

descended from my chamber, and found a stranger with Urban. 'Are you called Itanoko?' said he to me. 'Yes,' I answered. 'It is he of whom you spoke?' said he to Urban. 'The same.' After these two questions, the stranger sat down at a table; took a pen, and wrote some lines. When he had finished, he presented the paper to Urban, who read and put it into his pocket. 'It is perfectly right,' said Urban. Then the stranger took some small papers out of his pocket-book; while Urban sat down at the table, and wrote in his turn. Having finished, he made a sign to the stranger, who approached, and read the writing to himself. 'It is well,' said he, placing the small papers which he held in his hand, on the table and adding, 'one, two, three, four, five, all at sight on the bank of Bourdeaux.' He folded the paper which Urban had written; and placing it in his pocket-book, took his hat and cane, and wished Urban a good morning; then said to me, 'come Itanoko.' 'Whither?' answered I. 'Follow the gentleman,' said Urban with a composed look. I supposed there was some commission for me to execute; and I went out with him.

I followed him a long time, without his speaking to me. He walked very swiftly. We went out of the city; and when we had advanced about five hundred paces into the country, he said to me: 'Undoubtedly you know all Urban's people?' 'Perfectly, Sir.' 'Observe then,' added he, 'if there be any, who follow us.' I cast my eyes as far as my view could extend, and said to him, 'I do not perceive one.' He then stepped up to a garden gate, which was near us; and opening it with a key, we entered into a very pleasant spot of ground, at the further end of which was a small house. We went into this house, and he ordered breakfast. He made me sit beside him, and invited me to partake with him. This conduct, so uncommon in the American Isles, surprised, but did not disconcert me. I placed myself at the table without ceremony, already prejudiced in favour of my host: so true is it, that a single gesture, a word, is sufficient to produce this sentiment. And why? because the soul often paints itself by a trifle.

He spoke of indifferent things during breakfast. I answered him with all honest freedom; and he said, 'You are worthy to be the pupil of Ferdinand.' 'Then you know Ferdinand?' said I. 'No,' said he; 'this is the second time I have been in the house of M. Urban; and yesterday was the first; but I have heard of his son's worth.' It was to place me

in my career; and I celebrated my friend, my benefactor. 'You are an honest lad,' said he, rising and striking me on the shoulder. He then went to a desk, which was in the room, and sat down to write a letter. I thought it was for this which I had for to wait. A book was near me, I took it up, and retired to a window to amuse myself.

When he had finished the letter, he rang the bell, and a negro appeared. He whispered to him, gave him the letter, and the domestic went out. Then he approached me, and renewed the conversation of our breakfast time. I began to wonder that he did not dismiss me; but, as I was perfectly satisfied, I did not express my surprise. In about two hours, he looked at his watch. 'It is nearly noon,' said he, 'I must go to the change.' 'He prepared to go out;' and I to follow him. His cook entered. 'Do not expect me to dinner,' said he. 'I shall not return till six in the evening. Take good care of Itanoko, and endeavour to amuse him.' 'But sir,' said I to him, with an air that marked my embarrassment—'and M. Urban, sir,—' M. Urban,' answered he with a smile, 'is no way uneasy on your account. Do you also be without inquietude. This day is not, perhaps, the least happy of your life. He left me.

'What can he mean? What can this mystery he designed to veil? Yet why alarm myself?' said I, after some moments in silence. This man has perfectly the air of honour; nor are he and M. Urban obliged to confide their secrets with me. Shall I be pardoned this little vanity? but this circumstance of my life perhaps best proves the uprightness of my character. I had so little fear of treachery, notwithstanding the dreadful instances I had experienced, so little did it enter into my mind, that even Urban, for some vile gain, could forget the sacred engagements which he had to the man who had saved his life, and to his son, whose dearest friend this man was; that I had not the slightest suspicion, although the truth was palpable. Such too was my candour, that, if this suspicion had arisen, I should at that time have driven it away as a crime. My only fear, in separating from Ferdinand, had been that the morose temper of Urban would too often inform me of the horrors of unjust slavery. My alarms had never proceeded further.

I therefore patiently waited the return of my unknown friend. I entered into conversation with his domestick. He had but three, the two whom I had seen, and an old free negro who amused himself in cultivating the garden. These good people talked