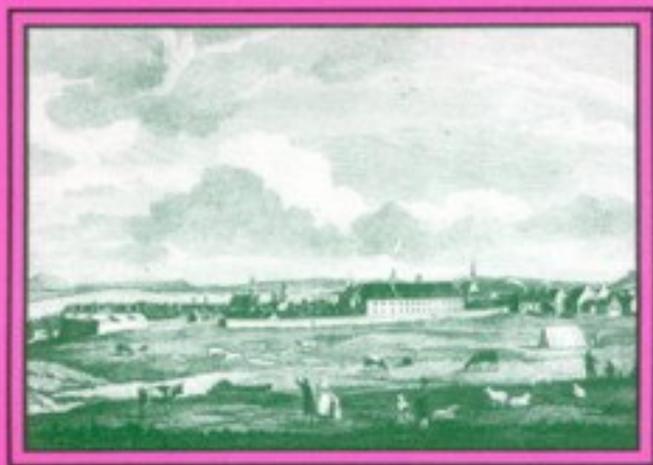


St. Ursula's Convent

or The Nun of Canada



Julia Catherine Beckwith Hart

*** A Distributed Proofreaders Canada eBook ***

This ebook is made available at no cost and with very few restrictions. These restrictions apply only if (1) you make a change in the ebook (other than alteration for different display devices), or (2) you are making commercial use of the ebook. If either of these conditions applies, please contact a FP administrator before proceeding.

This work is in the Canadian public domain, but may be under copyright in some countries. If you live outside Canada, check your country's copyright laws. IF THE BOOK IS UNDER COPYRIGHT IN YOUR COUNTRY, DO NOT DOWNLOAD OR REDISTRIBUTE THIS FILE.

Title: St. Ursula's Convent, or, The Nun of Canada. Vol 2 of 2

Date of first publication: 1824

Author: Julia Catherine Beckwith (Hart) (1796-1867)

Date first posted: Oct. 21, 2014

Date last updated: Oct. 21, 2014

Faded Page eBook #201410M4

This ebook was produced by: Marcia Brooks, Ross Cooling, Alex White & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <http://www.pgdpCanada.net>

ST. URSULA'S CONVENT,

OR

CONTAINING SCENES FROM

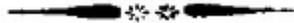
REAL LIFE.

The moral world,
Which though to us it seems perplex'd, moves on
In higher order, fitted and impell'd,
By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing
In universal good.

THOMSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



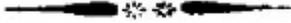
KINGSTON, UPPER CANADA:
PRINTED BY HUGH C. THOMSON.



1824.

ST. URSULA'S CONVENT,

OR



CHAPTER XVI.



But Heaven has a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

SHAKESPEARE.

After breakfast next morning, as Adelaide, Charlotte, and Mr. Turner, were seated in the drawing room, the latter proposed that they should have recourse to some amusement, to which the ladies assented, on condition that he should name what diversion he desired. He was proceeding to explain, when a loud knocking arrested his attention, and presently lord Dudley and his sisters entered the room. 'Is this the manner, said lady Augusta, in which you intend passing the morning, sitting and conversing so domestically?' 'I think the best manner of passing our time, said Miss Turner, is to employ it in social and rational intercourse; but my brother was proposing some other amusement.' 'And lady Augusta is just come in time to second me, said Mr. Turner. Pray, cousin, mention what we shall have recourse to, or these ladies will be so rational, that those who have not had the advantage of a convent education, will be in danger of expiring with ennui.'

'The ladies are much obliged to you for the compliment, said lord Dudley. As for me, I think their rationality, as you rightly term it, extremely interesting; however, Augusta, say where we shall go, or your poor cousin Edward will actually lose his spirits, which would be a sad disaster.'

'To prevent so melancholy a catastrophe, said lady Augusta, I will endeavour to think of something that may contribute to his entertainment. But have you forgot, brother, that we are on our way to visit lady Delancey, and only called en passant, to take up Miss de St. Louis and our cousins.'

‘I had, indeed, forgot, said lord Dudley; but what say you, cousin Edward? Will this suffice to keep your spirits alive?’ Edward made no objection, and they set out together for lady Delancey’s. On sending up their names, they were ushered into a room, where sat her ladyship, with three ladies, whom neither of our party had ever seen before. The eldest of the three strangers seemed about five and thirty, had the remains of a fine countenance, and appeared extremely agreeable. The young ladies were handsome, and very interesting.

The conversation soon became general, and the strangers seemed to possess a fund of information. Adelaide and Charlotte said little, but seated themselves opposite the strangers, observing them with great attention, and apparently listening to their conversation. The visit proved so agreeable, that it was prolonged beyond the usual time. At length the strangers took leave.

‘Are not those ladies foreigners?’ inquired Adelaide of lady Delancey.

‘They are French ladies, with whom I have been long acquainted, she replied. The Marchioness de la Brocri is very amiable. Her daughter is a fine girl, and her niece, Mademoiselle de Montreuil, is very interesting.’

Here Adelaide and Charlotte regarded each other with marks of astonishment. At length the latter exclaimed, ‘Pray inform me, Madam, who is father to Mademoiselle de Montreuil?’

‘She is daughter to the Count de Bordeaux, said lady Delancey. Are you acquainted with him, ladies?’

‘No Madam, said Adelaide, but greatly desire an introduction to the Marchioness and her lovely companions. Do you know, my lady, if Mademoiselle de Montreuil has a mother?’

‘I believe not; her mother has been dead, or at least not heard of these many years.’

‘Has her father been long Count de Bordeaux?’ inquired Charlotte, with great earnestness.

‘It is about twelve years since he came to that title, by the death of his cousin.’

‘Enough! enough!’ exclaimed both Charlotte and Adelaide, at the same time; ‘They are the same.’ Their countenances were illuminated with pleasure, while the looks of the company expressed surprize and amazement. Suddenly the face of Adelaide was overspread with doubt. ‘How can this be? cried she, addressing Miss Turner. The child in question was a son; and then Mr. de Montreuil himself! All is enveloped in the deepest mystery.’ Charlotte’s countenance now assumed the appearance of doubt. ‘Pray my dear Madam, said she, addressing lady Delancey, has Miss de Montreuil a brother?’ ‘She has a brother, said her ladyship, in reply,

whose name is Theodore. You seem desirous of their acquaintance. They all dine here to-morrow. It would afford me great pleasure to be favoured at the same time with your company, and that of your friends.’

Here the entrance of more company terminated the conversation. Charlotte and Adelaide riding in the same coach with lord Dudley, were no sooner seated, than his lordship begged an explanation of the scene he had just witnessed; but Charlotte desired him to have patience, promising to satisfy his curiosity on their arrival home; as she did not doubt that his sister’s curiosity was equally raised. During the remainder of the ride, Adelaide and Charlotte made different conjectures on the statement they had just heard. They could not account for Mr. de Montreuil being alive unknown to his lady. They thought it possible his son might be living—but then Miss de Montreuil! Perhaps Mr. de Montreuil had escaped death, and remarried—but this could not agree with the account lady Delancey had given of her mother; and the young lady bore so near a resemblance to the good mother St. Catherine, (whom the reader has doubtless perceived we alluded to.) Every conjecture they could devise, equally served to increase their perplexity. Entering the drawing room, they found there seated lord and lady Durham, with Sir Edward and lady Turner. Charlotte hastily approached her father. ‘You doubtless remember, papa, the account Miss de St. Louis and I gave you of mother St. Catherine; I am now elated with the pleasing hope of rendering more happy the remainder of her days, by restoring to her some of her nearest connexions.’

‘How, my dear? said Sir Edward. I do not in the least comprehend you.’

‘Nor either of us, said Mr. Turner. We have been entertained, or perplexed, with the strangest scene imaginable.’

‘What scene?’ inquired Sir Edward, as did, at the same time, the eyes of lady Turner, and lord and lady Durham.

‘A difficult one to explain, said Mr. Turner. I think the readiest way of satisfying us all, will be for Charlotte to tell us all the circumstances.’

‘Pray Charlotte, said the Baronet, satisfy our curiosity.’

‘I would with pleasure, replied Miss Turner, but think Miss de St. Louis can give the most satisfactory account. Pray my dear, addressing Adelaide, relate to us your first acquaintance with our beloved nun.’

All the company joining in the request, Adelaide complied, and gave a just and very favorable account of mother St. Catherine. When she had related to where the good nun had commenced her history, dinner was announced, and they agreed to defer the remainder of the relation until after dinner, when Charlotte should relieve Adelaide, by reading the manuscript which the latter had written in the nun’s own

words.

Dinner was soon over, our illustrious party being too much engaged with the history of the Canadian nun, to remain long at table.

Adelaide then produced the manuscript, written in the French language, which was understood by all present. Great attention was paid to the reading; and when Charlotte had finished, various conjectures were formed by the company on its contents: all commiserated the forlorn situation of the good mother, who appeared formed for social intercourse.

Lady Durham desired to know what connection their morning ride had with mother St. Catherine.

‘I hasten to satisfy you, my dear aunt, said Charlotte. On entering lady Delancey’s drawing room, I was much struck by the appearance of three ladies. The eldest I thought bore a near resemblance to mother St. Catherine; and I instantly conceived, could be no other than the marchioness de la Brocri. One of the young ladies was the striking resemblance of the good nun. My eyes caught those of Adelaide, when I perceived she was equally agitated with myself.

We seated ourselves opposite the strangers, and were every moment more confirmed in our conjectures. The voice of the young ladies, who resembled each other, vibrated in my ear, as that of my revered friend. We prolonged our visit, beyond what was first intended, being impatient to know who they really were.’

Charlotte continued to relate to her attentive audience the conversation that had passed between lady Delancey, Adelaide, and herself, after the ladies had retired, and concluded with saying, ‘Now, that you have heard all the circumstances, do you not approve of my conjectures?’

‘I really think it probable, said lord Durham, that the marchioness de la Brocri you have seen this morning, is sister to mother St. Catherine, and that one of the young ladies is daughter to the marchioness; nor, considering the vague account your manuscript gives of Mr. de Montreuil’s death, is it impossible that he should still be alive, and the present Count de Bordeaux, as St. Catherine mentions his being descended from one of that house. But what appears to me extremely mysterious, is, that after the lapse of so many years, his lady should still think him deceased. Then, I cannot account for his having a daughter resembling St. Catherine, and niece to the marchioness de la Brocri?’

‘It is that which perplexes me,’ said Adelaide.

Various conjectures were then formed by several of the company, but none could ascertain any probable conclusion. At length all agreed to restrain their curiosity until the next day. A servant here delivered a card to the Earl, and another

to the Baronet, from lady Delancey, requesting their company, and that of their ladies to dinner, the next day, with their children, and Miss de St. Louis. 'I am really pleased with the invitation, said the Earl; Adelaide and Charlotte have raised in me so great a curiosity concerning their interesting nun, and all connected with her, that I am impatient to discover if the strangers will really prove her relations.'

Adelaide and her illustrious friends were the next day punctual to their appointment. They were ushered into a room where several ladies and gentlemen were seated, besides the three ladies they had seen the day before. All arose at the entrance of our party, when an introduction took place. A fine middle aged man was first named as Marquis de la Brocri, then the Marchioness, whom they had seen the day before. A well made youth was introduced as the Marquis' son, and two lovely black eyed girls, as his daughters; a middle aged gentleman and lady were named as Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville, with their son Philip, and daughter Marianne. A gentleman of a very interesting appearance was then introduced as Count de Bordeaux. Near him stood his two children. Theodore de Montreuil possessed an elegant form, piercing dark grey eyes, and dark brown hair. His sister was rather above the common size, a lively sensibility beamed through her dark eyes, which were shaded by long dark eye lashes. Her hair was a dark auburn, and the tout ensemble of her countenance was extremely prepossessing.

Lady Delancey, taking Adelaide by the hand, 'I have the honour of presenting to you Miss de St. Louis, a young lady of your nation; though not from France, yet a country-woman of several of my young friends here.'

'Pray, Madam, exclaimed the Count de Bordeaux, is this young lady from Canada?'

'Not many months have elapsed since Miss de St. Louis arrived from Canada,' replied her ladyship. The Count sighed, as did several of the company, and with difficulty could he restrain his tears. At length, recovering in some degree, he apologized for his emotion. 'But of Canada, continued he, I cannot think with calmness. It is the grave of many of my dearest friends, of my honoured parents, the authors of my being, guardians of my infancy, and tender friends of my maturer years. It is the receptacle of the remains of a charming and much beloved wife, our two sweet infants, and the parents of my wife.' These words were interrupted by sighs, when, stifling them, and addressing the company, 'I am extremely sorry at having filled the minds of the company with sorrow. Mirth and gaiety are more congenial to youth, which is the season of enjoyment; but my transgression was

involuntary, for at the mention of Canada, and sight of a Canadian lady, I could not restrain my emotion.’

Unfortunate gentleman, (thought Adelaide) you might have spared that apology. The tender and affectionate hearts of those to whom you are now introduced, experience a more grateful sensation in sympathizing with you, than mirth and gaiety could have bestowed.

When the Count paused, every eye was moistened; Adelaide and Charlotte were much agitated. They were now convinced, though they could not account for it, that they beheld before them the husband of their beloved, afflicted and resigned friend, who appeared equally afflicted, though not equally resigned. Silence reigned sometime, when lord Durham taking the Count’s hand, ‘I feel, my dear Sir, extremely interested on your account. You appear unhappy. Oh that I could alleviate your sorrows! Perhaps I may be an instrument in the hand of Providence to that end. Your countenance betokeneth much affliction; but consider, my dear Sir, that whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth. Submit to his will, and, at his appointed hour, he may restore you those for whom you mourn.’

‘My Lord, said the Count, this is extremely kind in you, to sympathize with an unfortunate man, who is not only a stranger, but also a foreigner. Your advice is extremely just; I heartily concur in it, and have ere now endeavoured to profit by similar reflections. I owe much to the Almighty; I was a poor, desolate captive, when it pleased the Sovereign disposer of events to restore me two darling children, a beloved sister, her family, and several other dear friends. It pleased the Almighty to bestow on me, at the same time, rank and riches. I was again restored to liberty, and my native country. I feel extremely grateful for these great and invaluable blessings, and should be the most unthankful of mankind to repine at my lot; but, at the mention of Canada, I could neither stifle nor conceal my feelings! The appearance of a Canadian lady brings so forcibly to my imagination the image of my dear departed wife, of the beloved partner of my life! It distracts me to think what her feelings must have been, when left alone, and desolate in a strange country, after losing all who could have made life desirable!’ Here a flood of tears burst from the eyes of the Count, when he walked towards the window, endeavouring to suppress them.

All present felt forcibly this appeal to their feelings, when dinner being announced, they adjourned to the dining room.

A considerable time elapsed ere a word was spoken, when Sir Edward ventured to inquire of the Count if he had been long from Canada.

‘Twenty years have elapsed since I resided there, replied Monsieur de Bordeaux; but nine years since I visited Quebec, where I remained but a short time.’

‘Is it possible, cried the Baronet, that you were there so lately? Your misfortunes, Sir, continued Sir Edward, particularly interest me. May I hope that you will condescend to communicate them. You may not repent your confidence.’

‘I freely comply with your request, said the Count, and am gratified with the employment, as it always affords me a melancholy satisfaction to communicate my misfortunes.’

After dinner, all drew near the count de Bordeaux, who, after sitting a few minutes in a recollecting attitude, proceeded as follows in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

Behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
That virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing fortune and intrinsic pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant pleasure.

AKENSIDE.

'I will pass slightly over the first part of my life, but some account of it is necessary, to understand the remainder. I was born in France. My father was grandson, by a younger branch, to one of the counts de Bordeaux. My grand father possessed but a small fortune. My father was his youngest son, and was bred to the law; and, soon after receiving his lettres d'avocat, married Mademoiselle de Beaumont, daughter to the Chevalier of that name, with whom he received but a small fortune. I was born a year after this marriage. About that time my father received a letter from his mother's brother, who then enjoyed an elevated and lucrative post under the government in New France. This gentleman painted the country in glowing colours, and advised my father to remove there, as he had no doubt but he would prove successful.

'My father was pleased with the proposition, and shortly after set out for Canada, where he was received by his uncle with great affection. My father possessed great abilities, which, added to the extensive influence of his uncle, who patronized him to the utmost extent of his power, procured him abundance of employment in his profession; and he soon found himself in a fair way of acquiring a fortune. A year after our arrival, heaven bestowed on me a sister. Having but two children our parents brought us up very indulgently. At the age of nineteen I was sent to France, to complete my education, being intended for the law.

'My grandfather was then dead, and my great grandfather and his eldest sons had died without other heirs, by which means my father's elder brother possessed the titles and estates of the counts de Bordeaux. My uncle had an only son, about my age, who was called the chevalier de Montreuil. I was very favourably received by them both, and my cousin and self soon became inseparable companions.

'After residing two years in France, I happened, with my cousin in company with

the Marquis de la Brocri, with whom the Chevalier was previously acquainted. The Marquis, hearing I was from Canada, gave the Chevalier and myself a pressing invitation to breakfast with him the next morning, when he introduced me to his amiable lady. I was treated with particular attention by the Marquis and Marchioness, who informed me, that they intended to pass the summer at their seat in the country, for which they were to set out in a few days; whither the Chevalier and myself received a pressing invitation to accompany them, which we with pleasure accepted.

‘The next day I received a letter from my father, requesting my immediate return to Canada, as my education was finished; and advising me to take passage in the ship that brought the mandate.

‘Understanding she would not be ready for sea in less than two months, I resolved to keep my appointment with the marquis de la Brocri. My cousin was grieved at the idea of our separation, but pleased at finding we were previously to pass several agreeable weeks together. In a few days we set out with the marquis and marchioness for their country seat. Madame de la Brocri now informed me, that her parents and only sister, whom she tenderly loved, resided at Quebec. Our continual theme was this sister; and so much did she say in her favour, that I would sometimes be quite impatient at the ship’s delay, which postponed my seeing this paragon of sense, beauty, and accomplishments; yet, I afterwards found, the commendations I then heard, expressed but a faint idea of her.

‘I passed the time very agreeably with the Marquis, Marchioness, little Louis, and my cousin; but happy moments soon fleet away. The time arrived for my leaving France. The ship was ready to sail. I embarked, and was charged by the Marquis and his lady with the delivery of letters to Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle de la Valiere.’

Here a look of certain confirmation passed between Charlotte and Adelaide, but they not interrupting the narration, the Count thus proceeded.

‘My parents were enraptured at again beholding me. My sister Marianne was delighted. We embraced each other, our eyes o’erflowing with tears. Of so strange a structure is the human frame, that joy and grief produce the same sensation!

‘It was late in the evening when I arrived at my father’s, and so entirely was my mind filled with my family, my attention so entirely engrossed by answering their inquiries concerning their old friends in France, that I that evening neglected inquiring concerning Monsieur de la Valiere and family.

‘The next morning I inquired concerning them, of Marianne. Their acquaintance was but slight, but my sister had been several times in company with Mademoiselle

de la Valiere. Having obtained their direction, I hastened to the house of Monsieur de la Valiere, and was ushered into a room where he sat alone. I delivered the letters. He desired me to be seated, and, after apologising, opened the packet. After glancing his eyes over the contents, he approached me. 'Are you, my dear Sir, the gentleman so highly commended by my children?' On my answering in the affirmative, 'You appear already dear to me, said the old gentleman. You were then so lately with my children! and so highly esteemed by them!' Monsieur de la Valiere then led me to a room where sat his lady and daughter. I had seen many handsome women, but never her equal! I think I made but an awkward figure, when I was first introduced and ventured to salute her. At this first interview my heart was irrevocably fixed.

