

not conceive—Ah, I am much more happy than you, since I never shall have received more generous benefactions from you! What would you say? I cried.—What! The fruit of your labour! Never!

Hold, replied Osmyn, firmly: I begin to be acquainted with European manners. Be sincere: do I deceive myself? Your heart yields—but your pride kindles: you would accept assistance from an equal; you do not think me yours.

Ah, the suspicion offends me! but—But prejudice speaks. How strange!—You Europeans expend without blushing, the money which the poor man carries to your treasure, moistened with his blood. But should it be offered as a gift of his love, you fire at the affront. How absurd! Bruno, hear a truth: it is the man of nature who tells it you. You were not ashamed of my services at the vizier's. Know you why? It was because I served your passions. Now my services offend you; and why? Because they inform you that all men are equal. Ah, despise these baubles of the mind, these childish distinctions! Be a man, and permit me to be one also.

Alas, I cried, throwing myself into his arms, I would be as great as you. I accept all: it is the only means I have to equal you.

Ah my dear Otourou, you weep at the recital of your father's greatness! Heaven has reserved him to be at once the model and the recompense of your own virtues! But it is time, my friends to finish a story which your love for me alone renders interesting; and I hasten to conclude.

While I was yet dissipating my money, I had been presented to a widow, who had no children. She was about five and forty, and was in possession of a handsome fortune. With wit, gaiety, and affability, she drew to her house an amiable chosen society, of which she was the life and charm. I had seen her with that sort of interest, which every man feels in the presence of such a woman: but nothing further. One day, as I left my apartment, one of her servants gave me a card from her, merely requesting to see me. It surprised me that she should have discovered my new habitation, which I had chosen as suiting the situation of my affairs, and which I (not having named it to any of my acquaintance) believed it to be perfectly unknown. I returned a note, in answer, saying, that I was sensible of the honour which she did me: but that reasons, which I forebore to name, would not permit me to accept of it.

I thought I should hear no more of the

matter; but I deceived myself. The next day, a servant brought me a new billet—short, but unequivocal. I know, said she, in the card, every thing which has happened to you. If these be your reasons for avoiding my house, they are frivolous, and you do not know me.—Come to me to-morrow, at five in the evening. I request it. My Swiss has my orders, and my gate shall be open only to you.

I no longer did any thing without consulting Osmyn: this deference was due to him, and I shewed him the billet. Go, said he. What risk you? Few as these words are, they announce good nature and delicacy: you need not distrust those who wish to see the unfortunate. I returned, then, for answer, that I would obey her commands.

The day came. I had yet some wrecks of my former elegant dresses, and I designed to use the best of them. No decorations, said Osmyn, to me. Dress yourself simply, and decently. There is some greatness in appearing such as we are. I felt he was right, and yielded to his reasoning.

The lady received me with that frankness which is the result of true virtue. Unrestrained by the presence of society, she developed one of those hearts (which are rare, it is true, but which are yet to be found) that do not revolt at the sight of misfortune. She desired my confidence. Yet, it was neither by a command nor a prayer; it was by that art which we know not how to define—that invisible ascendancy which a dignified soul takes, without mistrusting itself, over the suffering mind that approaches it. I had no reserves with her. I recounted all my life—all my faults. I thank you, said she, for your confidence. I do not think myself unworthy of it. Perhaps I shall have, on my part, a secret to confide with you; but it requires explications. To-morrow, I go into the country. I will inform you of my return, which will not be in less than fifteen days. In the mean time here are an hundred louis d'ors.

As she saw a refusal in my first gesture, she said be not alarmed; this is not a gift; I respect you too much to offer one. It is a restitution which I am charged to make you. A restitution! said I. I do not recollect. It may have easily have escaped your memory, answered she smiling; you have not, I believe, always been accustomed to reckon accurately with yourself. But, continued she, with a serious air, I request you to free me from this burden of deposit. I felt that obstinacy would have justly offended her; and having