

## FATE OF A DUELLIST.

THERE was a French ruffian—by courtesy called a gentleman—a thorough paced Bonapartist. He had been one of the many whose heels had preserved their lives at Waterloo's celebrated *suave qui peut*, and he consequently had a hatred to all Englishmen. To gratify his intended system of revenge he had practised pistol firing till he had arrived at such perfection in the art, that he was certain of hitting an opponent in any part of the body he pleased. Many had been the victims to his cool, calculating malignity; he had become an absolute nuisance, for he would not be shunned. One evening, at a Frascati gambling house, a green and young John Bull, with more money than brains, had been very much excited by continued losses. He was sitting apart from the players, the picture of spleen and self-reproach, when this runaway Waterloo hero approached him, and making some rude observation on the youth and country of the infatuated gamester, laughed outright. A verbal explanation of such insulting conduct was demanded and refused. This proved too much for the excited Englishman, for, with one determined blow (*a la mode Anglaise*) the astonished French ruffian was in an instant *planchyse*, in the corner of the splendid salon, to the momentary disturbance of the host of gamblers. Cards (*comme ordinaire*) were exchanged, and a meeting appointed; pistols were their weapons. They gambled even for the first shot, (the custom,) the Englishman won it, fired and missed his man. The Frenchman now coolly asked his opponent 'if he had made his will, and written to his mamma?' (his expression literally) then took deliberate aim at the unarmed youth, whom he had purposely insulted, and shot him through the heart! Query, gentle reader—What is murder? This fiend in human

shape afterwards boasted that it was his intention to 'shoot an Englishman a week till he had thinned Paris of the silly vermin.' Those were his very words. The threat of this bully reached the ears of a gay, careless, but determined, British officer, a captain ———, (since, for a short time M. P., for a notorious Staffordshire borough,) while at a dinner party in London. He instantly quitted the table, overtook the Dover mail at Rochester, disembarked next afternoon at Calais, went on, and found this murderous ruffian in one of his usual haunts in Paris, and without any other words than these, 'I am an Englishman,' threw a glass of wine in the astonished Frenchman's face, met him next morning in the Bois de Boulogne, and left him supine on earth, stark and stiff, with a bullet through his brain. This piece of 'Wild justice,' for so they termed it, was the admiration of all the English residents. I, as a woman; can give no opinion on the subject. I merely state the fact, and leave the reader to judge of the propriety or impropriety of the gallant little English soldier's conduct. I have only this to add, that on the next day, when it was a matter of conversation at the table where I dined, I was requested, for the honor of England, to drink the little homicide's health in a glass of sparkling champagne, and I did it!—*Confessions of an Actress.*

## THE BEAUTIFUL IS EVERYWHERE.

THE beautiful is everywhere.  
The good lies all around;  
And every spot of this fair earth  
Is truly hallowed ground.

## VERY TRUE.

If every one's internal care,  
Were written on his brow,  
How many would our pity share  
Who raise our envy now!  
The fatal secret when revealed  
Of every aching breast,  
Would fully prove, that while concealed,  
Their lot appears the best.