'You may easily conjecture, that our families were introduced to each other, and an intimacy soon cemented between them.

'Every time I conversed with the charming Julia added fuel to my flame. My father highly approved my choice, and the consent of Mademoiselle de la Valiere and her parents being obtained, we were shortly after united. A year after our marriage, my charming wife presented me with my Theodore. About that time my sister was united to Mr. de Boucherville, who usually resided in France, but was then at Quebec on business.

'The following year, my sister was blessed with a daughter, and my wife with two at a birth; but my sister had the misfortune of losing hers in a few hours, when her husband desired to see me in private. He then informed me of his child's death, and the sad consequences he feared it would produce on his wife, who was yet unacquainted with the infant's death, but eagerly inquired for it, and appeared alarmed, that the child was detained so long from her, which greatly alarmed her husband, as the physicians thought she was in a dangerous situation, and irritation would, he feared, increase her illness. My brother-in-law here paused, and I sympathized with him, on my sister's account, whom I tenderly loved, when, hesitatingly, Monsieur de Boucherville thus addressed me: 'If you would but consent, my dear brother, I could mention what would, I think, restore your sister.'

'What is it? exclaimed I. If assistance is in my power, Marianne shall not be deprived of it.'

'I arrest your word, said my brother. You have two fine infants, and the nurse alone is privy to the death of your sister's; if you will but consent to what I propose, we shall probably save your sister's life. Bestow on me one of your infants, which will pass for your sister's, and the dead one for your's, by which means your wife and sister will each have a living child, and the living infant will erase from Madame

de Montreuil's mind, the memory of the imagined dead one.' I was at first startled, but, in pity to my sister, agreed to the proposal, and the infants were accordingly exchanged, none but Monsieur de Boucherville, the nurse, and myself being privy to the affair.

'When my wife was informed of the infant's supposed death, having the other in her arms, she did not greatly regard it, and she and my sister often expressed their surprize, at the near resemblance the children bore each other.

'It was soon after reported, that the English were determined on taking Quebec, which so alarmed Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville, that they soon after set out for France, having prevailed on me to permit my little Louis to accompany them.

'We were then continually alarmed with rumours of the danger we were in, which reports were not groundless, for the English, as you all know, actually invaded the country.

'I was appointed to a command of militia, and was obliged to join my corps, which was stationed on the coast of the gulph of St Lawrence, leaving my wife and two children, the youngest but six months old. It is impossible to express the reciprocal regret we felt at parting. I tore myself from my wife's embrace, unable to say adieu, and threw myself into a boat that waited to convey me over the river; when I took horse, and soon arrived at my destination. I then endeavoured to fill up this painful interval, by exercising my men, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing them the best disciplined corps in the environs.

'Sometime after, a party of the enemy landed, and marched up the country, laying all around them waste. I mustered my little company, and flew to repel the invaders, endeavouring to inspire my men with the heroism I felt myself, which design I accomplished, and we rushed on the English with a great increase of the impetuosity natural to my nation. The enemy fell back in great confusion, when, encouraging my men, I rushed after them; but they presently rallied, and vigorously withstood the charge; the conflict was then dreadful, both parties appearing determined to conquer or die. Numbers fell on both sides, and victory appeared doubtful, when, impatient to decide it in our favour, I impetuously bore down on the foe, when I received a blow that felled me to the ground, and instantly deprived me of reason.'

CHAPTER XVI.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.

POPE.

‘I continued for several hours in this situation, when I was awakened as from a trance, by the falling of a heavy shower of rain, which revived me. All was enveloped in the deepest gloom. Groping around, I felt a number of dead bodies, which recalled to my remembrance the engagement of the preceding day, and then discovered that I was left for dead on the field of battle. At length the rain ceased, and the moon burst forth resplendant in that mild majesty noticed by your great poet, Milton. Her beams discovered to my terrified sight the horrors of the surrounding scene. The ground was covered with the dead bodies of the French and English, mingled indiscriminately. All were equal in the sleep of death. The intervals between the bodies served as channels to streams of purple gore. From this terrifying sight I turned my eyes on myself—poor relief! My appearance made me recoil with horror! My clothes were covered with purple gore, shaded with red, where the rain had partly washed it away. Attempting to walk, I felt great pain from a wound in my side. Again I turned my eyes towards the dead bodies, when, unable longer to support the horrid sight, I crawled, with all the expedition I could muster, towards the beach, without knowing where I was going, or what end I had in view. At length, exhausted with pain and fatigue, I seated myself on a large stone, and fixed my eyes on the sea, pleased with observing the moon beams playing on the vast unruffled surface: and for a few moments forgot all my inquietude. I was suddenly aroused from this reverie, by a confused murmur, and thought I distinguished the rowing of oars. Turning my eyes towards the sound, I perceived a boat full of men rowing towards me, and, before I could resolve what to do, they landed, and perceiving me, they rushed forward, and surrounded the stone on which I sat. It was then I first discovered they were English, and felt all the horrors of my situation!

‘Their Captain inquired who I was. I told my name, and begged to be released. He answered, he would not give me an opportunity of alarming the inhabitants. It was in vain I promised to preserve inviolable secrecy. He seemed not to hear me, when suddenly addressing me, ‘I have a service for you to perform, which according

as you execute, shall be your treatment with us.’ ‘What service?’ inquired I, in a faltering voice, fearing it some treachery to my country, which I was resolved against performing, though it cost my life; and from the apparent brutality of the Captain and his crew, it seemed probable, instant death would be the consequence of a refusal; and the remembrance of my wife and family, rendered life still precious.

‘My mind was occupied with these reflections, when the Captain thus spoke, in a commanding voice:—‘You belong here, and know where to find water. Lead us to where we may replenish our casks, and we will use you well. But beware of using treachery towards us.’ Although these words, and the tone they were delivered in, were not the most conciliatory, still was I pleased with them; pleased that the service they required was so trifling. I knew of an excellent spring of water near the place, and with all the alacrity I could assume, conducted them to it, notwithstanding I experienced much pain from my wound. Their casks were soon filled, when they reembarked, taking me with them, in spite of my entreaties to the contrary, and rowed for the vessel, when a fair breeze springing up, they stood out for sea.

‘The mate, who had remained on board, appeared possessed of more humanity than his Captain. He perceiving I was much fatigued, offered me his berth, which I accepted without ceremony. The fatigue I had experienced procured me a sound sleep, in which I continued the remainder of the night. Upon going on deck the next morning, I found we had lost sight of land. The difficulty with which I moved, attracted the attention of the humane mate, who inquired what ailed me; when I informed him that I had been wounded the preceding day, he immediately called for the surgeon, for the vessel being a small privateer, retained one on board. My wound was then dressed, and pronounced dangerous, and I was the same day seized with a violent fever, which continued to oppress me several weeks, during which time my wound healed but slowly. I was all this time attended with great care by the humane mate, to whose compassionate attentions, under the superintending hand of Providence. I believe I am indebted for my life. I began to mend, when the privateer met a rich French merchantman, which she seized, but wishing to rid herself of the crew, she hove in sight of land, and gave them the boat belonging to the ship. The privateer then proceeded towards Philadelphia, where she intended to dispose of her prize. My fever had abated, and my wound healed, but I remained extremely weak. Soon as we came to anchor, the Captain informed me I was at liberty to go where I pleased. I thanked him, but felt extremely dejected. My situation was truly deplorable; in a foreign country, without friends or money, labouring under a bad state of health—I knew not what course to pursue. My good friend the mate, observing my distress, took me aside. ‘My dear Sir, said he, I commiserate your

perplexity, and will, to the utmost extent of my power, endeavour to relieve it. You have, by our means, been deprived of the blessings of life; but my exertions shall not be wanting to restore them to you. It will not be difficult to obtain a passage from Philadelphia to Quebec; but in the manner in which you were taken from your country, it is not probable that you are provided with ready money. I will then be your banker, until you can receive remittances from home.’ He then led me to his cabin, when he took from his chest a purse, and presented it to me. ‘This purse, said he, contains £50—accept of it—and may you soon be enabled to return to all your heart holds dear.’ I ventured to expostulate on the greatness of the sum, but he insisted on my acceptance, saying he could very conveniently spare it, as he expected a large sum as his share of the prize they had lately taken.

‘This humane person, who reflects honour on his country, furnished me, at the same time, with clothes, and accompanied me on shore. ‘You will have to remain some time in Philadelphia, said he to me, as we stepped from the boat, ere you can procure a passage for Canada. In the mean time, as you are in a poor state of health, you require private and comfortable lodgings. I have a cousin residing in this town, who does not usually receive boarders, yet, at my request, will admit you, and you will there, I assure you, receive the attendance your weak state requires.’

‘I thanked Mr. Morton for his obliging offer, and we soon arrived at his cousin’s door, which was opened by a little girl, of whom Morton inquired if her father was at home? She replied in the affirmative, and introduced us into a plain neat parlour, where sat a middle aged man, in an exceedingly plain dress, perusing a newspaper. Near him sat a female of about thirty years of age, dressed in a brown stuff gown, white handkerchief and plain muslin cap. On seeing Morton, they arose, shook him by the hand, and welcomed him there. Mr. Morton then introduced me as his particular friend, when I was cordially welcomed, as he had been before. We seated ourselves, when friend Bowden, for so Morton called our host, inquired how he had fared since they last parted. Morton answered his inquiries, and said he had brought into harbour a valuable prize. Mr. Bowden shaking his head, exclaimed, ‘Alas, dear friend, still pursuing that wretched employment! and to enrich thyself, wresting by force the property of thy neighbour! oh leave it off, ere it be too late!’

‘A little girl here entered, and informed our host he was inquired for, when rising and saying, ‘I am wanted elsewhere friends, but will presently be with you again,’ he left the room.

‘Another child entering, and whispering her mother, she left us, after making such another apology as her husband. Mr. Morton and myself being now left together, ‘You are perhaps surprised, said he, addressing me, at the speech and behaviour of

my friends; but will, if I am not mistaken in you, excuse it, when you are better acquainted with them. They are indeed excellent people, and belong to the sect vulgarly known by the name of Quakers, but amongst themselves by that of Friends, which is indeed a true appellation, for a more friendly people does not exist. They are likewise unambitious of making converts, which you must allow to be a good trait in their character, since it excites to universal benevolence. Their order prescribes to its votaries this mode of speech and behaviour, as the most simple. I begin to think seriously on the advice of the good friend; it was in a moment of folly and giddiness, when quite a youth, that, prevailed on by some wild companions, I left my family, who were Friends, and went to sea; I have often since repented the rash step, and think I will follow the sea no longer. I have acquired something handsome, which will enable me to settle here, and go into trade; for my heart revolts at the cruelty we have daily to practice in our cruises. Mr. Bowden has a beautiful niece, whom I tenderly love, and by whom I am beloved in return. If I can obtain her hand from her uncle, I am determined to remain on land, and join the society in which I was reared.’ I highly approved my friend Morton’s resolution, when we were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Bowden, accompanied by a handsome girl of about twenty, habited in the same manner she was herself. The young lady approached us, and extending her hand to Morton, ‘How hast thou fared, friend Morton, since I last saw thee?’

‘Extremely well, lovely Rebecca, and how art thou?’

After a few more questions and answers had passed between them, I was favoured with an introduction to the lovely Rebecca Bowden.

Mr. Morton soon obtained Mr. and Mrs. Bowden’s consent to my lodging with them, and soon after obtained her uncle’s consent to his union with Rebecca, and having received his share of the prize, took a house and store near that of Mr. Bowden, with whom he lodged previously to his union with Rebecca, which was shortly after consummated.

During this period, no possible conveyance could be obtained for my return to Canada, although Morton made every inquiry for a passage. After the marriage of my friend, I lodged with him—when the grief and perplexity of my mind again brought on a fever, and my life was despaired of. During this illness, I was attended with the utmost assiduity by Mr. Morton and his Rebecca, and owing to their care, I began to recover, when I heard of the capture of Quebec by the English, which did not contribute to my tranquility.

I began to be convalescent, when one morning Morton entered the room, exclaiming, ‘Good news for thee, my dear friend.’ ‘What news?’ inquired I.

‘The time is at length arrived for us to part, said Morton; I have this moment engaged you a passage to Quebec.’

I sprang from my seat, and embraced him. ‘What do I not owe you, my dear friend! To you I twice owe my life, and now you mean to render that life desirable, by restoring me to my family.’

‘What? replied he, with emotion, are you then so highly pleased with the thoughts of leaving us? I assure you the idea of your departure produces on me quite a contrary effect; but I am delighted in anticipating the joy my dear friend will feel, when embracing his family.’ I was unable to answer these words, delivered in so tender a manner, but embraced him, my face bedewed with tears, while his moistened eyes bore testimony to his emotion.

Rebecca undertook to prepare for the voyage. She packed my clothes, prepared sea stores, and executed every thing which she thought would contribute to my comfort in the intended voyage. I then took an affectionate leave of the good Bowden family, my friend Morton and his Rebecca; praying Heaven to shower its blessings on their heads, for the disinterested kindness they had showed to an unfortunate stranger; and determined to demonstrate, on my arrival at Quebec, more substantial marks of my gratitude.

It is indeed rare, that we meet with such persons in the world; but the few we do meet, serve to reconcile us to the remainder, and to that precept of our religion, which inculcates the love of all mankind.’

CHAPTER XVII.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best.

GRAY.

‘I embarked on board the *Tortoise*, a small merchant vessel bound to Quebec. My friend had taken care to procure me every accommodation the vessel afforded; and I enjoyed the pleasing expectation of soon embracing my beloved family and affectionate parents.

‘We had, for several days, a fair wind, which was succeeded by a dead calm, that lasted several days, during which time our ship was immovable on the water. My impatience was extreme, but I was obliged to acquiesce, and endeavoured to submit myself to the Sovereign disposer of events. At length, to our great joy, a brisk wind sprang up, which wafted us many leagues towards the place of our destination; but, better for us would it have been, had the calm continued. So blind are mortals, that what they most desire often proves the means of their destruction. The breeze increased to a gale, and soon blew a storm. The night following was dreadful. The extreme darkness in which we were enveloped, was often interrupted by vivid flashes of lightning, that succeeded each other at dread intervals, and served to discover the horrors of our situation; the rain poured down in torrents, and every gust of wind threatened to overturn the vessel, and to complete our misery, she sprang a leak, when it became absolutely necessary to have the pumps continually employed, to keep the ship above water.

‘Never shall the horrors of that night be obliterated from my memory. Never had I experienced its equal. Never any thing to compare with it. Day at length dawned, and fully discovered our deplorable situation. Our masts and rigging were gone, and the ship was nearly filled with water. Horror was strongly depicted in every countenance. Some were praying, some singing, while others stood aghast, the image of despair. It may be easily conceived, that the sight of my fellow sufferers did not contribute to my tranquillity. I sighed, and ejaculated a mental prayer to that Being, who alone is able to save. At that moment a gust of wind bore hard on the disabled vessel, and instantly overturned her. I received a severe shock, but caught hold of a large piece of timber, which had laid on deck. What terrible shrieks did

then assail my ears! but they soon died away. The deep engulfed every object, and nothing met my eyes but sky and water. I alone remained alive of all the ship's crew.

'I continued floating the most of that day. At length entirely exhausted, I lost all recollection. How long I continued in that situation, I cannot determine, but on recovering my senses, I found myself extended on the deck of a strange vessel, surrounded by a number of men, who by their dress appeared to be Spaniards, and who were apparently employed in endeavouring to recover me. Seeing my eyes open, one of them accosted me in a language I did not understand. I addressed them in French, English, Latin and Greek, which were all the languages I was acquainted with; but they not comprehending me, I endeavoured to rise, but was prevented by weakness, which one of them observing, he brought a cocoa nut, and gave me the milk to drink, then offered me the kernel, which I accepted, and after eating it, felt a little revived. I then arose, and looking around, could perceive none but private sailors, when one ascending from the fore-castle, appeared surprised at seeing me, and approaching his fellows, accosted them. After receiving their answer, he addressed me in broken English, inquiring who I was; I replied I was a Frenchman, who had been shipwrecked, and inquired in return where I was. The man informed me that I was on board the Santa Joseph, a Spanish merchantman, bound from Halifax to Mexico. I inquired how I came on board. The fellow spoke in Spanish to his countrymen, then informed me that he was below when I was picked up, but his companions sitting on deck, perceived something floating on the surface of the sea, when casting out a large hook fastened to a rope, they caught hold of my clothes, and hauled me up, clinging to a piece of timber, from which they with difficulty extricated me. As he finished speaking, a haughty looking man came from the cabin, and looking at me with a mingled air of contempt and surprise, said something in Spanish to one of the crew, and on receiving his answer, casting another scornful glance at me, he descended to the cabin, but presently returned with another person, resembling himself, whom he called Don Pedro. After gazing at me for a few moments, they again descended to the cabin. In about half an hour they returned, and calling to the man who spoke English, gave him some directions in Spanish, eyeing me at the same time with great scrutiny. Carlo, for that I found was his name, then seated himself by me, and said, 'Capt. Don Sebastian has ordered me to take charge of you, and furnish you with every convenience your weak state requires.' You may conjecture what astonishment this speech occasioned me. It seems, thought I, they consider me as a common sailor; but I will suffer in silence, as by the countenance of the two directors, I am convinced they are devoid of humanity. During the whole of the voyage, I spake not with the two haughty Spaniards. Carlo

and myself messed together. He surrendered to me his hammock, and slung himself another.

‘At length we came to anchor in a retired place, when I inquired of Carlo where we were. He answered that we were off the house of the owner of the ship, who was called Don Juan d’Armada; he was extremely rich, and owned many ships, with which he traded to all parts of the world. Soon as we came to anchor, the Captain ordered out the boat, and went on shore, leaving the command to Don Pedro. The Captain did not return that day—neither was there any communication between the ship and the shore.

‘After supper I retired to my hammock, and endeavoured to compose myself to sleep. I was enjoying a sweet oblivion of my cares, when I was awakened by the noise of some persons descending where I slept. I listened—they approached my hammock, and ere I could make any resistance, they seized and bound me. I was then lifted on deck, and lowered into a boat, which rowed ashore. I was taken from the boat and placed on a mule. A man mounted behind me, and instantly set out, accompanied by several others, who were mostly mounted on horses. We thus proceeded for several hours, when the cavalcade stopped; I was then lifted from the mule, and placed on the ground, bound in such a manner as prevented my moving: but glancing my eyes around, I perceived by the favour of Luna’s rays, several persons standing around me, and found we were at the foot of a hill. One of the men lifted a trap door, which was concealed by the bushes, when several others assisting, they placed me in a leather machine, which was suspended in the opening, and fastened by a rope to a stake. I was then pushed off, and continued for some moments descending, motionless with horror and astonishment. With a terrible shock I touched the ground, when I was quickly surrounded by several ill looking men, who held torches in their hands; they presently disengaged me from the machine and my bonds, and taking me by the hand, conducted me to a large distant apartment, where sat a great number of miserable looking wretches eating their supper. I was desired by signs to sit amongst them, but refused. Seeing I would not eat, they permitted me to remain quiet until their repast was finished, when one of those who had assisted in disengaging me, seized my hand; another took a torch, and led forward. My conductor then led, or rather dragged me through many windings, when the torch bearer suddenly pushing open a door, my conductor shoved me in, gave me a torch which he lighted, then left me to myself.

