

# St. Ursula's Convent

or The Nun of Canada



Julia Catherine Beckwith Hart

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*Title:* St. Ursula's Convent (Volume 1 of 2)

*Date of first publication:* 1824

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

*Date first posted:* September 20 2012

*Date last updated:* September 20 2012

Faded Page eBook #20120922

This ebook was produced by: Marcia Brooks, Ross Cooling & the Online Distributed Proofreading Canada Team at <http://www.pgdpCanada.net>

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# **ST. URSULA'S CONVENT,**

**OR**

**THE NUN OF CANADA.**

*CONTAINING SCENES FROM*

**REAL LIFE.**

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

THOMSON.

*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

**VOL. I.**



**KINGSTON, UPPER CANADA:**

**PRINTED BY HUGH C. THOMSON.**



**1824.**

**TO**

***THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,***

**THE**

**COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE,**

***THESE VOLUMES***

**ARE INSCRIBED WITH PROFOUND RESPECT,**

**BY**

***HER LADYSHIP'S MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,***

# THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE

*It is the natural course of all sublunary affairs to proceed from small beginnings, and to advance gradually towards perfection. Such has been the slow progress of improvement in British America, where, until lately, genius has slept through a long night of ignorance and inaction: and scarcely a dawn of literary illumination is yet discerned. Our incipient attempts, then, can hardly hope to enter into competition with the finished productions of the old world.*

*Yet there are lovers of literature, even in this country; and, among these, some have been found willing to give encouragement to a British American, on the threshold of her humble career of authorship.*

*Such liberal minds will, it is hoped, approve of whatever is meritorious in the following tale, and candidly excuse the defects a more experienced eye may perceive, in the first production of an author of seventeen, which was the writer's, age when *St. Ursula's Convent* was written. It has lain, by her sometime, circumstances having hitherto deferred its publication. Their encouraging liberality, may incite her to future exertion, when her judgment shall have been matured, and her taste improved by experience.*

*It was in the delightful vale of Corwallis, justly styled the Garden of Nova Scotia, that this work was commenced. It was continued in New Brunswick, the subject having been suggested to the author, during a residence in the Canadas.*

*To her friends in those Provinces she is under many obligations. They encouraged her in the prosecution of her work; and they now lend their support towards its public appearance.*

*Our country is gradually rising into notice. Our physical resources are great. Our population is increasing; and the time may come, when British America will be as noted in 'song' or 'deeds,' as any kingdom of Europe: but, to attain that eminence, she must cherish native genius in its humblest beginnings.*

*The author does not, indeed, flatter herself, that this juvenile performance will add to the celebrity of the country; but the fostering hand of public patronage if kindly extended to such a production, may elicit others of real and intrinsic merit.*

*The era, to which this story relates, was an eventful one, and may be reviewed with interest by many families, who, like the author, trace their descent in a manner similar to that of the principal personages of the tale.*

*Our readers, in these Provinces at least, may likewise be gratified with the assurance, that mother *St. Catherine* is not a mere creature of imagination, but had a real existence in Canada, and that even the name of her daughter is preserved. Can the patriotic Canadian, then, refuse a kind reception to his own kindred? No; it is to be hoped the lover of his country will receive *The Nun of Canada* with native hospitality and characteristic kindness.*

*To the reviewers of our parent country the author looks up with deference and hope. She trusts that their candour, should this home-bred production ever cross the Atlantic, will view the unpolished stranger with indulgence, although destitute of the elegance and refinement which adorn the land of our forefathers.*

Kingston, U. C. March 1st, 1824.





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**ST. URSULA'S CONVENT,**

**OR**

# THE NUN OF CANADA.



# CHAPTER I.

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"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know,  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below."

COTTON.

In the Parish of St. A——, about fifteen leagues below Quebec, on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, resided Mons'r. De St. Louis, son of the Chevalier De St. Louis; who unfortunately having given offence to his father, was, as too frequently happened under the ancient regime, by a Letter de Cachet banished to Canada: in which place his talents, good conduct, and genteel deportment, secured for him the confidence and respect of all who were acquainted with him; and procured him the appointment of a Notary Public.—Shortly after, he married a Lady who was likewise a descendant of a noble French family.

