

THE WANDERING JEW

BY EUGENE SUE.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED THE BURLY

'One would think that Spoilport heard something,' said Agricola. They listened—but heard only the wind, sounding through the tall trees of the boulevard.

'Now I think of it, father—when the garden-door is once open, shall we take Spoilport with us?'

'Yes; for if there is a watch-dog, he will settle him. And then he will give us notice of the approach of those who go the rounds. Besides, he is so intelligent, so attached to Rose and Blanche, that (who knows?) he may help to discover the place where they are. Twenty times I have seen him find them in the woods, by the most extraordinary instinct.'

A slow and solemn knell here arose above the noise of the wind; it was the first stroke of twelve.

That note seemed to echo mournfully through the souls of Agricola and his father. Mute with emotion, they shuddered, and by a spontaneous movement, each grasped the hand of the other. In spite of themselves, their hearts kept time to every stroke of the clock, as each successive vibration was prolonged through the gloomy silence of the night.

At the last stroke, Dagobert said to his son, in a firm voice: 'It is midnight. Shake hands, and let us forward!'

The moment was decisive and solemn. 'Now, father,' said Agricola, 'we will act with as much craft and daring as thieves going to pillage a strong box.'

So saying, the smith took from the sack the cord and hook; Dagobert armed himself with the iron bar, and both advanced cautiously, following the wall in the direction of the angle formed by the street and the boulevard. They stopped from time to time, to listen attentively, trying to distinguish those noises which were not caused either by the high wind or the rain.

It continued light enough for them to be able to see surrounding objects, and the smith and the soldier soon gained the little door, which appeared much decayed, and not very strong.

'Good!' said Agricola to his father. 'It will yield at once.'

'The smith was about to apply his shoulder vigorously to the door, when Spoilport growled hoarsely, and made a point. Dagobert silenced the dog with a word, and grasping his son's arm, said to him in a whisper: 'Do not stir. The dog has scented some one in the garden.'

Agricola and his father remained for some minutes motionless, holding their breath and listening. The dog, in obedience to his master, no longer growled, but his uneasiness and agitation were displayed more and more. Yet they heard nothing.

'The dog must have been deceived, father,' whispered Agricola. 'I am sure of the contrary. Do not move.'

After some seconds of expectation, Spoilport crouched down abruptly, and pushed his nose as far as possible under the door, sniffing up the air.

'He is coming,' said Dagobert, looking at his son.

'Let us draw off a little distance, replied Agricola. 'No, said his father; we must listen. It will be time to retire; if they open the door. Here, Spoilport! down!'

The dog obeyed, and withdrawing from the door, crouched down at the feet of his master. Some seconds after, they heard a sort of splashing on the damp ground, caused by heavy footsteps in puddles of water, and then the sound of words, which, carried away by the wind, did not reach distinctly the ears of the soldier and the smith.

'They are the people of whom Mother Bunch told us, going their round,' said Agricola to his father.

'So much the better. There will be an interval before they come round again, and we shall have some two hours before us, without interruption. Our affair is all right now.'

By degrees, the sound of the footsteps became less and less distinct, and at last died away altogether.

'Now, quick! we must not lose any time,' said Dagobert to his son, after waiting about ten minutes; 'they are far enough. Let us try to open the door.'

Agricola leaned his powerful shoulder against it, and pushed vigorously; but the door did not give way, notwithstanding its age.

'Confound it!' said Agricola: 'there is a bar on the inside. I am sure of it, or these old planks would not have resisted my weight.'

'What is to be done?'

'I will scale the wall by means of the cord and hook, and open the door from the other side.'

So saying, Agricola took the cord and after several attempts, succeeded in fixing the hook on the coping of the wall.

'Now, father, give me a leg up; I will help myself up with the cord; once astride on the wall, I can easily turn the hook, and get down into the garden.'

The soldier leaned against the wall, and joined his two hands, in the hollow of which his son placed one of his feet, then mounting upon the robust shoulders of his father, he was able, by help of the cord, and some irregularities in the wall, to reach the top. Unfortunately, the smith had not perceived that the coping of the wall was strewn with broken bottles, so that he wounded his knees and hands; but, for fear of alarming Dagobert, he repressed every exclamation of pain, and replacing the hook, he glided down the cord to the ground. The door was close by, and he hastened to it; a strong wooden bar had indeed secured it on the inside. This was removed, and the lock was in so bad a state, that it offered no resistance to a violent effort from Agricola. The door was opened, and Dagobert entered the garden with Spoilport.