‘I cast my eyes around my apartment, which was a gloomy cell, of eight feet square. In one corner was a bundle of straw, on which I seated myself, and gave

vent to my sorrow by a flood of tears, which afforded some relief to my swollen heart. I then uttered a fervent prayer to the Almighty, and poured out my soul before my Creator! These devout exercises were succeeded by a placid calm. The tumult and agitation of my mind was reimplaced by a divine fervour. My heart was filled with confidence in the Supreme Being, and resignation to his divine will.

‘I then arose and examined the structure of the cell, which was cut in the ground, which surprised me; nor could I conjecture why so many miserable wretches as I there saw assembled, were thus immured. My torch was by this time consumed, when I threw myself on the straw, exhausted with care and fatigue and at length enjoyed the benefit of a sound sleep.

‘At what hour I awakened the next morning, I cannot determine, for impenetrable darkness surrounded me. I walked for some time backward and forward in my cell, when the door was opened by my conductors of the preceding night, who held lighted torches. They made signs for me to follow, and led to the same dreary apartment I had seen the preceding night, where were again assembled the same miserable objects partaking their frugal repast.

‘I was once more invited to eat, but refused, for my feelings recoiled at an association with them; nor were the provisions sufficiently inviting to tempt the appetite. The repast being finished, they began to separate, when one of the directors addressed me in Spanish, but seeing I did not comprehend him, he ordered me in broken French, to follow a poor looking creature, who stood by me. I complied, and we were followed by several others. My conductor then led the way to where a number of pickaxes, shovels, and other tools were deposited. Each man took up a tool, and separated in different directions, and I remained with the director and one of the men. The former, after imposing a task to be performed before dinner, by my companion and me, also departed. I remained confounded, entranced—at length throwing myself on the ground, ‘Merciful Heaven! I exclaimed, to what am I reduced!’ This was ejaculated in French. My companion started. ‘Are you a Frenchman?’ cried he. ‘Yes, I replied, and who are you?’ ‘Alas, replied he, I am a Frenchman, but expect never to see family and country again!’ I inquired how he came there? He informed me, that he had belonged to a French ship, which traded to a Spanish port. ‘One morning, he continued, I obtained leave from my Captain, to take a walk on shore, (fatal permission for me.) I continued out late in the evening, when returning to my ship I was seized by some Spaniards, who bound me, and mounting me on a mule, conducted me here, and let me down to this dreary abode! Since when I have not seen the blessed light of the sun, nor can I determine how long I have been immured in this subterraneous prison.’

‘I sympathized with poor Joseph, and inquired if he knew why we were there confined? ‘You address yourself to the right person, replied my new friend, nor do I think (the directors excepted) that one person here, but myself, could inform you. Some years have elapsed, since one of the conductors, who has now left us, took so great a fancy to me, that he informed me of the whole affair, and promised, if possible, to procure my release; but alas! this promise remains unperformed.’

‘And what was his information? I inquired. ‘He said, replied Joseph, that we were on the estate of Don Juan d’Armada, who discovered this silver mine, and keeps it a great secret, for fear it should be wrested from him by government. Having need of men to work it, his people, by his directions, kidnap all the strangers they can lay their hands on, when they are here kept for life, unless they can find means to escape, which is next to impossible. They do not confine many Spaniards, for fear it should lead to a discovery; but strangers are not missed, by which means they have hitherto escaped detection.’

This account of Joseph nearly drove me to distraction. I plainly perceived, that I was doomed by those barbarians, to linger life away in that miserable confinement. How I then wished to be still under the hospitable roof of the humane Morton; but reflections were useless. All the choice then left was, to endeavour to bear without repining, the pressure of adversity. Joseph endeavoured to comfort me, and advised the performing of my task, to avoid the punishment inflicted on those who proved refractory. I refused to comply, and he hastened to perform his, and recover the time he had lost in conversing with me. Our task master soon after made his appearance, and seeing that I refused to obey his injunctions, menaced me, if I continued refractory. ‘But,’ continued the Count, observing the eyes of his auditors glistening with tears, ‘I will forbear to describe the cruel treatment I experienced in that den of horrors, and the cruelties I daily witnessed. Suffice it to say, that for the term of nine years, I experienced all the complicated miseries that could assail a human being. I shall now proceed to relate how I escaped from thence.

‘After several years had elapsed in the manner I have described, I lost my friend Joseph, who fell a victim to the harsh treatment of his cruel captors. His death, under such circumstances, affected me greatly, and I had nearly abandoned myself to despair, when, one day, as I was working alone, I thought I could perceive a glimmering of day light proceed from the spot I was digging. I redoubled my blows. In a few moments the delightful rays of the sun, from which I had been so long excluded, burst on my ravished sight in full meridian splendour. I crawled through the aperture, when I found myself at the bottom of a large hill, and could perceive the sea at a small distance. I blocked up the hole, through which I had crept, that my

escape might not immediately transpire. I then ran with all imaginable speed towards the sea shore, where I found a small boat, into which I sprang, pushed off, and rowed with all my might; and as the tide was ebbing, I soon lost sight of land.

‘I had then time to reflect on my situation, and to realize the perilous state I then stood in; yet I felt overjoyed—for though surrounded by danger, I had escaped slavery, which is infinitely worse than death. With fervent gratitude did I return thanks to the Almighty, for my deliverance, and humbly implore his protection. The thought of an Omnipresent Deity, invigorated my mind, and restored my fortitude. Oh ye sceptics! how great is your folly, in throwing away the only staff that can support you in the hour of affliction! the only stay of the miserable! the only resource of the afflicted!

‘The sun was tinging with his last rays the western horizon. Earnestly I gazed around, entranced with admiration, for many years had elapsed since I had enjoyed the sublime prospect. Perhaps my wife and children were enjoying the glorious sight, and admiring the varying tints of the changing clouds. Thought they of their father? Did the beloved partner of my bosom think me still in being? Ah could she view me here alone, buffeted by the waves of the vast Atlantic! My exertions increased. My frame was distended with unwonted energy. I forgot my fatigue. I must preserve myself for my wife, for my children, I exclaimed. Thou great Omniscient, assist my weak endeavours! At that moment my eyes caught the appearance of trees, and with surprising swiftness I directed my boat towards the welcome sight. My eyes were not deceived, and I landed on a small island, as

“Twilight grey,
Had in her sober livery, all things clad.”

‘I disembarked with anxious steps, drew up my boat, and reconnoitred for some time; but could perceive no trace of human habitation. I however found a number of cocoa trees, which proved a very acceptable refreshment. At length I lay down beneath the spreading branches of a large tree, and enjoyed uninterrupted repose, which I had not for many preceding years.

‘I awakened the next morning, much invigorated, and rambled through the island; but saw no trace of its being inhabited. Still, however, I feared danger. Misfortunes had rendered me mistrustful. I therefore resolved to remain on land but long enough to load my boat with cocoa nuts, with which the island abounded, and fill a number of the shells with water, and then put to sea, in hopes of meeting with some French or English ship. I accordingly employed the two next days in loading

my boat, and early the following morning left the island.

‘I continued cruising for three weeks, by which time my provisions were nearly exhausted, and the horrors of famine were fast impending. The weather had, during that time, been exceedingly calm, which was a fortunate circumstance for me, for had the sea ran high, I must have perished.

‘Towards evening, the twenty first day after my leaving the island, I descried a sail. Rowing with all my strength, I soon came near enough to distinguish her, when, to my inexpressible joy, I discovered her to be English. I soon reached the ship, where I was favorably received, and conducted to a cabin, where refreshments were set before me, of which I thankfully partook. The Captain then inquired, how I came to be at sea alone, in so frail a boat? I answered his inquiries by an account of my life, and a relation of the sufferings I had experienced amongst the Spaniards, to which the Captain, and the other gentlemen present, listened with great attention.

‘When I had concluded, all expressed their indignation at the unworthy treatment I had experienced. Each made me an offer of his services, and was eager to furnish me with necessaries; but from the Captain alone I was willing to receive them, as I knew it would be in my power to repay him as soon as I reached home. How comfortable did I feel, when again clothed in a christian habit, having for many years had no covering but a tattered rug, which even in that warm climate, served with difficulty to shield me from the inclemencies of the weather.

‘Three weeks after this, I arrived in London. Walking the next day in the Park, a gentleman passed, whose countenance seemed familiar to me, and on his repassing, I discovered him to be Monsieur de Boucherville. In a transport of joy I ran and embraced him, at which he seemed much surprised, until he recognized my voice, when we again embraced; but astonishment prevented his utterance. We stepped into a coffee-house, and, soon as we were seated, I inquired with a beating heart, concerning my family.

‘Your children and sister are well, and in London,’ said my brother-in-law. ‘Thank Heaven! cried I, but my wife? and parents?’

‘Some years have elapsed since I heard from Madame de Montreuil.’

‘What has then happened to her? exclaimed I—but conduct me instantly to my sister.’

‘Have patience, my dear brother, said Monsieur de Boucherville, and let us first acquaint each other with what has befallen us, since our separation.’

‘I complied, and having reseated myself, Monsieur de Boucherville related his

adventures, which I shall repeat in his own words. 'For three weeks after leaving Quebec, we were favoured with a fair wind, when a violent storm separated us from our convoy. Soon after, an English man of war hove in sight, and summoned us to surrender. I was sitting in the cabin, with little Theodore in my arms, reading to Madame de Boucherville, who held little Julia. The colours, as I afterwards understood, were not struck soon enough to satisfy the English Captain, who ordered a gun to be fired at us, which entering the cabin, grazed my head, and deprived me of sensation. On recovering, I found myself surrounded by English Officers, and the Surgeon was dressing my wound. I was treated with politeness by the English Captain. My wound soon healed, and we shortly after arrived in England, where they landed us without touching my private property. I remained in London until peace was concluded between France and England. During our residence in this city, your sister presented me with a fine boy, soon after whose birth we returned to France, and were received by my father with transport; I did not long enjoy his company, for death soon deprived me of the kindest of fathers.

From France I wrote to your father, to Monsieur de La Valiere, and to yourself, but receiving no answers, I wrote to the good father Francis, who said in his answer, that you had been slain in battle soon after my departure from Quebec, and that a report being also circulated that myself and family had perished, the melancholy tidings made such an impression on your father, that they soon hurried him to the tomb, where he was followed by your mother. They left their fortune to your two children, who remained at Quebec; and soon after Monsieur and Madame de La Valiere, with their daughter, and her two children, left Quebec, and had not since been heard of.

'Our grief on the receipt of this intelligence, as you may well imagine, was excessive; and a long time elapsed ere your sister recovered her cheerfulness.

'Sometime after the receipt of this intelligence, your sister presented me with a daughter, to whom we gave the name of Marianne.

'Madame de Boucherville derives all her comfort and consolation from her family, and entertains the same tender affection for Theodore that she does for her own children, and if she demonstrate the least partiality, it is towards him, who is now grown a fine boy. She still remains in ignorance of Julia's not being her own child.

'When we were formerly detained in London, we contracted acquaintance with several distinguished families, and a few weeks since arrived here, intending to pass the winter in London.'

'Monsieur de Boucherville here finished his recital. I felt so shocked at hearing of

the death of my parents, and the disappearance of my wife and children, that I had forborne to interrupt him, and a considerable time elapsed ere I could utter a word. At length, assuming all the calmness I possibly could, I requested my brother to conduct me instantly to my sister and children. He desired me to recount first what had befallen me since our separation; but I refused to satisfy him until I had seen my sister.’

CHAPTER XVIII.

“She’ll wake no more,” the hopeless mourner said,
Upturn’d his eyes, and clasp’d his hands, and sigh’d,
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart:
Oh Heaven! he cried, my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!

DARWIN.

‘Monsieur de Boucherville then conducted me to his lodgings, and led me to a parlour, where he requested me to remain, until he had prepared my sister for my reception; as my suddenly appearing before her, when she thought me dead, might have fatal consequences.

‘I endeavoured to restrain my impatience, and in about half an hour he returned, accompanied by his lady, who, soon as she perceived me, ran into my arms, exclaiming, ‘It is, it is my brother.’ After the first tumults of joy had subsided, I inquired for my children, and was conducted into a room where sat two fine boys, of apparently twelve and nine years of age; and two sweet girls of eleven and seven. They were engaged at study, but laid down their books, and arose at our entrance.

‘My dear Theodore, here is your father; and my children, here is my brother,’ exclaimed my sister, as we entered the room. In an instant Theodore was in my arms. I embraced him with ecstasy, and then the other children, who had surrounded me. I fixed my eyes on my daughter, which my sister observing, ‘Do you not think, said she, that my Julia remarkably resembles your wife?’ ‘She is her perfect image,’ cried I, embracing the child with transport.

‘After dinner, Monsieur de Boucherville again requested me to relate my adventure, to which I assented, detailing all that had befallen me since our separation at Quebec.

‘As I wished to visit France, my brother and sister shortened their London visit, and returned with me to my native country. After spending a few weeks with them at their Hotel, I resolved to pay my uncle a visit, and accordingly set out for his chateau.

‘Arriving at the village, I alighted at the inn, ordered some refreshment, and inquired of the host concerning the Count de Bordeaux and his son. ‘Know you not,

Monsieur, replied my landlord, that many years have elapsed since the death of Monsieur le Comte, and that the young Count, his son, is dangerously ill?’ Alarmed at this intelligence, I instantly wrote a note, informing the Count that a near kinsman wished to see him. This note I dispatched by a messenger, who soon returned with a message from my cousin, who was impatient to see me, he having instantly recognized my hand writing. I immediately hastened to the count; our meeting was very affecting. That night I watched by his bed side, and the following day he expired in my arms.

‘The Count having never been married, his title and estates, both real and personal, devolved on me. I was much affected at my cousin’s death, and despatched an express to Monsieur de Boucherville, desiring him to come and assist me on the melancholy occasion. In a few days he arrived, and soon after the remains of the late Count were committed to the vault of his ancestors, with all the splendour and magnificence customary to his rank.

‘A few days after, I returned with Monsieur de Boucherville to his hotel, having first given orders for the refitting of the chateau, intending it for my principal residence.

‘From London I had written to several of my acquaintance in New France, requesting them to make all possible inquiry concerning the disappearance of my wife, her parents and children. I therefore endeavoured to compose my mind to patience, until the answers should arrive, resolving to endeavour, in the mean time, to discover the Marquis and Marchioness de la Brocric. Actuated by this desire, I wrote to the Marquis, and dispatched the letter express. In a week my messenger returned. He had not seen the Marquis, who with his lady and children were absent from their chateau; but had delivered the letter to the maitre d’Hotel, who had promised to forward it immediately.

‘I then began to form a plan for my future establishment, resolving to fix my residence at the chateau de Bordeaux, after procuring a proper tutor for my son, and governess for my daughter, whom I resolved to reclaim, as my sister had then a daughter of her own. I accordingly took occasion when Monsieur de Boucherville and myself were taking a solitary walk, to address him in the following manner. ‘The death of my cousin has put me in possession of the title and estates of my ancestors. It has always been their custom to reside at the chateau de Bordeaux. I am desirous of following their example, and of having my children with me. I cannot, my dear brother, sufficiently thank you for the care you have taken of them, but shall forever hold myself under infinite obligations to you. You have now two children of your own, and can therefore part more readily with mine.’—‘Not in the least, exclaimed

Monsieur de Boucherville, I love your children, whom I have these many years considered mine, as tenderly as those who are so in reality, but that is foreign to the question. I must, and will restore you your son. You entrusted him to me, and I now return him; but consider, the case is far different with respect to your daughter, whom you bestowed on me. Your sister believes her to be her own child. How cruel it would be to undeceive her and Julia, who are so greatly attached to each other. Yet, as you gave her to me when I had no children, and I am now blessed with two, I shall, if you insist on it, restore her to you; but before you determine, consider how much better a daughter is situated under the care of a mother, and that the most indulgent father cannot properly supply her place.'

'But I intend to procure for her a proper governess, replied I, and shall superintend her education myself. She has nearly completed her twelfth year; and if her beloved mother be no more, will soon be of sufficient age to superintend my house. My brother finding me determined, at length acquiesced.'

'Since you so ardently desire it, my dear brother, said he, I reluctantly consent, but we must so temper this discovery to your sister, that it may not too much affect her or Julia. We then directed our steps to the nursery, where my sister and the children were seated. Madame de Boucherville then desired Julia to shew me an elegant piece of needle work which she had just finished. I admired it greatly, and addressing my sister, 'I give you credit, Marianne, for the education you have given my daughter; you have made her a charming, an accomplished girl, and I must now entreat you to restore her to me, as I intend to reside at the chateau de Bordeaux: and fearing that I have lost my beloved wife, I shall require the consolation of my daughter's company.'

'Here my sister appeared extremely surprised, when suddenly recollecting herself, 'True, brother, Julia is your god daughter.'

'Nay, I replied, my own daughter, the daughter of my Julia.' Here my sister appeared surprised, but smiling, retorted, 'You are, dear brother, in a jesting humour.'

'No, on my life, Marianne, I am in earnest.' Several minutes of silence ensued, during which my sister gazed alternately at my brother and at me, as if requesting an explanation. Amazement was depicted in the countenance of Julia, and the other children. At length Monsieur de Boucherville addressed Julia, his eyes glistening with tears, 'My dearest child, I am now obligated to restore you to your true father.' Then taking the hand of the astonished girl, he presented her to me. 'Receive, my brother, your long lost child; kneel, my dearest girl, for your father's blessing!'

'Julia trembling obeyed, when I blessed her with great emotion, and intreated

Heaven to shower its blessings on her innocent head. Then raising her in my arms, I embraced her with feelings undefinable. ‘Dear and perfect image of my long lost wife, I exclaimed, Heaven has again restored you to your father, and oh may we never more be separated from each other!’

‘My sister, during this scene, appeared absorbed in amazement too great for utterance, which her husband soon terminated, by relating the exchange of the children. When he had finished, my sister embraced me, exclaiming, ‘How can I, my dearest brother, find words sufficient to thank you for the sacrifice you made me? Yes, this child has proved a great source of comfort to me, in all my afflictions: but I must resign her to you, since you have the greatest claim to her filial affection.’ Then embracing the child, ‘My dearest Julia, be dutiful and affectionate to your father; but while you have no other mother, consider me as your affectionate, your tender mother!’ ‘That I will, my dearest mama,’ cried Julia, folding my sister in her arms.

‘Soon after this, I returned to the chateau de Bordeaux, accompanied by Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville, with the children. I soon procured a proper tutor for my son, and my sister chose a governess for my daughter; while peace appeared willing to take up her residence at the chateau.

‘Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville remained a month with me, then departed, taking Philip and Marianne with them, and leaving Theodore and Julia with me, who were quite grieved at this separation from their friends; but the attentions of their governess, who was kind, affectionate, and sensible, assisted by my assiduities, soon restored to them their accustomed gaiety.

‘About a week after this, I received a letter from the Marquis de la Brocri, the contents of which informed me, that he and the Marchioness were overjoyed at receiving my letter, as they thought I had long since made my exit from this world. The Marquis added, that he was then hastening to the chateau de la Brocri, where he would remain but one day, and that he, and his family, would then join me at the chateau de Bordeaux. I was rejoiced at this intelligence, and a few days after the Marquis arrived with his family. With what delight did we embrace each other, after so long an absence! The children were then introduced, and, before the day closed, were perfectly acquainted with each other. After the first salutations, I inquired of the Marchioness when she had last heard from her sister. The only answer I at first received, was tears. At length, endeavouring to stifle her emotion, she said to me, in a voice interrupted by sobs, ‘Are you then ignorant of the fate of my dear unfortunate sister?’

