbon, whom she had quitted for the Comte d'Artois, to whom the Duchess herself was not indifferent. Madame de Carillac, thus annoyed by the Duchess, contrived to effect her escape through the crowd, when the Duchess, with unbridled fury, endeavoured to tear off the mask from the Comte d'Artois,

who, forgetting for the moment his usual gallantry and the privileges of the fair sex, crushed the mask of the Duchess on her face, and rushed out of the ball-room.

Two days after, the Duchess gave a grand supper, and stated to her numerous guests at table that the conduct of the Comte d'Artois had been that of a ruffian, and that she had felt disposed at the time to call in the guard to apprehend him. All the women at Court whom the Count had slighted rose up in arms against him; the brutality of his conduct became the subject of conversation in every circle, and the general opinion was that he could not avail himself of his rank to refuse the satisfaction that such a public insult to a woman demanded. It was, of course, concluded that it became indispensable on the part of the Duc de Bourbon to call out the offender.

Meanwhile the King, Louis XVI., ordered the Duke and Duchess de Bourbon to attend him in his closet, where they met the Comte d'Artois, when his Majesty commanded that no further notice should be taken by any parties of what had occurred. The Duke attempted to enter into some explanation, but was instantly silenced by the King.

The Duchess and the ladies of the Court, however, were by no means satisfied with this decision. The Baron de Besenval was sent for by the Queen, Marie Antoinette, who asked him what her brother was to do under existing circumstances. The Baron replied, that he saw no other alternative than a duel; to which the

Queen replied, "I am of the same opinion, and the King agrees with me; but do you think my brother will adopt this course?" Besenval replied, that "the Count was ignorant of all that was said on the subject; but that he should consider it his duty to make him acquainted with the public opinion, as he would rather see him dead than dishonoured," adding that, "as it was an affair of great moment, he would previously consult with De Crussel, Captain of the Prince's Guards." "Do so," replied the Queen, "and settle this affair between you."

A meeting was decided on; but at the same time it was proposed that, as soon as swords were drawn and crossed, De Crussel should produce an order from the King to separate the combatants; in other words, the duel was to be a sham, merely to satisfy "public opinion" with a deception. To this suggestion Besenval refused to comply, justly observing to De Crussel and the Comte de Polignac, who proposed it, "Pray, gentlemen, are you going to make the Prince play a farce? I never will consent to such an arrangement." To this De Crussel replied, that "it was quite sufficient for the Prince to go to the ground, and that the Sovereign had then the right to prevent bloodshed."

The preliminaries having been arranged, the Comte d'Artois went on the following day to the Bois de Boulogne, attended by De Crussel, who is said to have placed the Prince's best sword in the carriage, a pre-

caution which could scarcely be necessary under the arrangement. Arrived at the Bois, they perceived the Duc de Bourbon surrounded by several gentlemen. Upon seeing them, the Count alighted, and stepping towards him said, "I understand, Sir, that the public say we are seeking each other?" To which the Duke replied, taking off his hat, "I am here, Sir, to receive your commands." The Count rejoined, "I am here, Sir, to fulfil yours."

After this very courteous preamble both parties drew their swords, when the Duke observed, "You are not aware, Sir, that the sun shines full upon you." "You are right," answered the Count. "We had better proceed to that wall, where we shall have more shade than under these leafless trees." The parties then placed their drawn swords under their arms, and proceeded, conversing with each other, to the appointed spot, followed by their two seconds, all other persons keeping at a distance. M. de Vibraye, the Duke's second, observing that they had both kept on their spurs, which might prove inconvenient, the seconds immediately proceeded to unbuckle them, and, while so doing, De Vibraye had one of his eyes nearly put out by the point of the Duke's sword. The spurs being off, the Duke asked the Prince's permission to take off his coat, to which proposal the Comte d'Artois not only acceded, but threw off his own.

De Crussel's suggestion seems to have been overruled; at any rate the proposed royal order was not

produced, and the parties set to. Several lounges passed between them, and the Comte d'Artois was evidently impatient and flushed, when the Duke was observed to stagger. The seconds, thinking that he was wounded, interfered, and begged the parties to suspend all further hostility. The Count gallantly replied, "It is not for me to offer any opinion; it is for M. le Duc de Bourbon to express his wishes. I am here at his orders." The Duke immediately lowered his sword, and replied, "I feel penetrated with gratitude at your kindness, and shall never forget the honour you have conferred on me." The Comte d'Artois then opened his arms, and the Duke flew into his embrace.

After this harmless and satisfactory meeting, the Count, at the suggestion of the Queen and the Baron de Besenval, repaired to the Palais Bourbon, and made an ample apology to the insulted Duchess.

To conclude the farce, a punishment was awarded to the combatants, namely, a week's exile; the Count at Choisy, and the Duke at Chantilly.

There can be no doubt that in this celebrated duel much is misrepresented by party feeling. The Comte d'Artois behaved with becoming firmness and gentlemanly feeling, and there is not the least foundation, it seems, for the story of a bloodless meeting having been pre-arranged, although it is not improbable that the Duc de Bourbon was satisfied in defending himself, without a wish of injuring his antagonist, which was

the more easy, as he remained cool, while the Count was evidently excited. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the whole affair looks very suspicious, presenting a complexion which, as in other similar meetings of modern times, no amount of argument can remove.

There can be no difference of opinion, however, respecting the cause of the transaction, which affords a vivid picture of the corruption and manners of the times. A woman of the highest rank insults another woman who had been her husband's mistress, not on that account, but actually for having become the mistress of another man, to whom she herself was attached; and, finally, the foolish husband is made to peril life and liberty by fighting the man who might have been a favoured rival in his wife's affection! In the contemplation of this strange perversity of morals, it is scarcely necessary to stigmatize the ungentlemanly deportment of a prince in raising his hand against a woman.

This duel was one of the first affairs of honour that occurred under the unfortunate Louis XVI. At that epoch an apparent calm reigned throughout the nation, but it was the gloomy, sultry tranquillity that precedes a storm. The mind of every class of the community was too deeply absorbed in reflection to admit of the influence of private differences. Thus, the practice of duelling seemed to decline, or was confined chiefly to the soldiery. Moreover, the sword was no longer

worn as a mark of distinction in society; and this weapon of a "gentleman," which in former times was always at hand, and drawn on the spur of the moment, was now laid aside, and only sought for with premeditation. Lastly, the barriers which had divided society into castes were gradually overthrown, and rank no longer became an excuse for refusing satisfaction to an inferior. The writings of the "Philosophers" had begun to tell, and the process of levelling was advancing with gigantic strides throughout the nation. The *punctilio* became less nice when duelling was thus "vulgarized," whilst a true nobility and a true gentility existed, naturally separated from the mass, in spite of opinion. The time was to come, however, when the breaking down of all distinctions into universal equality, and the vulgarization of duelling operated towards its cessation. For, in France, even vice strives to be exclusive.

The Prince de Condé and the Vicomte Agout.

D'Agout, a captain of the guards, had been courting a young widow of the household of the Princesse de Condé, and had promised to marry her; having, however, discovered that she had bestowed her favours on the Prince, he bitterly reproached her with her duplicity, and retracted his engagement. The lady complained to her protector, the Prince de Condé, who thereupon required D'Agout to resign his commission

in his guards. That officer immediately tendered his resignation, and at the same time requested to know what part of his conduct had exposed him to disgrace. To this request the Prince replied, "that he would not keep in his service liars and calumniators." To this brutal observation D'Agout answered, "Your Highness is aware that, when I took the liberty of putting this question, I was no longer in your Highness's service, and will be pleased also to recollect that I am a gentleman."—"I understand you, Sir," replied the Prince, "and am ready to maintain what I have asserted, in whatever manner you may think proper." "Then," replied D'Agout, "I depend upon your Highness's kindness;" and he lost no time in repairing to the Court at Versailles to secure some protection in the event of a fatal result.

Having succeeded, D'Agout presented himself at the carriage window of the Prince, who was changing horses at Sèvres, and said to him, "My Lord, I come to receive your Highness's orders." "Then, Sir," replied the Prince, "at nine o'clock, to-morrow morning, I shall be at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, near the Maillot Gate."

As might be expected, D'Agout was punctual in his attendance, accompanied by his brother. Soon after, the Prince made his appearance, and at once placed in the hands of his adversary a declaration of his having been the aggressor, together with letters of recommendation to foreign Powers for protection, in the

event of a fatal issue of the meeting, which might render his quitting the kingdom advisable.

Of course D'Agout could not be otherwise than grateful for this courteous, nay, chivalrous proceeding; although one would think that an ample apology for the outrageous insult would have been far more applicable to the case, as it would certainly have shown far more generosity and manly feeling. D'Agout becomingly expressed his thanks for the Prince's kindness, and threw off his coat. On this the Prince said, "No doubt, Sir, by taking off your coat, you expect me to do the same." To which D'Agout replied, "I have no right to demand anything from your Highness, as I trust implicitly in your honour, and was only anxious to afford your Highness a proof of mine." The Prince immediately took off his coat, and swords were crossed.

The offended Captain fought with that desperate determination which his critical position inspired, and the Prince was slightly wounded, when the seconds interfered and parted the combatants.

It is satisfactory to know that shortly after the meeting, D'Agout was promoted by the Prince to the rank of major in his Guards.

On this occasion the King scarcely knew how to act; but the people viewed the duel between a prince of the blood and an individual of a humble rank, as a sign of the times, and the sacrifice of olden prejudices to the novel innovations in manners, that gra-

dually appeared to level all distinctions, while the chivalric portion of the nation compared the Prince de Condé to Francis the First.

The Chevalier d'Éon.

The Chevalier d'Éon was born at Tonnerre in 1728, and had been successively a lawyer, a censor, a political writer, a captain of dragoons, a diplomatist, and a fencing-master. Under the cloak of the last profession, when giving lessons to the Grand Duke of Russia, he was entrusted with a secret and delicate mission, which he fulfilled with so much success that he obtained the title of secretary of embassy, the rank of captain, and the cross of St. Louis. He was subsequently sent to England as minister plenipotentiary, to ratify the treaty of 1763.

