

Bruno will never abandon you: and Honoria, think you that she will ever forget you?

He made some vain efforts to console me. I saw he had reason on his side; yet it was of no avail. This fatal departure was to me the signal of all my future miseries. I could not yet foresee them; I could not even suspect them; but I felt them; and, by a sentiment, which was inconceivable to myself, while I would have given my blood to have followed Ferdinand, I saw the accomplishment of that very wish would have caused new anguish to me. It seemed, as if my heart would have been torn from me, had I been driven from St. Domingo, I avow it to my shame: I know not if this terror had not as much share in my distress as the loss of Ferdinand. Be it that we have presentiments of ill; or rather that the ætieve imagination of man is like a glass that reproduces, under a thousand forms, the chagrins of the soul, who, the dupe of this illusion, fancies she sees into futurity; for my part, it has rarely happened, that this strange feeling has not given me alarms, previous to all the great events of my life. It foreran the battle, the hour of my flight to Urban's vessel, the conspiracy of the negroes: it pressed upon me now, and it did not deceive me.

I concealed not from Ferdinand the involuntary contradiction of my sentiments. He attributed this to the tumultuous scenes through which I had passed, since my separation from Amelia, and which had destroyed the natural equilibrium of my mind. We passed the night in mutual condolence. Alas! he was more courageous than I, while he suffered more. I was only to be deprived of a friend; he of a friend and a lover. He informed me, that his father being about to quit commerce, was sending him to France, to wind up some affairs which were intricate, and required the presence of one of them. He hoped a whole year would not be necessary for this purpose, and that he should probably return sooner than he had given me reason to expect.

All was ready. The day of his departure arrived; the sailors of the vessel, in which he was to embark, came to carry away his luggage, and informed him that the wind was fair. At these words, melting into tears, I precipitated myself into his arms. 'Christ! cried he, 'the principles, which we have cultivated together. These will console and sustain you; they will befriend you more powerfully than I. Be faithful to them; they will not abandon you to misery.' We held each other long embraced without speaking. He

snatched himself from my arms. 'Carry my homage to Honoria,' said he, 'respect her, she has promised me to watch over your happiness.'

He went to the apartment of his father, who wished to conduct him on board. They went out silently, to spare the tender heart of madam Urban the pain of a farewell. I followed them. Urban, dextrous at dissimulation, appeared to have forgotten our quarrel of the preceding morning. He spoke to me with gentleness. We took a boat from the port, and were soon on board the vessel. She was already under way; we remained but an instant in her: I seized the hand of Ferdinand. I laid it on my heart; it was the only action of which I was capable. His father embraced him twenty times. He loved him passionately. We descended into our boat; soon were we far from the ship, which already proceeded rapidly. Urban, who had sat down to conceal his tears (the only tears which he was ever seen to shed) turned his head; still perceived his son; stretched out his arms toward him, till distance hid him from his sight. It was his last adieu: never was he to see him more.

Instead of returning to land, Urban showed our rowers a Spanish vessel, which was anchored at some distance; and ordered them to conduct us to her. I took little notice of the order; yet I saw the visit was premeditated; for the captain was on deck, ready to receive Urban. I had never observed this man to be among his acquaintance; their connexion surprised, but did not alarm me. Urban said, 'Captain, I have just bid farewell to my son, who has sailed for France; and I am come to breakfast with you, and to seek some amusement, that may dissipate my reflexions.' 'You are very welcome,' replied the captain, conducting him into the cabin. As for me, I sat down upon the deck; and there, without restraint, delivered myself up to grief.

In about an hour, a servant of the Spaniard informed me, that my presence was required in the cabin. I rose and entered. Urban, the captain, and some officers, were conversing in the Spanish language; which Urban spoke extremely well. When he perceived me, he said in French, with an air of familiar complaisance (which he so well knew to use on such occasions) 'my poor Tanoko, you are as sorrowful as I am; but you will not refuse to give these gentlemen an idea of your talents, to repay them for their kind reception of me. Come, take this harp; touch it, and accompany it with your voice.' 'You know I am scarcely in a condition to sing,' said