‘I am, I replied, and with difficulty I summoned resolution to request her to proceed, when, after some attempts to compose herself, she thus proceeded. ‘I

have received no letter from that dear sister, nor my parents, since Quebec has been possessed by the English, although I dispatched letter after letter. At length I wrote to a Jesuit, who I had heard, had been confessor to my sister; and soon received an answer from him, containing the melancholy account, that my sister, having lost her husband, parents, and children, had expired of grief, leaving all her fortune to a convent: that he had just heard the report, and meant immediately to inquire into the particulars, which, when he had ascertained, he would inform me of, but I have not since heard from father Francis.'

'This account, as you may well imagine, filled me with the deepest affliction, and the more I considered the matter, the more I resolved, by visiting Canada, to be made acquainted with every particular. Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville soon after joining us at the chateau, I communicated to them my resolution, which they endeavoured to dissuade me from, as I had already suffered so much from voyages at sea; but I was determined, and soon after set out for Canada, leaving Theodore with the Marquis and Marchioness, who were very desirous of having one of their sister's children with them, and my daughter with my sister.

'In six weeks I arrived at Quebec. My first concern was to discover father Francis, who appeared greatly surprised at sight of me.

'He gave me a circumstantial account of the death of my parents, my two children, and Monsieur and Madame de la Valiere, and said that soon after those sad events, Madame de Montreuil had disappeared, and a considerable time elapsed ere he could procure tidings concerning her, but that he at length heard, that overwhelmed with grief, my beloved wife endeavoured to dissipate it by travelling, and accordingly visited every part of Canada; but one day crossing a river, the boat was unfortunately upset, and all on board perished. The Jesuit added, that he had inquired into the truth of this account, and found it creditably authenticated.

'I was extremely shocked at this relation, and mentally vowed not to survive my beloved wife. I spoke not. Despair had deprived me of every faculty, when suddenly the remembrance of the sweet children I had left in France, traversed my mind, and gave a turn to my feelings. I clasped my hands, and implored Heaven to annul the vow I had made, and permit me to live for my children. Then, seizing the Jesuits arm, 'Lead me, I exclaimed, to the graves of my relatives.' He led me to the cathedral, and entering a pew which had belonged to my father, 'In the vault underneath, said he, are deposited the remains of thy parents and children. Those of Monsieur and Madame de la Valiere are interred in a country village, where they resided previously to their decease.'

'This speech renewed the painful recollection, that my beloved partner had not

received christian burial, and that her remains had probably been food for the monsters of the deep. These ideas agonized my feelings, I hastily left the good father, and hurried to my lodgings, locked the door of my room, and wept as a child.

‘After the first tumult of grief had subsided, I reflected on the crime I was committing, in thus murmuring against Providence, and rebelling at its decrees. Grieved at my fault, I fell on my knees, beseeching the Almighty to bestow on me sufficient fortitude to bear the adversities I had to experience.

‘After this prayer I felt some small degree of serenity restored to my mind, and attempted to divert my attention by walking out to view the town, which had assumed quite a different appearance from what it bore when I had last seen it.

‘From Quebec I wrote to my former benefactor, Morton, returning him thanks for the favours he had bestowed on me, and enclosing a draught of a £1000 sterling for payment of the sums he had disbursed on my account. On my return to France, I received a very friendly answer from him, filled with condolence and congratulations, and informing me, that he and his lady enjoyed all the happiness that easy circumstances, and a promising family could bestow.

‘After spending a few weeks at Quebec, I returned to France, when my friends were much grieved at the melancholy fate of our relatives. Our three families have ever since resided principally together, alternately at each other’s estates. Our chief concern has been to form the minds of our children to religion and virtue, a firm reliance on Providence, and resignation to the will of the Almighty.

‘We agreed last autumn to pass this winter in London, as our last was passed in Paris, to shew our children a little of the world.’

The Count here paused. An interval of silence succeeded. At length lord Durham rising, and taking Monsieur de Bordeaux’s hand, ‘We are, my dear Sir, extremely obliged to you, for the confidence you have reposed in us. You have suffered severely, and I sincerely sympathise with you in your afflictions. But, if you, and the company here assembled, will dine with me to-morrow, I think I may prophecy a speedy termination to your misfortunes.’

The count de Bordeaux thanked the Earl, and promised, in his own name, and that of his friends, to attend on his Lordship the following day. Lady Delancey likewise accepted the invitation, and the evening being far advanced, the company soon after separated.

CHAPTER XIX.

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd,
Nor waited he reply.

THOMPSON.

When Adelaide and Charlotte retired to rest, their thoughts still ran on the events of the day. 'How surprising, and past fathoming, said Adelaide, are the decrees of Providence! How remarkable that the Count, after sustaining such great misfortunes, should be restored to his children and friends; and after the interval of so many years, enjoy a fair prospect of recovering his beloved companion! How astonishing, that we should be the favoured instruments in the hand of Providence, to bring about that desirable event, that we should have the happiness of restoring our beloved St. Catherine, and her worthy husband to each other!'

Charlotte and Adelaide continued to amuse themselves in imagining the pleasing surprise the Count and his friends would the next day experience on the expected explanations taking place. At length, having exhausted the subject, they prepared for bed. 'Ah! Charlotte, said Adelaide, breaking a long interval of silence, the time draws near that will decide my fate. The post is daily expected, and will, I am almost assured, bring my father's confirmations to my union with lord Dudley.' They were here interrupted by the entrance of a maid, of whom Charlotte inquired if any person had called during their absence.

'Oh yes, Madam, a very handsome gentleman called this morning, and when informed that the family was out, he inquired very particularly for Miss de St. Louis.'

'His name?' inquired Charlotte.

'He left it, said Fanny. It was, I think, lord Grenville.'

Charlotte glanced her eye at Adelaide. A sigh was the answer, when they each retired to bed.

Early the following day the expected company made their appearance at lord Durham's, when, after some conversation on the state of the weather, and other indifferent subjects, lord Durham observed, that he had by him a very remarkable manuscript, which, if the company pleased, his niece would read to them. All expressing their desire to hear it, Charlotte, as had been preconcerted, began

reading the life of mother St. Catharine. All listened with the greatest attention; but, after she had proceeded a few pages, no pen can paint the varied passions that were expressed in the countenances of their French visitors; they however forbore to interrupt Charlotte, but listened in breathless expectation.

When she had finished, the Count, starting from his seat, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, 'Merciful Heaven! Can it be possible that my long lamented wife should still be alive? and shall I enjoy the exquisite pleasure of again beholding her? Shall I again clasp her to this faithful heart? Yes, if the Almighty permit, I will immediately depart for Quebec, and rescue her from the convent in which she is immured!'

The remainder of the French part of the company were little less moved. Some had discovered a beloved sister; others a long lost mother; and the rest an aunt, whose supposed death they had so often heard lamented. After the first tumult of joy and surprise had subsided, they began to think calmly on what they had heard. All agreed to accompany the Count to Canada, soon as they could arrange their affairs, and procure a passage.

The next day, as Sir Edward, Adelaide, and Charlotte were seated in the drawing room, a packet of letters was delivered to the Baronet who, on breaking the seal, presented some letters to Adelaide. She received them, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, when the idea of their probable contents passing her mind, that countenance, where joy and delight triumphed, was in a moment changed to a saddened expression. With a trembling hand she broke a seal. The letter was from her father, who gave his free consent to her union with lord Dudley; constituted Sir Edward Turner her guardian, and empowered him to act as he thought proper. The other letters were from her mother, sister, brothers, uncle and aunt; who all congratulated her on the projected alliance. This was too much; and with difficulty could she conceal her emotions from Sir Edward; but, stifling her feelings, she seized the hand of Charlotte, and hurried to her chamber, leaving Sir Edward engrossed by his letters. Adelaide threw herself on a seat. A flood of tears came to her relief. Charlotte sympathised with her friend, when the stopping of a coach drew their attention, and they saw Sir Edward enter it, and drive off. 'My father, said Charlotte, is gone to inform my uncle of the receipt of these letters.'

'Already! exclaimed Adelaide; ah Charlotte, what would you have me do? What would you do in my situation?'

'My dearest Adelaide, replied Charlotte, since you have given your consent, and your parents have confirmed it, I think you had best appear contented with the arrangements my father shall make; put yourself under the immediate protection of the Almighty, and rely firmly on Providence, who, I have no doubt will in his own

good time, set aside the union which is so disagreeable to you, provided that such an arrangement would contribute to your real advantage, of which he is the best judge. Lord Grenville's attachment for you is, I am certain, greater than yours for him; and I think he is only deterred from openly addressing you, by the report in circulation concerning your union with lord Dudley. Yet, Adelaide, you cannot now, consistently with honour, refuse my cousin.'

Adelaide sighing, assented to Charlotte's conclusion, and resolved to regulate her conduct by her friend's advice, and after endeavouring to compose herself, washed away her tears, and descended to the drawing room, where they found Mr. Turner and lord Grenville. The latter accosted Adelaide with a tender and respectful air. He spoke but little, but often mournfully regarded her. Mr. Turner, the only gay person of the group, endeavoured by his sallies to enliven the rest; but vain was the attempt: so he at length desisted, and the Marquis soon after took his leave.

Sir Edward soon entered. 'My dear children, he exclaimed, we will soon leave London for Durham Park. Spring is now renewing the beauties of nature. It is shameful to lose its delights amidst the noise and smoke of London. Soon after our return to the country, continued the Baronet, taking the hand of Adelaide, I hope to enjoy the pleasure of calling this young lady niece. Your father, my dear Adelaide, has doubtless informed you, that he has left it to me to settle preliminaries. Lord Durham is delighted with your father's approbation. He is impatient for the happy moment to arrive, when he may address you by the endearing name of daughter; and lord Dudley anticipates with delight the pleasing moment, when he shall call you his own. The settlements they offer are noble, and so impatient are they to have this happy union completed, that the lawyers have already received directions to make out the writings.'

Lady Turner here entered, and congratulated Adelaide on the occasion, which she thought a pleasing one to her intended niece. Miss Turner was indeed the only person, who entertained the least idea of this marriage being repugnant to Adelaide's inclination.

The two families were now ready to set out for the family seat of lord Durham; and their French friends, finding no convenient vessel was to sail for Quebec for several weeks, agreed to accompany them, and witness the solemnization of lord Dudley's marriage.

In a few days they were all domesticated at the Park, and preparations were commenced for the intended nuptials, lord Durham wishing to make the joyful occasion of his son's marriage a jubilee to all around. All was now bustle and glee at the mansion and its environs. Every person was pleased, the one excepted who

caused these rejoicings. Her situation was extremely perplexing. Although she felt for lord Dudley a tender affection, her heart revolted from a closer union; but it was now too late to recede.

The marriage was fixed to take place on Thursday. It was now Monday. The delightful month of May was diffusing gaiety into every heart. The sun was pursuing the variegated and beautifully tinted aurora, who fled at his approach, and was just peeping above the verge of the horizon. The tuneful songsters of the grove were performing an enchanting concert, when Adelaide left the slothful couch, and sallied forth into the Park. The charming scene dilated her soul with pleasure. Her mind expanded with delight, and her heart was raised with fervent devotion to the great Author of those beauties. Her uneasiness was entirely forgot. Suddenly she arrived at the spot where she had first seen lord Dudley, and the idea of her sublunary affairs was again forcibly recalled to her mind. The transition was exquisitely painful. Overcome by the violent emotions that assailed her, she seated herself on a mossy hillock, and gave vent to her feelings by a flood of tears.

At this moment a rustling among the trees startled her, and raising her eyes, lord Grenville met their view. Motionless with surprise, she gazed on him in silence. His lordship putting one knee on the ground, exclaimed, ‘Forgive, too charming Miss de St. Louis, forgive this intrusion; it was unintentional; for, as wandering at a distance, your form suddenly caught my eye. An irresistible impulse attracted me towards you!’

Adelaide having by this time recovered her recollection, said, assuming a smile, ‘Rise, my Lord, I can easily forgive your coming this way, but not your continuing to kneel. Your appearance at first startled me, for I thought your Lordship in London.’

‘I continued there but a short time after its greatest charm had fled, replied the Marquis, rising; and I am now with lord Greenoch on a visit to Sir George Mountain’s, whose estate joins lord Durham’s.’

‘And how is lord Greenoch?’ said Adelaide.

‘As gay as ever,’ he replied.

Adelaide now arose, when the Marquis exclaimed, ‘So impatient to depart, Miss de St. Louis? Ah do not deprive me of the charm of your company, but permit me to accompany you in your walk.’

‘As a friend to myself, and the family under whose protection I am placed, I shall be pleased with lord Grenville’s company,’ said Adelaide.

‘As a friend, Miss de St. Louis? Ah Adelaide, why make use of that cold term? But why do I inquire? I know but too well the reason. You are on the point of being united to a happy, happy man, who possesses all your heart, and nought but cold

esteem remains for the unfortunate Grenville. Not entirely to forfeit even that, permit me to inform you, too charming lady, that, although I had conceived for you a passion as lasting as it was violent, yet, hearing you were affianced to another, who was doubtless the object of your choice, I resolved not to disturb the serenity of your bosom by declaring my hopeless passion, but confine it to my own heart, though that heart, where your image so imperiously reigns, should break. But this unexpected interview has completely destroyed all self command; nor could I resist the impulse that compelled me to discover how I love, how I adore you! You weep, he continued, observing the eyes of Adelaide humid with tears; ah, lovely Miss de St. Louis, this pity is more than I expected. It unmans me! I will distress you no longer; and, when united to the object of your affections, you may perhaps sometimes think with esteem, with compassion, on the unfortunate Grenville, who will never cease to adore you!’

Here the Marquis abruptly left Adelaide, and was in a moment out of sight. She had been so affected, that she found it impossible to restrain her tears. To avoid observation in her present agitated state, she hurried towards the garden, where, in a retired alcove, she gave free vent to the emotions of her heart. She was then beloved by lord Grenville. No doubt now remained. She reigned predominant in his affections, and their love was mutual. How could she, thus circumstanced, bestow her hand on another? But how could she recede? She was completely absorbed in these reflections, when Charlotte’s voice aroused her. Hastily rising, and composing her countenance, she joined her friend.

At dinner, the count de Bordeaux informed the company, that his agent had engaged passages for himself and friends, in a ship that would sail in a month.

CHAPTER XX.

“Once more I thank you.
You offer every cordial that can keep
My hopes alive, to wait a better day,
What friendly care can do, you have applied.”

SOUTHERN'S ORONOKA.

“And sorrow like the night's unwholesome shade,
Gives way before the golden dawn she brings.”

ROWE.

After dinner, Adelaide, whose chief pleasure now consisted in being alone, stole unobserved from the company, proceeded to her favorite alcove, and was sunk in a deep reverie, when the sound of footsteps aroused her attention, and, looking up, she beheld an old woman, whom she had often noticed at the Park, who was dressed in the costume of the peasant women of Canada, which had occasioned her being noticed by Adelaide; who had, on enquiry, understood her to be the Canadian nurse of lady Louisa Dudley. Adelaide was at first surprised at the old woman's intruding on her privacy, when, thinking that she wished to embrace the opportunity of finding her alone, to converse on their country, she inwardly excused her, but was surprised at the hesitation she demonstrated in addressing her, a thing so unusual among the Canadians. Adelaide, to encourage her, made some common-place observations, which the old woman answered in an irresolute tone; when suddenly falling at the feet of the amazed Adelaide, she thus addressed her.

‘Ah, my dearest young lady, I have done you a great injury. It is so great, that I cannot hope for your forgiveness, but I will now strive all that lays in my power, to make some little amends for my crime, by snatching you from the brink of a frightful precipice, into which, without my confession, you must inevitably fall. I would have discovered all sooner, but until now, my resolution has failed me, whenever I have found you alone.’

‘Rise, my good woman, said the astonished Adelaide, sit down, and explain to me your alarming and incomprehensible speech.’

The old woman obeyed, and being seated, proceeded as follows.

‘I was born in the village of Point Levi, opposite Quebec, and at the age of

twenty-five, was married to a young man, who possessed a small farm in the same parish. A year after I had a daughter, and soon after her birth, lost my husband, when I returned to live with my father.

‘The following summer, as I was one day sitting at our cottage door, a carriage containing a gentleman and lady stopped, when the gentleman called me to him. He then inquired, if I knew where a good wet nurse for an infant could be found? I replied, that I had a child, which if they pleased, I would wean, and nurse the one they mentioned, requesting them, at the same time, to alight, and refresh themselves, which they did; when it was agreed between us, that I should the next day go to Quebec, and receive their infant.

‘The same day my own child was taken with fits, and died before morning. I was much grieved at its death, which did not, however, prevent me from going to Quebec the next day, when the child was delivered me by its parents, with many charges to pay it great attention. As an inducement to which, they allowed me high wages, and invited me to spend the day with their servants, to which I willingly assented. Among the servants, was a young woman who spoke French, of whom I failed not to inquire concerning the parents, who confided their child to me. By her I was informed, that the gentleman was Colonel Dudley, second son to the Earl of Durham, who had been married about three years; that the regiment to which the Colonel belonged, having on the reduction of Canada, been ordered to protect that Province, his lady, notwithstanding the entreaties of her friends to prevent her, had insisted on accompanying him, leaving her only child, a son, at nurse in England; and that the child then confided to me, was born but a few days after Mrs. Dudley’s arrival in Quebec, and the infant’s health being extremely precarious, the parents thought, that a healthy nurse, and country air, might prove beneficial.

‘I took the child home with me, and attended her with great care and attention, yet she still continued in a weak state of health.

‘The parents often visited us, and were much grieved at the indisposition of their little daughter. One day, the Colonel mentioned to me, that he thought frequent change of air would contribute to the child’s recovery, adding, he would provide a horse and chair, and wished me to take some trusty person with me and Miss Louisa, and travel forty or fifty miles along the river’s side, towards the gulph, by easy stages, and then return in the same manner. I instantly assented to the Colonel’s desire, and taking my brother with me, we set out the next day with my nurseling.

‘I had been from home a week, and was on my return, when about noon, we came near a small neat cottage, which stood by itself on the bank of the river. Feeling much fatigued, I bade my brother remain with the calash, while I entered the

cottage to refresh the child and myself. I found no person in the house, but a cradle stood in one corner, in which reposed a fine girl, of about a year old, which was also the age of my nurseling. I thought the features of the little stranger were not unlike those of Miss Louisa. Instantly the idea passed my mind, that by changing the children, I should not only be spared the trouble of attending a sick child, but likewise the anxiety I daily endured, through fear of losing my nurseling, and consequently the reward I received for taking charge of her. At the same time, I depicted to my imagination the joy Colonel and Mrs. Dudley would express, on seeing the child in perfect health, and the rewards they would be induced to bestow on me. All these ideas passing my mind in a moment, induced me to change the children, who being both asleep, I easily changed their clothes, which precaution I took not only to deceive my brother, but also to give the nurse of the other child no clue whereby to discover her nurseling. I say nurse, for I was convinced, by the dress of the child, that she belonged to some person of distinction. The change completed, I took with me the little stranger, and hastened away as fast as possible.

‘Colonel Dudley, having a few days before received news of his father’s decease, did not visit us for several weeks, when he and his lady were overjoyed at the good state of health in which they found their little Louisa.

‘Sometime after, one of my sisters removed to the village where I had changed the children. The next autumn, leaving my nurseling with my mother, I paid my sister a visit. One evening desiring me to accompany her on a visit to a neighbour’s, she led me to the very cottage where I had executed that disgraceful deed. I there beheld my former charge, who appeared quite healthy, playing around the room, and apparently very fond of, and well attended to, by her new nurse. I praised the child, and inquired to whom she belonged. ‘Adelaide, said the nurse in reply, is daughter to my foster sister, Madame de St. Louis.’

