

talked to me in their master's praise, as if they had long known me; an eulogium which is never deceitful. They informed me that his name was Dumenil; that he was a broker of the 'change. 'Every other-broker is immensely rich,' said one of them to me; 'as to him, this house is his only wealth. He has, however, as much employment as any of them; but he exercises it with a probity little known here.' The house was pretty—but without any magnificence. The furniture, and every thing around it, had the enchanting air of propriety. While they led me throughout the whole, I endeavoured to recollect the face of the old negro; for his countenance did not seem unknown to me. 'I think I have seen you before,' said I to him. 'Certainly,' answered he, 'often at father Bruno's.' 'Now I remember,' replied I; 'and is he known to M. Dumenil?' 'Yes,' said he, 'he is M. Dumenil's most intimate friend; and also the best I have in the world. He placed me in this house. We have travelled together; for he was not always an ecclesiastic. But when he entered into holy orders, we were obliged to separate.'

'I am now more convinced,' said I to myself, 'that I have no cause for apprehension, since here is a friend of father Bruno's. I passed my day without weariness; but not without conjectures concerning the cause, which could have conducted me to this house. I hazarded some words to these domestics, which was designed as questions; but they led to no explanations. I judged by their answers that they knew as little of the mystery as myself. As they returned to the theme of their master's virtues, I expressed my surprise, that he had not taken a companion to his house. 'He has never been willing,' said the old negro, although frequent advantageous opportunities have presented themselves. He has a brother, of whom he has not heard these twenty years. I have no doubt he is dead; but my master enjoys the chimerical hope of seeing him again; and it is to preserve the unaltered right of dividing his little fortune with him, that makes him decline every engagement.'

Dumenil returned at six, as he had promised; and I saw him again with pleasure. The discourse of his people had confirmed my sentiments of esteem for him, and it was already almost friendship with which he inspired me.

He enquired, with goodness, how I had passed the day; and I informed him with gratitude. 'You have been with good people,' said he, 'who obey me joyfully. It is that you command them with gen-

teness,' answered I; 'which is not the mode in this country.' 'You are right,' said he, 'and I am not among the last who pity the sufferings of your countrymen.' 'Are they without remedy?' said I to him. 'I believe they are,' replied he, 'till the supreme authority of the mother country shall interfere, and remove the evil. I will add, that the depravity of manners is the fountain of that evil; while the resources of luxury are found in your slavery, not a link of your chains shall be lightened.'

Night was come. 'This is the hour,' said he, 'to give you some insight into the business of this day. Your patience has been sufficiently proved; follow me.' 'I respected you too much,' answered I; 'to question you; and I have been without any uneasiness.' I spoke the truth; however, I felt a strong curiosity to pierce through the mystery, which had surrounded me since morning.

We left the garden, and took the road to the city. After running through several streets, Dumenil knocked at the door of an elegant house. My thoughts were so much occupied, that I did not recollect the house. We entered. What was my surprise! Honoria was the first person who presented herself to me. 'Ah! cried I, 'by what happiness!—Why did you not inform me that it was here I was expected. I would have come in the morning.' 'That was precisely the thing we did not wish,' observed Honoria, with a smile. 'Madam,' said Dumenil, 'I have brought, I think, fate to you. At present you have no further call for my services; and I take my leave of you.' 'How,' said Honoria, 'won't you stay, and sup with us?' 'No, I thank you,' answered he; 'you know how much fatigue I have had during the day; I must take a little repose.' He bowed and retired.

'Why,' said I, 'am I with Honoria? or rather, why in the house of her father, M. de C.—? Why not conducted in the morning? Why not returned to Urban?' Honoria had too much goodness not to hear my questions, patiently. 'You shall know every thing,' said she; 'but not now; an indisposition on my part might place your life in danger;—judge if I must not be silent. It was my duty to do what I have done. Let that satisfy you. Suffer yourself to be overruled, and know that all depends upon your obedience.'

Her father appeared in a little time. He caressed me with a friendship, and spoke to the same purpose as his daughter. He himself showed me the apartment in which I was, to sleep for this night. With pleasure