'Now,' said the soldier to his son, 'thanks to you, the worst is over. Here is a means of escape for the poor children, and Mlle. de Cardoville. The

thing is now to find them, without accident or delay. Spoilport will go before as a scout. Come, my good dog! added Dagobert, above all—fair and soft!'

Immediately, the intelligent animal advanced a few steps, sniffing and listening with the care and caution of a hound searching for the game.

By the half-light of the clouded moon, Dagobert and his son perceived round them a V-shaped grove of tall trees, at which several paths met. Uncertain which to choose, Agricola said to his father: Let us take the path that runs alongside the wall. It will surely lead to some building.

'Right! let us walk on the strips of grass, instead of through the mud. It will make less noise.'

The father and son, preceded by the Siberian dog, kept for some time in a winding path, at no great distance from the wall. They stopped now and then to listen, or to satisfy themselves before continuing their advance, with regard to the changing aspects of the trees and bushes, which, shaken by the wind, and faintly illumined by the pale light of the moon, often took strange and doubtful forms.

Half-past twelve struck on Agricola and his father reached a large iron gate which shut in that part of the garden reserved for the superior—the same into which Mother Bunch had intruded herself, after seeing Rose Simon converse with Adrienne de Cardoville.

Through the bars of this gate, Agricola and his father perceived at a little distance an open paling, which joined a half-finished chapel, and beyond it a little square building.

'That is no doubt the building occupied by Mlle. de Cardoville,' said Agricola.

'And the building which contains the chambers of Rose and Blanche, but which we cannot see from here, is no doubt opposite it,' said Dagobert. 'Poor children! they are there, weeping tears of despair,' added he, with profound emotion.

'Provided the gate be but open,' said Agricola.

'It will probably be so—being within the walls.'

'Let us go on gently.'

The gate was only fastened by the catch of the lock. Dagobert was about to open it, when Agricola said to him: 'Take care! do not make it creak on its hinges.'

'Should I push it slowly or suddenly?' 'Let me manage it,' said Agricola; and he opened the gate so quickly, that it creaked very little; still the noise might have been plainly heard, in the silence of the night, during one of the lulls between the squalls of wind.

Agricola and his father remained motionless for a moment, listening uneasily, before they ventured to pass through the gate. Nothing stirred, however; all remained calm and still. With fresh courage, they entered the reserved garden.

Hardly had the dog arrived on this spot, when he exhibited tokens of extraordinary delight. Pricking up his ears, wagging his tail, bounding rather than running, he had soon reached the paling where, in the morning, Rose Simon had for a moment conversed with Mlle. de Cardoville. He stopped an instant at this place, as if at fault, and turned round and round like a dog seeking the scent.

Dagobert and his son, leaving Spoilport to his instinct, followed his least movements with intense interest, hoping everything from his intelligence and his attachment to the orphans.

'It was no doubt near this paling that Rose stood when Mother Bunch saw her,' said Dagobert. 'Spoilport is on her track. Let him alone.'

After a few seconds, the dog turned his head towards Dagobert, and started at full trot in the direction of a door on the ground-floor of a building, opposite to that occupied by Adrienne. Arrived at this door, the dog lay down, seemingly waiting for Dagobert.

'No doubt of it! the children are there!' said Dagobert, hastening to rejoin Spoilport: 'It was by this door that they took Rose into the house.'

'We must see if the windows are grated,' said Agricola, following his father.

'Well, old fellow!' whispered the soldier, as he came up to the dog and pointed to the building; 'are Rose and Blanche there?'

The dog lifted his head, and answered by a joyful bark. Dagobert had just time to seize the mouth of the animal with his hands.

'He will ruin all!' exclaimed the smith. 'They have, perhaps, heard him.'

'No,' said Dagobert. 'But there is no longer any doubt—the children are here.'

At this instant, the iron gate, by which the soldier and his son had entered the reserved garden, and which they had left open, fell to with a loud noise.

'They've shut us in,' said Agricola, hastily; 'and there is no other issue. For a moment, the father and son looked in dismay at each other; but Agricola instantly resumed: 'The gate has perhaps shut of itself. I will make haste to assure myself of this, and to open it again if possible.'

'Go quickly; I will examine the windows.'

Agricola flew towards the gate, whilst Dagobert, gliding along the wall, soon reached the windows on the ground floor. They were four in number, and two of them were not grated, not very far from the ground, and none of the windows had bars. It would then be easy for that one of the two sisters, who inhabited this story, once informed of their presence, to let herself down by means of a sheet, as the orphans had already done to escape from the inn of the White Falcon.

