

having dreamed that such an ingenious contrivance for putting out destructive fires was possible. It was near twenty years old then, and stood in Broad Street, next to the watchhouse. I think the seigneur was somewhat puzzled by the engines, as, in fact, I was a bit myself, but neither of us said so.

I showed them our notable market just above the ferry across the Hudson, where the people came over from the Jerseys, and where the line of waggons filled with the produce of the farms was sometimes a full eighth of a mile in length.

I succeeded so well in monopolizing the conversation of Mlle. de St. Maur, who showed a pretty wit and much knowledge, that Culverhouse and the others began to frown at me and seek my place. But I held my own, and continued to talk to mademoiselle, pointing out this place and that, until we reached the house of Mr. Kennedy, a noble mansion on Broadway, very wide and handsome of front, with a splendid carved doorway in the centre.

The seigneur, who, I perceived, had learned the stoicism of the Indians, would not allow himself to be impressed by anything, or at least he would not permit the appearance of it. He looked very closely about him, but there was no expression upon his strong, brown face. But when they walked up the stoop of Mr. Kennedy's house, and he turned to dismiss us, he thanked us again with that fine, large courtesy which we associate with the great French seigneur.

"A Norman, I think," said Culverhouse, as we walked