

drawn into a situation in which I am powerless, at least for good; but do me justice, sir; you *must* do me justice, for, by —, I designed no wrong; I am not a cold-blooded wretch. I was led away by passion—misguided and betrayed into a position, as I told you, where I am no longer a free agent, and then my conduct is criticised, as if I could do just as I pleased. Is this justice or honesty? I'm railed at like a cold, scheming villain, and damned for not making reparation—I, that never laid a deliberate plot in my life, or hesitated to make atonement where I could. By heavens, sir, I tell you truth. Is this fair dealing—is it candour—is it common toleration?

I reminded Jennings that I had no right to judge in the matter; and also intimated that I had already stayed too long, and rose to take my departure.

'Well, well, well,' he said, with a dreary sort of shrug: 'patience, and shuffle the cards—who knows what may turn up—who knows? Though, egad, take it which way you will, it is about as cursed, black a looking business as ever man was in for. It is hard—hard, by —. It looks as if they were all in a savage conspiracy to ruin me; and what good, in the devil's name, can come of it—a pack of fools!'

I now took my leave. A feeling of curiosity, and still more strongly, one of intense interest in the unfortunate young lady, with whose fate he was so disastrously connected, had tempted me, minute after minute, to prolong my visit. It was already nearly dark, and the street lamps were burning. I had reached the corner of Grafton-street, buried in profound abstraction, when I was suddenly accosted by a familiar voice. It was that of my friend Fitzgerald, a wild fellow, and a pleasant one to boot, and an accomplished adept in all the then important mysteries of the small-sword and pistol, and learned in all the lore of points of honour.

'Can you tell me,' said he, after our greeting, and taking me at the same time by the arm, and drawing me with him, 'whether Dick Chadleigh has got into a scrape?'

'What kind of a scrape do you mean?' I asked, evasively.

'Why, he called on me when I was out, not half-an-hour ago,' he replied, 'and left a hurried note, telling me I must go to him without a moment's delay, on my return, about a little business. Now, there is but one kind of business I understand—here he raised his arm once or twice significantly, as if balancing a pistol—'and I strongly suspect it must be upon that he has called upon me to counsel; all my friends make use of me, you know, on such occasions. Have you heard anything of Chadleigh's being likely to want my services in that way—eh?'

I told him I knew that high words had passed between him and Captain Jennings.

'Jennings—ho, ho!' said he, with a serious air—'a cool hand, I fancy. Egad, from the little I've seen of him, I'm inclined to think, if he is the man, it will be the matter of flints and powder—egad, it does look like business.'

I was not at all sorry to comply with Fitzgerald's suggestion, to the effect that I should await his return in Brown's coffee-house, and end the evening there in his company. My anxiety to learn the issue of the business was such, that I would gladly have done much more to satisfy it. Accordingly, I dropt into that public resort of idleness, while Fitzgerald, having called a coach, rumbled away to his interview with Chadleigh.

I had sat there for considerably more than an hour, and was beginning to give up all hope of his return, when he entered.

'Well,' said he, when we had established ourselves at a table apart from the rest, 'I have had a couple of odd—devilish odd conversations—since I saw you. I don't know, indeed, whether I am at liberty to tell you the subject of the quarrel.'

I interrupted him by assuring him that I already knew it, and having satisfied him upon this point, he proceeded to detail the particulars, which I shall condense for the benefit of the reader.

He had, it seemed, found Chadleigh still much excited, and quite determined upon a hostile meeting; and indeed, so resolute upon the point, that he would not so much as hear of anything to the contrary. His directions were peremptory, and amounted simply to this—that arrangements for a meeting were to be completed without a moment's delay. All details, of course, were left to the direction of his friend; with respect to the quarrel itself, however, he was not invested with any right of diplomacy. Finding Chadleigh thus implacably resolved, Fitzgerald undertook the affair, which for other parties he had so often filled with singular efficiency, and was duly invested with the important functions of a 'second' in the affair. Leaving Chadleigh, however, and being still of opinion that, if possible, the matter ought for every reason, to be quietly adjusted, he resolved upon his own responsibility, to make one final effort to prevent a catastrophe which, even if unattended by any more tragical consequences, must at all events have the effect of irreparably disgracing Miss Chadleigh. His belief was, that there remained one chance, and one only, of saving the unfortunate young lady, and that was a private marriage with the author of her shame, accomplished without the delay of a single hour, if possible, so that the public might hear of the elopement and the marriage at one and the same time. Filled with this project, Fitzgerald hurried up the stairs of Jennings' lodgings. The servant announced him as he entered

