

property, on Madame Dorjeville, with a proviso that she should leave Paris altogether, and repair to her native province. This document, together with the duplicate of her daughter's jewels, of which, as the reader must long since have divined, he had been the purloiner, he requested Dormer to forward to Paris. His desire was complied with, and within three weeks after the announcement of De Forsac's death, Madame Dorjeville and her child were far removed from the *bruyante* gayety and dissipation of the metropolis.

The elucidation of the mystery connected with the singular change in his beloved Agatha's letters at an earlier period of our story, Dormer has reserved until the arrival of his friend. We regret, for the reader's sake, that we are quite in the dark on that subject ourselves.

A word in relation to the other more prominent characters in our story.

We have had no opportunity of ascertaining whether our tall friend, Mr. Darté, has perpetrated the crime of matrimony with either Miss Lucy or Miss Fanny Rivers; but we can safely assure those who entertain the slightest interest in the dancing gentleman, that he is still in Paris, as stiff in the arms, and as active in the heels as ever—neither are the folds of his cravat diminished one iota either in length or in amplitude. Long may he live to dance and to eat hot suppers.

Monsieur de Warner, his Herculean antagonist, promises fair, we understand, to rival him in the former of these accomplishments. Report whispers that he, not long since, took it into his head to perform a *pas seul* on the body of a captain in the British service, until he absolutely danced the soul out of its frail tenement. The same report adds, that the French civil authorities, instead of awarding him a medal for the introduction of this new step, have assigned him a cell in the *conciergerie*, whence he will only be removed to exhibit *devant la cour*.

The Comte de Hillier is still living, as ferocious, as