

## A Duel by Gaslight—Fighting the Battles of Cuba in New York.

It must be apparent to all that if Cuban independence could be gained by personal rencontres on the Continent the sun of Spanish rule in Cuba would by this time have sunk far below the Western horizon. On Saturday night last a duel was fought by gaslight in this city between Francisco de Porto, a Cuban, who "has already proved his love of country" by fighting in Canada the editor of a Spanish paper published in New York, and an Englishman, to fame hitherto unknown, named George Proude. The belligerent gentlemen had previously been friends, but Mr. Proude thought fit and proper to criticise the inaction of the Cuban Junta, and this engendered animosity between them. Saturday night they met at a hotel up town, when Proude indulged in a characteristic observation, "significant of an approaching kick." This (the approaching kick) "placed De Porto in fever heat," and, probably to cool himself, "he spat in his opponent's face." To say the least of it the offence was a nasty one, but a pocket handkerchief could have effectively removed the obnoxious saliva in two seconds. Our Englishman, however, boiled with indignation. Blood alone could wipe away the spit. It was absolutely necessary that his wounded honor should be healed by a gash across the shoulder, which he subsequently received. The parties obtained seconds and adjourned to the house of a friend, where they divested themselves of all underclothing and prepared to fight, each attired in a thin coat and a pair of tight pantaloons. The weapons chosen were cavalry sabres. Pistols were rejected, because "any fool can shoot" those products of Colonel Colt's inventive genius. So these particularly wise men decided upon cold steel. Perhaps the objection to bullets arose from the fact that Proude is a larger man than De Porto. But how readily the difference in size could have been overcome! In the famous duel between Egan, the Irish barrister, and Curran, the former complained of the disparity in their sizes. "I tell you what, Mr. Egan," replied Curran, "I wish to take no advantage of you whatever; let my size be chalked out upon your side, and I am quite content that every shot which hits outside that mark shall go for nothing." This plan does not appear to have been thought of as, cavalry sabres in hand, the impetuous De Porto and the determined Proude confronted each other. For a brief moment they hesitated, then Proude advanced and made a cut at the head of his opponent, which, happily for De Porto, was "deftly parried." Had it taken effect our account would have been cut short with De Porto's head. An interval of time and they went at it again, displaying great skill. Here the reporter says their eyes flashed fire, as if endeavoring "to penetrate each other's intent," but we are rather of the opinion that they were endeavoring to penetrate each other's skin. At length De Porto laid himself open, and Proude instantly seized the opportunity of laying his thigh open to a depth of a quarter of an inch, for a length of eight inches. Proude's triumph was shortlived. The next instant De Porto's steel went flashing through the air and descended upon his opponent's right shoulder, inflicting a painful wound. Here the combat ceased. Proude was conveyed to his home in Brooklyn. De Porto retired with the honors of war, first intimating, with "marked coolness," that he carried a particular chip on his shoulder in the shape of the Cuban cause, the knocking off of which would be avenged by him with blood. Thus ended this duel. Unfortunately both principals were wounded; happily neither was killed. Of their valor there is no doubt. But, ah, what a pity it is that so much heroism should be wasted in New York when there are so many opportunities for broadsword exercises in Cuba.