the drawing-room. Jennings had altered his purpose, and determined after what had passed, to remain at home. He was still in his dressing-gown, and when his visitor entered, was sitting before his open desk, the candles burning beside him, and what seemed like a miniature in his hands. He was looking intently upon it, with no very loving aspect, when Fitzgerald entered; but he hastily thrust it face downward among the open letters, which lay in multitudinous confusion in the profundity of the old-fashioned desk, shutting all up quickly, he locked it fast, and rose to receive him. Fitzgerald observed also that some torn papers were burning on the fire, and Jennings glanced quickly towards them, to see that they were actually destroyed.

'I have the honour, Captain Jennings, to wait upon you with a communication from Mr. Chadleigh,' said Fitzgerald.

'Pray, sir, take a chair,' said Jennings coldly, and with a formal bow.

Fitzgerald complied, and resumed—

'I need scarcely I apprehend, detail the reasons which induced this step. You have already had an interview with my principal, Mr. Chadleigh.'

'There is certainly no occasion, sir, to say more. I do perfectly understand the nature of your visit, which I have, indeed, been expecting; and have only to say, as Mr. Chadleigh has pushed matters to extremity, I apprehend your instructions are very brief, that our present business may be quickly arranged; if you will favour me with your card, my friend shall wait upon you at whatever hour you name.'

'To say the truth, Mr. Jennings,' replied Fitzgerald, 'you are right in supposing that my instructions are very brief—in a word, they were those of absolute and unconditional hostility; this, however, is a case of such very peculiar delicacy—a case in which forbearance is so eminently important—so imperatively called for by all the circumstances, that I have resolved to take a responsibility upon myself, and endeavour to arrange the matter amicably, if indeed, it be possible.'

Jennings continued to regard him with earnest attention, but did not speak.

'In short, as far as my influence goes, I would guarantee such an adjustment upon one condition, which you can have no possible objection in submitting to—that you repair the dishonour you have done Miss Chadleigh by marrying her, before her present unhappy position becomes public.'

Jennings grew deadly pale, and his features seemed to contract with the intensity of acute suffering, as he gazed for a few moments upon the speaker, and then abruptly rising with a gesture like wringing his hands, he turned towards the fire, and remained standing for a time with his face averted.

'Well, sir,' exclaimed Fitzgerald, after a pause of considerable surprise—for he had expected a prompt and grateful acceptance of his proffered interposition—'what do you say—what am I to understand?'

Jennings heaved a dreary sigh, and said, gloomily and desperately enough—

'What you propose is absolutely out of the question—impracticable.'

'Then, sir, take the consequences,' said Fitzgerald, with irrepressible indignation; 'you have, at least, quieted my scruples in acting against you, there is but one way of settling the matter now.'

'Just so, sir,' said Jennings, who had recovered his haughty coldness; 'and as I must leave details to the discretion of my friend, I have only to ask you at what hour precisely it will be convenient to you to see him?'

Fitzgerald named ten o'clock that night, and placed his card in Jennings' hand.

'Very good, sir,' replied the latter, having glanced at it; 'I presume that both parties are equally anxious to have this affair concluded with all possible despatch; my friend shall attend at the appointed hour.'

With these words they parted.

'I don't know how it is,' said Fitzgerald, after he had concluded his narrative, 'but this thing has put me quite out of spirits; it is a bad affair, a d—d bad business; and mark my words, so sure as you sit there, one or other of them will lose his life by it; they are both of them game—game to the back bone—game every inch, sir; and Chadleigh is in a murderous black temper, too. Somehow, this is the first business of the sort I ever had a hand in, that made me mopish; d—n me, but it smells all over of death and winding sheets.'

As the mortal crisis of this strange tragedy approached, my interest in its denouement became more and more intense. At my entreaty, Fitzgerald undertook to let me know, so soon as they were completed, the detailed arrangements for the approaching duel. As he had sundry preparations to make, he was obliged to leave me, and I walked home in dejected solitude to my lodgings.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANY.

SINGULAR PRAYER OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Prayer for Rain, written by His Imperial Majesty Taou Kwang, and offered up on the 28th day of the 5th month of the 12th year of his reign.

'Kneeling, a memorial is hereby presented to cause affairs to be heard.