The Chevalier d'Éon was most expert in all deeds of arms, and had fought several duels, in which he always came off successfully. When attached to the French legation in London, he thought proper to give his ambassador, the Comte de Guerchy, a slap in the face; and on complaint being made to the Cabinet of Versailles of this desperate conduct, it was decided that he should be seized and carried over to France. D'Éon, however, being apprised of this project, sought refuge in the city, where he was taken up for a breach of the peace, having fought with another Frenchman, of the name of Vergy, in the open street, and at noonday. Thus he managed to get into safe

custody in England, and made secure from the possibility of forced abduction to France.

One of the most extraordinary facts in this man's career is, that he assumed for a long period female attire, and passed for a woman; and various are the reasons advanced for this procedure. By some it was attributed to an order from the Duc d'Aiguillon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, prohibiting his appearance in France except in a female dress; while D'Éon pretended that he had assumed this costume to preserve the honour of De Guerchy, whose face he had slapped. Others asserted that he wore this disguise to enable the Cabinet of Versailles to throw the blame attached to the treaty of 1763 on a woman. However, it is certain that he only made his appearance in France after the death of both D'Aiguillon and Guerchy; and on his return to Paris he presented a memorial to Maurepas, the minister at the time, praying that the order which enjoined him to wear female attire might be revoked, and the following was the tenor of this strange application:—"I am under the necessity of humbly submitting to your lordship that the period of my female novitiate is expired, and that it is impossible for me to become a professed nun. I have been able, in obedience to the orders of the late King and his ministers, to remain in petticoats during the peace; but that is quite out of the question in time of war. It is necessary for the honour of the illustrious house of De Guerchy that I should be

allowed to continue my military services; such, at least, is the opinion of the whole army and the world. I have always thought and acted like Achilles; I never wage war with the dead; and I only kill the living when they attack me."

In addition to the artificial mystification of his sex, it appears that many believed that he was really a woman. But this also is explained by a circumstance which is as singular as any other in his career. It appears that while fencing, he had received a thrust in the breast from a foil; a mammary tumour resulted from the wound, requiring extirpation; and, of course, as only women in general have breasts to be extirpated, it was immediately reported that D'Éon was a woman. The report gained credence from his affected indifference in removing the erroneous impression, and his repeated refusal to give a satisfactory reply to questions put to him on this doubtful subject.

The Comte de Guerchy, whom he had slapped, was dead; but his only son was living, and anxious to wipe off in D'Éon's blood the unavenged insult offered to his family. But the Countess, his mother, justly apprehensive of the issue of a meeting between the young Count and the most experienced swordman in the country, supplicated the minister to exert his influence, and reject the application of the dubious D'Éon for permission to doff his disguise—the only security against the contemplated duel. The injunction to wear a female garb was consequently renewed;

and the pension of £500 per annum granted to him by Louis XV. was continued on this express condition.

This strange position exposed our disguised hero to many curious scenes and insults; and having one night involved himself in a serious quarrel at the theatre, he was sent a close prisoner to the citadel of Dijon.

At the revolution of 1789, D'Éon returned to England, having resumed his male attire, and gave lessons once more in the sword exercise, fencing in public, and not unfrequently with the Prince of Wales, then about six-and-twenty years of age.

It was in one of these public assaults at arms that D'Éon met the scarcely less famous Chevalier de Saint-Georges, in the presence of the greatest personages of the day, and the handsomest ladies of England. D'Éon carried off all the honours of the day, having hit Saint-Georges seven times during the splendid contest.

This extraordinary man died in London in the year 1810, at the advanced age of eighty-one, when the celebrated medical friar and favourite of Carlton House, Père Elysée, after a *post-mortem* examination, put the mooted question beyond further doubt by the official assertion of the manhood of the defunct.

Perhaps, however, the most inexplicable statements respecting this man are those of his alleged amours. According to the last writer who has recently spoken of the Chevalier d'Éon, the fellow was not only the

favourite of a royal mistress, the lover of an empress and queen, but, most wonderful to tell, the father of a king—our George the Fourth!* Certainly George the Fourth was wayward enough to make it likely that he had issued from such a rascallion,—if it were not common enough to find the best of parents, physically and morally well endowed, giving birth to physical and moral monsters; but there is something exquisitely droll and strangely absurd in this inexplicable slander. Charlotte Sophia, the wife of George the Third, was the very model of decorum,—devout, rigid in the observance of all the moral duties,—and those who love or admire such duties the least, can scarcely deny that, in this queen, they contributed to a great and striking reformation of manners, as far as such was possible in a generation so deplorably dissolute and abandoned.†

* Favori d'une favorite, amant d'une impératrice, père d'un roi (le prince de Galles)!—E. Colombey, 'Histoire Anecdotique du Duel,' p. 254.

† The mystery of the Chevalier d'Éon is not yet explained. An English surgeon as well as Père Élysée, declared him to be a man; but after examining the mass of notices respecting this famous "he-she," as he is called in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' I think it likely that he was one of those apparently doubtful beings termed *hermaphrodites*, which puzzled the ancients. Two facts seem to warrant this opinion; it is said that his father earnestly wished for a boy at his birth, and on being disappointed resolved to bring him up as such—an absurd resolution if there were no apparent doubts respecting his sex at the time; in 1777 a wager of £700 was laid that he was a woman; and it was enforced at a trial before Lord Mansfield, when two witnesses positively swore to the fact—of course

The Chevalier de Saint-Georges.

This worthy rival of the Chevalier d'Éon, both in swordmanship, fashionable popularity, and wayward notoriety, was a man of colour, a mulatto, being the son of a M. de Boulogne, a receiver-general at the island of Guadaloupe, in the French West Indies, and a negress. What education he received is not on record, but it is positively stated that he was placed at an early age in the hands of La Boissière, a celebrated fencing-master of the time. The various steps of his subsequent rise in the world would doubtless be interesting if known; but, after all, skill, that strikes the eye and gratifies the fancy, is rarely long in securing patronage, both among the public and among those who are ever ready to turn such manifestations to profit.

His skill in arms and his numerous duels rendered

"to the best of their belief"—and his lordship expressing his horror of the transaction, but allowing the fairness of the wager. No attempt was made to contradict the evidence of the Chevalier being a woman, and so the verdict was for the plaintiff, with costs, which was, however, subsequently set aside by the defendant, pleading a late Act of Parliament. It was after the decision, legally establishing his sex, and a similar procedure in France, that he put on female attire, which he continued to wear to his death. Curious anecdotes of him, as a "woman," will be found in Croker's Notes to Horace Walpole's 'Letters to the Earl of Hertford,' Hannah More's 'Memoirs,' and the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' See also Jesse's 'George Selwyn and his Contemporaries,' vol. i. p. 280, *et seq.*

him such a favourite among the ladies, that his dark complexion and woolly head were forgotten. He seems, also, to have had a talent for comic opera and music. According to Grimm, he had great talent, was the most skilful fencer in France, and one of the leaders of amateur concerts.

The son of the celebrated La Boissière applied to him the words of Ariosto, "Nature made him, and then broke the mould." Grisier declares that "he was the most extraordinary man ever met with in the science of fencing."

He was appointed equerry to Madame de Montresson, whom the Duke of Orleans had privately married, and then Captain in the Guards of his son, the Duc de Chartres. In 1776 he was anxious to become manager of the Opera; but the actresses and ballet-dancers, headed by the "stars" of the time, supplicated the Queen not to degrade the dignity of the Royal Academy of Music by placing it under the direction of a *mulatto!* The Queen yielded to their prayer, and by so doing made a deadly enemy of the man, raising into activity all the implacable ferocity of his negro nature, which was at least equal to that of his white compeers in the terrible drama into which he plunged at the Revolution. It was to this vindictive feeling against that unfortunate Princess that his exertions against the royal family were attributed. He was foremost in the popular meetings of that period, and was sent to the *émigrés* at Tournai, on a secret mission, by the Duke of

Orleans, a service of considerable danger, and one in which he would have forfeited his life but for the governor of the town, who enabled him to effect his escape. After this, Saint-Georges raised a regiment of light cavalry, which he commanded under Dumouriez, whom, however, he afterwards denounced to the Convention. Notwithstanding his Jacobinical exertions, he would have been sacrificed in his turn, but for the 9th Thermidor, which liberated him from prison.

He is said to have been an excellent musician, amiable and polished in his manners, and of a most agreeable conversation. His humanity and charitable disposition were universally acknowledged; and, although he engaged in many duels, he had generally been the insulted party, and was never known to avail himself of his reputation to insult any one less skilled in the science of destruction. To quarrelsome and troublesome young men he was often known to give a salutary lesson; and an instance is related of his meeting at Dunkirk, in the company of several ladies, a young officer of Hussars, who, not knowing him, was boasting of his skill as a swordman, and asserting that no fencer in France was a match for him. "Did you ever meet the famous Saint-Georges?" asked one of the ladies. Ay, many a time! He couldn't stand a moment before me!" answered the husssar, twirling his moustaches. "That is strange!" observed Saint-Georges. "I should much like to have a trial of skill with you, young man. Perhaps the ladies could procure us foils,

and an *assault d'armes* might entertain them." The young officer assented to the proposal with a smile of contempt; foils, belonging to the brother of the lady of the house, were produced, and without hesitation the hussar was preparing to shame his aged antagonist, who, politely addressing the ladies, asked them to name the *buttons he should touch on his adversary's doliman.* The delighted women, glad to see a coxcomb corrected, named the number of the buttons. The contest commenced.

"*One!*" instantly exclaimed Saint-Georges, continuing as follows:—"Not bad, Sir; but, *Two*—Very good, ah! *Four*—Well parried; but still *Five*—Don't get flurried, Sir.—*Six,* too wild.—*Seven,* and the game, Sir!" And in an instant after he whipped the foil out of the hand of the boaster, who, infuriated by rage and shame, wanted immediate satisfaction! Saint-Georges quietly said to him, "Young man, your time is not yet come; you may still live to serve your country; but recollect you have met *Saint-Georges,* for I am the very person who you said could never prove a match for you." The lesson was a severe one. The young officer, confused, and concealing as well as he could his offended vanity, withdrew, and never after visited at the house.