Adelaide, who during this recital, had listened attentively, scarcely breathing towards the latter part, for fear of interrupting the narrative, now raised her eyes to Heaven. ‘Merciful Creator! she exclaimed, what is it I hear? Can it be possible? What a strange, wonderful account! Deceitful deed! But continue the narrative, good woman, I am impatient to hear the conclusion.’

‘It is almost finished, young lady, replied the nurse. In a few days I returned home, and soon after the title and estates of Colonel Dudley’s family devolving on him, by the death of his elder brother, my lord and his family returned to England, taking their supposed daughter and myself with them.

‘When last summer I first saw you, I knew instantly, by the name you bore, and your near resemblance to the Countess, that you were her daughter. I trembled with

apprehension, and my conscience whispered that you were sent to pursue me for my sins. I endeavoured as much as possible to avoid you, and determined to confine the secret to my own bosom; but, when you returned from London, and I heard you were to be married to your own brother, I shuddered, and my guilty conscience knew no rest. I saw there was no alternative, I must either permit the crime of incest, while I alone would be the only guilty person, or I must divulge the secret, that I had for so many years confined to my own bosom! The last was the only resolution I could form; and I have ever since sought an opportunity of declaring to you the secret of your birth. You are indeed the child I abandoned at the village of St. Ann. The identical lady Louisa Dudley.’—The nurse here paused. Adelaide remained silent for a few moments, when suddenly addressing the nurse, ‘Are you certain that I am the identical child that you changed? and will you declare the same to the Earl and Countess?’

‘Yes, she replied, I am certain in you are the real lady Louisa Dudley, and she who personates lady Louisa is the real Adelaide de St. Louis, which I will declare, not only to the Earl and Countess, but if necessary, to the whole world.’ ‘That promise, nurse, is sufficient, said Adelaide. You may now retire; but be sure to keep secret what you have related to me, until I desire you to declare it.’

‘Rest assured, my dear young lady, replied the nurse, that I will implicitly follow your directions; and by my present attention and obedience, endeavour in some small degree, to atone for my treachery.’

Here Charlotte, who was in search of her friend, entered the summer house. Adelaide flew into her arms, exclaiming, ‘My friend, my cousin, the ties of nature now cement those of friendship!’

‘You rejoice me, dear Adelaide, said Charlotte, since you address me by that name, you must be reconciled to your union with my cousin Edward.’

‘United to your cousin? to my brother? Heaven forbid! You are surprised, Charlotte; sit down, and this good nurse will relate to you some surprising occurrences, with which she has just made me acquainted.’

Here the nurse again repeated to Charlotte what she had said to Adelaide. Miss Turner, during the recital, appeared riveted to the spot with astonishment. At length, rising, and taking her friend by the arm, ‘Come, my dear, come to my chamber; we will be there more at liberty to converse on this astonishing relation.’

After innumerable remarks on the strange account they had just heard, which, on comparing, they found to agree so well together, that they could not doubt its authenticity, they consulted on what would be the best means of making it known to the family; and at length determined, that, as soon as breakfast was concluded, the

following morning, they would introduce the nurse to the breakfast room, who should then declare to the whole family, what she had that evening declared to them.

Our young Canadian then informed her friend of her morning's interview with the Marquis of Grenville, when she received the congratulations of Charlotte, who prophesied from the adventures of the day, a speedy termination to her friend's afflictions.

The next morning, soon as the breakfast apparatus was removed, Charlotte, addressing lord Durham, 'Permit me, my Lord, to introduce into the room a woman, who will reveal some strange events, that she last evening made known to me.' The Earl nodding assent, the nurse was called in by Charlotte, and desired to declare publicly, what she had the night before declared to her in the summer house.

Mary, for that was her name, then commenced her confession, blended with many self accusations and excuses; but when she came to exchanging the children, amazement was discernable in the countenances of the company, while indignation was strongly depicted in those of the child's parents, and Sir Edward Turner.

When she had finished, expressions of indignation escaped from the lips of Sir Edward Turner and his sister. 'Unparalleled treachery!' cried lord Durham, casting a glance at Mary, that seemed to transfix her to the floor. Then hastening to our young Canadian, who fell on her knees before him, his lordship raised her in his arms, exclaiming, 'You are indeed my child. When I first beheld you, my heart instantly recognized the relationship. Vainly I then endeavoured to account for my feelings. I wished to call you daughter. How blind are mortals! From what a misfortune has this discovery rescued us! How greatly we are indebted to Providence!'

The bosom of the Countess was agitated with a variety of indiscribable emotions. The Earl led his new found daughter to her mother. Lady Durham gazed at her a moment with the keenest scrutiny. Then throwing her arms around her, she embraced her, bathing her face with her tears. Yet still she spoke not, her agitation had not sufficiently subsided to permit her heart to express itself by words.

All the family had gathered around the Countess. Surprise and amazement, with an indiscribable mixture of emotions, occupied their minds. Lord Durham presented to them their new found relative. Each embraced her, then gazed on in silence. Lord Dudley was one of the first, who had embraced his new found sister. From her he hastened to support the long supposed lady Louisa, whom we shall now call Adelaide de St. Louis, who appeared quite exhausted by contending emotions.

Lord and lady Durham were, by this time, seated, and had placed their new found daughter between them, whom they were caressing, when they were interrupted by the approach of lord Dudley, leading Adelaide by the hand, who

appeared unconscious of his intention.

‘My dear parents, he exclaimed, you have indeed found another daughter; but do not therefore deprive yourselves of the felicity of possessing such a daughter as this dear lady. You intended to bestow Miss de St. Louis on me. Then fulfil your intention, by bestowing on your son the real Miss de St. Louis, by which act you will render me the happiest of men.’

Here the Countess throwing her arms around her long supposed daughter, again burst into tears, while the amiable girl seemed to find relief for her swollen heart, by weeping on her mother’s bosom.

‘My dear children, said the Earl, nothing on earth could afford me higher satisfaction than seeing you united. I have always loved this dear girl with a father’s tenderest affection, which she has returned with true filial love and duty. This discovery cannot lessen my affection. I shall always consider her as a beloved daughter, and if she confirm what Dudley has proposed, she shall indeed be my daughter; but be seated, my dearest child, continued the Earl, making room for her next him.

The caresses of lord and lady Durham, at length revived the drooping spirits of the lovely girl, whose expressive eyes were again illuminated with pleasure; and their lustre was increased, by frequent glances from lord Dudley. Our young Canadian now felt perfectly happy. This discovery not only restored her to the bosom of an illustrious family, but entirely destroyed her anxiety respecting the dreaded marriage.

She was interrupted in these reflections, by her father’s exclaiming, ‘I had some thoughts of permitting the preparations for my son’s marriage to proceed, and on Thursday perform the celebration of his union with the real Miss de St. Louis; but I have now altered my mind, for should we still labour under a mistake, how shocking would then the union be! I am therefore resolved to proceed with caution, and think, addressing the count de Bordeaux, that we will accompany you to Canada, where, by comparing the other nurse’s account with Mary’s, we may unravel the truth.’

The count de Bordeaux, the marquis de la Brocri, Monsieur de Boucherville, and their families, were overjoyed at this proposition, and all appeared pleased with the idea of the voyage, particularly the real lady Louisa, who was delighted with the thoughts of again beholding those whom she had always considered her parents, and as such tenderly loved; which affection was not in the least abated by the late discovery. The new Adelaide was likewise highly pleased with the near prospect of seeing her real parents, whom she had heard so highly commended.

The remainder of the day was spent in conversing on the strange discovery that had occasioned so great an alteration in the plans of the family.

Events of this nature soon transpire. Inquiries were made, why the marriage of the heir of Durham Park was not consummated at the time appointed, and report soon circulated the reason. The marquis of Grenville was one of the first who heard of this discovery. His joy at the news was excessive, as it opened to him the prospect of obtaining her, whom he so ardently desired.

Sir George and lady Mountain going to pay a visit at the Park, the lords Grenville and Greenoch accompanied them. Lord Grenville, while congratulating lady Louisa on the discovery of her family, said he hoped that the discovery was not a painful one to her. Her only answer was a blush, when Charlotte, to relieve her friend, introduced another subject.

While walking out to view some improvements, lord Grenville contrived to draw the Earl unobserved aside, and to reveal to him the secret of his passion, and request his lordship's permission to pay his addresses to his new found daughter.

'I am honoured by the proposal, said lord Durham, in reply, and am unacquainted with the person whom, for a son-in-law, I would prefer to the marquis of Grenville; but I will not bias the affections of my child: yet your lordship has my free consent to urge your suit, if on my consulting her, lady Louisa does not object to it. We intend visiting Canada in the course of a few weeks, to authenticate this discovery, although I do not in the least doubt its authenticity.'

The Marquis thanked the Earl for the favourable reception of his suit, and should lady Louisa concur, requested leave to accompany them to Canada, to which lord Durham readily consented.

When lady Louisa and Charlotte retired to their apartment, the latter felicitated the former on their morning visitor. 'I am certain, said Miss Turner, that lord Grenville will soon obtain your father's consent, and you will soon be united.'

'I fancy, my dear cousin will bear me company, said lady Louisa. I have remarked the particular attention paid you by Monsieur de Montreuil, at which, if I am not mistaken, you were far from displeased; and I think your father's consent will be easily granted to the count de Bordeaux's heir.'

Charlotte blushingly avowed, that the addresses of Monsieur de Montreuil were far from disagreeable.

'I am happy to hear it, my dear Charlotte, said lady Louisa, and think our dear monitress, St. Catharine, will have four instead of two children, restored to her; for Julia de Montreuil appears to have captivated your brother. She is indeed a charming girl, and all her good mother could desire. We shall probably have four or five weddings at the same time, and I shall not be married in the solitary manner that was at first intended.'

‘True, said Miss Turner, and I think your sister Augusta will countenance me in my choice of a Frenchman; for I have observed a growing attachment between her and Louis de la Brocri.’

‘I likewise have remarked it, said lady Louisa, and confess I should be highly pleased that such an union should take place; wishing to be connected as nearly as possible with the family of our dear mother St. Catharine, although I cannot be connected with her as nearly as you will be.’

The next morning, lord Durham acquainted lady Louisa with lord Grenville’s proposals, and inquired if she could receive the addresses of his Lordship without doing violence to her inclinations; adding, that he was unacquainted with a gentleman on whom he would sooner bestow his daughter. Lady Louisa, her face suffused with blushes, replied, that she entertained a great esteem for lord Grenville, and would submit with pleasure to what her father pleased to propose.

‘I shall then inform the Marquis that I sanction his addresses.’

‘As you please, my Lord.’

Lord Grenville received the Earl’s approbation of his suit with the highest satisfaction; and requested his Lordship to give his lawyers directions for drawing out the settlements. Lord Durham smiling at his impatience, ‘Not so fast, my Lord. Has it escaped your memory, that a voyage to Canada is first to be performed?’

‘I remember, my Lord, and I am to enjoy the pleasure of accompanying you.’

‘As you please,’ replied the Earl.

Lord Greenoch likewise obtained permission to be of the party; and in a few weeks they had all embarked, and set sail for Canada.

The wind proved favorable, and they had a very pleasant voyage. All the company were perfectly pleased with each other; they therefore found no place for ennui, and the voyage appeared tedious but to three or four, who were extremely impatient to embrace her they were in search of.

In five weeks they arrived in the gulph of St. Lawrence. Lady Louisa had pleased herself with the idea of pointing out to her friends the village in which she had been reared, and the dwelling of her long supposed parents, but was disappointed in that design, by the ship’s passing the village in the night.

The following day they arrived at Quebec, where Sir Edward Turner had written to an acquaintance to provide lodgings for the whole party.

CHAPTER XXI.

“Yes, I know,
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seiz’d on the apostolic key of Heaven,
It then became a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates,
That Heaven itself had barr’d against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition.”

GUSTAVUS VASA.

While disembarking from the ship, the heart of lady Louisa dilated with pleasing sensations, at again finding herself in the town where she had first seen the light, where she had been educated, and where she had passed so many happy moments. Our travellers immediately retired to their lodgings. It was then concluded, that lady Louisa and Charlotte should repair to the convent, where they should pass the night, and prepare mother St. Catharine for the reception of her family. The count de Bordeaux, who with the greatest difficulty restrained his impatience, was with the remainder of the party, to postpone their visit until the next day. Lady Louisa Dudley and Miss Turner accordingly sat out on their expedition. They were accompanied as far as the gate by lord Dudley and Edward Turner. Our two friends then tripped down the avenue with light steps, and still lighter hearts. Every surrounding object appeared in exactly the same situation in which they had left it; and forcibly recalled to their minds the recollection of past times.

They entered the parlour and rang the bell, when the portress appeared, and asked who they wished to see? Lady Louisa inquired for Angelica de St. Louis. The portress, who was a stranger to our two friends, disappeared, and presently Angelica made her appearance.

‘Oh St. Mary! she exclaimed, can it be possible? Is this Adelaide, or her apparition?’

‘It is myself, said lady Louisa, open the door and let me in.’

‘Have patience, Adelaide, until I obtain the Superior’s permission,’ said Angelica, and was out of sight in a moment; but she in a few minutes returned, accompanied by the lady Abbess, who welcomed her former boarders with the greatest affection. After embracing her supposed sister and her friend, Angelica led the way to the school room, where lady Louisa and Charlotte received the embraces

and congratulations of those of the teachers with whom they had been formerly acquainted. Mother St. Catharine happened to be in the next room, and being unable to account for the confusion she heard, hurried forward to see what it meant, and was agreeably surprised with the sight of her young friends, whom she supposed in England, and hastened with delight to embrace them.

After partaking dinner with the boarders, at eleven in the morning, they visited the good mother in her cell, who inquired what had occasioned their visit to Canada? On being informed of which, the nun looked all astonishment, and Angelica, who was present, embracing lady Louisa, her eyes swimming in tears, cried out, 'Ah Adelaide, are you not then my sister?'

'Not by blood, my dearest Angelica; nor am I now Adelaide de St. Louis; but rest assured, that Angelica de St. Louis shall always retain a sister's place in the affections of Louisa Dudley; and you have now, my dear, another amiable sister, who is also very shortly to be mine.'

'Where is she?' said Angelica, I am impatient to see her.'

'You shall see her to-morrow, my dear, said lady Louisa. Then addressing the good nun, I have not yet, my dear mother, informed you, that when in England, I heard news of Monsieur do Boucherville, whom you supposed to have perished.'

'And were they not killed?' inquired the nun, in great agitation.

'No, my dear mother,' replied lady Louisa.

'Was my son saved? and is he now alive?'

'He is alive and well, said lady Louisa, and it is not long since I had the pleasure of seeing him, with Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville, and their children.'

'Merciful Heaven! cried the good nun, falling on her knees, shall my child then be restored to me? shall I again embrace my son, after having for years been childless? But, my dear Adelaide, did you not mention me to them? did they not express a desire to see me?'

'Yes, my dear mother, you may to-morrow morning expect a visit from your son, from Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville, Monsieur and Madame de la Brocri, with their children.'

'Madame de la Brocri? is my sister then alive? and shall I see her to-morrow?'

'Indeed you shall, my dear mother, said Charlotte; and with them comes another person, whom we dare not name.'

'You may mention the name, said St. Catharine. None can be dearer to me than those already mentioned; and having supported with fortitude what you have already told me, I can hear with calmness what you have further to say.'

‘Since you insist on knowing, my dear mother, said Charlotte, know that your husband is alive, and will be here to-morrow.’

This intelligence was communicated too abruptly. The good nun stood motionless with contending passions. At length, a flood of tears came to her relief, when she fell on her knees, ‘My God, I thank thee!’ was all she could utter; but her eyes, her soul, spoke the rest; and the unaffected devotion of that moment was accepted by Him, who desires to be worshiped *in spirit and in truth*.

In a few moments mother St. Catharine recovered her selfcommand, when she desired her young friends to inform her how they at first became acquainted with her relations.

Charlotte gave her a succinct account of their acquaintance, from their first interview at lady Delancy’s, to their arrival at Quebec.

The good nun listened attentively, and continued silent some moments after Charlotte had concluded; when suddenly lifting her eyes and hands to Heaven, ‘Merciful Saviour! she exclaimed, thou hast then not only restored me a husband, son, and sister, but likewise another Julia!’ These words were followed by a flood of tears, when the young ladies embraced her, and retired.

The next morning, lady Louisa Dudley and Miss Turner accompanied mother St. Catharine to the apartment of the lady Abbess, to request her permission for St. Catharine to receive her relations in the parlour, without the grate. The Superior, who was no stranger to the nun’s history, congratulated her on the restoration of her family, and gave her the liberty she desired.—Scarcely had they left the Superior’s apartment, when the portress informed them, that they were inquired for at the grate. They hurried to the parlour. The portress opened the door. In a moment the count de Bordeaux and mother St. Catharine were in each other’s arms. It is impossible for pen to describe the affecting scene that succeeded. Each relative crowded around them, impatient to embrace a long lost mother, sister, or aunt. After embracing the Count, the now happy St. Catharine flew to the arms of her sister. Her children were then introduced to their delighted mother, who seemed as if she wished ever to retain them in her arms; then, withdrew herself, that she might the better gaze at them, then again folded them in her embrace. She next received the congratulations of Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville, and the marquis de la Brocri. Her nephews and nieces were then presented to her, whom she alternately embraced, pleasure sparkling in her dark expressive eyes, which was, if possible, heightened on receiving the congratulations of her old acquaintances, Sir Edward and lady Turner.

The English friends of the company, who had been delighted spectators of this interesting scene, were then introduced to mother St. Catharine. Adelaide de St.

Louis was also presented to the company. The meeting between her and her new found sister was interesting; they embraced each other with great emotion, and then gazed on each other with fond, but scrutinizing attention.

At length the company seated themselves, and began to converse with some appearance of calmness; when Monsieur de Bordeaux inquired of his lady what means it was necessary to use to deliver her from that gloomy confinement. ‘Although, he continued, it has been far from gloomy this morning, since it has witnessed my happy meeting with my long lost ever regretted wife.’

‘Alas! said his lady, I must never more leave this place; I entered it with my free consent, and vowed to remain here. The vow was registered in Heaven, and must be cautiously adhered to.’

The countenances of the company, before illumined with pleasure, now overclouded with regret, and tears were starting from several eyes, when Monsieur de la Brocri, addressing St. Catharine—

‘No, my dear sister, that must not be. Vows are certainly sacred, and you vowed to remain here. But did you not make a previous vow at the altar, that death alone should separate you from this gentleman? Both these vows cannot be kept. The last must then give way to the first.’

Again the countenances of the company illuminated, and the lady to whom it was addressed thus replied:

‘You have convinced me, my dear Marquis, and I should now leave this convent with a quiet conscience; but alas! how can I leave it? for I think that the Abbess and Bishop will never consent to my enlargement.’

‘You are perhaps mistaken, my dear, said the Count. I will immediately go to the Bishop.’

‘If he refuse to release you, we will appeal to the Governor,’ exclaimed lord Durham.

‘Oh no, my Lord, said St. Catharine, I am extremely willing that you should obtain my release from the Bishop, as I think that with the experience I have obtained, I can serve the Almighty as faithfully in the midst of my family, as within the walls of a convent; but do not appeal to the English Governor; do not cause so great a scandal on our religion; which, sooner than be the occasion of, I would willingly be here immured for the remainder of my life.’

‘I will not, dear Julia, slight your injunctions, said the Count; but trust to me, and I will this evening return with the Bishop’s consent to your enlargement.’