Mons'r. Philip De St. Louis being the Chevalier's only child, it was resolved to give best education the Colony afforded: Mons'r. Boileau, curate of the Parish, undertook the charge of his instruction, until he had completed his twelfth year: Philip was then sent to the Jesuit's College at Quebec, where he continued until the attainment of his eighteenth year: three years more were spent with a celebrated Notary at Quebec: when young De St. Louis returned to his father, an accomplished gentleman, and completely versed in the profession.

A rural ball was given, to celebrate Philip's return, to which the gentry of all the neighbouring Parishes were invited. Country dances were beginning, when an elderly lady entered, accompanied by a young lady and gentleman. The young lady instantly attracted the attention of Philip, who enquired of a person who sat next him, the name of the beautiful fair one. 'Tis Mademoiselle Adelaide De Mont Pelier, daughter of the seigneur of St. J——, was the answer. Philip was soon introduced to the engaging Adelaide, whom he thought all perfection. From this evening the commencement of their attachment may be dated. The following summer found them possessed of the highest human felicity, the possession of each other, with health, peace, and competence.

About a year after their marriage, their happiness was increased by the birth of a daughter, who was named Adelaide. Soon as the child was baptized, she was put to nurse. The nurse, an honest industrious woman, lived with her husband, in a neat little cottage, near the banks of the St. Lawrence. The air around was clear, and salubrious, and Claude and Josette, tenants of Mons'r. De Mont Pelier, were very attentive to his grand child.

The following year their family was increased by the birth of a son, who was baptized by the name of Francis, and put to nurse with a sister of Adelaide's nurse.

As soon as Madame De St. Louis recovered, she went to visit Josette, for the purpose of seeing her child: which she found asleep in her cradle. Madame De St. Louis waited impatiently for the child's awaking, when, raising her in her arms, she brought her to the window, and observed with much surprise and concern, a great difference in her appearance. Her countenance pale and wan, was quite a contrast to the ruddy, blooming complexion, she had had a few weeks before.

"Eh mon Dieu, Josette, what is the matter with Adelaide," exclaimed the anxious mother. "I should not have known the child, had I seen her elsewhere!"

"Oh Jesu Marie! Madame, you frighten me, with your wild looks. Pray, ma chere dame, be not alarmed. Mademoiselle Adelaide has been unwell, these three or four weeks; but she is now much better, and will soon be quite hearty again."

"Sick these three or four weeks, Josette! and I ignorant of the indisposition of my child."

"Ah ma chere dame, you were sick likewise. So I was afraid to inform you; for, mon Dieu, said I to Claude, if Madame

hears of it, 'twill be her death!"

"Well, Josette, I forgive you, considering your motive; but never again conceal from me the ill health of my child.—If she had died——!"

"Ah Madame! I did not think there was any danger of that."

Now attended with the most unremitting assiduity, Adelaide, to the great joy of her parents, recovered in a short time, her former health and bloom.

In the course of the three following years, the family was increased by the birth of a daughter and son. The former was called Angelica, the latter Charles.

The parents, seated in the midst of their blooming offspring, envied not the world its grandeur. Their happiness was unalloyed. It resembled that of the golden age; when the pure dictates of nature were followed; when distinction of rank was unknown: the Deity was loved and adored for his goodness; for guilt and fear, superstition and tyranny, were then strangers to the infant world. Alas! in the iron age in which we live, few such instances of perfect happiness are to be found. The vulture seizes the kid, the wolf the lamb, and the powerful universally prey on the weak.

When Adelaide had attained her twelfth year, Mons'r. and Madame De St. Louis resolved to send her to a Convent at Quebec, to complete her education.

It was in the middle of June, when Adelaide set out for Quebec, accompanied by her father. The sun was just emerging above the horizon. Not even a cloud was seen, to disturb the peaceful serenity that reigned around. The busy peasants were whistling and singing, at their work. All nature appeared transported with joy. Not so Adelaide. The thoughts of leaving behind her an affectionate mother, her brothers, sister, and all the companions of her infant years, overwhelmed her with melancholy. Who knows, thought she, whether I shall again see those dear friends, who have been so kind to me? Perhaps, before I am permitted to return, they will be slumbering in the silent tomb! My dear mother, my sweet sister, or my brothers, may be taken sick, while I, at a great distance, shut up in a convent, will be unable to afford them the least assistance!