One day Saint-Georges fell in with a fencing-master who became very impertinent, and finally asked the Chevalier where he could have the pleasure of trying his skill. "Under the *Arche Marion,*" replied Saint-

Georges, "if you like; I shall be there to-morrow morning at six o'clock."

The fencing-master stared at him wildly; Saint-Georges was stern; it was, therefore, a serious challenge; but there was no help for it; and at the appointed hour he repaired to the spot, where he was met by Saint-Georges, with a foil in his hand.

En garde was soon uttered and the men were in position, but in the first bout the Chevalier sent his antagonist's weapon flying in the air. The fencing-master was rather astonished at the result, and seemed inclined to have another lesson; whereupon, the chevalier made a sign to a gigantic negro whom he had posted at a distance, and who ran up with an armful of foils.

"What's all this for?" asked the fencing-master, with staring eyes.

"Only to teach you to live quietly."

And Saint-Georges proceeded forthwith to break the whole bundle of foils on his body.

The Chevalier Saint-Georges never found but one fencer worthy of him, the Chevalier d'Êon, as before stated. He was also the best shot of his time. One of his feats was throwing up two crown-pieces in the air, and hitting them both with his pistols.

Notwithstanding the splendid opportunities he had enjoyed, and the talents which he evidently possessed, Saint-Georges died in a state of poverty in the year 1799, at the age of fifty-four.

Ney (afterwards Marshal) and the Fencing Master.

Ney was eighteen years of age in 1787, and was a simple trooper in a regiment of hussars. He was remarkable for his soldierlike appearance, his dexterity in his exercises, and his skilful horsemanship, in which he frequently broke in horses that the rough-riders could not manage. He was considered the best swordman in the corps; and on him frequently devolved the perilous task of fighting the regimental battles. The fencing-master of the Chasseurs de Vintimille, then in the same garrison with his regiment, a desperate duellist, who had wounded the fencing-master of Ney's regiment, having insulted the corps, it was decided that the bravest and most dexterous hussar should be selected to chastise him. The choice fell on Ney. The parties met, sabres were drawn, when lo! Ney felt himself dragged back by the tail! It was the colonel of his regiment who had thus seized him; and he was immediately thrown into the "cells."

As duelling was at this period punishable with death, Ney's life was perilled; but beloved both by officers and men, the corps insisted upon his liberation; and the times were such that their application could not well be rejected by the authorities. Ney was consequently liberated, but the first use he made of his freedom was to seek out his antagonist and

renew the interrupted contest. The parties met secretly, and the bragging fencing-master received a sabre-wound in the sword-arm that crippled him for life. When Ney subsequently rose in rank and fortune, he sought his former antagonist, and settled on him a handsome annuity.

THE BARON DE C—— AND THE CHEVALIER DE T——.

This was a very odd and murderous duel. Two officers of the French Guards, whose initials only are given, were in company, and one of them, the Baron de C——, a colonel, was boasting of his good fortune of never having been obliged to fight a duel. The Chevalier de T—— expressed his surprise, with some indirect allusions to his want of courage, observing, "How could you avoid fighting when insulted?" The Colonel replied, "That he had never given offence, and that no one had ever presumed to insult him. Moreover, that on such an occasion he would consider the character of the person who had wantonly insulted him, ere he demanded satisfaction."

Upon this statement, the other, in the most insolent manner, struck him in the face with his glove, adding, "Perhaps, Sir, you will not consider this an insult!" The Colonel calmly put on his hat and walked out of the room.

The following morning he sent a challenge to his aggressor. When they came upon the ground the Colonel wore a patch of court-plaister, of the size of a

crown-piece, on the cheek which had received the blow. At the very first lounge he wounded his antagonist in the sword-arm, when, taking off the plaister, he cut off an edge of it with a pair of scissors, and replacing it on his face, took leave of his adversary, very politely requesting he would do him the honour of letting him know when he recovered from his wound.

As soon as he heard that he was able to hold a sword the Colonel was upon him again, his servant informing him one morning that a gentleman with a patch of court-plaister on his face wanted him below. He descended and found his enemy, whom he again consented to meet. They met, and the colonel wounded him again, cutting off another portion of the plaister patch. In like manner he called him out over and over again, fought and wounded him, cutting off pieces of plaister each time, until the patch was reduced to the size of a shilling, when he challenged him again, and saying to him, "This is the last time," ran him through the body. Then, calmly contemplating the corpse, he observed, "I now take off my plaister."

Horrible as was this chastisement, it must be admitted that a man who could so grossly and wantonly insult another richly deserved at least something of the sort. At the time he inflicted the insult, he little knew that he was falling foul of one of the most dexterous swordmen in the land.

The Duc de Brissac's Method of putting a stop to Duelling in his Regiment.

Discipline was compromised by daily quarrels, and the King's regiment, quartered at Nancy, was the most noted for the evil. The Duc de Brissac was charged to put down the practice. On the first day of joining the regiment, he invited all the officers to a grand dinner. Nothing could exceed the amenity of the new colonel on this occasion, and the suavity of his manners and exquisite *bonhomie* completely captivated his guests, who could not help saying to each other during dinner, "What a jolly time we shall now have of it in the regiment!"

When the dessert was served, the Colonel addressed the officers as follows, with the blandest smiles imaginable:—"Gentlemen, I hear that you are all rather hot-headed, and that affairs of honour are common affairs among you. . . . Don't for a moment think that I consider duelling a crime. . . . I am one of those who believe that swords are not made to get rusty. . . . Therefore, continue to draw your swords as you please. . . . Only, before proceeding to the ground, have the goodness to come and apprise me of your intention—let me know the case, and I will give you my opinion on the subject, and then you may go and cross swords if you like. You all agree to that, gentlemen, do you not?"

"Yes, yes, Colonel," resounded on all sides with boisterous exultation.

The Colonel was the first to leave the mess-room. He had scarcely entered his quarters when his orderly announced two young captains, the Vicomte de R—— and Chevalier Armand de T——.

"Well, gentlemen, what is your pleasure?" asked the Colonel.

"Sir," said the Vicomte, "we have merely come to apprise you that we are going to fight a duel to-morrow morning."

"Indeed! Why, I thought you have been friends from childhood!"

"Precisely, Colonel; we are and always will be united by the strictest bonds of friendship."

"And yet you wish to fight?"

"Certainly, Colonel, and the matter is serious enough to account for it. You shall judge for yourself," said the Chevalier. "I happened to maintain that no one can appear at the Palace of Versailles *en roquelaure et sans poudre;** my friend maintained the contrary. We took offence thereat, and we have fixed upon a meeting."

"The matter is serious enough," said the Colonel, gravely. The young men exchanged inquiring looks, and the Colonel continued—

"It is evident that the *roquelaure* is only worn in the morning. But who is to say when what is called *morning* is to end? The Vicomte R—— has asserted that the *roquelaure* cannot be worn in the first

* "In undress coat and unpowdered."

part of the day. The Chevalier T—— asserts the contrary. The offence is perfectly evident. Fight, by all means, but in such a case you must fight seriously, gentlemen. Remember this—a duel is only a ridiculous joke if neither of the parties is killed."

He then shook hands with them, and dismissed them.

On the following day, on parade, perceiving the two captains at the head of their respective companies, he went up to one of them, saying, with a tone of evident displeasure—

"Then your affair was resultless?"

"Excuse me, Colonel," said Armand; "and the proof is this magnificent cut I got," showing his arm in a sling.

"Humph! A mere scratch! And you actually stopped at that! You forgot that the question was one of the greatest consequence; a question of etiquette! No, no! that will not do. You must set to work again, and one of you must fall!"

The two captains fought again, and the Vicomte Richard received a wound which kept him in bed three months.

During this interval several officers of the regiment applied for leave to fight, but they were requested to wait until the quarrel of the two friends should be terminated. One morning the Colonel met the Vicomte taking an airing, leaning on the arm of the Chevalier,

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "so you have recovered, Sir.

. . . . Admirable! There must be no more delay, you must begin the battle again to-morrow. . . . . And this time do let us have an end of it. I really don't like protracted quarrels." . . . .

The end of it came at last. The two poor friends finished the matter in the completest manner; they ran each other through, and fell dead on the spot. The Vicomte could not make up his mind to survive the Chevalier, and the Chevalier was determined not to survive the Vicomte. All happened for the best.

Thereupon the Duc de Brissac reassembled the officers who were waiting for his permission to fight—

"Gentlemen," he said, "you will now be able to terminate your quarrels. But as I do not wish the service to suffer by this sort of affairs, I only grant one permission at a time. . . . . And it must be understood that each quarrel shall be urged to the last extremity—just like the one which has just taken place."

The lesson was severe—horridly severe, but it produced the result contemplated by the pitiless Colonel. The officers retired silent and sad, and from that day the King's regiment became a model regiment—no duels—perfect discipline!

We cannot help being horrified at the dreadful persistence and inflexibility of the Duc de Brissac, thus cutting to the quick in order to cure the evil; but his method was far preferable to the frivolity of the Duc de Richelieu, who had a strange idea of his duties as chief constable. One morning M. de Marcellus, a

gentleman of Bordeaux, grandfather of the Count de Marcellus, complained to the Marshal of some wretch who had spat in his face.

"Low fellow! Go and wash yourself," said Richelieu.

The deep religious sentiments of M. Marcellus prevented him from seeking satisfaction by a duel. As he could get no reparation from the legal authority he fell back on Christian resignation; but alas! the ignominious affair was exhumed and publicly bruited subsequently at the grand assembly of the notables in 1787. Elected a deputy, M. Marcellus was shunned by all the gentlemen of his province; they avoided him as though he was pest-stricken. They openly taunted him with the insult he had received unavenged, and told him that none of them would sit beside him. At length his religious scruples gave away in the terrible ordeal; he challenged one of these gentlemen, and was killed.

French Actors and Actresses.