The company having prolonged their interview to an unusual length for a convent visit, took their leave, with injunctions to mother St. Catharine to prepare for

removal that evening.—After leaving the convent, Monsieur de Bordeaux, in company with Messieurs de la Brocri and Boucherville, lord Durham, and Sir Edward Turner, sat out on foot to visit the Bishop of Quebec. In turning the corner of a street, they were interrupted by the passing of the host. Perceiving no way of passing it, our party mingled with the procession. The host proceeded to the Jesuit's College, and there entered. The count de Bordeaux and his party, were led by curiosity to enter with the rest, when they witnessed the sacrament given to a sick person of that order. Monsieur de Bordeaux inquired his name, and was answered 'Father Francis' On receiving this information, he approached the bed side, and accosted the father; who, lifting up his languid eyes, exclaimed, 'Monsieur de Montreuil! ah sir, wait until we are left alone, when I will communicate what may surprise you.'

The room being soon cleared, the Jesuit in a low voice, inquired of the Count, who those gentlemen were, who remained with him. The Count replied, his intimate friends. Monsieur de Boucherville then approaching, inquired of the father if he had forgotten him; when the Jesuit, turning on him his languid eyes, said, 'Monsieur de Boucherville! You too I have wronged. Witness the justice of Heaven, who sends those I have so greatly injured, to confront me on my death bed. How can I expect your forgiveness, Monsieur de Montreuil?' continued the Jesuit, I, who have accumulated such great injuries on you! But I will now confess my crimes—reparation I cannot make: but I will make what small atonement now lies in my power. Know then, that when your lady lost her last child in this town, I was resolved to secure her fortune. You will say, of what service is wealth to a monk? but alas! though a Jesuit, I was not a christian, scarcely believing in Christ, at least slighting him. I indeed found sufficient means to dispose of money! But see the justice of God! I was punished with the loss of my ill gotten wealth; for the banker, in whose hands I had placed it, failed soon after. But I am wandering from the subject. To secure your lady's fortune, I resolved to make use of every stratagem. Soon after her retiring to the Riviere du Loup, I received letters directed to her, from the marquis and marchioness de la Brocri, and Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville. These I opened, and the perusal convinced me, that should Madame de Montreuil receive them, she would, with her mother, immediately embark for France, and my scheme would consequently prove abortive. I therefore suppressed every letter that came directed to Madame de Montreuil. On the death of Madame de la Valiere, I thought the time was arrived, for executing my design. I therefore agreed with the Superior of a convent, who (the Lord have mercy on her soul!) died the following year, that if we could intice Madame de Montreuil to take the veil, the half of her

fortune should be settled on the convent, and the rest remain in my possession, I pretending to her, that I meant to employ it in charity. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the means I made use of to complete my design. I shall only say, that your lady entered the convent, took the veil, and I received half of her fortune. Soon after this event, I received letters from the friends of Madame de Montreuil, requesting information concerning her fate, and shortly after I received a letter from yourself. I then feared it would be difficult to conceal Madame de Montreuil's being alive. I however did attempt it, and the result proves that I accomplished the nefarious design. I need not say that I am sorry for what I did. That is the language of all sinners on their death bed; but point out the manner in which I can serve you, in the short time I have yet to live, and you will discover that my repentance does not consist in mere words.'

A solemn pause ensued, which none ventured to interrupt. At length Monsieur de Bordeaux approached nearer the bed, and taking the cold hand of the Jesuit, 'Father, he said, you have greatly injured me; but our religion enjoins us to forgive our enemies. I therefore forgive you. I would as a man, find it difficult, were I not encouraged by the example of our blessed Redeemer. You have been the occasion of great affliction to my worthy lady, her children and friends, as well as to myself. Yet all I at present require of you is, to send for the Bishop, and make this confession to him, before us.'

The Jesuit assented. The Bishop was sent for, and father Francis repeated to him the substance of his confession, which appeared greatly to surprise him. The Jesuit paused, when the count de Bordeaux thus addressed the Bishop: 'After hearing this confession, my Lord, you cannot certainly refuse me an order for the enlargement of Madame de Bordeaux.'

'I am, sir, extremely concerned at your misfortunes, replied the Bishop, and am grieved that I cannot serve you on this occasion; but your lady has taken the veil, the monastic vow is sacred, and cannot be dispensed with.'

'You must own, my Lord, said the Count, that the marriage vow is equally binding; and when two contradictory vows are made, the last must certainly give way to the first.'

The Bishop continued silent for some moments; he regarded the other persons present; Monsieur de Bordeaux introduced them to him. Lord Durham and Sir Edward Turner then pressed the subject. The Bishop listened attentively; at length — 'I am convinced, gentlemen, said he, and think on reflection, that the monastic

vow is not binding to one whose husband is living. I will then write an order for Madame de Bordeaux's enlargement, but request that you will not publish it, and to avoid scandal, let the affair be conducted as privately as possible.'

The Count readily assented to this, received the order, and then with his friends took leave of the Bishop and father Francis. On their return they were accosted by a young collegian, whom Sir Edward soon recognized for Francis de St. Louis. The latter was surprised and delighted with the meeting, and the more so, when he understood that Sir Edward's family and his sister were likewise in Quebec; but his astonishment was excessive when he was informed of the occasion of their voyage. On entering the room where the company were assembled, Francis hastened to embrace lady Louisa. 'I congratulate you, my dear sister, said he, on the discovery which restores you to the bosom of an illustrious family; but am certain, they cannot love you more fervently than mine does; and may I flatter myself, that your new found brother has not obliterated Francis de St. Louis from your affections?'

'Ah Francis, said her ladyship, my love for you, for our parents, brother, and sister, (for such I shall always consider you,) will never know abatement. But let me introduce to you a new found sister.'

Adelaide and Francis embraced in silence, but a very short time sufficed to awaken a reciprocal affection in their bosoms.

Monsieur de la Brocri then gave the company an account of their interview with the Bishop and father Francis. Many comments were passed on the confession of the father; but they were too much delighted with the enlargement of the interesting mother St. Catharine, to make him long their theme.

Madame de la Brocri, lady Louisa Dudley, and Julia de Montreuil, accompanied by the count de Bordeaux, were delegated to go to the convent for mother St. Catharine, now Madame de Bordeaux, furnished with secular clothes for her equipment. Soon as St. Catharine appeared at the grate, 'Dear sister, said Madame de la Brocri, we have brought an order from the Bishop for your release, and you shall again enjoy happiness in your native country; but we must see the Superior of your convent.'

Lady Louisa rang the bell, the portress appeared, and having received her message, soon returned with the Abbess, when Monsieur de Bordeaux presented her the Bishop's order. In the perusal, the Superior changed colour, but again looking at the signature, she recovered her command of countenance. 'Monseigneur's order, said she, shall be obeyed, and mother St. Catharine, you are now at liberty to leave the convent, whenever you shall judge it expedient.'

The three ladies were then admitted into the interior of the convent, to assist the Countess; but preparations did not long detain them. Madame de Bordeaux then bade a long adieu to her monastic residence, with feelings easier imagined than described. Angelica de St. Louis likewise accompanied them, having obtained the Superior's permission to pay her parents a visit.

CHAPTER XXII.

Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above:
Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
And through the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng:
Now all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground and seek the silent stream.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Sir Edward Turner had written from Quebec to Monsieur de St. Louis, and the day after mother St. Catharine had left the convent, the whole party set out for St. Ann's. Monsieur de St. Louis discerned the carriages at a distance, and hastened out to receive them. Lord Grenville handed out lady Louisa. In a moment she was in the arms of her long supposed father. Madame de St. Louis embraced her with transport. 'My dearest Adelaide, she exclaimed, what exquisite joy do I feel, in again pressing my beloved daughter to my heart!' The rest of the company had now alighted, and were presented to Monsieur and Madame de St. Louis. The real Miss de St. Louis was the last. 'I have the honour, my dearest papa and mama, said lady Louisa to her supposed parents, to present a young lady to you, who has a particular claim on your tenderness.' Madame de St. Louis was addressing Adelaide, who trembled exceedingly, when looking fixedly at her, she exclaimed, 'Eh mon Dieu! How she resembles Monsieur de St. Louis!' The latter turned from addressing lord Dudley, and regarded Adelaide with surprise; for the resemblance between him and his daughter, was at a side glance, very striking. Then turning to his supposed daughter, 'You neglected, Adelaide, to introduce the young lady by name.' 'Her name, said lady Louisa, is Miss Adelaide de St. Louis.' Here the real Adelaide fell on her knees, requesting her new found parents' blessing, who were motionless with surprize; but Monsieur de St. Louis endeavoured to recollect himself, raised his unknown daughter, and turning to the company, awaited an explanation.

'Monsieur de St. Louis, said lord Durham, you appear surprised. I will unravel what must to you appear past explanation.' Monsieur de St. Louis forbore to interrupt him, when his lordship proceeded to relate all that had befallen his new found daughter, from her arrival in England to her departure from thence. At the mention of the surprising discovery, Monsieur and Madame de St. Louis regarded each other with amazement. Lord Durham then presented Adelaide to her new

found parents, by whom she was received with tears of affection, and the tenderest caresses lavished on her.

Lord Durham then requested their renewed approbation to their daughter's union with lord Dudley, which they readily granted. All were for immediately confronting Josette with Mary, and a messenger was dispatched for the former. Josette soon arrived, out of breath, and seeing lady Louisa, who stood at the door with Adelaide, she flew to embrace her, overwhelming her with caresses; when, glancing her eyes on Adelaide, she falteringly exclaimed, 'Who can this be?' 'What ails you, nurse?' said lady Louisa; there is surely nothing alarming in this young lady, who has with me just arrived from England.'

'From England, say you, Miss Adelaide?' re-echoed Josette. Impossible! I cannot be mistaken, she is not English, she is French! That mole on her face, the features of her father! ah, my dear young lady, you little think who is your companion!' The young ladies smiled, and Monsieur de St. Louis coming to the door, desired Josette to walk in. At sight of so many strangers, she was a little confused; but, on being desired to be seated, she sat down.

'Josette, said Monsieur de St. Louis, pray explain what you just said to Adelaide.'

'Ah, said Josette, if I comply with your desire, I shall entirely forfeit all claim to your regard, and you will never forgive me.'

'Indeed I will forgive you, he replied. Declare to me the truth, and I will not only forgive, but reward you!'

'Well, Sir, said Josette, I rely on your promise, and will confess all that I know. Madame doubtless remembers, that none of her family called at my dwelling from the time that Monsieur Francis was born, until Madame recovered. The day after Madame was confined, my husband went to work at a considerable distance from home, desiring me to bring him his dinner at noon. Well, to work I went, and cooked it, not thinking until it was finished, how I should convey it; and then, sure enough, I was at a nonplus, for there was none in the house but the child and myself. I could not bear the idea of leaving Mademoiselle alone, and then to take her with me, was not to be thought of, for the excessive heat of the sun would have wearied her to death. At length the child began to cry, when lulling her in my arms, she fell asleep. Then thinking that she would sleep until my return, I laid her in the cradle, and taking the dinner, I carried it to my husband, and hastened back as fast as possible. Soon as I returned, I looked in the cradle, but the child remaining asleep, I employed myself about the house, until I heard Mademoiselle cry, when raising her in my arms, I perceived that she was not my nurseling. Almost distracted, I gazed at the child,

but instead of my fine healthy darling, I held a poor, puny little creature. I sat down, and heartily accompanied the child in crying, being enraged at myself for leaving my nurseling alone, although certainly I meant not to be negligent, for I had no idea that any one would disturb my child, much less take it away. I was powerfully lamenting, when my husband returned. 'Josette! he exclaimed, what in the name of the blessed Virgin thus disturbs you?' 'Why, Batiste, I replied, why did you desire me to bring you your dinner? While I was gone, some wicked treacherous creature carried off my nurseling, and left this little sickly thing in its place.' Batiste took the child in his arms. 'Poor little thing, said he, who could be so cruel as to abandon you? but what, Josette, will you do in this affair?'

'Do! I replied, what can I do, but run to Madame, and inform her that they have stolen her child, and she must immediately send some one in search of her!'

'No, replied Batiste, that will never do. Those who changed the children are far enough, I warrant thee. They know well enough how to elude all search; and as to Madame, the knowledge of the affair might in her present situation, prove fatal. If this child were but healthy, I think she would greatly resemble our lost nurseling; they have both black eyes, and the best thing we can do for this poor little girl, and for Monsieur and Madame de St. Louis, is to let her pass for their daughter, and with good nursing, Josette, I think she will be as hearty as the other.'

'I thought the advice of Batiste was excellent, and resolved to be guided by it. You may remember, Madame, that when, after your recovery, you first visited the child, you remarked how puny she had grown, but never suspected that Mademoiselle was not your daughter.'

Josette's relation agreeing so well with Mary's, not the least doubt remained in the minds of all present, but that the mystery of lady Louisa's and Adelaide's birth, was truly unravelled; and they all returned thanks to the Almighty, who had brought about this discovery, previous to the union of lord Dudley with his sister.

The next morning, lady Louisa Dudley arose early, and wandered forth alone. The morning was delightful, and recalled to her memory the early scenes of her past life. Not a spot, but renewed some fond idea, some infant satisfaction.

'Ah, she exclaimed, those scenes are now past, and appear to the memory like a delightful dream, that leaves a pleasing impression behind. Sweet retirement, delightful village! Soon must I leave you. Elevated to high rank, possessing great riches, every wish of my heart fulfilled, I still remain unsatisfied. I still regret this pleasing retirement. How well doth Grainger describe this happy spot. He must surely have had it in view, when he wrote the first part of his 'Wish.' But no, had he

really seen St. Ann's, and its contented inhabitants, he need not have inquired where to find content. Lady Louisa then rambling up the river, repeated,

“Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn to bound desire.
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose:
Nor, meddling with the god's affairs
Concern themselves with distant cares:
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.
Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r——”

‘Soft violence,’ repeated lord Grenville, seizing the hand of the startled lady Louisa. ‘But for soft violence, dear lady Louisa, you would have fled from me. Gliding before, you appeared the nymph of these sylvan shades, or a water nymph, daughter of the St. Lawrence. But seriously my dear lady Louisa, when am I to be blessed with this dear hand? Am I to await our return to England? Must a long voyage intervene, ere I can call Louisa mine? Love cannot endure so much procrastination. Consent then to be mine immediately. Let our vows be pledged in this sweet retirement, where my Louisa was reared. Every surrounding object corresponds with the purity of my passion. Your long supposed parents will witness our union. We will pass the remainder of the summer here, completely blest, every wish of our hearts satisfied.’

They now reached a delightful grove of trees, situate on a rising ground, commanding a lively prospect of hill and dale, river and rill, when the Marquis enraptured exclaimed,

“Straight mine eye has caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawn, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray:
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab’ring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.”

‘I cannot, my Louisa, yet think of leaving this delightful country, which reared the possessor of my heart. What says my beloved Louisa? Will she consent to our immediate union? On this enchanting spot, which money can surely purchase, I will build an Arcadian cottage. Then my Louisa will not be forced to leave her favorite retirement, but we will here remain, until inclination prompts us to return to England. Does this plan, dear lady Louisa, meet your approbation?’

Lady Louisa turned towards him her blushing countenance. The glance of her expressive eye spoke more eloquently than words. ‘You then consent, dear lady Louisa,’ said his Lordship, regarding her with eyes expressive of his affection.

‘But my brother and his Adelaide, my father is desirous of their being united at the seat of his ancestors. My parents and friends will accompany them, and shall we remain behind?’

‘And does my Louisa prefer them to me? I hold all the world in no competition with you! I would sooner renounce rank, and riches than you, and then remain with Louisa, as faithful a swain as ever grac’d the golden age.’

‘Ah, my Lord, said lady Louisa, in a low voice, deprived of my Grenville, the world would for me possess very weak attractions.’

‘Ah Louisa, my Louisa, my grateful heart will ever study to deserve this flattering preference. Your happiness will be far dearer to me than life.’

‘Let us proceed homeward, my Lord, said lady Louisa. It grows late, and our happiness may occasion uneasiness to our friends.’

‘In your society, dear lady Louisa, I heeded not time’s hasty pace; but you permit me, continued his Lordship, as they walked towards home, to endeavour to obtain your parents’ consent to our immediate union; for now that every obstruction is removed, why need we remain longer separated?’

‘To my parents’ decision, I shall implicitly submit,’ said lady Louisa.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“For not to name the pain that pleasure brings,
To counterpoise itself, relentless fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.”

ARMSTRONG.

Our lovers' Arcadian scheme of happiness was soon abandoned. For as Monsieur de St. Louis was, the same afternoon, sitting with his company, a letter was delivered him, which he retired to read. On his return, ‘This packet, said he, contains important and unexpected intelligence. It comes from my father's sister, the Vicountess de l'Isle. Madame de l'Isle informs me, that some years have elapsed since my grand father paid the debt of nature, and that my father's elder brother has lately departed this life; and, hearing on his death bed, that my father was dead, but had left a son, he bequeathed to me the family estate, and his whole private fortune, to support the family consequence; at the same time requesting his sister to write me an urgent request to remove to France; as he could not support the idea, that our ancient family should with him be extinct, he having some months before, lost his lady and only remaining son.’

Monsieur de St. Louis then received the congratulations of his friends, at this unexpected acquisition. ‘I have not, replied Monsieur de St. Louis, with this increase of fortune, acquired happiness: for I already possessed as much of that as is consistent with a sublunary situation.’

‘But, my dear husband, said Madame de St. Louis, rising, and approaching him, you do not intend to decline these brilliant prospects?’

‘No, my dearest Adelaide, he replied, now that rank and fortune are offered me, in the country of my ancestors, I do not sufficiently feel myself a philosopher to renounce them. In this retirement I was contented, and enjoyed more true happiness than perhaps I shall again experience. Still am I inclined to comply with my uncle's desire, and remove to France, for ambition is, I believe, a prevailing passion in the human breast. What is your resolve, Adelaide, will you reside with our family on the estate of my ancestors, and abandon your native country?’

‘Willingly, replied Madame de St Louis, for I shall then be nearer my friends, and my dear daughters Adelaide and Louisa.’

‘Thank you, thank you, mama,’ exclaimed both young ladies at the same moment.

‘But, my dear Louisa, whispered lord Grenville, shall we then remain here alone?’

‘Oh no, she replied, we will altogether enjoy equal happiness in your own native England, and we may perhaps accompany our French parents to France.’

‘Your Grenville, is not then sufficient to satisfy you?’ said the Marquis.

‘I would provide against contingencies, she replied. He at present possesses the first place in my heart, but some time hence, love may there leave a void; and what could then occupy the space, were I deprived of all my friends?’

‘You are a sweet trifler,’ said his Lordship, taking her hand; but, perceiving the lively eye of Miss de St. Louis bent on him, he hastily relinquished it.

Monsieur and Madame de St. Louis now began to prepare for removal. They resolved to give their Canadian estate in charge to Monsieur de Mont Pelier for Charles, their younger son, who was to be educated in France. They were to accompany their noble friends to England, there witness the nuptials of lady Louisa Dudley and Adelaide; and, after passing a month or two with them, proceed to France.

A pleasing, a delightful month was passed by our happy party. They were then all ready to commence their voyage.

Our Canadians took an affectionate leave of their connexions and friends, and prepared with alacrity to set out; but the hour of their departure arrived. They felt their hearts surcharged with heaviness; Monsieur and Madame de St. Louis and their children, enter with slow steps the carriage that is to convey them for ever from their delightful, their beloved country, from the place where together they had enjoyed so much happiness. Tears fill their eyes, the spot appears sacred. The manes of their ancestors, to their imaginations, seem to surround them, and reproach them for deserting their remains. Their English and French friends are at a distance before; still they linger, unwilling to quit their dwelling for ever! Monsieur de St. Louis sighs. His lady’s breast heaves convulsively. Their children catch the contagion. Again they glance at the house, and give the signal for departure. The horses are soon at a distance, but their hearts, for that day at least, remain behind.