Agricola returned precipitately. 'It was the wind, no doubt, which shut the gate,' said he. 'I have opened it again, and made it fast with a stone. But we have no time to lose.'

'And how shall we know the whereabouts of the poor children?' said Dagobert, anxiously.

'That is true,' said Agricola, with uneasiness. 'What is to be done?'

'To call them at hap-hazard,' continued Dagobert, 'would be to give the alarm.'

'Oh, heavens!' cried Agricola, with increasing anguish. 'To have arrived here, under their windows, and yet not to know!'

'Time presses,' said Dagobert, hastily, interrupting his son; 'we must run all risks.'

'But, now, father?'

'I will call out loud, "Rose and Blanche"—in their state of despair, I am sure they do not sleep. They will be stirring at my first summons. By means of a sheet, fastened to the window which is not grated, MFYWP down, she who is on the first story will in five minutes be in our arms. As for the one on the ground floor—if her window is not grated, we can have her in a second. If it is, we shall soon loosen one of the bars.'

'But, father—this calling out aloud. "Will not perhaps be heard?"'

'But if it is heard—all will be lost. Who knows? Before they have time to call the watch, and open several doors, the children may be delivered. Once at the entrance of the boulevard, and we shall be safe.'

'It is a dangerous course; but I see no other.'

'If there are only two men, I and Spoilport will keep them in check, while you will have time to carry off the children.'

'Father, there is a better way—a surer one,' cried Agricola, suddenly. 'From what Mother Bunch told us, Mlle. de Cardoville has a key. Let us go, by signs with Rose and Blanche.'

'Yes.'

'Hence, she knows where they are lodged, as the poor children answered her from their windows.'

'You are right. There is only that course to take. But how find her room?'

'Mother Bunch told me there was a shade over the window.'

'Quick! we have only to break through a wooden fence. Have you the iron bar?'

'Here it is.'

'Then, quick!'

In a few steps, Dagobert and his son had reached the paling. Three planks, torn away by Agricola, opened an easy passage.

'Remain here, father, and keep watch,' said he to Dagobert, as he entered Dr. Baleinier's garden.

The indicated window was easily recognized. It was high and broad; a sort of shade surmounted it, for this window had once been a door, since walled in to the third of its height. It was protected by bars of iron, pretty far apart. Since some minutes, the rain had ceased. The moon, breaking through the clouds, shone full upon the building. Agricola, approaching the window, saw that the room was perfectly dark; but light came from a room beyond, through a door left half open.

The smith, hoping that Mlle. de Cardoville might be still awake, tapped lightly at the window. Soon after, the door in the background opened entirely, and Mlle. de Cardoville, who had not yet gone to bed, came from the other chamber, dressed as she had been at her interview with Mother Bunch. Her charming features were visible by the light of the taper she held in her hand. Their present expression was that of surprise and anxiety. The young girl set down the candlestick on the table, and appeared to listen attentively as she approached the window. Suddenly she started, and stopped abruptly. She had just discerned the face of a man, looking at her through the window. Agricola, fearing that Mlle. de Cardoville would retire in terror to the next room, again tapped on the glass, and running the risk of being heard by others, said in a pretty loud voice: 'It is Agricola Baudouin.'

These words reached the ears of Adrienne. Instantly remembering her interview with Mother Bunch, she thought that Agricola and Dagobert must have entered the convent for the purpose of carrying off Rose and Blanche. She ran to the window, recognized Agricola in the clear moonlight, and cautiously opened the casement.

'Madame,' said the smith, hastily; 'there is not an instant to lose. The Count de Montbron is not in Paris. My father and myself have come to deliver you.'

'Thanks, thanks, M. Agricola!' said Mlle. de Cardoville, in a tone expressive of the most touching gratitude; 'but think first of the daughters of General Simon.'

'We do think of them, madame. I have come to ask you which are their windows.'

'One is on the ground floor, the last on the garden side; the other is exactly over it, on the first story.'

'Then they are saved!' cried the smith.

'But let me see!' resumed Adrienne, hastily; 'the first story is pretty high. You will find near the chapel they are building, some long poles belonging to the scaffolding. They may be of use to you.'

'They will be as good as a ladder, to reach the upstairs window, but now to think of you, madame.'