At the end of the eighteenth century the French actors had not acquired any rise in social position or estimation, but still they took a fancy to the privilege of "gentlemen," and fought duels; some of them, however, in the theatre,—as it were, continuing the drama in earnest. On one occasion, Florence and Larive, as soon as the play was ended, set to with swords, and would have hacked each other to pieces had they not been separated. On the following morning they re-

paired to the Champs Élysées, went at it again, but did not do each other much harm. Larive several times disarmed Florence, and they left the ground without losing a drop of blood.

Larive was less fortunate in a duel with the celebrated Talma, who wounded him seriously.

A love affair gave rise to a duel in the Bois de Boulogne, between a *danseuse* of the opera, Mademoiselle Théodore, and a *chanteuse* of the same theatre.

The seconds of the former were Mesdemoiselles Fel and Charmoy, and those of the latter, Mesdemoiselles Guimard and Geslin. They were to fight with pistols. The two adversaries, costumed as Amazons, were on the point of taking aim when their lover arrived on the scene, and rushed in between them. He made them a most affecting speech, which, however, only made the hen-sparrows more savage; but whilst pirouetting and gesticulating in his impassioned oratory, he cleverly managed to get possession of the pistols, which he deposited in a wet place. The pistols, consequently, did not go off, and then the two rivals were induced to give each other the kiss of peace.

Numerous duels among Frenchwomen are on record. Among the rest, one fought with swords by the Henriette Sylvie, of Molière, with another woman, both in male attire. In the letters of Madame Dunoyer, a case is mentioned of a lady of Beauclaire and a young lady of rank, who fought with swords in their garden, and would have killed each other had

they not been separated; this meeting had been preceded by a regular challenge.

A duel took place on the Boulevard St. Antoine between two ladies of doubtful virtue, in which they inflicted on each other's face and bosom several wounds; two points at which female jealousy would naturally aim. St. Foix relates the case of Mademoiselle Durieux, who in the open street fought her lover, of the name of Antinotti.

But the most celebrated female duellist was the actress Maupin, one of the performers at the opera. Serane, the famous fencing-master, was one of her lovers, and from him she received many valuable lessons. Being insulted one day, by an actor, she called him out, but as he refused to give her satisfaction, she carried off his watch and his snuff-box as trophies of her victory. Another performer having presumed to offend her, on his declining a meeting, was obliged to kneel down before her, and implore forgiveness. One evening at a ball, having behaved in a very rude manner to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did on the condition that those gentlemen who had warmly espoused the offended lady's cause should "go out" with her. To this proposal they agreed; when, after a hard combat, she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room. This famous affair occurred in the reign of Louis XIV., and the king granted her a pardon. She withdrew to Brussels, where she became the mistress of the Elector

of Bavaria. However, she soon after returned to the Parisian opera, and died in 1707, at the age of thirty-seven.

Talma and Naudet.

The great Revolution burst upon the nation. The Bastille was taken. Duelling ceased for a time in the ruins of the past. Two tragedians revived it in 1790.

Talma was a partisan of the new ideas; Naudet was for the past or passing; nor was he alone of that "ilk" at the Théâtre Français, which remained faithful to the ancient order of things. In a certain disagreement with the audience, respecting some representation, Naudet was hissed, and Talma applauded to the skies in their respective addresses in explanation. After the play, Naudet gave way to the expression of much temper, which he aggravated by giving Talma a slap in the face. A duel with pistols was the result. Talma missed Naudet, who fired in the air.

Charles Lameth and Castries.

This was a revolutionary duel. Charles Lameth on entering the tribune was saluted with the most outrageous denunciations. In the midst of this tempest of invective, Castries went up to him, exclaiming, at the top of his voice, that he was ready to meet in mortal combat all the chiefs of the popular party. Lameth took up the glove, and resolved to settle the matter forthwith. His seconds were Menou and Barnave. It was getting late; objects were scarcely distinguish-

able; swords were the weapons; they set to, and at the instant when Lameth delivered a lounge, which was intended to kill his opponent, but which passed harmlessly outside, he raised his left hand to turn off his enemy's sword, and the point, lacerating his wrist and entire fore-arm, penetrated deep enough to inflict a dangerous wound in his body. As soon as the people heard of the transaction and its consequences, a mob rushed to the house of Castries in the Rue de Varennes, and laid it in ruins.

At this period single combats were considered a detestable relic of aristocracy and courtly corruption, and this act of violence on the part of the mob was called "a sublime movement of the people." In one of his most eloquent speeches, Mirabeau thus alludes to the event:—"You must establish in the empire an implicit obedience to legitimate authorities, and repress among us a handful of insolent conspirators. Ah! gentlemen, it is for their own security that I invoke your severity. Are you not aware that in this destruction, for you cannot call it the dilapidation of a proscribed house, the people bowed religiously before the image of their Sovereign, before the portrait of the chief magistrate of the nation, the executor of the laws, whom they venerated, although under the influence of a *generous fury*?* Are you not aware that this people, in the midst of their excitement, showed

* It appears that in the destruction of everything the mob found in the house, they respected a portrait of the King.

their respect for age and for misfortune, by their delicate attention to Madame de Castries? Are you not aware that the people, in quitting these premises, which they had destroyed, it may be said with order and calmness, insisted that the pockets of every individual should be searched, so that no base action might tarnish a just revenge? Such is true honour, which the prejudices and atrocity of gladiators can never display."

This is but one of the many instances which show that general attention at the time was absorbed by the actors of the political drama. Paris was convinced that not only France but all humanity was interested in the contest at the tribune, where the old world was struggling against the strangling clutch of the new; and it seemed evident that the partisans of privilege, constantly beaten in the tribune, had formed the project of ending the struggle by putting an end to their opponents.

Such being the general conviction, it is not surprising that the soldiery stepped forward, and lent their aid to the cause of the people. The Chasseurs of the Battalion of Saint-Marguerite made the following resolution:—"Every chasseur will attend in his turn the meetings of the National Assembly; he will consider as personal every quarrel provoked with the patriot-deputies, and will defend them to the last drop of his blood."

Nor was that all. The citizen Boyer conceived the

valiant inspiration of taking upon himself all affairs of honour brought about by the "*Blacks*," as the enemies of the people were called. He issued the following manifesto:—"I swear that the entire earth will not be big enough to admit of the escape of a man who shall have wounded a deputy. . . . I have weapons that the hands of patriotism have been pleased to make for me; all are familiar to me; I am not particular as to any of them; all of them will suit me, provided the result be *death*." At the bottom of this universal challenge he gave this address, "*Passage du Bois de Boulogne, Faubourg Saint-Denis*." An office was opened to receive the challenges; heaps of challenges poured in, not directed personally against Boyer, but merely to cross swords with him. He was obliged to accept the aid of fifty patriot *collaborateurs* for the business, forming them into a sort of body-guard, under the title of the *Battalion of Spadassinicides*. This was taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance, and the result was that Boyer and his men waited in vain for an opportunity to draw their swords; they were condemned to a complete inactivity.

After the violent event just described, however, the municipal body of Paris petitioned the National Assembly to frame a law against the practice of duelling, and "to wield the sword of justice in punishing the perverse individual who had shed the blood of one of the representatives of the people, and whose crime the capital had justly avenged. The address was received

with tumultuous applause, both by the audience and the members of the Assembly, when the member for Angoulême, a M. Roy, exclaimed, "that none but ruffians could applaud such a proposal;" for which imprudence he was sentenced to three days' imprisonment. On this occasion Barnave made a most eloquent speech against duelling, but still we find him, three months after, fighting a duel, and wounding Cazalès, another deputy.

Not only were duels avoided in these fearful times, but any person who insulted one of the representatives of the people, or who acted with violence towards him, was denounced as a conspirator and an assassin. This was instanced in the case of Grangeneuve, who had quarrelled with Jouneau, to whom he applied an insulting epithet, to which the other replied, "You have insulted me! Are you a man of honour?"—"I am," replied Grangeneuve. "Then meet me to-morrow at the Bois de Boulogne, with pistols." "I will meet you to-morrow in the National Assembly," replied his antagonist.—"The world, then, will pronounce you a coward."—"And you a ——;" on which Jouneau slapped his face. Grangeneuve retorted with a stone, which he picked up, and a caning, with kicks and cuffs, ensued.

All the eloquence of these desperate madmen, however, could not prevent occasional meetings; and the National Assembly at last abrogated all former laws prohibiting single combat, and passed an amnesty in

favour of those transgressors who had been prosecuted agreeably to their enactments.

Barnave and the Negro Cazalès.

This was one of the first "affairs" among the raging republicans. On the 11th of August, 1790, in the Assemblée Nationale, Oudard demanded, on behalf of the Committee of Inquiry, that certain insinuations of Châtelet should be repelled. His speech was followed by a tempest of cries. The negro member, Cazalès, shouted out that all the members of the Left were brigands. Whilst addressing these words to all the *patriots*, he glanced so significantly at Barnave that the latter could not help saying to the burly negro, "If you are speaking collectively, your words are too silly to be noticed by me; but if you mean to insult me personally, I will not suffer it." "I meant it for you," replied Cazalès. The infuriated patriot could no longer contain himself, and applied to Cazalès the most energetic word in the French language, in both its meanings. On the following morning the two deputies met in the Bois de Boulogne. Barnave's second was A. Lameth, and Saint-Simon was with Cazalès. Barnave fired first and missed. Cazalès took a long aim, but also missed. "*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, "I hope you will excuse me!" "Oh, I must wait your convenience," replied Barnave.

Whilst the seconds were re-loading the pistols the two adversaries had a quiet conversation.

"It would grieve me to kill you," said Cazalès, "but really you are much in my way. However, I only want to keep you from the tribune for a while."

"I am more generous," replied Barnave; "I have scarcely a wish to touch you, for you are the only orator on your side, whereas on mine, my absence would not be perceptible."

After this bout of pleasant wit they fired again. Barnave's ball struck Cazalès in the forehead, but only produced a contusion, which was not dangerous; his hat deadened the shot.

Mirabeau and the Comte de Latour-Maubourg.

The *noirs*, or old party of the Revolution, not only quarrelled with the patriots, but among themselves. M. de Bouillé fought a duel with M. de Latour, and shot him dead.