They thought themselves the last of the party, but they were mistaken; lord Grenville had sat out with lady Louisa in a Canadian Calash. They stopped at the grove, where they had formed their arcadian scheme of happiness. Lady Louisa sighed.

‘Why that sigh, dear Louisa?’ said lord Grenville.

‘Ah my Lord!’ was all the answer he received.

‘Would you alight, dear lady Louisa?’

‘Yes, my Lord.’

The grove was at some distance from the road. Lord Grenville bade a footman, who attended on horseback, convey his calash behind a building that stood near, and there await his arrival. Then giving his arm to lady Louisa, they entered the grove. Our young Canadian burst into tears. The Marquis tenderly pressed her to his heart. ‘Ah, my Lord, I am leaving my native country forever! This peaceful land, where I have been so tenderly reared, ah never shall I again behold it!’

‘But are you not, dearest lady Louisa, accompanied by all your old friends?’

‘No my Lord, in every tree I discover an old friend. Every stone speaks eloquently to my heart. On every surrounding spot have I played, and gambled in the sportive hours of childhood. Thousands of tender recollections play around my heart. What endearing ties are now recalled to my mind. Oh sweetest bowers of innocence and peace, scenes of my childhood, I now must leave you for ever! painful idea! ah my Lord, what numberless beauties I now discover, which I never noticed before.’

‘My native country, said the Marquis, is not more pleasant to me, than is this pleasing retirement, which reared my Louisa. That circumstance in addition to its numberless beauties, conveys to it a charm, which attracts it to my heart. In this spot my Louisa confirmed my hopes. That alone is sufficient to bestow on it a powerful charm.’

The Marquis then seated himself, and gently drew lady Louisa by his side. They were too much affected to speak. Looks occupied the place of words. The eye is sometimes more eloquent than the tongue. In this delightful interchange of sentiment they continued several minutes. At length the sound of carriages arrested their attention to outward objects; and looking towards the road, they perceived the carriages of the St. Louis’s proceeding at full speed. This reminded them that they had no time to lose. They hastily arose, and left the grove without speaking, Lady Louisa leaning on the arm of the Marquis, but both ‘cast one longing, lingering look behind.’ On passing Point Levi, they took a last leave of the nurse Mary, who had been left with her relations; as the Durham family did not choose to retain in their service a person who had so treacherously abused their confidence; but, in consideration of her open and voluntary confession, lord Durham settled on her a comfortable annuity. Nor did the Earl and Countess fail to reward Josette, for the tender care she had taken of their deserted child.

On arriving at Quebec, they heard of the death of father Francis, who left this world bitterly lamenting the crimes he had been guilty of, from an insatiable thirst of gold; and earnestly intreating those who surrounded him, to amend their lives, that they might escape the piercing agony of enduring at the same time, the racking pains of a sick bed, and the overwhelming consciousness of their being repugnant to an allpowerful Deity!

Thus father Francis fulfilled, in his last moments, what he had refused to do in his life time; and, as he had neglected to live an example to the flock committed to his care, he died a warning to them, and to all wolves in sheep's clothing; for that hypocrisy which was his refuge when living, refused its assistance at the trying hour of death.

'Let his example, said the count de Bordeaux, on hearing of his decease, be a warning to all who hear of it, never to give ear to the suggestions of avarice, which may impel to unheard of crimes, the bare suggestion of which at first, makes them tremble. To this vice in others, are most of my misfortunes owing, from the time of my first seizure by privateers. How little do riches avail on a sick bed! They cannot be carried out of this world, nor can they purchase the remission of our sins; and even during our transitory existence, how easily are they lost! but how impossible to regain innocence, which was perhaps their price! Is luxury a counterbalance for virtue? Surely not! Even in this world, the consciousness of virtue is its own reward, and the consciousness of guilt its inward tormentor. Add to this the certainty of future rewards and punishments, and who possessing the least reflection would hesitate to choose the straight path of innocence.'

Our party employed the short time they remained in Quebec, in viewing whatever was worth seeing in that town. The gentlemen admired the great strength of that invulnerable fortress, and the ladies the charming and extensive view which its ramparts commanded. All pleased themselves with comparing the difference that civilization and the arts had produced. All was now noise and bustle, which announced industry and plenty; the latter being always accompanied by the former. Commerce flourished. The port was filled with ships from all parts of the world, who appeared to vie in bringing contributions to this young and flourishing city. How different its appearance from what it must have been two centuries back, when inhabited by savages in pyramidal huts of bark, its lazy waters only interrupted by a solitary bark canoe. Its ramparts, nature's magnificent present, no defence against its wily and midnight assailants; a prey to whatever enterprising tribe, treacherously in the dark, surprised its sleeping inhabitants.

How trifling must the vicissitudes of individuals appear to those, who

contemplate the surprising changes which often occur in the face of whole countries.

At length the ship in which our party was to sail for England, was ready, when they all embarked, and bade a last adieu to Quebec.

Various were the sensations of our travellers, as they cast a last glance at Quebec, which receded from their view. Madame de Bordeaux sighed, and cast an affectionate glance at her husband. Lady Louisa Dudley's bosom heaved with various emotions. 'Adieu, Quebec, she murmured in low accents. Many happy moments have I enjoyed within thy walls. Are many more such in store for me? Hard to say, a sombre cloud, impenetrable to mortal eyes, involves futurity. But the excellent thought in these lines reassures me:

"Safe in the hands of one disposing pow'r.
Or at the natal, or the mortal hour."

The attention of our travellers was soon called from Quebec, to contemplate the lively country now discernable on each side of the ship. At once could they number seven steeples, belonging to parish churches, which were surrounded by as many pleasing little villages. The delightful scenery presented to our view while sailing down the St. Lawrence, cannot certainly be surpassed by any spot on the globe.

Pleasing sensations now occupied the bosom of lady Louisa and her friends, until they had taken leave of St. Lawrence's flood, and passed its gulph. The timid souls of several of the ladies then shuddered at the vast and terrific expanse of water which surrounded them. The land receded by degrees from their sight, until it was entirely lost.

A favorable breeze lent its assistance for twenty days, which were pleasingly passed by our travellers, who in each other's society, enjoyed what they most esteemed on earth. The wind then increased, and the next day blew a gale. Violent gusts of wind from every point of the compass, tossed the ship in every direction. Tremendous peals of thunder increased the terrors of the scene; while, at intervals, the sea was illumined by vivid flashes of lightning, which but displayed the surrounding horrors, and then vanished, leaving our travellers involved in impenetrable darkness. The affrighted mariners lowered their sails, and worked hard at the pumps. Mountains of waves rolled over the deck, and every moment threatened to engulf the ship. The passengers were obliged to confine themselves to the cabin, each moment uncertain if they should survive another. In this agonizing manner were three days past. The ship was deprived of her masts and rigging. The rudder was broken, and the hold fast filling with water. To lighten the ship, the whole cargo was thrown overboard. To complete their misery, the water casks were all

staved, and no fresh water remained in the ship. At first the mariners regard their misfortune with indifference. They were eagerly employed at the pumps, striving to keep the ship above water. At length thirst overpowered them, and nothing remained on board to satisfy that craving desire; despairingly they slackened their labour. The ship then filled apace. At this alarming crisis a violent peal of thunder rolled over their heads, which appeared to shake the globe to its centre, and seemed the awful signal for their destruction. The crazy vessel seemed ready to burst asunder; and the violent commotions of the air agitated the sea to that degree, that the ship was alternately borne aloft among the clouds, then precipitated to the yawning abyss that opened to engulf it. Although in the middle of the day, the storm was so terrible, and the gloom so deep, that they could not perceive each other. This fierce warning was followed by a violent shower of rain. The delighted mariners spread some remnants of sails, and caught sufficient water to allay their tormenting thirst, and fill what remaining vessels were found about the ship. The rain, at the same time, produced another beneficial effect; it calmed the fury of the storm, appeased the wind, and the reign of rude Boreas was succeeded by the gentle zephyrs. The clouds dispersed, and the glorious luminary of day, long concealed from our distressed travellers, again shot forth its vivid rays, diffusing joy and gladness into every heart.

But short lived proved their felicity, for on examining the ship, the Captain predicted that she could not possibly be kept twenty hours above water. Nothing but the hulk remained, and three large leaks were discovered, that baffled their power to stop.

The quantity of provisions remaining on board was very trifling, and that little was damaged by the salt water; and to complete their calamity, the reckoning was lost, and every instrument for taking observations had been thrown overboard, in the general confusion. The mariners were nearly exhausted with working at the pumps, when the gentlemen and their servants offered their assistance; and all indiscriminately took their turn, a spark of hope still remaining, that their endeavours to save their own lives, and the lives of those so dear to them, would be crowned with success.

The ladies were assembled in a group on the quarter deck, the gentlemen were at work at the pumps, while their servants and the mariners, were enjoying a moment's respite. At length they were relieved. Hastily they approached the ladies, and threw themselves exhausted on the deck around them. 'What a hard fate,' exclaimed lord Grenville, glancing his eye at lady Louisa.

'You are, in my opinion, mistaken, she replied. Are we not surrounded and beloved by all our souls hold dear, having all we can desire, at the summit of human

felicity! Why should we wish for longer life? Length of years would perhaps but serve to precipitate us into misfortunes.'

'The pride of stoicism, my Louisa, replied the Marquis, can afford but little consolation in this trying hour.'

An involuntary tear trembled in the eye of lady Louisa. To conceal it, she averted her head, and hastily wiped it away.

Edward Turner gazed on his cousin's countenance, which was then turned toward him, when, starting half frantic, he exclaimed, 'Oh that I should have lived to see this day, to see my parents, my relations, my friends, all snatched away! and Julia, my adored Julia, precipitated into the bottomless abyss! Monsieur and Madame de Bordeaux, you have not sanctioned my wishes, but what does that avail? No power on earth can prevent me from loving this amiable girl; and sure at this agonizing moment, I can declare it without constraint.'

Here, quite frantic, he sprang from his seat. The trembling Julia endeavoured to detain him, fearing he might, in that frame of mind, commit some act of desperation.

'And do you then love me, Julia? said he, clasping her, as if he feared death would tear her from his embrace. Our souls are then united, and nought on earth shall part us!'

'Pray be composed, said Julia, sobbing aloud—pray dear Edward, be seated.'

'Edward, said his father, is this the courage of my son?'

'Sir Edward Turner, replied the youth, with intrepidity could I meet the enemies of my country. Fearless could I meet death in any form! Did the grim tyrant threaten me alone, I would defy his terrors, but my friends!—those I hold far dearer than life!—relentless fate, with what accumulated woes dost thou overwhelm me!'

'Mr. Turner, said Madame de Bordeaux, are we not all equally afflicted? Is not your fortitude, my son, equal to that of your friends? Would I could inspire you with comfort—would that I could teach you to rely with me, on the Almighty.'

'Ah, said Madame de St. Louis, that you could inspire us with hope; but, we are all victims, devoted to death!'

Madame de St. Louis, however, repented this hasty exclamation, for the company, who had with difficulty preserved their composure, now found the exertion impossible. Audible and half suppressed sobs filled the air.

Self collected sat Madame de Bordeaux. Her pupils, lady Louisa and Charlotte, restrained their agitation. Theodore de Montreuil regarded his mother with eyes of admiration. He was seated at the feet of Charlotte; glancing at the latter an affectionate regard, 'Remain you then unmoved amidst this general grief? Can you,

then, Miss Turner, meet death with such invincible intrepidity?’

‘What little fortitude I possess, she replied. I owe to the instructions of your beloved mother. It was she who taught me to ‘fear my God, but know no other fear.’

‘I cannot, Charlotte, said Theodore, meet death with such intrepidity. I wish to live, that I may prove my affection to such a mother, and to you. What visions of felicity I had depicted in imagination; but all is vanished. Who will again trust fortune? But I will complain no longer, I will endeavour to prove worthy of my mother, and of Charlotte!’

Lord Dudley was seated next Adelaide; grief deprived them of the power of utterance. Silently they gazed on each other. At length lord Dudley exclaimed, ‘My Adelaide, my beloved sister, no words can express the fervour of my affection. Let me employ the few moments that perhaps we have yet to live, in taking leave of you, taking an eternal leave of my Adelaide, my Louisa! agonizing thought! as Louisa I loved you far above a brother’s affection, and trembled to indulge it. My love was pure, but I feared some happy mortal would snatch from me my beloved sister. As Adelaide, I love you with increased ardour. Judge then, if possible, the extent of my affection. I fear not death, Adelaide. It is parting with you I dread. To see you snatched from me, by the devouring waves, I cannot dwell on the idea.’

‘My brother, my Dudley, said Adelaide, rest assured that your affection surpasses not mine. What could have sustained me, when the unexpected discovery deprived me of every known relative? What could then have consoled me, but my love for you?’

‘And of what avail, dearest Adelaide, is your affection, since we must so soon be deprived of each other!’

‘Ah Dudley, said Adelaide, let us prepare to meet death with resignation!’

‘And are we then inevitably doomed to death? exclaimed lady Augusta Dudley. How can you, dear sister, mention it with such calmness? Oh death! death! never until now, did I truly think of death.’

Here exclamations and lamentations resounding from all sides, rendered all further conversation unintelligible. The good countess de Bordeaux regarded them with eyes of pity.

‘My dear young friends,’ she began. Straight every murmur ceased. All listened attentively to this respected lady, who had herself been so severely tried in the furnace of affliction. ‘My beloved companions, she continued, your danger, your afflictions, and your passions grieve me exceedingly. Would it were in my power to relieve you. Perhaps it is. You smile incredulously. What if I were to convince you,

that death is a blessing, which will waft us to the regions of happiness? Death is the gate through which we must pass to the bosom of our Creator, our Redeemer; nor will we, I trust, be separated, but all proceed together to meet our Saviour, and those beloved friends who have preceded us, with them to be eternally happy! Yes, my dear companions in danger, to a true christian death is a blessing, the terminator of his labours, the commencement of his joys. Every good proceeds from the Almighty. What exquisite felicity must it then be, to be eternally happy with him! What pleasure have these lines of the English poet often afforded me:

“Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite, divine.
Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts;
Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves.
No bliss has life to boast, till death can give
Far greater; life’s a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice, letting in eternal day.”

‘Strive then, my children, to obtain the true faith. Sufficient time is allowed us to prepare for death. Then let us raise our hearts to our Saviour, who will assist us in this trying hour. Trust in the Almighty, and resign yourselves entirely to the arms of Divine mercy, who will if for our benefit, still produce means to save us. At least he bestows on us time sufficient to prepare for our transition to the world of spirits, when I trust we shall enter regions of perpetual delight, which transports me to think of! How different is the fortitude of a christian, from the apathy of a stoic! The latter is only supported by pride, frail resource; the former relies on the word of a Deity, an Almighty power, from whom every thing derives its existence. Trust then in that Power, my young friends, and be assured he will not fail you.’

These words of the excellent Countess had an instantaneous effect on all present. All were ashamed at their want of fortitude, and all hastened, by a mental prayer, to resign themselves to the Supreme Disposer of events.

Resignation now took the place of despair; the gentlemen observing the crew, and their servants, nearly overpowered with fatigue, hastened to relieve them. The ladies remained silent. Some were mentally breathing out their souls to Him, who alone has power to save, while others were endeavouring to derive comfort from the promises of religion. Now they discerned honours and riches to be mere shadows, which entirely forsake their possessor in the hour of danger. All now firmly resolved, that, should they survive the imminent danger in which they were involved, they would be more attentive to the concerns of religion, than to the attainments and

pleasures of this sublunary world, and devote what years the Almighty would grant them, to his service and glory.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“Far on the horizon’s verge appears a speck,
A spot—a mast—a sail—a deck!
She bears her down majestically near,
Speed in her prow.
Oh what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like hope’s gay glance from ocean’s troubled foam.”

LORD BYRON.

At this interesting crisis, a boy on a broken mast cried out, ‘A sail! a sail! to the windward a sail!’ ‘A sail!’ was re-echoed by a dozen voices. Every eye was strained to discover so desirable an object. Every heart beat high with hope and expectation. At length a proud ship, majestically sailing on the gently agitated surface of the vast watery expanse, fully met their enraptured view. Unbounded joy now occupied the place of mingled resignation and despair. The younger ladies hurried around the deck. Each congratulated the other. The air resounded with the acclamations of the joyful crew, who suspended their labour, and displayed signals of distress. The ship discovers, and bears down on the wreck. The servants hasten down the cabin, and bear up what few trunks remained there. One sailor, beside himself with joy, pushed over the only boat remaining in the ship, threw in it the trunks which the servants were removing, took an oar, and springing in the boat, rowed with amazing rapidity towards the ship, which quickly received him. The ship hoisted French colours, but France was then in amity with England. Relief appeared certain, but short is the foresight of mortals. The sailors had discontinued their labours at the pumps, and the passengers had forgot that such labour was necessary. The water rushed impetuously in the cabin, and the wreck was soon completely filled with water. Again the crew resumed their labour, but they had too long neglected it, and their exertions were now of little avail. The ship then threatened instantly to swallow all that the unfortunate hull contained.

The French ship was near, but seemed afraid of entering the vortex of the wreck. Joy, hope, and expectation were now changed to despair. All held out their hands imploringly. The gentlemen conjured the other ship to save those lives they held far dearer than their own, and leave them to their fate. The ladies cling around these generous men, and vow, if they are to perish, they will perish together. In this dilemma, a bold and generous sailor, from the French ship, cried out, ‘Messmates,

for shame. Shall we see these helpless females, and brave men perish before our eyes, without affording them the least assistance? Shall a weak timorous fear deter us from exerting ourselves in the cause of humanity? No, sooner would I suffer ten thousand deaths, than it should be said that Frenchmen could be inhuman, could be such base cowardly wretches.' This pathetic address had an instantaneous effect on the hearts of those to whom it was addressed. All were now impatient to succour their fellow creatures in distress. The brave sailor, who caused this movement, had now unlashed the largest boat belonging to the ship, into which he sprang, followed by two more. The other boat belonging to the French ship was soon equipped, and all three soon reached the wreck. In the first the ladies were quickly embarked. The second received their female attendants, and part of the gentlemen; and in the third the remainder of the gentlemen sprang, followed by their servants. The boats rowed fast towards the ship, promising to return immediately for the sailors; but those hardy sons of Neptune did not choose to remain longer aboard their crazy wreck, but, plunging into the briny element, soon reached the other ship. All were soon embarked on board the French ship, which then hoisted all the sail she could, to escape from the vortex of the wreck. All eyes were bent on the hull they had quitted, the mariners conjecturing that she could not remain many minutes above water, which conjecture proved true, for in ten minutes after their safe embarkment, the wreck was with a tremendous clash, precipitated to the bottomless abyss. The terrified ladies lifted their eyes and hands to Heaven. The tremendous chasm appeared ready to engulf their new ship, but she was already at a considerable distance, and was sailing fast away. Madame de Bordeaux sunk on her knees. Her example was immediately followed by all the company. 'My God, she exclaimed, I thank thee for our deliverance.' Her heart was too full for farther utterance. Gratitude to the Deity overpowered it. Every hand was clasped, every eye raised to Heaven, every heart mentally aspirated this fervent prayer, more acceptable to the Divinity, than the most elaborate diction, since it was the pure and sincere effusion of grateful hearts, which were filled with gratitude to that merciful Being, who had rescued them from the jaws of destruction.

