

who have employed you, for the services already rendered. Let me know at least the name of my generous protector!"

"What! are you really ignorant of it?" inquired Vireton. "Did you not know that it was the Coadjutor who concerted with me, and caused me to execute, this plan of escape? Have you not divined that I am charged to conduct you to the Coadjutor's own mansion?"

"I did not dare to think so," replied Fabian; "for the second time that noble dignitary has saved me from great danger, without my knowing why I excited so deep an interest on his part. But how could he know that I was to be found this evening at the Palais Royal, and that I should incur the displeasure of the—of a very powerful personage?"

"You may ask him that question yourself," returned the Scholar; "all that I know is, that he is perfectly acquainted with all that concerns you, and that I myself have apprised him—but enough, neither the place nor the time is well chosen for these explanations. Heaven knows that I would gladly serve you, as well as this poor young lady, but I am afraid to go beyond my instructions. But still we must find some asylum for her."

"You see, Fabian!" said Elizabeth, with a sigh, "what embarrassment I have already caused you; better leave me to my fate! But, Sir," she added, to Eustache, "do you not know some honest family in this city, who would give me refuge for this night at least?"

"Elizabeth!" replied Fabian firmly, "I will never consent that we should separate! Why not, in this our perplexity, address ourselves to the benevolent prelate, who has already come to my aid? Monsieur Eustache, do your orders forbid you to conduct us to the presence of the Coadjutor, to implore his pity!"

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the Sorbonnian, after a few moments' reflection, "we will at least try it; the Coadjutor is a man of ready resource in the most difficult cases. Besides, the evil is already done; the lady has accompanied you, although perhaps I ought to have opposed it at the time. Come along then! Monseigneur will bring himself out of the scrape as best he can; let us hope he will get himself and us well out of it!"

They reached the *Rue Saint Honoré* in an instant, but Eustache, turning sharply to the left, took the *Rue Croix des Petits Champs*, in which was the principal entry into the cloisters, the same through which Fabian had been admitted with his brother, a few hours before. In a dark corner of the street was stationed a chariot with

two horses; the coachman was asleep on the box, and all around was silent and motionless.

However, when the Sorbonnian advanced to awaken the coachman, this solitude seemed suddenly peopled; five or six individuals, wrapped in large mantles, and mute as spirits, issued from several gateways in the neighbourhood, and quickly approached the scholar. Elizabeth could scarcely repress a cry of alarm, and clung more closely to Fabian, who arrested his steps at the sight. But their disquiet regarding those ominous phantoms was not of long duration; Eustache addressed to them a few words in a low tone, and they at once disappeared, in different directions, as if by enchantment. During this short conference, the coachman had descended from his seat, and opened the door of the chariot; freed from his dark companions, Eustache invited them to enter, and seated himself beside them; and the coach drove off with all the rapidity of which the heavy vehicles of that period were capable.

The mysterious apparition of these men had struck the two young people; it had even left in their minds a vague distrust, which Eustache Vireton soon discovered.

"I would wager," he said, in a light tone, "that I could guess what occupies at present the minds of Monsieur de Croissi, and of this amiable young lady! You are surprised, are you not, to have seen me suddenly surrounded by a troop, that seemed to come from underground? Well! I have no reason now to make a secret of the circumstance, and I will frankly tell you the truth. It appears, my worthy young gentleman, that they wished to engage you in some enterprise which the Coadjutor opposes with all his might; he suspected that you would refuse to undertake the part destined for you, and it was to withdraw you from the consequences of this refusal, that he arranged with me the plan of escape of which you are reaping the benefit—thanks to my excellent cousin of the kitchen! But I must also tell you, that if, in place of refusing, as you appear to have done, you had accepted the charge, I had orders to seize your person as you quietly issued from the cloisters with your brother—and I rather think the stout fellows we encountered but now, would have shown you all resistance was vain."

Fabian remained for a short time pensive and silent.

"I have been made the sport of passions and interests which I do not even understand," he said at length; "and amid the chaos in which I am plunged, I can scarcely distinguish friend from foe. But you, Sir," he added, addressing