The duel between Mirabeau and Latour-Maubourg was fought with swords. Mirabeau received a wound which confined him to his bed for a long time, and when his brother came to see him, he said to him, "I am much obliged for your visit. Believe me, it is the more agreeable to me because *you* will never give an opportunity of doing the same to you."

This was not Mirabeau's first affair. At the age of eighteen he had fought at La Rochelle with a young officer of dragoons, whom he wounded. At the time when he was engaged in a divorce suit with his wife, he fought three of the inhabitants of Aix, who pre-

sented themselves as champions of the countess, and ran one of them through the arm.

Camille Desmoulins and Two Actors.

Being insulted at the Théâtre Français by two players, Camille Desmoulins only replied to the double provocation with a gesture of contempt; and in his newspaper, or at the tribune, launched forth as follows against the practice of duelling:—

"One may brave death in the cause of liberty for one's country, and I feel that I could stretch my neck out of my litter, and hold forth my throat to the sword of Antony. I feel that I could possess sufficient fortitude to ascend the scaffold with a mingled sentiment of pleasure. Such is the courage which I have received, not from nature—which shudders at the aspect of death—but from philosophy. To be assassinated by the bravo who provokes me, is to be stung by a tarantula. I should have to spend all my days in the Bois de Boulogne were I to give satisfaction to all those whom my frankness offends. I may be accused of cowardice; but I apprehend that the times are not far distant when we shall have ample opportunities of dying in a more glorious and useful manner. Then the love of my country will inspire me again with that courage which enabled me to mount a table at the Palais Royal, and be the first to assume the national cockade." The poor fellow had only anticipated his impending fate—doomed soon after to fall under the rival power of Robespierre.

CHAPTER XII.

DUELS IN ENGLAND FROM THE YEAR 1751 TO 1765.

At the commencement of the latter half of the eighteenth century in England, the sword was still worn by gentlemen, and, as a matter of course, it could not help being frequently "whipped out," as occasion might require.

Mr. Paul and Mr. Dalton.

(A. D. 1751.)

The names of these belligerents are unknown to fame, but still the affair is terribly interesting on account of the suspicion of foul play, from which it was difficult to divest the transaction. It occurred on the 24th of May, 1751, the birthday of George, Prince of Wales, which, according to the chronicler of the time, was "observed with great marks of loyalty and affection."

This duel was fought in a house near Grosvenor

Square, about twelve o'clock at night. The quarrel arose in company with some ladies of reputation, to one of whom Mr. Dalton was soon to be married, and the parties separated with anger, especially Mr. Paul, who subsequently went in a sedan-chair to Mr. Dalton's lodgings, about ten o'clock at night, and not finding him at home, sent him the following *billet*, which he received at the tavern by the hands of his own servant :—

"Sir,—We have long been intimate friends, but your behaviour in this affair cannot be passed over. The least degree of satisfaction that any gentleman can expect is all that is required by—Yours, etc. *P.S. I am sorry I am obliged to send for you here, as it may be thought wrong.*"

Mr. Dalton, after reading this to his friend, hastened home, and, in a few minutes after entering the room where Mr. Paul was waiting for him, the servant heard a noise like fencing, but before he could get upstairs he heard the street door shut; and on entering the parlour found his master expiring, the candles put out, and Mr. Paul fled!

The deceased had only one wound, in the upper part of his left breast, but inclining downwards, which was hardly capable of being received in an upright posture; and it led, at the coroner's inquest, to a verdict of *wilful murder*. Mr. Paul never submitted to his trial, and was outlawed; but, doubtless, in those times the horrid affair was only "a nine days' wonder."

Colonel Jonah Barrington and Mr. Gilbert.

(A.D. 1760.)

In the country districts of Ireland the wager of battle was sometimes decided on horseback, after the Arab fashion. There was a notable duello of this description some time about the year 1760, between a sturdy veteran, Colonel Jonah Barrington, and a neighbour, Mr. Gilbert. Their animosities had been increasing daily; there was an unhealthy state of secret hostility, not openly declared, until some judicious friends at last interfered, and, from a fear that the feud might descend by way of *vendetta* to the innocent offspring, pressed that the matter should be cleared off in an open, honest, legitimate way. To their humane argument, the champions, to their credit be it said, at once acceded.

The ground was fixed to be the Green of Maryborough—the distance one hundred yards of race—the weapons two holster pistols charged with ball and swan-drops—broadsword and dirk. The engagement had been advertised for some six months previous, and the whole country round flocked to see the exciting spectacle. The ground was kept, as at a race, by master gamekeepers and huntsmen.

There was much slashing and hewing. The veteran received three cuts early in the fight; but, as both wore steel caps under their hats, there was no very serious danger to be looked for. The other gentle-

man had been pierced through the thigh, but not so as to cause him serious inconvenience. At last the veteran, growing tired of the struggle, closed upon his adversary, stabbed his horse several times, and, with his dagger at his enemy's throat, was proclaimed the victor. Curious to say, the well-intentioned purpose of the judicious friends who arranged the meeting was happily carried out, for they became sworn friends on the very field.*

An Irish Quartette Duel.
(A.D. 1760.)

It is on record that a curious quartette duel was fought between Sir John Bourke, of Ghirsk, and Amby Bodkin, Esq., together with their seconds. The practice was spoken of as very exciting; and the little heir of the family—then only some five or six years of age—was brought out and hoisted upon men's shoulders to "see papa fight." An umpire gave the signal by firing a pistol, but it is not mentioned in what place of security he had posted himself. At the first discharge the principals were slightly wounded, but not at all so seriously as to interfere with the prosecution of the sport. The next volley, the chronicler—with an allowable enthusiasm—tells us, "told better." Both the seconds and Amby Bodkin, Esq., were seen tottering on the ground. "They were well hit," the chronicler adds, with undisguised satisfaction.†

* 'All the Year Round,' May 10, 1862.

† *Ubi suprà.*

JOHN WILKES AND EARL TALBOT.

(A. D. 1762.)

The quarrel between these distinguished characters originated in words published in the 'North Briton,' containing reflections injurious to the feelings of Earl Talbot. Various letters passed between the parties, and the posture of the times rendering them of national importance, this personal contest itself was viewed with no ordinary degree of interest. The following letter shows the bearing and determination of Colonel Wilkes—for he was a sort of *militaire* as well as a politician of astonishing pertinacity.

"To Colonel Berkeley (afterwards Lord Bottetourt).

"Sir,—Lord Talbot, by your message, has at last brought this most important question to the precise point where my first answer to his lordship fixed it, if he preferred that. As you have only seen the two last letters, I must entreat you to cast your eye over those preceding, because I apprehend they will justify an observation or two I made this morning, when I had the honour of paying my compliments to you at camp. Be assured that, if I am between heaven and earth, I will be on Tuesday evening at Tilbury's, the Red Lion, at Bagshot, and on Wednesday morning will play this duet with his lordship. It is a real satisfaction to me that his lordship is to be accompanied by a gentleman of Colonel Berkeley's worth and honour. This will be delivered to you by my adjutant, who

attends me to Bagshot. I shall not bring any servant with me from the fear of any of the parties being known. My pistols only, or his lordship's, at his option, shall decide this point. . . . I have Lord Bruce's leave of absence for ten days.—I am, &c.

"JOHN WILKES."

"P. S.—I hope we may make a *partie quarrée* for supper on Tuesday at Bagshot."

Evidently John Wilkes was a fire-eater worthy of the swaggering days of Charles II., or those of the First Napoleon's rollicking troopers; and the following letter, describing the whole affair, will tend, I think, to heighten and complete the picture of his character, as well as give an idea of that of his opponent, who seems to have tried his patience as well as his powder. The letter is addressed to Earl Temple :—

"I came here at three this afternoon, and about five I was told that Lord Talbot and Colonel Berkeley were in the house. Lord Talbot had been there at one, and was gone again, leaving a message, however, that he would soon return. I had continued in the room where I was at my first coming, for fear of raising any suspicion. I sent a compliment to Colonel Berkeley, and that I wished to see him ; he was so obliging as to come to me directly. I told him that I suppose we were to sup together with Lord Talbot, whom I was ready to attend as became a private gentleman ; and that he and Mr. Harris (Wilkes's adjutant) as our seconds would settle the business of the next morning.

Berkeley said that his lordship desired to finish the business immediately. I replied that the appointment was to sup together that evening, and to fight in the morning; that in consequence of such an arrangement I had, like an idle man of pleasure, put off some business of real importance, which I meant to settle before I went to bed. I added that I was come from Medmenham Abbey,* where the jovial monks of St. Francis had kept me up till four in the morning; that the world would therefore conclude that I was drunk, and form no favourable opinion of his Lordship from a duel at such a time; that it more became us both to take a cool hour of the next morning, and as early a one as was agreeable to his lordship. Berkeley said that he had undertaken to bring us together, and we were both now at Bagshot, he would leave us to settle our own business. He then asked me if I would go with him to his lordship. I said I would any moment he pleased. We went directly, with my adjutant.

"I found his lordship in an agony of passion. He said that I had injured him, that he was not used to be injured or insulted. What did I mean? Did I, or did I not write the 'North Briton' of August 21st, which affronted his honour? He would know; he insisted on a direct answer; here were his pistols. I replied that he would soon use them; that I desired to know by what right his lordship catechised me about a paper which did not bear my name; that I should never re-

* Noted for the orgies of Wilkes and his "monks."

solve the question to him till he made out the right of putting it, and that if I could have entertained any other idea I was too well bred to have given his lordship and Colonel Berkeley the trouble of coming to Bagshot. I observed that I was a private English gentleman, perfectly free and independent, which I held to be a character of the highest dignity; that I obeyed with pleasure a gracious sovereign, but would never submit to the arbitrary dictates of a fellow-subject—a Lord Steward of his Household—my superior, indeed, in rank, fortune, abilities, but my equal only in honour, courage, and liberty.

"His lordship then asked me if I would fight him that evening. I said that I preferred the next morning, as it had been settled before, and gave my reasons. His lordship replied that he insisted on finishing the affair immediately. I told him that I should very soon be ready; that I did not mean to quit him, but would absolutely first settle some important business relative to the education of an only daughter, whom I tenderly loved; that it would take up but very little time, and I would immediately decide the affair in any way he chose, for I had brought both sword and pistols.

