

plenty of it. What an extraordinary being you must think me."

"Have you anything else in view at present?" inquired De Harlay, too eagerly bent on an idea of his own to notice his friend's last observation.

"No. When a person has thrown himself out of the beaten track, and then not pursued the path he had struck out, it is no easy matter to retrace his steps. Every road seems shut to him."

"But don't return to the beaten track—to the old road. Come with me to the new France. My cousin M. d'Artagnan is commandant of the troops at New Orleans, and has unbounded influence with the governor, M. Perrier, and with the Company. I will introduce you to him. I know he wants men like you to come out and redeem the character of the colony, which is overrun with scamps of every description."

"Amongst whom one might easily run the risk of being reckoned," said d'Auban, laughing.

"Nonsense," cried his friend. "I am turning emigrant myself, and have just obtained a magnificent concession in the neighborhood of Fort St. Louis, and the village of St. Francois."

"You! And what on earth can have put such a fancy in your head?"

"My dear friend, I am weary of civilization—tired of death of Paris—worn out with the importunities of my relations, who want me to marry. I cannot picture to myself anything more delightful than to turn one's back, for a few years, on the world, and oneself into a hermit, especially with so agreeable a companion as M. le Colonel d'Auban. But really, I am quite in earnest. What could you do better than emigrate? A man of your philosophical turn of mind would be interested in studying the aspect of the New World. If the worst came to the worst, you might return at the end of a year and write a book of travels. I assure you it is not a bad offer I make you. I have considerable interest in the Rue Quincampoix. I was invited to little Mdle. Law's ball the other day, and had the honor of dancing a minuet with her. I shall write a *placet* to the young lady, begging of her to obtain from Monsieur son Pere a concession for a friend of mine. It would be hard if I could not help a friend to a fortune when Laplace, my valet—you remember him don't you?—has made such good use of

our visits to the Paris Eldorado that the rogue has set up his carriage. He was good enough when he met me trudging along in the mud on a rainy day to offer me a lift. It is evident the world is turned upside down, on this side of the globe at least, and we may as well go and take a look at the *revers de la medaille*. Well, what do you say to my proposal?"

"That it is an exceedingly kind one, De Harlay. But I have no wish to speculate, or, I will own the truth, to be considered as an adventurer. That you, with your wealth, and in your position, should emigrate, can be considered at the worst but as an act of folly. It would be different with me."

"Well, I do not see why the new France is to be made over to the refuse of the old one. I see in your scruples, my dear friend, vestiges of that impracticability for which you were noted at College. But just think over the question. Nobody asks you to speculate. For a sum not worth speaking of you can obtain a grant of land in a desert, and it will depend on your own ability or activity whether it brings you wealth or not. There is nothing in this, I should think, that can offend the most scrupulous delicacy."

"Can you allow me time to reflect?"

"Certainly. I do not sail for six weeks. It is amusing in the meantime to hear the ladies lamenting over my departure, and shuddering at the dangers I am to run in those wild regions, where, poor dears, they are dying to go themselves, and I fancy some of them believe that golden apples hang on the trees, and might be had for the trouble of gathering them, if only *le bon Monsieur Law* would let them into the secret. Have you seen the line of carriages up to his house? It is the very Court of Mammon. Duchesses and marchionesses jostle each other and quarrel on the staircase for shares, that is when they are happy enough to get in, which is not always the case. Madame de la Fere ordered her coachman to drive her chariot into the gutter and overturn it opposite to his door. Then she screamed with all her might, hoping the divinity would appear. But the wily Scotchman was up to the trick, and ate his breakfast without stirring. We who were in his room almost died of laughing. Well, good-bye, my dear Colonel. When you have made up your mind let me know, that I may be-