

rendered nugatory. He then called on M. de Favieri—explained to him frankly his position, and asked of him the credit necessary to satisfy the demands of M. de Lozeraie.

The Genoese banker heard him through, without betraying by his looks, whether he was disposed or not to comply with his request, and when M. Durand had ceased speaking, and looked with visible anxiety for his reply, he coldly said—

“Do me the favour to shew me the list and amount of the notes, on the deposit of which you wish to obtain this loan, and in two hours you shall have my answer, with the terms on which I propose to make this advance, provided I decide on doing so at all.”

At the end of the time named, M. Durand received a note from M. de Favieri, stating that he was not yet prepared to give him a decided answer on the subject; but that as soon as he had fully considered the matter, he would send him word. Durand, then, spent another hour in feverish suspense, which was converted into extreme joy when his two friends, M. de Berizy and M. Daneau, entered the room, and announced that the mysterious M. Felix had again stepped in between him and his enemy, by offering to satisfy the Count's demand, and that thus the loan from M. de Favieri was rendered unnecessary.

“M. Felix!” exclaimed the banker, (astonished at finding his name again mixed up with an affair of so much importance, and remembering how little his reception of this old man's application at his first introduction, had deserved such a return.) “can it be possible!—But who is this man?”

“Upon my word, I am as ignorant as yourself.”

“Well, well, I will know before long; but at present other matters must be seen to. I suppose, gentlemen, you are aware that between M. de Lozeraie and myself, there is more to be settled than the mere arrangement of our pecuniary affairs.”

“We are aware of it,” replied M. de Berizy, “and nine o'clock to-morrow is appointed for a general rendezvous at the house of M. de Favieri, previous to our proceeding to the scene of action.”

“Nine o'clock is very late,” said the banker.

“That hour has been fixed upon by us as your seconds, because it appeared convenient to all parties. Farewell 'till to-morrow, M. Durand.”

The banker being left alone, experienced a sort of malignant pleasure in contemplating

the hour of retribution and vengeance that he thought was at hand, and in the first transports of his rage, these sentiments excluded every other consideration. The possibility, however, of a fatal termination to the duel, at length forced upon him a sad reflection, as to the state of his affairs at present, which nothing but his own exertions could possibly retrieve from ruin, and the destitute condition in which his only child would be left, if he should be cut off at the present critical juncture. Bitterly did he reproach himself for the system of foolish indulgence he had followed in her education, by which her disposition, naturally simple and good, had been rendered capricious and indolent, and totally unfitted to contend even with the evils of ordinary life, much less with those of absolute poverty. Deeply did he deplore the injury he had thus done to the only being in the world he really loved; yet, strange to say, so predominant was his pride over even this sentiment, that the prospect of his child's ruin could not for a moment induce him to alter the course he was pursuing, or to forego in the slightest degree, the gratification of his revenge. On the contrary, he made a violent effort to dismiss the subject from his thoughts, that his resolution might not be weakened thereby.

On the morrow, M. M. Durand and de Lozeraie, with their respective seconds, assembled at M. de Favieri's, punctually at nine o'clock. The carriages were in waiting, the terms of the combat arranged, and they were just leaving the room, when all at once, M. Felix made his appearance among them. The two adversaries stopped and made a respectful obeisance to one, whom late circumstances had rendered so important in their eyes; to which he replied, by requesting a few minutes' conversation with them before their hostile meeting should take place.

“Sir,” replied M. Durand, bowing, “both M. de Lozeraie and myself are fully aware of all that can be said of a conciliating nature in such a case, and are not unconscious of the kind interest you have so unaccountably shewn in the welfare of both; but matters have come to such a point between us, that we can neither of us now listen to proposals of accommodation without dishonouring both.”

“M. Durand is right,” said M. de Lozeraie, “and for once, I fully agree with him in opinion.”

“M. de Lozeraie,” replied M. Felix, mildly, “I believe I once rendered you some little service, the particulars of which you doubtless re-