"I rang the bell for pen, ink, and paper, desiring his lordship to conceal his pistols, that they might not be seen by the waiter. He soon after became half frantic, and made use of a thousand indecent expressions, that I should be *hanged, damned,* etc. etc. I

said that I was not to be frightened, nor in the least affected by such violence; that God had given me a firmness and spirit equal to his lordship's or any man's; that cool courage should always mark me, and that it would be seen how well bottomed *he* was.

"After the waiter had brought pen, ink, and paper, I proposed that the door of the room might be locked, and not opened till our business was decided. His lordship, on this proposition, became quite outrageous; declared that this was mere *butchery*, and that I was a wretch, who sought his life. I reminded him that I came there on a point of honour, to give his lordship satisfaction; that I mentioned the circumstance of locking the door only to prevent all possibility of interruption; and that I would in every circumstance be governed, not by the turbulence of the most violent temper I had ever seen, but by the calm determinations of our seconds, to whom I implicitly submitted. His lordship then asked me if I would deny the paper. I answered that I would neither own nor deny it; if I survived I would afterwards declare, not before.

"Soon after he grew a little cooler, and in a soothing tone of voice, said, 'I have never, I believe, offended Mr. Wilkes; why has he attacked me? He must be sorry to see me unhappy.' I asked, upon what ground his lordship imputed the paper to me? That Mr. Wilkes would justify any paper to which he had put his name, and would equally assert the privi-

lege of not giving any answer whatever about a paper which he had not; that this was my undoubted right, which I was ready to seal with my blood. He then said he admired me exceedingly, really loved me—but I was an unaccountable animal—such parts! but would I kill him who had never offended me? etc. etc. etc.

"We had after this a good deal of conversation about the Bucks Militia, and the day his Lordship came to see us on Wycombe Heath, before I was *colonel*. He soon flamed out again, and said to me, 'You are a murderer, you want to kill me, but I am sure I shall kill you, I know I shall, by G—d! If you *will* fight, if you *will* kill me, I hope you will be *hanged*; I know you will.'

"I asked if I was first to be *killed* and afterwards *to be hanged?* That I knew his lordship fought me *with the King's pardon in his pocket*, and I fought him with a halter about my neck; that I would fight him for all that, and if he fell, I should not tarry here a moment for the tender mercies of such a ministry, but would directly proceed to the next stage, where my valet waited for me, and from thence I would make the best of my way to France, as men of honour were sure of protection in that country. He then told me that I was an unbeliever, and *wished* to be killed! I could not help smiling at this, and observed that we did not meet at Bagshot to settle articles of faith, but points of honour; that indeed I had no fear of d ing,

but I enjoyed life as much as any man in it; that I was as little subject to be gloomy or even peevish, as any Englishman whatever; that I valued life, and the fair enjoyments of it so much, that I would never quit it by my own consent, except on a call of honour.

"I then wrote a letter to your lordship respecting the education of Miss Wilkes, and gave you my poor thanks for the steady friendship with which you have so many years honoured me. Colonel Berkeley took care of the letter, and I have since desired him to send it to Stowe; for the sentiments of the heart, at such a moment, are beyond all politics, and, indeed, everything else, except such virtue as Lord Temple's.*

"When I had sealed my letter, I told his lordship I was entirely at his service, and I again desired that we might decide the affair *in the room*, because there could not be a possibility of interruption; but he was quite inexorable. He then asked me how many times

* Wilkes was amply repaid for his evident great affection for his daughter. Her filial devotedness to him throughout his life ever stood forth in wonderful contrast to the hatred and detestation with which he was encompassed on all sides, so that people were warranted in thinking that, after all, he could not be so bad, to be able to secure the pure love and affection of his daughter.

But John Wilkes had a wonderful power of fascination, so that, "in spite of his ugliness," he said, "he would undertake to make a conquest of any woman in five minutes." But that people should be able to say, "See how his *daughter* loves him!" must be considered a glorious thing to the memory of John Wilkes.

we should fire? I said that I left it to his choice; that I had brought a flask of powder and a bag of bullets.

"Our seconds then charged the pistols, which my adjutant had brought; they were large horse-pistols. It was agreed that we should fire at the word of command, to be given by one of our seconds. They tossed up, and it fell to my adjutant to give the word.

"We then left the inn, and walked to a garden at some distance from the house. It was near seven, and the moon shone bright. We stood about eight yards distant, and agreed not to turn round before we fired, but to continue facing each other. Harris gave the word. Both our fires were in very exact time, but neither took effect. I walked up immediately to his lordship, and told him that now I avowed the paper. His lordship paid me the highest encomiums on my courage, and said he would declare everywhere that I was the noblest fellow God had ever made. He then desired that we might be good friends, and retire to the inn to drink a bottle of claret together, which we did with great good humour, and much laughter. * * * Berkeley told me he was grieved for his lordship's passion, and admired my courage and coolness beyond his furthest idea; that was his expression. * * * I have a million of other particulars to relate, but I blush already at the length of this letter. * * *

"I am, my dear Lord, etc. etc.,

"JOHN WILKES."

Such is the remarkable description of this affair between Earl Talbot and the ever-memorable John Wilkes. I have given the letter nearly entire, omitting only at the asterisks matter not germane to the subject. The characters of the men stand out too prominently in the narrative to require comment or elucidation; but there were certain oddities about the affair which should not be passed over. First, the barbarism of using "large horse-pistols" in a duel; secondly, Wilkes's precipitation in at once advancing to Earl Talbot, before ascertaining, as the challenged party, whether his lordship was "satisfied;" thirdly, his lordship's ending of the affair, with evident alacrity, after Wilkes "avowed the paper," tendering no apology.

I am quite sure that no Frenchman would have "arranged" the matter after that fashion; but, of course, so much the better for the parties concerned, and those who were interested in the longevity of the belligerents.

Finally, standing as they stood, at the distance of only eight yards, little more than the length of an ordinary drawing-room across the angles, and, of course, considerably diminished by the length of the pistols, it is quite incomprehensible how they missed each other, if they did not fire like many a recruit, shutting their eyes.

The following are Millingen's remarks on this duel:—

"According to our modern notions of duelling, in this

curious transaction one might be disposed to think that neither of the parties was particularly anxious to fight. That Wilkes should have wished to sup in company with the person whom he had offended, the night before the duel, would lead to a fancy that he contemplated the possibility of a reconciliation. On the other hand, Lord Talbot, by his conduct, which was most ungentlemanly and outrageous, seemed disposed to bully Wilkes into a concession; and both parties talked of killing with a view to terrify each other. From the well-known character of Wilkes, no one could doubt his courage; but his refusing to acknowledge himself the writer of the offensive article, which he after the duel admitted to have been his, was a shallow act, that nothing could justify but the insulting manner in which Lord Talbot put the question to him; and most assuredly his lordship had the worst of the affair, since he was satisfied with a shot returned, although Wilkes acknowledged himself the writer of the insulting paragraph. The frequency of the duels that occurred in those days does not appear to have given them, generally speaking, a character of much delicacy or punctilious honour; and they seem to have been the result of fashion more than of feeling."

The duel of Wilkes with Lord Talbot was one of the first that occurred in the beginning of the reign of George III. Hostile meetings had now assumed a different character. Swords were no longer drawn in taverns, and other places of resort, on the spur of the

moment; and when, afterwards, the wearing of side-arms ceased to be customary, duels assumed a more regular form and arrangement.

JOHN WILKES AND MR. MARTIN.

(A.D. 1763.)

Scarcely a year elapsed after his affair with Lord Talbot, when Wilkes got himself involved in another duel. In the 'North Briton' he had given some characteristic sketches, supposed to allude to Samuel Martin, member for Camelford, and late Secretary to the Treasury; the same gentleman who was afterwards the hero of Churchill's poem, 'The Duellist.' The paragraph was as follows:—"The secretary of a certain board, and a very apt tool of Ministerial persecution, who, with a snout worthy of a Portuguese inquisitor, is hourly looking out for carrion in office, to feed the man of the insatiable vulture, *imo, etiam in senatum venit, notat et designat unumquemque nostrum,*† he marks us, and all our innocent families, for beggary and ruin. Neither the tenderness of age, nor the sacredness of sex is spared by the cruel Scot." In a subsequent number of the periodical, Martin is again alluded to as "the most treacherous, base, selfish, mean, abject, low-lived, and dirty fellow that ever wriggled himself into a secretaryship."

† "Yes, he even comes into the Senate, observes and singles out each of us"—Words of Cicero applied to Catiline.

These "elegant extracts" will give an idea of the scurrility in vogue during those times, with a duel always more or less impending; and will show what an immense improvement has been made among modern political writers, without the aid of duelling, but simply by the improvement of public taste and public opinion.

It was scarcely to be wondered at that Mr. Martin should resent these horrible imputations, which he did, of course, in a very violent and insulting speech in the House of Commons.

Not content with what he had written and published against Mr. Martin, Wilkes sent him the following letter:—

"Sir, — You complained yesterday, before five hundred gentlemen, that you had been *stabbed in the dark* by the 'North Briton.' But I believe you were not so much in *the dark* as you affected and chose to be. Was the complaint made before so many gentlemen on purpose that they might interpose? . . . To cut off every pretence of this kind, as to the author, I whisper in your ear, that every passage of the 'North Briton' in which you have been named, or alluded to, was written by your humble servant,

"JOHN WILKES."

To this letter Mr. Martin returned the following answer:—

"Sir,—As I said in the House of Commons yesterday, that the writer of the 'North. Briton,' who had

stabbed me in the dark was a cowardly as well as a malignant scoundrel, and your letter, of this morning's date, acknowledges that every passage of the 'North Briton' in which I have been named, or even alluded to, was written by yourself, I must take the liberty to repeat that you are a malignant and infamous scoundrel, and that I desire to give you an opportunity of showing me whether the epithet of *cowardly* was rightly applied or not.