At length Mons'r. De St. Louis, interrupting the silence, exclaimed, "Does not your heart beat light, my dear Adelaide, at this beautiful prospect? See yonder that group of Peasants at work. How happy they appear. Observe with what a lively green that meadow is overspread. How charmingly that little rivulet winds around the fields! How, my child, can you look so dejected, when every surrounding object appears so cheerful?" "Ah, my dear papa," replied Adelaide, "how can I be happy, when every motion of the horse conveys me farther from home." "Let not that, my dear child, afflict you," said Mons'r. De St. Louis. "You will soon be as partial to Quebec, as to St. A——; and soon as your education is finished, you will return home, never to leave us more."

These words, delivered in a tender accent, afforded comfort to the drooping Adelaide; and the gaiety of the surrounding scenery, soon restored her accustomed cheerfulness.

Our travellers proceeded but slowly, and did not reach Quebec until the next day at noon. Adelaide was delighted as she crossed the ferry, from point Levi to Quebec. The town appeared so stately. The bells in merry peals were ringing for noon. The boat glided smoothly along, and the cheerful boatmen singing, beat time with their oars.

In the afternoon Mons'r. De St. Louis accompanied by a lady and gentleman of his acquaintance, shewed Adelaide the town. She was delighted with the excursion, and for a moment, forgot home, until arriving at the rampart street, she mounted the highest ridge, to see if from it she could discover her father's house; but, although it commands an extensive prospect, her eye in vain sought the endeared dwelling. She was however much delighted with a view of one end of the Isle of Orleans, as, when at home, she could discern the other.

In a few days Adelaide was settled, as a boarder, at les Urselines, and her father after taking an affectionate leave of her, sat forward on his return home.

Adelaide was soon reconciled to a residence in the Convent. She quickly assimilated with her companions; often heard from home, and was contented. But this happiness was soon interrupted, by an account of the sudden death of her grandmother, De Mont Pelier, and the dangerous state of her grandfather's health. Now was Adelaide unhappy. She wished to fly, to comfort her mother, to nurse her grandfather; but that was impossible.



A very interesting nun whose countenance bore the visible impression of grief, and resignation, endeavoured to comfort Adelaide, under this dispensation of Providence. She endeavoured to teach her resignation to the divine will, and partially succeeded. She had singled out Adelaide, from among her companions, loved her tenderly, and was warmly loved in return. Supported by the excellent Mother St. Catherine, Adelaide acquired fortitude to submit with resignation to the loss of her grandmother, and grandfather, who soon followed his beloved partner to the silent grave.



## CHAPTER II.

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"Oui, puisque je retrouve un ami si fidele.  
Ma fortune va prendre une face nouvelle;  
Et deja son courroux semble s'etre adouci  
Depuis qu'elle a pris soin de nous rejoindre ici."

RACINE.

Adelaide had now passed four years in the Convent. Her brother Francis had been three years at college. They visited home every summer; but a year had elapsed since their last visit.

Adelaide was, one fine morning in spring, sitting in the school-room, completing a beautiful piece of needle work, when the lady Abbess entered, accompanied by two strangers; the eldest a lady of majestic mien, apparently between thirty and forty years of age, the other was a fair blue eyed girl, with a peculiar sweetness in her countenance, and appeared to be of the same age with Adelaide. The lady Abbess desired the boarders to shew their work, with which the visitors were much pleased, but particularly so with that of Adelaide, and they enquired of the Abbess, whether the design was hers, or one of the nun's? "The design is entirely Miss De St. Louis'," said the Abbess.

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"She must be a young lady of great taste," said the young stranger. "You would, my dear Madame, very much oblige me, by an introduction to this young lady." "With all my heart," replied the Superior, then calling Adelaide, who, on presenting her work, had retired; "permit me, Miss De St. Louis," said she, "to introduce to you Mrs. and Miss Turner, who with Colonel Turner have lately arrived from England."

