

clewed-up sails are not to be again unfurled, until they shall bear one of us far away for ever from the other ! Think of me then, my friend, no more, I pray you, as a subject of France, but only as a Canadian in Paris."

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CHAPTER VI.

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The two friends now rose up from the table to depart. The Café, as all Parisian Cafés are, was ornamented around with many large and gilded mirrors. De Louvencourt's attention was suddenly arrested as he glanced upon one of them at the other extremity of the room. He had recognized in the mirror, the face of a person certainly not unknown to him.—The individual in question was sitting at a table before the mirror towards which his face was turned ; and De Louvencourt remembered having last seen him some two years before at his Aunt's Chateau de Verzenay, near Rheims, where he resided, and acted as Intendant of her property in and about that city. "Why, M. Gautier can this really be you ?" said De Louvencourt, as he approached and addressed the stranger, who had been hitherto seemingly engaged with a newspaper.

The stranger's age on his turning round to De Louvencourt, appeared to be some thirty-five years or more. His habiliments betokened respectability ; and the somewhat fair and blank expression of his features would have invited conversational intercourse, if certain oblique glances of his grey eyes, accompanying what seemed to be a sinister drawing of his under lip, had not occasionally imparted a forbidden expression to his look. "Truly it is M. de Louvencourt," exclaimed the stranger, starting to his feet, at the same time taking De Louvencourt's hand. "Why, more than two years that I have not seen you, had well nigh effaced your features from my recollection—they have become so embrowned from your African service ; and then, your increased growth and uniform would have gone far to deceive me as to your identity, had you not happily been the first to recognize me." "How is my Aunt ?" said De Louvencourt. "I only arrived here last evening with dispatches, and heard by chance, in the vicinity of the Chaussée d'Antin, where the *estaffette* stopped with the mail, that she was no longer at Verzenay, and had been in Paris for the last three months. Strange, in his letters, my father should not have mentioned it ; and that she has not written me in all that time—neither she nor Mademoiselle de Colmar." Had De Louvencourt or his friend the slightest knowledge of the real cause which had brought Madame de Commènes to Paris, they would have perceived, what they afterwards recollected, the confusion of Gautier, at the mention of Adèle de Colmar. He replied, that Madame de Commènes, notwithstanding her antipathy to Paris, where, he it remarked, she, in common