"I desire that you may meet me in Hyde Park immediately, with a brace of pistols each, to determine our difference. I shall go to the Ring in Hyde Park, with my pistols so concealed that nobody may see them; and I will wait in expectation of you for one hour. As I shall call in my way at your house, to deliver this letter, I propose to go from thence directly to the Ring in Hyde Park; from whence we may proceed, if it be necessary, to any more private place. And I mention that I shall wait an hour in order to give you the full time to meet me.—I am, Sir, etc.,

"SAMUEL MARTIN."

The tenor of this challenge infers the belief of the writer that it would take a great deal to make John Wilkes fight in earnest; and that he was determined to get him out if he possibly could. This must have been Wilkes's conviction at its reception, and he must have felt that he had to do with a different sort of "fellow" to Earl Talbot. He went.

When the gentlemen met in Hyde Park, they walked

together a little while, to avoid some company which seemed coming up to them. They brought each a pair of pistols. When they were alone, the first fire was from Mr. Martin's pistol, which missed Wilkes, whose pistol only flashed in the pan. They then each took one of the remaining pistols. Wilkes missed; but the ball of Mr. Martin's pistol lodged in Wilkes's belly. He bled immediately very much. Mr. Martin came up and desired to give him all the assistance in his power. Wilkes replied that Mr. Martin had behaved like a man of honour—that he was killed—and insisted on Mr. Martin making his immediate escape; adding, that no person should know from him how the affair happened. Upon this they parted. Wilkes was carried home, but would not tell, as he had promised, any circumstance of the case until it was perfectly known. He only said to the surgeon that it was an affair of honour. The following day, Wilkes imagining himself in the greatest danger, returned to Mr. Martin his letter, that no evidence might appear against him, and insisted upon it with his own relatives, that, in case of his death, no trouble should be given to Mr. Martin, for he had behaved as a man of honour, thus making amends for his previous ungentlemanly conduct.

Wilkes was carried home in a chair. Dr. Brocklesby and Mr. Graves, surgeon, were immediately sent for. Mr. Graves extracted the ball, which first struck Wilkes's coat button, entered his belly about half an

inch below the navel, and sank obliquely on the right side, towards the groin, but did not penetrate the abdomen. It was extracted from behind.

When Wilkes was able to write, he sent notice by letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons of the condition of his health. The result was to Wilkes one of the greatest honours ever paid by the House to any man. The House of Commons made the following order:—"That Dr. Heberden, physician, and Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, one of His Majesty's sergeant-surgeons, be desired to attend John Wilkes, Esq., from time to time, at proper intervals, to observe the progress of his cure; and that they, together with Dr. Brocklesby and Mr. Graves, do attend this House, to report their opinion thereupon, on the 19th of January next, in case the said John Wilkes, Esq., be not then able to attend at his place." This order was made on the 16th of December, 1763, exactly a month after the duel.

The order was sent by command of the Speaker to Dr. Heberden, who sent it to Dr. Brocklesby, Wilkes's physician, with a letter, desiring to know when he might attend the latter in a visit to Wilkes. Dr. Brocklesby sent the order of the House, with Dr. Heberden's letter, to Wilkes, and requested him to appoint a time when they might wait on him. Wilkes sent a polite card to Dr. Heberden, saying that he was so well satisfied with the attention and skill of Dr. Brocklesby and Mr. Graves, that he did not wish to see Dr. Heberden

for some weeks. He sent a similar card to Mr. Hawkins.*

Immediately after the duel Mr. Martin proceeded to Paris; and it is satisfactory to know that when Wilkes, on his recovery, visited that city, notes and a friendly visit were exchanged between them.

The reader will probably have remarked that this duel was fought without seconds; therefore, the conduct of Wilkes in his hour of peril and subsequently, is much to his credit, and deserves the highest approval. At the same time, it cannot be considered more than was absolutely due to the man whom he had so defiantly and stupidly provoked, after virulently attacking him anonymously, both directly and by allusion.

The fearful result must have been a warning and a "caution" to the malignant scribes of the day, and may serve as a memorial for all times to those who, shielded by their anonymity, should never forget the fate of John Wilkes, with a ball in his belly.

Doubtless, however, it was, on the whole, worth a shot in the belly to receive such an honour as the House of Commons vouchsafed to him; the moral of which is, that there is no knowing what "the House," or a "Party" in it, will do for a master or a favourite.

* The officious interference of the Speaker on this occasion was evidently offensive to the professional character of Dr. Brocklesby and Mr. Graves; and Mr. Wilkes, by his behaviour, conveyed a severe censure on his conduct and that of the House; but of course it was merely a political demonstration.

It is the same with Kings, Queens, and Emperors, all the world over.

Mr. Martin's conduct in this transaction had been highly honourable; but the "public," which then adored Wilkes, was so much exasperated at the danger to which he had been exposed, that no credit was given to the spirit which his antagonist had displayed. On the contrary, it was remarked that Mr. Martin had taken no notice of the objectionable passage in the 'North Briton' until about eight months after the publication, and that in so public and official a manner before the House as almost to demand an interference. He was also accused of having during that period practised every day at a target, Sundays not excepted; and also with not having returned Wilkes's letter till a month after the duel, with a view, as it was suggested, had Wilkes speedily recovered, of making use of it in evidence of his being concerned in the 'North Briton.' These aspersions were probably part and parcel of the political rancour of the times.

These were not the only instances in which Wilkes imperilled his life by his political and editorial outpourings. He had not been long in Paris after his recovery when a Scotch captain, of the name of Charles John Forbes, called him out, as the writer of several articles in the 'North Briton' against the dignity of Scotland. Wilkes pleaded other engagements of the *same nature,* but expressed his willingness to give him satisfaction as soon as they were disposed of. The

captain, in a wild manner, insisted upon an immediate meeting; but not being able to find a second, or any one to vouch for his being a gentleman, as Wilkes seems to have rather cautiously required, the political hero declined accepting the challenge. The affair coming to the ear of the police, the parties were put on their parole not to fight within the French dominions. Hereupon Wilkes seems to have become quite chivalrous, and waiving his doubts about the gentility of the redoubtable Scot, he offered to meet him in Flanders; in any country in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America! Soon after the return of Wilkes to London, Captain Forbes appeared there, with a view, as it was suspected, of fighting with him; but the Ministry, upon getting notice of the arrival and intention of the Scot, very prudently caused it to be intimated to him that his presence could not but be very disagreeable, upon which the doughty champion of Auld Reekie thought proper to leave the kingdom, and afterwards entered the Portuguese service a desperate adventurer.

Two Irish Brothers.

(A.D. 1763.)

A duel was fought in 1763 between two brothers, Irish gentlemen, in Kensington Gravel Pits, in which one received so dangerous a wound that his life was despaired of. The quarrel arose out of the barbarous treatment of a sister by one of her brothers, she having married an officer against the wishes of her family.

The Reverend Mr. Hill and Cornet Gardiner.

(A.D. 1764.)

This duel took place in Epping Forest. Gardiner was a cornet of the Carabineers, and Mr. Hill was chaplain of Bland's Dragoons. The latter received a wound of which he died two days after.

The reporter of this affair adds the following notice of the reverend gentleman :—

"Hill was an Irish gentleman, of good address, great sprightliness, and possessed of an excellent talent for preaching; but he was of rather too volatile a turn for his profession."

Lord Kilmaurs and a French Officer.

(A.D. 1765.)

This duel occurred at Marseilles. Lord Kilmaurs, eldest son of the Earl of Glencairn, was one of the best-natured persons in the world, but had the misfortune to be rather deaf; and being one evening at the play, he talked rather loud to the person who sat next to him, as people under the misfortune of deafness generally do. This happened to offend a French officer in the same box, who gave the usual "Pray be quiet" to his lordship, the French equivalent for which he repeated several times, of course without Lord Kilmaurs' hearing it. Upon this, our officer, with a fierce look, shouted aloud *Taisez-vous*, "Hold your tongue," a most insolent reprimand anywhere, but

especially in France. His lordship happened to hear this, and observed the haughty air which accompanied the expression; he therefore made as sharp a reply as it deserved, "That as the officer had no right to command silence there, he would show his contempt for his insolence by talking still louder," which he accordingly did. The officer soon after left the box, and as his lordship's ill star would have it, he left the box also, and went into another, to which the same officer happened to have retreated, but quite unintentionally and without the least thought of what had passed. Looking about him on entering the box, he cast his eyes on the officer without recollecting him. It seemed like bravado, and the Frenchman, fired with resentment, ran close up to him, saying, "What do you mean by staring at me?" Lord Kilmaurs did not repeat the usual reply in such cases that "a cat may stare at a king," but he said firmly that he "thought he might look at anybody." To which the Frenchman in a rage exclaimed, he "was not to be so treated with impunity," and with the words, "come along," he dragged his lordship down into the street, and struck him on the shoulder with his naked sword. Upon this, the deaf lord drew his sword gallantly, made a pass or two, but was run through the body, the officer's sword coming out at his shoulder-blade. Those familiar with this gay and eastern port can fancy that scene in the open *place* hard by the *Canebière*, with the lighted cafés—not yet were the days

of the gorgeous and fantastic *Café Turc*—and the coloured awnings from the windows fluttering in the air, and the great Mediterranean rolling up to the shore a few yards away. Shrieks for the watch, a crowd pouring fresh from the parterre, gathering round, and the Marquis de Pacquigny, at the head of his guard, hurrying up to the spot where the poor Englishman was lying. He was gasping for breath, choking for want of air, while the crowd, with the stupidity of all crowds, pressed in still closer upon him. But the French guard made a ring round him, and saved his life for once. He was still, however, gasping and struggling there, when a surgeon, who had been at the play, came up, slit open the collar of his shirt, had him lifted up, and some water given to him. He was all but dead, and could not speak; but, wonderful to relate, in three days was perfectly well, or at any rate out of danger.

The French officer took post immediately into the Pope's dominions at Avignon, and a short detail of the affair was sent to the British ambassador at Paris, referring it entirely to his Excellency to manage the matter as he thought proper, and he settled it accordingly by allowing it to drop as quietly as possible; the affair having been the result of a series of mistakes, which no one could regret more keenly than the officer whose sword was so improperly employed.