Miss Turner purposes spending some time with us. To see an intimacy subsisting between you, would to me, be particularly agreeable.

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"To be permitted to call so charming a young lady friend," said Adelaide, "will to me be productive of the highest satisfaction. You will, if you encourage it," added she, "be fatigued with the warmth of my friendship, a convent being so convenient a place for the indulgence of that propensity. Excluded from all communication with the world, friends seem to live but in, and for each other. You, my dear Miss Turner, brought up in the world, can have little relish for a convent attachment."

"The person," replied Miss Turner, "who sees Miss De St. Louis, without feeling for her the tenderest friendship, must certainly be void of both taste and sensibility. You will find, my dear Miss, that, though reared in the beaumonde, I will not yield to you in warmth and tenderness of affection."

"A good beginning," exclaimed the lady Abbess. "I leave you, young ladies, to entertain each other; while I shew Mrs. Turner some niches in the next room."

Miss Turner and Adelaide, being left alone, conversed more freely; and, when Mrs Turner and the lady Abbess returned, they appeared perfectly well acquainted.

When the ladies were taking leave, Adelaide enquired of Miss Turner, if she intended soon to enter the convent? "I think I shall enter on Monday next," replied the young stranger. "With difficulty, my dear Miss Turner, shall I contain my impatience, at our separation," said Adelaide, as with the lady Abbess, she conducted the visitors to the grate. "And I," said Miss Turner, "shall not be easy, until I have the pleasure of seeing you again."

After breakfast the following morning, Adelaide was informed that Francis was at the grate. She hastened down, and

gently chid him, for not having called for several days; but he excused himself, by saying that he had been much engaged with some difficult studies. Adelaide smiled at his excuse, and enquired if he had heard from home. "I have," said Francis, "and melancholy is the intelligence that I have received." "What is it?" "Our dear grand papa De St. Louis is no more." This was too sudden; Adelaide instantly turned pale. Francis much alarmed called for assistance; for the grate separated him from his sister. In an instant they were surrounded by the nuns and boarders. Mother St. Catherine, happening to be within hearing, hastened with the rest, and eagerly enquired of Adelaide the cause of her emotion; but her heart was too full for utterance, and she pointed to her brother, in answer to the nun's enquiries. St. Catherine looked towards Francis, who, in faltering accents, related to her the cause of their affliction. The good nun endeavoured to comfort him, advised him to hasten home, to seek consolation from the Almighty, and return the following day to see his sister. Francis bowed his thanks, and, giving the good Mother a letter directed to Adelaide, hastily left the convent.

The good Mother St. Catherine then conducted Adelaide to her cell. A little crucifix attracted her attention, which the good nun observing, presented it to her. Adelaide received it in her hand, and contemplated it silently for some minutes. At length she exclaimed, "merciful Saviour! after all thy mercies, can I view thy suffering with cold insensibility! thou, who didst suffer such agonies for me, an unworthy creature, supported them patiently—shall I then rebel at thy decrees? Shall I repine at thy divine will? In prosperity we forget thee, Almighty Father; but in adversity we acknowledge thee to be our support. Oh! forgive, Almighty God, my ingratitude! Extend to me thy mercy; for thy justice is now my enemy. Inspire me heavenly father, with fortitude and resignation to thy sovereign will."

Mother St. Catherine who had watched Adelaide's countenance, from the time that she entered the room, was much pleased with this prayer; and, to calm the tumults of her mind, took from her the crucifix, which occasioned these reflections, and hung it in its place, which was at the head of her bed. She then, by her soothing discourse, restored to Adelaide a considerable degree of calmness, and then presented her the letter Francis had left, which Adelaide read aloud. It was from Mons'r. De St. Louis, who informed her of the loss of his father, and his intention of soon visiting Quebec, to conduct her and Francis on a visit to the country. He concluded, with desiring her not to grieve too much at their loss, and congratulated her on possessing such a friend as the good mother St. Catherine, who would, no doubt comfort her in this affliction, as she had done in her last. A long conversation then ensued, in which Adelaide found so many new graces in her religious friend, that she could no longer suppress the desire she had often felt, of knowing the particulars of the life of this interesting personage; which St. Catherine perceiving thus addressed her. "You seem, my dear Adelaide, desirous of hearing the history of my life. If I thought it would be productive of any satisfaction to you, I would not withhold it; but what pleasure could my sweet friend take in the account of a life, full of sorrow, as mine has been."

