

obstinacy, during the last two years, in retaining that wretch as her Intendant, contrary to the advice of numerous friends, including her own brother M. de L——, we believe, who had begun to ford some of his less deep schemes. This palliation is the fact of Gautier having been in early youth a *protégé* of Madame de C——, and the orphan son of a revolutionary regicide, who procured her escape to England, after the sacrifice of her husband in the reign of terror.

"We have now also to felicitate M. de Rance, senior, on the prosperous resumption of their business by his Paris Agents, which has enabled them to liquidate all just claims against them—thus demonstrating the truth of the old adage, that 'in prosperity, as in adversity, it never rains but it pours.'"

The wonderment of De Louvencourt and Guy while perusing the above extract, can be only very slightly conceived: and it is unnecessary to say with how many exclamations of surprise, on their parts, its perusal was every now and then interrupted. Every thing it contained, save the names of the parties, was new to De Louvencourt. He was of course delighted at the exculpation of M. de Rance—at the distinguished discovery of his son—but thunderstruck at the flight of Adèle de Colmar, and at the villany of Gautier. The thought that he had been just conversing with the wretch in question—that he had him but a moment since in his power, after whom the officers of justice were now probably in pursuit, roused up the blood to his temples, and imparted the utmost energy to his manly though slight and youthful figure, together with his embrowned and animated features. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Guy, "can it be possible, that he of whom I have written to you so much, and who has been my friend, De Louvencourt, since you left for Africa—who has taken such pains, too, in teaching me good French—can it be possible that Pronier the Student is De Rance?" "Possible! ay, all you have written of him now flashes on my mind, and leaves no doubt that Pronier and De Rance are the same. But let's away in pursuit of Gautier—he can hardly as yet have got out of the street—I will go down the Faubourg, and do you repass through the Luxembourg. Should you catch a sight of him, watch him, and have him put, if you are able, into custody.—And, hark ye Guy, meet me, if possible, by noon, at the *Obelisque de Luxor*." So speaking, they both rushed forth from the Café.

CHAPTER VIII.

Madame d'Aumont was the wife of a Counsellor of the Court of *Cassation*—a word derived from *Casser*—to break; for this being the highest Court of Judicature in France, has the power in appeals of reversing the decisions of the *Cour Royal*.