

HOW A DUEL MAY BE GOT UP.

This affair of the duel is worth recording. It happened thus:—"That was a beautiful ostrich plum which Miss Smith wore at the race ball last night," said I. "I thought it the ugliest thing I ever saw," remarked Captain Brown. "It certainly was not ugly," I replied; "but of course there may be different opinions as to its beauty. I, for instance, thought it very beautiful." "And I thought it very ugly," responded Captain Brown; "As ugly as Miss Smith herself." "Miss Smith is not exactly handsome, I allow," was my answer; "but a lady may not be handsome, and yet not ugly." "Every one to his taste," said Captain Brown, with what I considered an insulting air; and he added, "every Jack has his Gill!" "Miss Smith is no Gill of mine," I replied. "I did not say she was," said Captain Brown, and laughed. "And I am no Jack," I continued, nettled by his laugh. "I did not say you were," said Captain Brown, fiercely; "but if you want to make a quarrel of it you may. I say again, and I have as much right to say what I say, as you have to say what you say, that Miss Smith's ostrich plum was ugly, as ugly as Miss Smith herself." "Since you put it thus offensively, Captain Brown," I retorted, "I now maintain there was nothing ugly, no, nor anything ugly at all, either in Miss Smith's feathers, or Miss Smith herself. I'll not be brow-beaten by any man, Captain Brown!" "Sir, you are insolent!" exclaimed Captain Brown, looking as scarlet as his own jacket. "Very likely; but I always make it a rule to conduct myself towards persons as they deserve," and I turned upon my heel to quit the room. Captain Brown followed me to the door. "You shall hear from me in an hour," "In half an hour, if you like," said I, and walked away boiling, with indignation.

Before I heard from Captain Brown, I was as cool as a cucumber. I saw all the folly of my situation. I had never spoken to Miss Smith in my life. What was it to me, then, whether her ostrich plume was beautiful or ugly, or she herself handsome or a fright? I resolved to treat the matter with ridicule. It would be preposterous to go out for such a cause. We should be the laughing-stocks of all our friends and acquaintance. These were my first thoughts, when my mind was calm enough for thought to take the place of feeling. Besides; I might be shot through the body; and all for what?—a silly dispute about Miss Smith and her feathers! I did not like the idea. I determined I would not make an affair of honor of it. But what would the world say, if Captain Brown posted me as a coward, or horse-whipped me, or if I were pointed at as a man who had sneaked out of a duel by a voluntary apology? These were my second thoughts. They carried the day after a sharp struggle with my first. I determined I would make an affair of honor of it. I did so. I met Captain Brown the next morning at sunrise, and sacrificed one of my fingers, be-

sides the risk of sacrificing my life, in defence of Miss Smith's personal charms and the disputed pulchritude of her ostrich plume.

SOUP.—The celebrated chemist, Justus Liebig, in a new work on the *Chemistry of Food*, gives the following result of his researches on alimentary substances:—When one pound of lean beef, free of fat, and separated from the bones, in the finely chopped state in which it is used for beef-sausages, or mince meat, is uniformly mixed with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated to boiling; and the liquid, after boiling briskly for a minute or two, is strained through a cloth from the coagulated albumen and the fibrine, now become hard and horny, we obtain an equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such strength as cannot be obtained even by boiling for hours from a piece of flesh. When mixed with salt, and the other usual additions by which soup is usually seasoned, and tinged somewhat darker, by means of roasted onions, or burnt sugar, it forms the best soup which can in any way be prepared from one pound of flesh.

The influence which the brown colour of this soup, or colour in general, exercises on the taste, in consequence of the ideas associated with colour in the mind (ideas of strength, concentration, &c.), may be rendered quite evident by the following experiment:—The soup coloured brown by means of caramel, is declared by all persons to have a much stronger taste than the same soup when not coloured; and yet the caramel, in point of fact, does not in any way actually heighten the taste.

The extract of meat may, perhaps, admit of being employed as a valuable remedy for many dyspeptic patients, with a view to increasing the activity of the stomach and promoting digestion. For, if the blood, or the muscular substance of emaciated convalescents cannot supply the matters necessary for digestion in sufficient quantity for a rapid reproduction of the lost strength (that is, lost parts of the organism), the benefit derived from well-made soup during convalescence admits of a simple explanation.

DRUNKENNESS.—A drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found amongst all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and defamed in the eyes of all reasonable persons than a drunkard. Æschines commending Philip, King of Macedonia, for a jovial man that would drink freely, Demosthenes answered—"That this was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

Bonus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon a tree before them was not a man, but a bottle.