Adelaide, with energy, thanked the good nun for the condescension, which induced her to confide her sorrows to so young a person.

"I comply with pleasure, since you desire it," said St. Catherine. "It will afford me a melancholy satisfaction. Reposing our troubles in the bosom of a friend, certainly conduces to our comfort."

"I know that by experience, since my acquaintance with you," said Adelaide.

Mother St. Catherine let fall a few involuntary tears, then turning to Adelaide, "Forgive," said she, "these tears, the tribute paid by a desolate being to the loss of all her family!"

Adelaide was greatly affected. Never before this had she seen her amiable friend shed tears; nor could she, at this affecting sight, withstand the contagion. Mother St. Catherine soon recovered. "Excuse me," said she, "until to-morrow. Then, if the Almighty bless me with life and health, you shall hear my tale, which is a continued series of misfortunes."

The next day, after some conversation with Francis, at the grate, Adelaide went in search of mother St. Catherine, whom she found in her cell. "I have been sometime expecting you. What has detained my dear child?" said the good nun to her young friend, as she entered the apartment. Adelaide mentioned her interview with Francis. "I had quite forgot," said St. Catherine, "that I had desired him to come this morning, or I would have accompanied you to the grate." "I consoled him," said Adelaide, "by repeating the arguments you made use of to comfort me; but, when I mentioned your intention of relating to me the history of your life, he entreated me to endeavour to obtain your consent to my writing it, and giving him a copy."

"I give it freely, my dear child," said St. Catherine. Adelaide then seated herself by the side of the good nun, and waited,

with some degree of impatience, for her to commence her narrative; which she presently did as follows.



## CHAPTER III.

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### *Mother St. Catherine's Narrative.*

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"How was my heart incrust'd by this world?  
O how self fettered was my grovelling soul?  
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round  
In silken thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun;  
Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er  
With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,  
Nor yet pour forth her wings to reach the skies!  
    Night visions may befriend . . . . .;  
Our waking dreams are fatal: How I dreamt  
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)  
Of joys perpetual, in perpetual change!  
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!  
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life."

YOUNG.

I was born in Rouen, a commercial city of Normandy, in which my father was a merchant of high standing. Myself and an elder sister, were his only children.

My mother chose to educate us at home, until we attained sufficient age to prepare for receiving the holy sacrament; which you know, dear Adelaide, is a remarkable epoch in the life of a Catholic child. The first masters were employed to teach us every branch of education, that we were capable of attaining; and the improvement we made, under their instruction, enraptured our affectionate parents. At length my sister attained her twelfth and I my eleventh year. We were then sent to a convent, at twenty leagues distance from Rouen, the Abbess of which was an intimate friend of my mother.

The gloom of a convent did not suit my turn of mind, which was extremely lively; but my sister, who was of a more contemplative disposition, enjoyed herself very well.

Time with me passed but slowly. I continually languished to return to liberty and my fond parents. Annette employed herself in preparing for the act of receiving the<sup>[1]</sup> body of our Saviour; but far different was my conduct. Soon as I had mastered my task, I threw aside my book; then played, and amused myself, as well as I could, often looking through the grated windows with a wishful eye.

My sister viewed with regret my inattention to sacred things, and endeavoured by every possible device, to attract my attention to what I came to the convent for. At length she succeeded, as far as it was possible to prevail on a child of my lively disposition; and towards the end of the year, I became very attentive at catechising, minded what was taught me; and by those means, imbibed maxims that proved of great service to me, in the course of my future life.

A short time after receiving our first communion, we returned home, and I then enjoyed myself amidst the diversions of the city, and plunged headlong in the vortex of dissipation; forgetting the good resolutions which I had formed, during the latter part of my residence in the convent.