'Think only of the dear orphans. Time presses. Provided they are delivered tonight, it makes little difference to me to remain a day or two longer in this house.'

'No, mademoiselle,' cried the smith. 'It is of the first importance that you should leave this place tonight. Interests are concerned, of which you know nothing. I'm now sure of it.'

'What do you mean?'

'I have no time to explain myself further; but I conjure you, madame, to come. I can wrench out two of these bars; I will fetch a piece of iron—'

'It is not necessary. They are satisfied with locking the outer door of this building, which I inhabit alone. You can easily break open the lock.'

'And in ten minutes we shall be on the boulevard,' said the smith. 'Make yourself ready, madame; take a shawl, a bonnet, for the night is cold. I will return instantly.'

'M. Agricola,' said Adrienne, with tears in her eyes. 'I know what you risk for my sake. I shall prove to you, I hope, that I have as good a memory as you have. You and your adopted sister are noble and valiant creatures, and I am proud to be indebted to you. But do not return for

me till the daughters of Marshal Simon are in safety.'

'Thanks to your directions, madame, the thing will be done directly, madame. I fly to rejoin my father, and we will come together and fetch you.'

Following the excellent advice of Mlle. de Cardoville, Agricola took one of the long, strong poles, that rested against the walls of the chapel, and, bearing it on his robust shoulders, hastened to rejoin his father. Hardly had Agricola passed the fence, to direct his steps toward the chapel, obscured in the shadow, than Mlle. de Cardoville thought she perceived a human form issue from one of the clumps of trees in the convent garden, cross the path hastily, and disappear behind a high hedge of box. Alarmed at the sight, Adrienne vainly called to Agricola in a low voice, to bid him beware. He could not hear her; he had already rejoined his father, who, devoured by impatience, went from window to window with ever increasing anguish.

'We are saved,' whispered Agricola. 'Those are the windows of the poor children—one on the ground floor, the other on the first story.'

'At last,' said Dagobert, with a burst of joy impossible to describe. He ran to examine the windows. 'They are not grated,' he exclaimed.

'Let us make sure that one of them is there,' said Agricola; 'then by placing this pole against the wall, I will climb up to the first story, which is not so very high.'

'Right, my boy. Once there tap at the window, and call Rose or Blanche. When she answers come down. We will rest the pole against the window, and the poor child can slide along it. They are bold and active. Quick, quick to work!'

'And then we'll deliver Mlle. Cardoville.'

Whilst Agricola placed his pole against the wall, and prepared to mount, Dagobert tapped at the panes of the last window on the ground floor, and said aloud: 'It is I, Dagobert.'

Rose Simon, indeed, occupied the chamber. The unhappy child, in despair at being separated from her sister, was a prey to a burning fever, and, unable to sleep, watched her pillow with her tears. At the sound of the tapping on the glass, she started up affrighted, then, hearing the voice of the soldier—that voice so familiar, and so dear—she sat up in bed, pressed her hands across her forehead, to assure herself that she was not the plying of a dream, and wrapped in her long night dress, ran to the window with a cry of joy. But suddenly—and before she could open the casements—two reports of fire arms were heard, accompanied by loud cries of 'Help, thieves!'

The orphan stood petrified with terror, her eyes mechanically fixed upon the window, through which she saw confusedly, by the light of the moon, several men engaged in a mortal struggle, whilst the furious barking of Spoilport was heard above all the incessant cries of 'Help! help! thieves! murder!'

CHAPTER XIV. THE EVE OF A GREAT DAY.

About two hours before the event last related took place at St. Mary's convent, Rodin and Abbe d'Aigrigny met in the room where we have already seen them, in the Rue du Millieu-des-Urains. Since the revolution of July Father d'Aigrigny had thought proper for the moment to remove to this temporary habitation all the secret archives and correspondence of his Order—a prudent measure, since he had every reason to fear that the reverend fathers would be expelled by the state from that magnificent establishment, with which the restoration had so liberally endowed their society.

