

were mostly new men, whom he did not feel anxious to associate with. "My son," said the Marquis to Theodore, "you may, if you please, return these visits. The political changes of our unfortunate country have raised these persons to the rank of gentleman. They are now, it seems, visited by our oldest families. It is good to live in union with our neighbours; but on you, Theodore, I devolve that charge. I am an old man; and am not desirous of new acquaintance, or society. I only wish to pass the few days that remain to me, in peace, and my native country, and to cherish old scenes, and old recollections. My losses are great. The chateau of my ancestors is destroyed. Your mother is no more; but I must acquire resignation, and study to make my peace with God."

A few days after this conversation, an elegant carriage drove up the avenue, attended by servants in magnificent liveries. Two gentlemen alighted, the one very splendidly dressed, the other a venerable old gentleman, with silver hair, in a plain suit of black. Theodore happened to be by the window, and was inwardly commenting on the contrast their appearance presented, when a servant announced Monsieur le Marquis des Abbayes, and Monsieur le Comte de Beaumont. "Have they come together," cried Mons. de Beaucaire. Theodore hastened to the door, to receive them. He bowed low to the venerable figure of Mons. de Beaumont, and politely to the Marquis des Abbayes. Messieurs de Beaumont, and de Beaucaire embraced. "Welcome, thrice welcome home to your estate, mon cher Marquis," cried the former.

"How happy am I to meet again my old friend de Beaumont," said Monsieur de Beaucaire.

"Yes, de Beaucaire, I returned a little before you. We have seen adverse fortune, but permit