Time passed on in this manner, until Annette had completed her sixteenth, and I my fifteenth year. I had then never experienced affliction, unless the uneasiness I underwent, during the year I resided at the convent, may be so termed. I now scarcely remembered the good maxims, I had there imbibed. My parents were moral people; but the pure essence of religion, at that time, occupied but a small portion of their thoughts. My father was attentive to his business, my mother fond of lively company, and gay diversions. She had just completed her thirty second year, and was highly celebrated for

beauty, and accomplishments. She prided herself on the beauty of her daughters, and experienced equal satisfaction in hearing them praised, and always wished us to accompany her, to every place of diversion, that she frequented.

The compliments Annette received, confirmed by her glass, began to make some impression on her; for she was very handsome joining to the utmost symmetry of form, the most insinuating manners. Nor did I, at that time, want charms; and, being naturally giddy, the compliments I received, almost turned my head.

We were thus situated, when we heard that a rich ship of my father's had suffered shipwreck. We were, at this information, thunderstruck; for one half of our property was on board. Our only hope now rested on another rich ship, returning from the Levant. Our anxiety on her account was great. At length we received intelligence, that she had put in at Marseilles, and was only waiting for a favorable wind, to proceed on her voyage. This account was a cordial to us all.

A few mornings after, as we were at breakfast, a letter was delivered to my father, who hastily perused it, with visible agitation. "It is all over," at length exclaimed he, letting it fall, and sinking back in his chair. We gazed on him in silence; when, pointing to the letter, he bade Annette read it aloud. It was from the captain of our Levant ship, and stated that he had safely arrived at Marseilles, and had again set sail, when a large ship gave him chase, and soon gained on him. Resistance was vain. The pirates took possession of the vessel; and the next night landed the captain and crew, on a lonely part of the coast. The crew dispersed, and the captain proceeded to Bordeaux, where, he said, he intended to remain, until he could obtain employment.

My father hastened to Bordeaux. My mother, Annette, and myself, retired to a small villa of my father's, a few miles from Rouen, where we spent the most of our time, in regretting our change of fortune.

About a fortnight after this, as we were one evening sitting together, pensively silent, we heard a loud knock at the gate, and presently after my father entered, supporting a stranger. After conducting him to a seat, he called for refreshments, when the stranger was prevailed on to drink a glass of wine, after which he appeared quite refreshed: but, casting my eyes towards his feet, I perceived they were covered with blood, which ran on the floor. Involuntarily I shrieked. My father, who had apparently not noticed, now accosted and embraced us. The stranger attempted to rise, but was prevented by weakness: he then begged to know, to whom he owed his life. "My name," said my father, "is Louis De la Valiere." "I have heard of Mons'r. De la Valiere," said the stranger. "Have you not lately met with great losses?"

"I have, indeed," said my father.

"Doubtless," said the stranger, "you wish to know whose life you have saved. I am only child to the late Marquis de la Brocri. A year since, I experienced the misfortune of losing the kindest of fathers; who left me heir to his title, and a large fortune. I was then abroad, and the account of my loss afflicted me extremely; nor could I bear to return to France, when my father was no longer there. I, therefore, continued in England, until the Duke de Chartreuil, my uncle and guardian, desired me to return to France, to take possession of my estate. I then hastened over, and was on the road to visit his grace, at his hotel, accompanied only by three faithful domestics, when I was attacked by ruffians, from whose murderous grasp you this night delivered me. My servants soon dispatched three, but were in their turn overpowered. I had felled one, but had nearly fainted, when you rode up, and so nobly took my part."

The Marquis was here interrupted by the entrance of a Surgeon, who had been sent for by my father, to dress the wounds of his guest; which the surgeon pronounced not dangerous; but, at the same time, advised the Marquis to remain quiet, and not to think of travelling under a week.

When Annette and myself retired, we proceeded, without speaking, to the same apartment. I then undressed, and went to bed; when, looking to see what detained my sister, I beheld her on her knees, in earnest prayer. I was moved at the sight, and all I had imbibed of religion, at the convent, returned to my mind, with redoubled force. Softly I arose, and kneeling down poured forth my soul in fervent prayer, to my Almighty Creator.

Mother St. Catherine was here interrupted by the entrance of a lay sister, who informed Adelaide that she was wanted at the school room; when she took leave of the good nun, who promised to continue her narration after school.

It is a nun who speaks.

