

To be brief, our hero found himself drinking, smoking, and *grisant*, without at all perceiving that a great change had taken place in the manners of his friends, since he had said: *Have you a sister?* and that this improvised repast concealed an atrocious piece of perfidy. He soon lost his reason, and, told over the details of his good fortune at the governor's palace.

Such an expression of sorrow and stupor passed over the countenance of Pacheco, that Balthazar trembled and felt himself half sobered. He heard the old Spaniard say:—*Come, the horses are ready, the moon is rising, we must go.*

—You are about to take a journey, Pacheco? said Balthazar.

Yes, a long journey. And the child threw himself on his neck, which he had never done before and kissed him several times, weeping bitterly.

Balthazar heard no more, and the night air having restored his reason and memory, he directed his steps towards the governor's palace; for he had been promised a rendezvous every night, if he was discreet.

The palace was darker and more desolate-looking than on the preceding evening. He knocked several times; no person appeared. At day-break, he returned, in sorrow and despair. He went a hundred times to the house where Pacheco had lived and to the palace of the governor, but he did not again find the Spanish boy, or his beautiful unknown. He had seen them for the last time.

This adventure made such a deep impression on the heart and mind of the handsome officer, that he became silent and melancholy; it is the only one that he never mentioned, and since then he has been extremely reserved and silent.

If the question is asked, of whom then did we obtain the recital of this history, it happened as follows:—

Some years since, under the restoration, in a saloon in the *faubourg Saint Germain*, conversation turned upon a recent marriage, and a person of good sense, but very paradoxical,