

sent by the Superior. Money and jewels in his pockets, he went to engage a *vetturino*, bought some citizen's clothes, and started ostensibly for the convent; but, at some distance from Naples, he changed his route and his dress, and by a cross-road reached Aversa. He alighted at the Hotel Saint-Gabriel, made them give him a magnificent apartment, and there utilizing his caligraphic talents, he made a passport for himself, under the name of the Marquis Dada.

Thus furnished with an aristocratic name, the young marquis took the post and went to Capua. At the gates of the town a crowd of police agents surrounded him. They demanded his passport, which they retained. He went to the Hotel des Etrangers, a little uncomfortable under these annoying formalities. Scarcely was he installed there when the Commissary of Police was announced. Without doubt the agent of the Government had found something suspicious in his passport,—perhaps Collet had omitted some indispensable formality. Pale and trembling he was about to fly. He hesitated between the door and the window, when suddenly the door opened, the redoubtable commissary appeared, hat in hand, humble, submissive, and profuse in his excuses. "Ah! Signor Marquese, this rabble has annoyed you. Without regard for your rank, the ruffians have retained your passport! But I have hastened to repair the inconvenience they have caused you, and to bring it back to your excellency."

His excellency comprehended at once. Collet knew already the power of money in Italy. He slipped into the hand of the worthy commissary a gift of five louis for the poor agents, and invited him to lunch with him. "Ah!" said the commissary, "a rascal cannot deceive *me*! It is only necessary to look at your excellency to see the character of your highness. You must pardon my poor fellows." Laughing in his sleeve, our young knave made the infallible magistrate pilot him about Capua. He bought a carriage, a livery, engaged a lackey, and departed in triumph for Gaëte, being escorted to his carriage by the respectful commissary.

On the way the Marquis Dada met a French officer, who, hot and dusty, was pain-

fully dragging himself along the road. He offered him a seat in his carriage, and learned that his companion was Louis-Charles-Alexandre Tholozan, a Lyonnaise, an officer of the 10th of the Line, on a leave of absence, and a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. This social standing tempted Collet. He abstracted the portfolio of his trusting companion, and left him at Terracina, deeply grateful for the kindness shown him. Once alone, Collet used an eraser on the brevet and the commission, changed some dates, passed a red ribbon through his button-hole, and the new Tholozan made his entry into Rome.

He had hardly arrived when chance threw in his way an abbé by the name of Tholozan, who, on learning his name exclaimed, "Why, you must be the brother-in-law of my intimate friend, M. de Courtine." Collet, who had studied the portfolio, knew his new family by heart. He showed some letters from M. de Courtine; and the abbé, standing high in the Court, and secretary of his Eminence Monseigneur the Cardinal Fesch, installed him in the archiepiscopal palace. The worthy Abbé Faux introduced into the best *salons* in Rome the young Tholozan, who modestly passed himself off as a millionaire. The young swindler, who did not believe in the duration of this sudden fortune, hastened to speculate upon public credulity. A millionaire, a *protégé* of the Cardinal, there was no difficulty in finding dupes. A merchant discounted for him a bill of exchange for sixty thousand francs; the banker of the cardinal advanced him ten thousand crowns; a confectioner opened his purse, from which he drew five thousand francs; and even the gardener of the palace confided to him his little fortune of one thousand eight hundred francs. So Collet was in a good way of becoming a genuine millionaire. But it was time for him to be moving. He practised a last bleeding upon the jeweller of the palace, from whom he bought, without paying for them, sixty thousand francs' worth of jewels.

Then, not to tempt fortune too far, he pretended a necessary journey to Turin. The good Abbé Faux, and the Cardinal himself, gave him letters of introduction, and, promising to write to him at his destination, they