

THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 2. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER, 1842.

{ No. 11.

FOR THE AMARANTH.

THE BANKER AND THE COUNT.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Adapted from the French.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning of the day subsequent to that in which the preceding events occurred, found Mathieu Durand walking at a leisurely pace, up and down one of the avenues of his magnificent park at L'Etang; and reading anew the writing he had perused with so much interest before, and of which Leopold had provided him with the required number of copies.

M. Durand seemed to be anxiously expecting the arrival of some one, for he looked frequently behind him, as if to watch for his appearance. At length he perceived a man at the other extremity of the walk, and although it was easy to perceive that his presence gave him much pleasure, yet he was studious to conceal it, and made as though he was not aware of his approach. For this purpose he continued his walk in the same direction, but at so slow a pace as to ensure his being soon overtaken by the other: and recommenced the reading of the paper, in which he seemed to be completely absorbed. Daneau soon came up with him, and saluted the banker, who gave him a friendly nod of recognition, saying—

"Excuse me for a moment, and then if you are not too tired, we will stroll along together."

"You do me honour," said the builder.

The banker did not reply, but continued his reading, while the other walked beside him.— In reading, M. Durand now and then shrugged up his shoulders, giving vent occasionally to some such broken ejaculations as these—

"Poor fellow—he is visionary—this is too preposterous—, and yet," said he, at length, appearing much affected as he read on; "and yet the man has a good heart—his in-

attention is honourable—; but I cannot consent to this exaltation. In truth," added he, turning towards M. Daneau, "there is more gratitude among the poor, than among the rich."

"I am convinced of it," said M. Daneau.

"Look at this letter—it at first appeared to me ridiculous; but I could not read it through, without being affected by the evident good and amiable feeling that dictated it."

"What is it, then?" said the builder, much flattered at being thus admitted to the confidence of the great man.

"A poor, but noble-spirited fellow, whom I once extricated from serious difficulties, and who has taken it into his head to testify his gratitude, by soliciting for me the votes of the electors in his arrondissement."

"Well, this seems to me, a very natural idea. Has he yet put it in operation?"

"Not yet. He has fortunately submitted to me the plan of the letter he was going to write, and here it is."

"And you do not approve of it?"

"See yourself if I can," said M. Durand, giving the paper to Daneau.

The latter read it attentively, while the banker watched with ill concealed anxiety for the effect that this writing would have upon him. At last M. Daneau resumed—

"But this letter says nothing but what is perfectly true, in representing you as at once the most skilful and most upright banker in France. In enumerating all the services you have rendered to commerce and industry, he does nothing but repeat what every body knows."

"I have perhaps done some good, but far from the amount they attribute to me."

"My faith!" said M. Daneau, with honest enthusiasm, "if I had had to write such a letter, I should have said a great deal more."

"I think there is quite enough as it is," replied the banker, smiling.