'This was an idle fear, for we read in the Constitutionnel, Feb. 1, 1832, as follows: "When, in 1822, M. de Corneille abruptly abolished the splendid Normal school, which, during its few years of existence, had called forth or developed such a variety of talent, it was decided, as some compensation, that a house in the Rue des Postes should be purchased, where the Congregation of the Holy Ghost should be located and endowed. The Minister of Marine supplied the funds for this purpose, and the management was placed at the disposal of the Society, which then reigned over France. From that period it has held quiet possession of the place, which at once became a sort of a house of entertainment, where Jesuits sheltered, and provided for, the numerous novices that flocked from all parts of the country, to receive instruction from Father Rosini. Matters were in this state when the revolution of July broke out, which threatened to deprive the Society of this establishment. But it will hardly be believed, this was not done. It was true that they suppressed their practice, but they left them in possession of the house in the Rue des Postes; and to this very day, the 31st of January, 1832, the members of the Sacred Heart are housed at the expense of government, during the whole of which time the normal school has been without a shelter—and, on its reorganization, thrust into a dirty hole in a narrow corner of the College of Louis the Great.'

The above appeared in the Constitutionnel, respecting the house in the Rue des Postes. We are certainly ignorant as to the nature of the transactions, since that period, that have taken place between the reverend fathers and the government; but we read further, in a recently published article that appeared in a journal, in reference to the Society of Jesus, that the house in the Rue des Postes still forms a part of their landed property. We will here give some portions of the article in question.

The following is a list of the property belonging to this branch of the Jesuits:

Table with 2 columns: Property description and Value in Francs.

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'By this it appears that these various articles that these various items to little less than two millions. Teaching, moreover, is another important source of revenue to the Jesuits. The college at Broclette alone brings in 200,000 francs. The two provinces in France (for the general of the Jesuits at Rome has divided France into two provinces, Lyons and Paris) possess, besides a large sum of ready money, Austrian bonds more than 200,000 francs. Their propagation of faith furnishes annually some 50,000 francs, and the harvest which the priests collect by their sermons amount to 150,000 francs. The alms given for charity may be estimated at the same figure, producing together a revenue of 540,000 francs. Now, to this revenue may be added the produce of the society's work, and the profit obtained by hawking pictures. Each plate costs, design and engraving, concluded, about 600 francs, off which are struck about 10,000 copies, at 40 francs per thousand, and there is a further expense of 250 francs to the publisher; and they obtain a net profit of 210 francs on every thousand. This, indeed, is working to advantage. And it can easily be imagined with what rapidity all these are sold. The fathers themselves are the travelers for the society, and it would be difficult to find more zealous or persevering ones. They are always well received and do not know what it is to meet with a refusal. They always take care that the publisher should be one of their own body. The first person whom they select for this occupation was one of their members, possessing some money; but they were obliged, notwithstanding, to make certain advances to enable him to defray the expenses of the first establishment. But when they finally became fully convinced of the success of their undertaking they suddenly called in these advances, which the publisher was not in a condition to pay. They were perfectly aware of this, and superseded him with a wealthy successor, with whom they could make a better bargain; and thus, without remorse, they ruined the man, by thrusting him from an appointment of which they had morally guaranteed the continuance.'

Rodin, dressed in his usual sordid style, mean and dirty as ever, was writing modestly at his desk, faithful to his humble part as secretary, which concealed, as we have already seen, a far more important office—that of socius—a function which, according to the constitution of the order, consists in never quitting his superior, watching his least actions, spying into his every thought, and reporting all to Rome.

In spite of his usual impassability, Rodin appeared visibly uneasy and absent in mind; he answered even more briefly than usual to the commands and questions of Father d'Aigrigny, who had but just entered the room.

'Has anything new occurred during my absence?' asked he. 'Are the reports still favorable?'

'Very favorable.'

'Read them to me.'

'Before giving this account to your reverence,' said Rodin, 'I must inform you that Morok has been two days in Paris.'

'Morok?' said Abbe d'Aigrigny with surprise. 'I thought on leaving Germany and Switzerland, he had received from Friburg the order to proceed southward. At Nimes, or Avignon, he would at this moment be useful as an agent; for the Protestants begin to move, and we fear a re-action against the Catholics.'

'I do not know,' said Rodin, 'if Morok may not have had private reasons for changing his route. His ostensible reasons are, that he comes here to give performances.'

'How so?'

'A dramatic agent, passing through Lyons, engaged him and his meagrier for the Port St. Martin Theater at a very high price. He says that he did not like to refuse such an offer.'

'Well,' said Father d'Aigrigny, shrugging his shoulders, 'but by distributing his little books, and selling prints and chaplets as well as by the influence he would certainly exercise over the ignorant people of the south or of Brittany, he might render services, such as he can never perform in Paris.'

'He is now below, with a kind of giant, who travels about with him. In his capacity of his reverence's old servant, Morok hoped to have the honor of kissing your hand this evening.'

