

Comte," replied the banker, with his usual insolent assumption of humility.

"Well, well, my dear sir, so am I, only a little farther removed; but, to come to business, will you, or will you not render me the service I have asked of you?"

"I do not clearly see what that service is."

"It is, that you would enable me to complete the contract I have made with M. de Berizy, by charging to your own account for a few months, the eight hundred thousand francs still due, and for which I will give you a mortgage upon the forest."

"For a few months only," said the banker, musingly,—who, though resolved to refuse his request, was delighted with the opportunity of learning so much of his affairs,—“you are sure then, of being able to reimburse by that time?"

"Quite sure, as by that time my son will have married an heiress."

This news rekindled, like a flash of lightning, the resentment of M. Durand for the Count's former impertinences, and he was compelled to force a smile, as he replied to him—

"Ah! you are marrying your son, are you? Of course you are making an alliance with some noble and illustrious family?"

"Oh! no; Arthur is engaged to the daughter of a merchant."

"A merchant's daughter!"

"Yes; but an English merchant. The daughter of one of the most considerable men in the city; and in England, as you know, such alliances are common. The commoners of England are not like our's, without family or ancestors. There is with them, a class that may be termed '*citizen nobility*,' with whom an alliance is by no means to be despised. I intend then to appropriate the dowry of my daughter-in-law, on the mortgage of one of my estates, to the payment of the sum due upon this purchase, and thus to liberate myself from my liabilities both to M. de Berizy and yourself."

M. Durand made no reply. M. de Lozeraie waited a moment for one, and then said—

"Well, what do you think of my proposal?"

"Think, sir!" said M. Durand, rising suddenly with a haughty air and disdainful manner; "I think that it would have been with much more propriety addressed to M. de Berizy, a man whom I suppose you will acknowledge as your equal, and consequently, more capable of understanding your feelings and principles, than a plebeian like myself. And if, in consequence of the enormous difference of

opinion that exists between a gentleman of the court and a gentleman of the country, the former fears to confide certain things to the latter, I think, sir, that the proposal would have been better made to the English merchant, than to the French banker;—to the *citizen noble*, than to the *citizen of the people*. This is what I think of your proposal, sir."

During this unexpected and caustic speech, a livid paleness had gradually overspread the features of the Count, who, finding that the humiliating restraint he had put upon himself for so many hours, had been to no purpose, now gave vent to his indignation. A flash of intense hatred darted from his eyes, and, assuming an air and tone expressive of supreme contempt, he said—

"You are Mathieu Durand, and I am the Count de Lozeraie. The distance that separates us might lead you to expect that I should not recognize an insult in any thing you may say; but you are mistaken, sir. Such boorish insolence shall not go unpunished, and as I have already stooped to subject myself to it, I shall not shun the further degradation of teaching you what is due to your superiors. You shall hear from me, M. Durand." So saying, he hastily withdrew.

Frederickton, 1842.

G. R.

(To be concluded in next No.)



For The Amaranth.

FLIGHT OF THOUGHT.

Who may portray the *flight of thought*,
The wanderings of the *mind*!

Who its imaginings may trace,
Its limits who define?

Who say how far its boundless sway,
Extends through earth or heaven?

Or, who define the mystic power,
To it by *reason* given?

Who may describe in numbers meet
The airy flight of *thought*?

Who may unlink the magic chain
By holy *mystery* wrought?

'Tis it alone can span all space,
And roam worlds uncreate;
Or people spheres, whose music tones
Ne'er rang thro' heaven's estate.

Not bounded by creation's bounds,
Illimitable—free—

It ranges from the verge of *time*
Into *eternity*.