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## CHAPTER IV.

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Oh happy they! the happiest of their kind:  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace; but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love.

THOMSON.

The next day, Adelaide being seated with mother St. Catherine, the good nun thus proceeded.

We all met the next morning in the breakfast room. My father appeared surprised at seeing the Marquis there, and enquired, if his wound was not painful. "Not in the least," said the Marquis. "Were it not for the surgeon's prohibition, I could, I think, proceed on my journey." My father desired him not to think of travelling at least for some days. The Marquis thanked him, with great earnestness, again repeated that he owed his life to him and that that life and all he possessed, were at the service of his deliverer.

Although the Marquis made so slight of his wound, it proved dangerous; and, the following day he was attacked by a violent fever. My father then dispatched a messenger to the Duke de Chartreuil, who immediately visited his nephew; highly praised my father's conduct and declared, that his gratitude for his nephew's preserver, should know no bounds.

The Marquis during his illness, was continually attended by Annette. She presented him his medicines, and if another undertook that office, he refused to take them; nor could he conceal his uneasiness, whenever she left the room. Monsieur and Madame de Chartreuil, often visited their nephew, during his indisposition. At length he became convalescent; and was soon able to depart with them. The Duke and Madame, gave Annette and myself, a pressing invitation to accompany them; which my mother declined. Our noble guests then desired my father to spend the following week at Chateau de Chartreuil, accompanied by his wife and daughters, which invitation my parents accepted. The Marquis then took an affectionate leave of us all, but particularly so of Annette; and then departed with his noble relations.

We had been so engaged with the Marquis, that we had not enquired of our father concerning the particulars of his journey to Paris. Our family, at the departure of their guest, appeared so dejected, that I thought it a favorable opportunity, to obtain the desired information. I therefore led the way to the drawing room, where they all followed me. I then put my father in mind of a promise he had made of relating to us the particulars of his excursion.

"My dear child," said my father, in reply, I intentionally delayed the disagreeable information, as long as I perceived your minds otherwise engaged; but I shall now satisfy your curiosity.

On arriving at Bordeaux, I went in search of Capt. La Pierre, who commanded our ship when seized by the corsairs. He gave me a circumstantial account of its capture, and brought forward all the necessary proofs. With a visible dejection I left him, resolving to meet my creditors the next day. I accordingly met them the following day, at a place agreed on, and endeavoured to compromise matters; when they, in consideration of my losses, agreed to accept forty-five per cent, and on my paying the said proportion, to give me a discharge in full. I continued another week at Bordeaux, endeavoring to dispose advantageously of my little remaining property in order to fulfil my contract with my creditors. In this undertaking I had tolerable success. I sold every thing. Even this house is no longer our own.

Here a deep sigh echoed round the room; which my father not appearing to notice, thus proceeded.

I lost no time in paying my creditors, and receiving their discharge; but a small sum remained, which I could resolve on no method of disposing of to advantage. As I was sitting in a public room of the hotel, ruminating on my embarrassments, a gentleman entered, and seated himself by me; and after regarding

me some time attentively, accosted me; "you seem, sir," said he, "to be occupied by some great embarrassment. Were I acquainted with the cause, it might perhaps be in my power to assist you in dispelling it."

The benevolent air of the stranger, inclined me to trust him. No harm, thought I, can accrue, from my confiding to him misfortunes, which are already so well known. He listened attentively to my relation, and thus replied: "I am, Sir, extremely sorry for your misfortunes; but perhaps they are nor irremediable. My name is Dumont, I am owner and captain of a ship, which sails annually from this country to New France. Were you to convert your remaining money into goods, proper for that climate, and remove with your family to Quebec, I think with proper care, you may amass a fortune in a short time. In consideration of your losses, to which we are all liable, I engage to convey your goods, self and family gratis. I intend sailing in about six months."

This offer filled me with surprise and gratitude, and thankfully, and without hesitation I accepted of it. Capt. Dumont then gave me his direction, and a list of goods suitable for the country, and took leave, having first accepted an invitation to pay us a visit before his departure.

I went to one of my correspondents, who agreed to supply me at a small advance. I enquired of him, and several others concerning Capt. Dumont; and the result of my enquiries was, that he was a man of excellent character, and great benevolence.