'Impossible—impossible—you know how much I am occupied. Have you sent to the Rue Saint Francois?'

'Yes, I have. The old Jew guardian has had notice from the notary. Tomorrow, at six in the morning, the masons will unwall the door, and for the first time since a hundred and fifty years the house will be opened.'

'Father d'Aigrigny remained in thought for a moment, and then said to Rodin: 'On the eve of such a decisive day we must neglect nothing, and call every circumstance to memory. Read me the copy of the note inserted in the archives of the society, a century and a half ago, on the subject of Reneppont.'

The secretary took the note from the case and read as follows: 'This 19th day of February, 1682, the Reverend Father Provincial Alexander Bourdon sent the following advice, with these words in the margin: Of extreme importance for the future.'

'We have just discovered, by the confession of a dying person to one of our fathers, a very close secret. "Marquis de Reneppont, one of the most active and redoubtable partisans of the Reformed Religion, and one of the most determined enemies of our Holy Society, had apparently re-entered the pale of our Mother Church, but with the sole design of saving his worldly goods, threatened with confiscation because of his irreligious and damnable errors. Evidence having been furnished by different persons of our company that the conversion of Reneppont was not sincere, and in reality covered a sacrilegious lure, the possessions of said gentleman, now

considered a relapsed heretic, were confiscated by our gracious sovereign, his majesty King Louis XIV., and the said Reneppont was condemned to the galleys for life.' He escaped his doom by a voluntary death; in consequence of which abominable crime his body was dragged upon a hurdle, and flung to the dogs on the highway.

'From these preliminaries we come to the great secret, which is of such importance to the future interests of our society.'

'His majesty, Louis XIV., in his paternal and Catholic goodness towards the Church in general and our order in particular, had granted to us the profit of this confiscation, in acknowledgment of our services in discovering the infamous and sacrilegious relapse of the said Reneppont. "But we have just learned for certain, that a house situated in Paris, No. 3, Rue Saint Francois, and a sum of fifty thousand gold crowns, have escaped this confiscation, and have consequently been stolen from our society."

'The house was conveyed before the confiscation by means of a forged purchase to a friend of Reneppont's—a good Catholic—unfortunately, as against him we cannot take any severe measures. Thanks to the culpable, but to secure connivance of his friend the house has been walled up, and is only to opened in a century and a half, according to the last will of Reneppont. As to the fifty thousand gold crowns, they have been placed in hands which, unfortunately, are hitherto unknown to us, in order to be invested and put out to use for one hundred and fifty years, at the expiration of which time they are to be divided between the then existing descendants of the said Reneppont; and it is calculated that this sum, increased by so many accumulations, will then have become enormous, and will amount to at least forty or fifty millions of livres tournois. From motives which are not known, but which are duly stated in a testamentary document, the said Reneppont has concealed from his family, whom the edicts against the Protestants have driven out of France, the investment of these fifty thousand crowns; and has only desired his relations to preserve their line, from generation to generation, the charge to the last survivors to meet in Paris, Rue Saint Francois, a hundred and fifty years hence, on February the 13th, 1832. And that this charge might not be forgotten, he employed a person whose description is known, but not his real occupation, to cause to be manufactured sundry bronze medals, on which the requests and dates are engraved, and to deliver to each member of the family—a measure the more necessary as, from some other motive equally unknown, but probably explained in the testament, the heirs are to present themselves on the day in question, before noon, in person, and not by attorney, or representative, or to forfeit all claim to the inheritance. The stranger who undertook to distribute the medals to the different members of the family of Reneppont, is a man of thirty to thirty-five years of age, of tall stature, and with a proud and sad expression of countenance. He has black eyebrows, very thick, and singularly joined together. He is known as Joseph, and is much suspected of being an active and dangerous emissary of the wretched republicans, and heretics of the seven United Provinces. It results from these promises that this sum, surreptitiously confided by a relapsed heretic into unknown hands, has escaped the confiscation decreed in our favor by our well beloved king. A serious fraud and injury has therefore been committed, and we are bound to take every means to recover this our right, if not immediately, at least in some future time. Our society (being for the greater glory of God and our Holy Father) imperishable, it will be easy, thanks with the connection we keep up with all parts of the world, by means of missions and other establishments, to follow the line of this family of Reneppont from generation to generation, without ever losing sight of it—so that a hundred and fifty years hence, at the moment of the division of this immense accumulation of property, our Company may claim the inheritance of which it has been so treacherously deprived, and recover it by any means in its