'Oh, alas, Imperial heaven! were not the world afflicted by extraordinary changes, I would not dare to

present extraordinary services. But this year the drought is most unusual. Summer is past and no rain has fallen. Not only do agriculture and human beings feel the dire calamity; but also beasts and insects, herbs and trees, almost cease to live.

'I the minister of heaven, am placed over mankind, and am responsible for keeping the world in order, and tranquilizing the people. Although it is now impossible for me to sleep or eat with composure; although I am scourged with grief, and tremble with anxiety; still after all, no genial and copious showers have been obtained.

'Some days ago I fasted, and offered rich sacrifices on the altars of the land and the grain, and had to be thankful for gathering clouds and slight showers, but not enough to cause gladness.

'Looking up, I consider that heaven's heart is benevolence and love.* The sole cause is the daily deeper atrosity of my sins; but little sincerity and devotion. Hence I am unable to move heaven's heart, and bring down abundant blessings.

'Having respectfully searched the records I find that, in the 24th year of Keehong, my imperial grandfather, the high honourable and pure Emperor, severally performed a 'great show service.' I feel impelled by ten thousand considerations, to look by and imitate the usage, and with trembling anxiety, not rashly ascend heaven, examine myself and consider my errors: looking up and hoping to obtain pardon.

'I ask myself whether in sacrificial services I have been disrespectful? Whether or not pride and prodigality have had a place in my heart, springing up there unobserved? Whether from the length of time I have become remiss in attending to the affairs of government, and have been unable to attend to them with that serious diligence and strenuous effort which I ought?—Whether I have uttered irreverent words and have deserved reprehension?—Whether perfect enquiry has been attained in conferring rewards or inflicting punishments? Whether in raising mausoleums and laying out gardens, I have distressed the people and wasted property? Whether in the appointment of officers, I have failed to obtain fit persons, and thereby the acts of government have been petty and vexatious to the people? Whether punishments have been unjustly inflicted or not? Whether the oppressed have found no means of appeal? Whether in persecuting heterodox sects, the innocent have not been involved? Whether or not the magistrates have insulted the people and refused to listen to their affairs? Whether in the successful military operations on the western frontiers there may have been the horrors of human slaughter, for the sake of imperial rewards? Whether the largesses bestowed on the afflicted southern provinces were properly applied, or the people were left to die in the ditches? Whether the efforts to exterminate or pacify the rebellious mountaineers of Hoonan and Canton were properly conducted? or whether they led to the inhabitants being trampled upon as mire and ashes? To all these topics to which my anxiety have been directed, I ought to lay the plumb-line, and strenuously endeavour to correct what is wrong; still recollecting that there may be faults which have occurred to me in my meditations.

'Prostrate, I beg imperial heaven, Hwany Teen, to pardon my ignorance and stupidity, and to grant me self-renovation, for myriads of innocent people are involved by me, a single man—my sins are numerous, it is difficult to escape from them. Summer is past, autumn is arrived; to wait longer will really be impossible. Knocking hard, I pray imperial heaven to hasten and confer gracious deliverance—a speedy and divinely beneficial rain—to save the people's lives, and in some degree redeem my iniquities. Oh, alas! Imperial heaven! be gracious to them! I am inexpressibly grieved, alarmed and frightened. Reverently this memorial is presented.

*A Chinese proverb.

ENORMOUS PROFITS OF FARMING.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, states the success of a man who left a lucrative business in the city of Philadelphia, for farming, to make a profit. After two years trial, he was asked if he did not find the profits small, compared with those on trade? He answered, 'Quite the contrary; I have realised far more than the most I had dared to anticipate, and I am at the end of two years, richer than I ever could have become by twenty-five years of successful trade. It is true, I made more dollars and cents in trade than I do now, but that is dross compared to the blessings of health, of body and peace of mind, which gold and silver could never purchase. I eat, drink and sleep with an appetite; yawn at bed time and never in the morning; am up before the sun, and yet the day is never too long; and more than all, I have no acceptances to take up. Money?—why! what use have I for it? I raise my own food in the richest profusion, and my own clothing—my estate is annually increasing in value—then what is the use of money?—I can't eat or drink it, even if it were cut into mince meat.'—*Quebec Gazette.*

THE GREATEST LIAR IN ENGLAND.—'I believe that there never was a greater scoundrel than George the Fourth. To his other evil qualities, he added a perfect disregard of truth. During his connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him