

name, a love for labour, and good principles."

"And nobly has this inheritance sped in your hands."

"I am proud to say it has, sir."

"But now pray tell me, M. Durand, may I reckon upon your taking charge of my funds?"

"I am quite at your service, and the affair may be considered as settled, provided the usual terms of my house suit you; for the bank admits of no distinction of persons, and can do no more for the Marquis de Berizy than for the poorest of my customers."

"I do not ask for more. Pray tell me your terms."

"Excuse me, M. le Marquis—but I am forced to receive clients more pressed than yourself, for they come to ask for money instead of bringing it to me. If you will be good enough to step into M. Tremont's office, you can negotiate with him and all will be right."

The marquis bowed in token of assent, and M. Durand rung the bell.

"Who waits?" said he to the valet.

"That old M. Felix, sir."

"I am sorry I have detained you so long from the old gentleman," said the Marquis.

"Oh! it is only some poor wretch who is applying to me for help," said the banker, at the same time writing a word or two on a slip of paper, which he handed to the servant.—

"Conduct this gentleman to M. Tremont's office." The Marquis bowed again and withdrew. "Ah," murmured the Banker, when alone, "these great lords cannot do without us even of nothing."

At this moment M. Felix entered. The aspect of this man was venerable, but not infirm; his dress more than simple, without being slovenly. The banker surveyed him with a searching look, which the old man bore without being disconcerted, and returned with a boldness and freedom which his years alone could warrant, and at which the other was so much the more annoyed, because he felt that there was something imposing in the old man's presence that affected him even in spite of himself.

"He therefore said, without offering him a seat—"who are you? and what can I do for you?"

"This letter will tell you," said M. Felix, and without more ado he seated himself.

M. Durand thought this a somewhat bold proceeding, and threw upon his visitor a glance that was intended to repress his impertinent forwardness, but the calm severity of the old man's countenance disarmed him, and he ap-

plied to the reading of the letter, which contained these hasty words:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"M. Felix, who will hand you this letter, is an old merchant who has suffered great losses.—I shall feel personally obliged by any service you can render him.

"Yours &c.

"DUMONT."

"From M. Dumont of Marseilles," said the banker, "I cannot refuse aid to a man recommended to me by him. Here, sir, is all I can do for you," and he handed some silver pieces to the old man, with an air of disdainful patronage.

"That is not sufficient, M. Durand."

"Hey dey," cried the banker, "what means this tone?"

"If you will listen, sir, I will tell you."

"Pray proceed, M. Felix, I am all attention, but he brief, for my time is precious."

"I will not detain you long. I am the son of a man of high standing in the commercial world, who gave me an excellent education."

"Ah! that is a benefit I never enjoyed."

"Indeed!" said the old man, knitting his brows. Then recovering himself, he resumed: "Oh! yes, I have been told so. I was then more fortunate than you have been. My father died when I was only twenty years of age, and left me an immense fortune. But my speculations in India and China did not turn out so lucrative with me as my father's had done."

"You had not been brought up in the rude school of poverty, sir," interrupted the banker. "No one knows the real value of money, but he that has had to amass it himself."

"You are right, I have no doubt. But to proceed. At the period when the revolution broke out, my affairs had already begun to totter, and the war with England, having stripped me of some rich cargoes, completed my ruin. I became a bankrupt, fled from France with what small means I could preserve, and was condemned——."

"As an absconding debtor?" interposed the banker with a start—then recollecting himself, he continued—"well, sir, and what have I to do with all this?"

"You shall hear, sir. It is now more than thirty years since I quitted France. This time I have spent, not in repairing my lost fortune, but in regaining enough to be able to re-establish my good name here by paying all my debts. This I have almost accomplished. I have paid away all that I brought with me—