During the Peninsular war a similar calamity resulted from a mistake still more ludicrous on the part

of one of the fighters, an Irish officer. One day an Irish officer came up to his comrades announcing that he had just seen "a fine field of *anchovies*." A loud burst of laughter was the consequence, after which one of the officers, an Englishman, said, "Why, it beats Bruce and Münchausen hollow!"

The Irishman was highly indignant at the reception of his piece of information, and singled out the speaker for his vengeance.

"Sir, I wish you to know that I am not to be laughed at with impunity. I demand instant satisfaction," he said, and walked off indignantly, requesting one of his gallant compatriots to attend him. All efforts at pacification were made in vain; a meeting had to take place. At the first fire the Englishman dropped seriously wounded, and at the instant the Irishman rushed up to him, and with frantic expressions of regret, exclaimed, "Ah! sure, it was a field of *capers* I meant!" He had only just become conscious of his mistake.

Lord Townshend and Lord Bellamont.

(A.D. 1773.)

The following duel was, perhaps, quite as "Irish" as the preceding; it occurred in the year 1773, and was, indeed, a model difficulty. As an "affair of honour," arising out of no vulgar incidents of assault and battery, or strong personal language, as one negotiated through all its stages with a rare delicacy, and finally,

as one brought to a satisfactory issue upon the field, it takes rank among the highest on record. As exhibiting the supremest niceties which then regulated the code of honour among *Irishmen,* it deserves our careful study. The details of this famous transaction, which filled the newspapers of the time, were something in this wise:—

Lord Townshend was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, lived in the Castle of Dublin, received all the nobility and "jontry" at levées and "drawn-rooms," and was sprinkled copiously with "excellency," and other proconsular adulation. One morning came the Earl of Bellamont,—and note how melodious and romantic these Irish titles are,—craving audience, in company with other postulates. To him presently enters an aide-de-camp with word that he, the Earl, need not wait, for that his Excellency would not be at leisure to see *him* that day; and then, turning to the other parties, bade *them* wait, as his Excellency would see *them* presently. No doubt this speech was flavoured with the true ante-room *hauteur,* and delivered about as offensively as it conveniently could. "Then," said the Earl of Bellamont, "his Excellency will be pleased to ascertain at what time he will see me. I have already waited several times by appointment, and have been sent away each time." To him presently the aide-de-camp returns with a fresh message, that the thing was impossible, and that he should come on Wednesday, which was the day for military matters. "Sir," said

the Earl, "you will be good enough to inform his Excellency that, as a peer of the realm, I have a right to audience. But, if his Excellency does not know what he owes to me, I also know what I owe to myself, and therefore will not wait upon him here or elsewhere."

This last assurance was a mistake, for by-and-by his Excellency comes to London, and after some twelve days is waited on by another earl—Dr. Johnson's Lord Charlemont—on the part of the Earl of Bellamont. This nobleman commenced matters by requesting permission to read a statement on the part of his noble friend, which was at once accorded. Nothing could be in better taste than this document, or more graciously worded; it even commenced with a handsome acknowledgment:—"I wait on your lordship," read the "elegant Charlemont," as Lord Macaulay calls him, "first to return your Lordship thanks for the recommendation to the King with which you honoured him, and for which it was his intention to have thanked you in person." He then apologizes for not waiting on him earlier, but he felt a reluctance to break in upon him when he would be engaged giving an account of his province to the King. He then recapitulated all the details of the scene at the castle; stated that Lord Bellamont had resigned his commission in his Majesty's service, in order that he might with more propriety proceed in this delicate matter without being restrained by duty.

Poor Lord Townshend, who had no doubt forgotten all about the transaction, then asked what apology Lord Bellamont required? Upon which the "elegant Charlemont," prepared at all points, began to read, "The only apology that the nature of the affront will admit of, is that of asking Lord Bellamont's pardon." It was added, that there was no wish to hurry his Lordship, but that the answer would be expected *at least one day before his Lordship* left town. Lord Townshend replied, "I cannot ask pardon, as it would be an acknowledgment of an offence I never intended." But the two Irish noblemen had "drawn the pleadings" between them too skillfully to admit of any loophole. "I am not at liberty," said the elegant Charlemont, "to take back any answer to Lord Bellamont than that your lordship begs his pardon, or that your lordship desires to take time to consider it. I therefore entreat your lordship to reflect before you lay me under the absolute necessity of delivering another message to your lordship, which Lord Bellamont sends with the extremest regret, and which I shall deliver with equal reluctance." Lord Townshend having persisted in his refusal, Lord Charlemont then read the following article:—"I am enjoined by Lord Bellamont to state to your lordship, that he considers *you divested* of every principle *that constitutes the character of a man of honour.*"

This severe language was no doubt delivered with the sweetness and affability of which the accomplished

nobleman was capable. The situation, however, was getting to be grave, so Lord Townshend asked permission to call in a friend, and presently arrived Colonel Fraser. He then requested that the last passage might be read over again, for the benefit of the new comer, which was done. Then Lord Townshend proposed intrusting Lord Charlemont with a reply to carry back to Lord Bellamont. This was declined, the skilful diplomatist pleading that his instructions were to receive no message, but that such must come through a channel of his Lordship's own providing.

This took place on Christmas-Eve; and at half-past eleven on Boxing-Night—an appropriate festival—a letter was left at Lord Bellamont's, in Curzon Street, from Viscount Ligonier, politely requesting to know when it would be convenient to his lordship to receive a message from Lord Townshend, with which he should have the honour of charging himself. In conclusion, he had "the honour to be,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most

"Obedient and most humble servant,

"LIGONIER."

To this Lord Bellamont replied that same night that he should be at home the whole of the next day.

Accordingly, on Sunday morning at half-past eleven o'clock, "Lord Viscount Ligonier" arrived, and was about delivering his message, when Lord Bellamont

interfered, and hoped he might have permission to introduce his friend Lord Charlemont, for, as Lord Townshend had called in *his* friend Colonel Fraser, to hear himself described in no very complimentary language, it was only equitable that he should have the same privilege. Lord Charlemont then came in, and all preparations being now duly made, "Lord Viscount Ligonier" began to deliver his terrible message. "What will your Lordship say when, notwithstanding the force of this message, I am authorized to assure your lordship, that Lord Townshend never meant to offend you?" No doubt the Irish noblemen were a little staggered by this announcement, and after a pause, during which gloom and disappointment gathered upon their faces, Lord Bellamont said, "I confess, my Lord, this is more than I expected. But since Lord Townshend's first care is to justify his intention towards me, and end his present situation, let him do it in such a manner as to justify me in releasing him *from* that situation. The apology your lordship has delivered is not yet sufficient." Then Lord Ligonier begged permission to return to his principal; and by-and-by came back with another apology, shaped more satisfactorily, in which he repeated that he never had meant to offend, and was sorry, generally, that the business had occurred.

This last "article" was surely sufficient for the noble lord, for it made him play penitent for what he owned to having known nothing of. But the insati-

able Irish noblemen were not to be balked. The Earl of Bellamont now requested permission to send for a fourth actor in the piece, who had not as yet "come on," but who was to figure, he said, in the responsible function of his "second in the field"—namely, Lord Ancram. Lord Charlemont's powers, it would appear, did not stretch beyond that of pacificator and diplomatist; the new negotiator had sterner duties. Accordingly, Lord Ancram presented himself. The original expression of regret, together with its amendment, was read over to him, considered gravely, and pronounced satisfactory. A wonderful instance of abnegation on the part of the new negotiator, considering that it was a virtual renunciation of his new office and powers. The atonement offered was almost too complete to be satisfactory. The very handsomeness of the apology disturbed him. There should at least have been qualification and protocolling. There may have been a snake hidden in the grass. So, on the whole, the noble earl requested permission to retire to an adjoining chamber to think the matter over. Presently he reappeared with an instrument drawn up carefully, embodying the apology given, and framed with great legal nicety. He presented this with some mistrust, as though he were doing something prejudicial to his own interest, but generously said he would not insist on this exact shape of words. Lord Ligonier, however, accepted it, took it with him, and went his way home to his principal.

This affair of honour may be said to have been thus far happily piloted through all its stages; and, though some nice perceptions may consider it to have been strictly an affair of honour spoiled, and, like abortive actions-at-law, to have gone off on a technical point, still it reflected credit on all the parties concerned. No doubt my Lord Townshend, thinking the business over, was not quite pleased with the gentle and submissive part he had been made to play in the matter; but it was not fated to end in this lame and prosaic fashion. Awkward versions of the arrangements began to be whispered about the clubs. Therefore, when about three weeks afterwards, a paper was tendered to my Lord Ligonier for signature, embodying a version of the whole transaction, he gladly seized the opportunity of protesting against that version, and gave this very remarkable explanation:—Who would imagine that the visit of "Lord Viscount" Ligonier, on Sunday morning, was for the express purpose of challenging Lord Bellamont for the forcible and depreciatory opinion which Lord Charlemont read out? Who could suppose that he had been instructed primarily to call the noble Earl to account, and that the apologetical disclaimers of any intention to offend were mere prefatory matter? Yet this is Lord Ligonier's version. When he found this overture so well received, he thought it possible that the affair might be patched up in a conciliatory way. Still it is mentioned that he returned to his principal, and got him to

[illegible] by which it will appear that he was put into possession of the entire facts of the case, as it proceeded, which is not very consistent with his story.

However, at this negotiation were opened, [illegible] a meeting happily arranged. The lovers of this manly mode of adjusting human differences were gratified with a genuine duel. The belligerents met behind Marylebone Fields, Lord Bellamont being attended by an Irish gentleman, the Hon. Mr. D[illegible]; Lord Townshend by Lord Viscount Ligonier. The Earl of Bellamont was destined to be the sufferer, for he missed his adversary, who succeeded in lodging his ball in the fleshy part of the Earl's groin. He was placed in a coach, but the pain of the wound was such that he had to be moved to a sedan-chair. The surgeons were long in finding the ball, and, after a doubtful struggle, he was pronounced out of all danger, and finally recovered.* Never, however, was a fate more deserved than that of Lord Bellamont.

* 'All the Year Round,' May 10, 1862.

END OF VOL. I.

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