Captain Le Roi, of the French ship, then approached the ladies, requesting to know what refreshments they would be pleased to have. This question roused them from the apathy into which they had fallen, and brought their present situation to their recollection; for they had not changed, nor scarcely partook of refreshment, during the three preceeding days, and had during that time, been exposed to the fury of the contending elements. They now required both, and were at a loss for clothes, when Annette de la Brocri espied the trunks which the fugitive sailor had conveyed on

board. This discovery was quickly imparted to her friends, for the transaction had escaped the memories of the agitated ladies. The trunks were soon conveyed to the cabin, where the ladies with their maids hastened, to air their clothes and change themselves, while refreshments were preparing.

While the ladies were thus employed, the gentlemen inquired the destination of the ship which had saved them. Captain Le Roi replied, that she was called L'amie, and bound from Martinique to Brest, and at the same time related how the young sailor had prevailed on his messmates to exert themselves in succouring those on the wreck, of whose rank he was ignorant.

'He shall command a ship of his own,' exclaimed several gentlemen at the same time; and they afterwards fulfilled their promise; nor was this truly brave sailor the only one they rewarded. Every individual partook of the bounty of our noble travellers, as well the crew of the ship wrecked, as the sailors of the French ship. All were perfectly satisfied on their arrival in France.

Lord Durham and his English friends would have preferred to have proceeded directly for England, but as that was now impossible, they contented themselves with a trip to France. The French gentlemen were delighted at the thoughts of so soon revisiting their native country, which danger had endeared to them.

Nothing now detained them. The elements, as if weary of persecuting, seemed to conspire to forward their voyage. A prosperous breeze filled their sails. In a few days the ship came to anchor in the port of Brest, nor did Brest long detain them. Carriages were soon procured, and the same day the whole party were set down at the chateau de Bordeaux. On entering the great hall, the Count tenderly embraced his long lost wife. 'Thrice welcome, my Julia, to your demesnes. Once I despaired of ever seeing these walls illumined with your presence. Rejoice, my domestics, for this dear lady is restored to us. How often have you heard me lament her loss, which threw a sombre shade on all around; but her restoration dissipates all gloom. Let the day which restores my dearer self to the seat of my ancestors, be devoted to rejoicings. Let delight now fill the hearts of my tenants and dependants. It shall hereafter be my employment to drive from all within my sphere of exertion, the weight of misfortune, whose pressure I have myself so severely felt.'

'Let us first, my dear husband, return thanks to the Almighty, for our preservation,' said Madame de Bordeaux, falling on her knees. Her example was followed by all the company. The good lady then essayed to speak her gratitude, but contending emotions precluded the power of utterance; yet her heart was raised to that Being, who read its inmost sensations, and is best pleased with the homage of

the heart. Each individual, at the same time, ejaculated a mental prayer, to their all powerful Deliverer; for the pious Madame de Bordeaux had won all hearts to a grateful reliance on the Supreme Disposer of events.

The merry bells now struck on their ears in sonorous peals, as the tenants elated with joy, hastened to the chateau court, to welcome their Lord and Lady. Every thing bore the appearance of festivity. Open house was kept at the chateau for several days, which time the young lovers employed in gaining the consent of their mistresses to a speedy union. Amongst the foremost of these, were the lords Grenville and Dudley; but lord Durham advised them to moderate their impatience, until their return to Durham Park, as he was very anxious for them to be united at the seat of his ancestors. Mr. Turner was more fortunate. Sir Edward Turner possessing rather less ancestral vanity, gave his son leave to solicit the count de Bordeaux for an immediate union with his lovely daughter.

Monsieur de Bordeaux having conceived a high esteem for Mr. Turner and his family, readily acquiesced; and Theodore de Montreuil at the same time, obtained Sir Edward Turner's consent to an immediate union with Charlotte.

Philip de Boucherville and Louis de la Brocri were extremely desirous of receiving their respective brides on the same day; but as their parents were desirous of their children's being united at their respective mansions, the young lovers, however impatient, were obliged to acquiesce.

The chateau was now all bustle, and every thing preparing for the intended double marriage. Madame de Bordeaux would have been better pleased, had the husband of her daughter resided on the same side of the channel; but she would not control her daughter's affection, for her own gratification, especially as Mr. Turner appeared every way calculated to make her happy.

The good lady was delighted with her intended daughter-in-law, having ever since the commencement of their acquaintance, been affectionately attached to her; which attachment was increased by gratitude, her present happiness being, under Providence, owing to Charlotte Turner and lady Louisa Dudley.

The appointed day at length arrived, when Mr. Turner received the hand of his beloved Julia, and Monsieur de Montreuil that of the blushing Charlotte, the ladies Louisa, and Augusta Dudley, officiating as bridesmaids to Charlotte, and Eloisa de la Brocri and Marianne de Boucherville attending on their cousin.

Lady Turner was much pleased with her son's choice, her ladyship having long since conceived a tender friendship for her present daughter-in-law.

After a week spent in festivity, the happy party proceeded to l'Hotel de la Brocri, where another double marriage took place, Louis de la Brocri receiving the

hand of lady Augusta Dudley, lord Durham having consented to his youngest daughter's being married from home, Monsieur Philip de Boucherville was at the same time united to the engaging Eloisa de la Brocri, whom he had for many years been attached to. While the company were enjoying the nuptial festivities, Monsieur de St. Louis took leave of them for a short time, and repaired to the habitation of his aunt, Madame de l'Isle, who received him with great affection, and pressed him to remain with her, at least several days; but the Chevalier excused himself, alledging the situation of his family, when his aunt promised to accompany him the following day to his inheritance. Madame de l'Isle was but five years of age when her brother was banished to Canada, consequently but a slight recollection of him remained in her mind. She was a widow, with a plentiful jointure, had lost all her elder children, but had an only child, a son, who was still at the university.

The following day, accompanied by his aunt, the Chevalier de St. Louis visited l'Hotel de St. Louis, which he found in good repair. The tenantry came out to meet him, and soon had reason to be pleased with their new landlord, who immediately ordered several improvements, which he thought would materially contribute to their comfort.

Monsieur de St. Louis now found himself in great affluence. The rent roll of his estate far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The next day he escorted Madame de l'Isle home, who, on his taking leave, promised to call on his family immediately on their arriving at l'Hotel de St. Louis, which was situated in her neighbourhood, for she was extremely impatient to be introduced to her nephews and nieces.

In a few days, Monsieur de St. Louis, with his family and friends, set out for l'Hotel de St. Louis. Great preparations were made for their reception by the grey headed steward, and ancient housekeeper, who had been delighted with the affability of their new master, whose father they well remembered.

Madame de l'Isle soon visited her Canadian friends, who were as much delighted with her, as she with them. She remained with her nephew but a few days, the house being so full of company, but promised herself much pleasure in an intercourse with her relations, after their return from England, when her son would by that time be established at home.

With what delight did lady Louisa and her young friends, explore the enchanting scenery that surrounded the house of her long supposed father. The last proprietor was a man of taste, and had rendered his residence a complete elysium. So delighted were our party with the place, that they seemed not to heed the lapse of time, and appeared in no hurry to return to England, until the rapid approach of winter warned

them, that it was time to leave France, if they wished to spend the winter in London.

Our young French people now appeared reluctant to leave their native country, which, like Ulysses, they regained, after experiencing such imminent danger. They were, however, more averse to parting with their friends. Madame de Montreuil and lady Augusta de la Brocri, anticipated with pleasure, a visit to their native country. Lady Louisa Dudley and Adelaide de St. Louis, demonstrated less impatience to revisit England. They did not, however, show much regret, when preparations were making for their departure.

At length they all took leave of l'Hotel de St. Louis, and proceeding to Calais, there embarked in the packet for England.

CHAPTER XXV.

“There let Hymen *now* appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry.”

MILTON.

“Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
But fill up every minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay.”

FAIR PENITENT.

A favorable breeze swiftly wafted our travellers across the channel, and soon they discerned the white cliffs of Albion. With light hearts they left the packet, and entered the carriages, which were to convey them to Durham Park, and soon the tall poplars, shewing their lofty heads, gave notice of their approach to their journey's end.

How different were the sensations of lady Louisa, from those she had felt on first visiting the Park: she was seated in a carriage with her sister, Charlotte, and Adelaide.

‘What meditations occupy my sweet friend?’ said, in a lively tone, Madame de Montreuil, who had for some time been observing her cousin's countenance.

‘Charlotte!’ exclaimed lady Louisa, starting from her reverie. ‘Quite absent, I protest, retorted the former. Your reflections must be very pleasing. Do you think, lady Augusta, that your sister will notice present company when married as long as we have been?’

‘I hope she may, replied lady Augusta, and perhaps she will not then be as fond of indulging in reveries.’

‘Are you then, indeed, so soon wearied of your present state?’ said Adelaide.

‘We are far from that, said lady Augusta, but have lost the exquisite delights of romance, for the more sober realities of life. Our imaginations, now more tractable, no longer forget present objects, to ramble amidst the flowery fields of ideal felicity.’

‘And you no longer love to excess?’ said the satirical Adelaide.

‘You still love satire to excess, my severe sister, said lady Augusta: but perhaps

we may soon retort on you.'

'No, said Miss de St. Louis, if you are not to retort on me until my affection for Dudley abates.'

'You pretend then, said lady Augusta, to more than we, matrons do; but Dudley was always the idol of your affections, even when you thought him your brother.'

'Then he will still continue to be so, even when he shall be my husband,' said Adelaide in reply.

Here their arrival at the Park put an end to the conversation. The gentlemen handed out their fair friends, and lord Durham approaching the carriage, and taking the hand of Adelaide, 'Welcome to Durham Park, my dear child. May you long, as my daughter, remain its pride and ornament, and may it through many succeeding generations, be possessed by your descendants.' The Earl then pressed his intended daughter to his heart, who tenderly returned the embrace of her affectionate father.

His lordship then approached lady Louisa. 'Welcome, my child, to a parent's home. You are no longer a stranger at the seat of your ancestors.'

The villagers were by this time informed of their lord's arrival. Soon the merry peals loudly proclaimed it, and the tenants quickly assembled, impatient to obtain a sight of their long absent lord.

The Earl, observing that this bustle wearied his already fatigued guests, sent his steward to desire them to retire for the night. 'Inform them, said his lordship, that my son will on Monday next, be united to their favourite lady Louisa, now discovered to be Miss de St. Louis. Let them then restrain their impatience, and return to their employments; but Monday next shall be a jubilee to all my tenantry.'

Adelaide timidly raised her eyes to the Earl. 'So soon, my Lord!'

'Why not, my dear? Preparations may be hastened; comply then with my desire, Monsieur de St. Louis has already assented.'

'My chief pleasure, my Lord, has always been to submit cheerfully to your commands,' said Adelaide.

'Thank you, my beloved Adelaide, said the enraptured Dudley. Thank you, my Lord, for this agreeable surprize. Until now, I feared that some weeks would elapse ere I could call Adelaide mine.'

'Make yourself, Edward, worthy of the invaluable gift,' said the Earl.

'My life, replied lord Dudley, shall be devoted to prove my gratitude to the best of parents, and my love to the most amiable of women.'

Adelaide glanced her gratitude to her lover; but, perceiving every eye bent on hers, she blushingly lowered them on the floor, while lord Dudley followed them with a rapturous gaze.

‘And will not lady Louisa bestow, at the same time, her hand on me?’ said lord Grenville.

‘Next Monday, my Lord? Impossible!’

‘Next Monday, Miss de St. Louis bestows herself on your happy brother; why not bless me at the same time?’

‘What is the subject in debate?’ said lord Durham, who partly overheard what was said.

‘My suit, my Lord, replied lord Grenville, is, that I may be united to lady Louisa at the same time that lord Dudley receives his lovely bride.’

‘And will you not, my dear, grant the Marquis’ request?’ said the Earl.

‘Monday, my Lord, is so near.’

‘But, my dear sister, said Adelaide, will you not bear me company? We had agreed to be married on the same day.’

‘I reassume the authority I long possessed, said Mr. de St. Louis, and will put an end to this dispute. You shall, lady Louisa, become Marchioness of Grenville, on the same day that my daughter is made lady Dudley. Answer not but to say, you are ready to obey.’

‘I obey then, said lady Louisa, smiling. There is no resisting the orders of those I have been so long accustomed to submit to.’

‘You were always a dutiful child,’ said Monsieur de St. Louis, endeavouring to smile, while a tear started from his eye, which he hastily brushed away, at the same time regarding his long supposed daughter with much affection.

‘I am extremely obliged to you, Sir, for this exertion of authority,’ said lord Grenville to the Chevalier.

‘I must have some concern in these weddings, said Madame de St. Louis, and shall therefore name the bridemaids. Angelica shall attend on her long supposed sister, and Miss de La Brocri and Miss de Boucherville on the future lady Dudley.’

‘Thank you, mama, said Angelica. I was always desirous of being bridemaid to Adelaide, no, lady Louisa; that name will never be familiar to me.’

‘It was always, dear Angelica, my intention,’ said lady Louisa.

‘And I, said Annette de la Brocri, am, I presume, chosen through mere necessity; since, the brides excepted, Angelica, Marianne, and I, are the only single ladies in company.’

All was now a complete scene of bustle at the Park. Visitors were denied entrance, until after the celebration of the nuptials. At length arrived the dreaded, wished for Monday.

Lady Louisa Dudley and Miss de St. Louis were similarly habited. Their dress,

though formed of the richest materials, was simply made. The dazzling eyes of Adelaide sparkled with animation, and her face was suffused with blushes.

Lady Louisa appeared rather thoughtful. Her cheeks were paler than ordinary, and her whole appearance extremely interesting. Her imagination was employed in comparing the present occasion to that, in which she had been so near being united to her brother. She trembled at the bare suggestion. The idea of her present freedom pervaded her soul, and her mind seemed to shrink from the thought of fettering herself for ever, even to him she esteemed above all men. At this moment lord Grenville addressed her. She timidly raised her eyes; one glance from his expressive ones, for that moment, satisfied all her scruples. It was lord Durham's desire, that the ceremony should be performed at the church. The Reverend Rector there awaited them;—'Who will be first married?' inquired the Minister. 'Lady Louisa Dudley,' said Miss de St. Louis.

'Pray, my dear, set me the example,' said lady Louisa, in a low voice. 'I will,' said the lively Adelaide, stepping forward. Her spirits lasted nearly through the ceremony, but her voice was observed to falter, when she pronounced the indissoluble word.

Lord Dudley then introduced his bride, as lady Dudley. The Earl embraced her with emotion. 'You are now indeed my daughter, exclaimed his Lordship, and again bear the name of Dudley.' Lady Durham pressed her recovered daughter to her heart, her eyes humid with tears, but she spake not.

It was now lady Louisa's turn. When the priest began, an universal tremor shook her frame. She glanced her eye on the Marquis, their eyes encountered. Instantly the tremor vanished. Her face was suffused with carnation. Her eyes brightened, but soon she withdrew them from his ardent gaze, and timidly lowered them on the ground. Near the conclusion of the ceremony, a tear trembled in her eye; lord Grenville observed it with concern. The minister concluded. 'Ah my Louisa, said the Marquis, saluting her, may this be the last tear you ever shed on my account.'

'Think not, my Lord, it was want of affection that caused it,' said the interesting bride.

'My heart declares as much,' said the enraptured bridegroom.

Then turning to their friends, he introduced her as Marchioness of Grenville.

'I will embrace you first, said Madame de St. Louis, pressing her to her heart. The name of Grenville obliterates all distinctions. With what rapture have I gazed on you in the artless hours of infancy! With what unbounded affection did I love my little daughter! ah! you must still be my daughter.'

‘That name will ever be my boast, exclaimed the new lady Grenville. Never can I feel sufficiently grateful for the care with which you have reared me; and pray bestow on me a parental blessing, dear mama,’ she continued, falling on her knees. ‘Heaven bless my sweet child, said Madame de St. Louis, raising her. May she long continue a blessing, and an ornament to all around her.’

‘Heaven indeed bless her,’ said Monsieur de St. Louis and lord Durham. The Countess was now clasping her daughter in her arms. ‘Bless me too, my mother,’ said the dutiful bride.—‘Heaven shower its blessings on my daughter,’ said lady Durham, pressing her to her heart.

The company were extremely affected with this interesting scene. Most eyes were suffused with pearly drops; but the tears of sensibility are void of bitterness.

Having received the congratulations of all present, they left the church. Most of the tenantry were assembled at the door. Several carriages of the neighbouring gentry were likewise observing them at a distance, none of whom were that day invited.

A number of little maidens, dressed in white, with bridal ornaments, approached the bridal party, scattering flowers in profusion on every side, as the company entered their carriages, amidst the acclamations of the rustic spectators.

Nothing but rejoicings were now heard. Oxen were roasted, hogsheads of ale broached, and every species of refreshments prepared for the villagers.

At length a dance was formed on the lawn. Lady Grenville with her Lord, and several of her friends were near. ‘How this reminds me of home, she exclaimed. How delightful to my feelings is this rural revelry. How often when in Canada, have I joined in a dance with the villagers.’

‘Let us now join them, dear sister,’ said Angelica.

Lord Grenville looked at his lady, ‘Have you my Louisa, such a desire? Our villagers will be entranced. They are not accustomed to such condescension.’ Lady Grenville gave her hand to her Lord, and smiled assent; the Marquis led her to the head of the set. The villagers appeared astonished. Monsieur de Montreuil seized the hand of Angelica, and led her next the Marchioness. All the young people followed their example, and of themselves formed a set. The villagers then respectfully retired to a little distance. Lady Durham seemed surprised. ‘It is our Canadian fashion, said Madame de St. Louis, smiling. How happy I now feel! I am in imagination, transported home.’

‘But will not this be productive of too much familiarity?’ inquired the Countess.

‘Quite the contrary, said Madame de St. Louis. Our rank will command respect, and our condescension procure attachment. It is at least so in Canada.’

The following evening a magnificent entertainment was given to the neighbouring gentry. It was more sumptuous, but less pleasing to the tastes of several of the company, than that of the preceding evening.

The frequent visitors soon became very fatiguing to our bride. To avoid them, the Marquis and Marchioness of Grenville resolved to retire for a few weeks to Grenville Park. Lord and lady Dudley, with three or four more of the party, were easily induced to accompany them. Sir Edward and lady Turner, with part of the company, retired to the Priory; and the remainder staid with lord and lady Durham, at Durham Park.

Lady Grenville was much pleased with Grenville Abbey, and great reason had the tenantry to hail the happy day that introduced her there, as its mistress. Every appearance of distress soon vanished from the vicinity, and all were encouraged to neatness and industry, by the rewards granted by its generous mistress, to them who excelled in these useful qualifications.

In December our party assembled in London, where they spent the winter, and then each family returned to their respective mansion.

For many years they all met together, every summer, until their growing families precluded such frequent intercourse. Their principal care was then to form the minds of their offspring to virtue and religion, and a firm reliance on that Power, who had borne them safe through such imminent dangers, and vicissitudes of fortune; and they who had tasted so deeply of the bitter cup of adversity, now enjoy with a higher relish, the blessings of prosperity.

FINIS.

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed. However, there were many potentially historic spellings of words as well as many obviously mis-spelt words; as it was hard to distinguish, if there was any possibility that it might have been a historic spelling, it was left unchanged.

Quoting in the book was strange, quotes were not closed and reopened around some non-spoken words. They have been left unchanged.

Space between paragraphs where there were potential thought-breaks varied. Errors have possibly been made.

[The end of *St. Ursula's Convent, or, The Nun of Canada. Vol 2 of 2* by Julia Catherine Beckwith (Hart)]