

account of his parting with De Louvencourt, and of his own unsuccessful chase after Gautier. "Poor Adèle!" exclaimed Madame d'Aumont, "why she has been the topic of the salons for the last three months. But De Louvencourt will not find his aunt at the hotel de Commènes. It is more than a fortnight since I took my leave of her at her departure for Rheims, whither certain discoveries of the misconduct of this same Gautier, her superintendent there, suddenly called her. These discoveries were made, I believe, chiefly through her brother, M. de Louvencourt; and between them there has been a coolness this some time back, in consequence of her refusals to discard Gautier. But De Rance, who would have thought that he and your eccentric fellow student, Pronier, could have been one and the same person with the author of 'Mirandola.' I don't know if I told you of it, but I am to have a little concert here to-night, and I wish you and De Louvencourt would bring De Rance with you." "Thank you; De Louvencourt and I will use our influence with him; we should feel so indebted to the author of 'Mirandola' for your kind invitation." "Thank you too, cousin, for the retort. You, Latin quarter-boys, surely are not beginning to consider yourselves entitled to the *passee partout* of the Chaussée d'Antin. At least should we presume to resist your pretensions, I trust you will not visit us *en revanche* with another revolution, hatched in your barbarous Faubourgs at the other side of the Seine. But do you know that my expectation of seeing you here this morning, has deprived me of hearing an excellent morning discourse at the church of *Notre Dame de Lorette*."* "Ah, those morning discourses, cousin," replied Guy, "must be excessively interesting. I remember once hearing De Louvencourt say, that the preachers of Notre Dame de Lorette and St. Thomas d'Aquin, were continually complaining that their own particular exhortations were daily rendered more and more unavailing by these morning discourses of their lady-auditory at the churches in question. But who, as De Louvencourt observed, ever knew of true piety being pressed out of a velvet cushion, or extracted from the finely printed pages of a gilt prayer book,"—"or of the mild odour of patience gently arising from the essence of pique," quietly added Madame d'Aumont.—

* The writer omitted to state that the two fashionable quarters of the Chaussée d'Antin and Faubourg St. Germain, had each its peculiar place of fashionable religious resort. Each church being quite in character with the quarter of which it happens to be the peculiar attraction. For Notre Dame de Lorette, which of course no one will confound with the great Cathedral, is as lightsome, glittering and luxurious with gilding and crimson cloth, as its rival of the Faubourg St. Germain, is grave, darksome and solemn looking. Both churches, though small, are well fitted up, each in its peculiar style, and form the religious resort of the *dames dévotes* of the two fashionable quarters, that is to say, of those who dissipate the religion of the morning with the gossip of the afternoon and rout of the evening. Some of the best singers in Paris form the choir of both churches.