Having finally arranged my business, I sat forward on my return home, and was already in sight of the house that contained my heart's dearest treasures: the moon shone bright, and I was indulging the pleasing idea of soon meeting my beloved family. The faithful Pierre rode by me in silence; when our attention was suddenly arrested by the explosion of a pistol. Clapping spurs to my horse, I soon distinguished the clashing of swords, and groans of dying men. Approaching nearer, I perceived a gentleman beset by assassins. I flew to his assistance, and with the help of Pierre soon put the ruffians to flight. I then conducted the Marquis here, and dispatched Pierre for the surgeon. Thus, my dear children, ends the account of my adventures.

A mournful silence ensued. At length Annette exclaimed, "and do you indeed, papa, intend to go to Canada?"

"Yes, my child," said my father; "but you seem unwilling to go. Perhaps I may leave you behind; but what does my dear Julia say?" "I would follow you to the ends of the world," I replied, "if mama would accompany us; but it would grieve me very much to leave Annette behind." "Your mother has already consented to go," said my father.

The next week we paid the promised visit at the chateau de Chartreuil, where we were received with great politeness. In the afternoon we visited the gardens, which were laid out with great taste. Observing, amidst a bed of flowers, one of which Annette was particularly fond, I turned round to point it out to her; but was surprised at finding both her and the Marquis absent; but on our leaving the garden, they joined us.

At bed time, Annette and myself were conducted to different apartments, which communicated with each other. Not feeling inclined to sleep, I seated myself, and was absorbed in reflection, when the door opened, and Annette entered, in her night clothes, with an animated air. "What keeps you up, my dear Julia?" she exclaimed; "I come to pass the night with you, having much to communicate. Come, undress yourself."

Soon as we had lain down, Annette thus continued: Were you not surprised, Julia, when you missed me in the garden? "Indeed I was, Annette; why did you leave us?" "You know," she replied, that the Marquis and I brought up the rear; and he walking very slow, I was obliged to do the same; so that we soon lost sight of the company; the Marquis then taking my hand, said, "I have detained you, Miss de la Valiere, to lay open my heart before you; it beats but for you, charming Annette; ah could I but flatter myself with a return, I would be the happiest of men!" The Marquis here paused; but I continuing silent, he thus proceeded: "until that apparently fatal evening, which, if I can obtain your heart, I shall consider as the most fortunate of my life, I had never experienced more than friendship for any lady; but when I entered the room where you sat, and saw the concern your lovely countenance expressed for a stranger; my wound pained me no longer. My heart was entirely engrossed by you; and each succeeding day, that I passed at your father's, added fuel to the flame. The solicitude you expressed for me, during my illness, completed your victory; and I could contain my passion



no longer. I sought a private interview with your father, declared my love, and requested his leave to address you; which he would grant, but on condition of my guardian's concurrence. Monsieur le Duc will not consent, said your father; but he knew not my uncle, who is entirely divested of the pride of some of his contemporaries, and only swayed by merit. Yes, my uncle highly approves my choice; and it only remains with you, Miss de la Valiere, to make me the happiest of men. Can you, Annette, be mine, without any violence to your inclinations?" "I am entirely at my father's disposal," I replied. "If he bestows me on you, I shall assuredly acquiesce."

"Thank you, lovely Annette," said the Marquis; "but may I flatter myself that your heart will have any share in the disposal of your hand?" I blushed, hesitated, but could not answer. "May I take this blush for an affirmative?" said the Marquis. "You may," I faltered, unable to withstand the tender importunity of his manner. "Obtain but my parent's consent, and I am entirely yours." "My charming, my beloved Annette," exclaimed the Marquis, "by this generous avowal, you make me the happiest of mankind." As he pronounced these words, we perceived the company leaving the garden, and immediately joined them.

My sister here paused. "I sincerely congratulate you, dear Annette, on your happy prospects," said I; "nor shall any selfish considerations of mine interfere, to lessen your satisfaction."

"What selfish prospects, dear Julia, can interfere?" said my sister. "Will not my elevation be yours? For I am certain that the Marquis will re-establish our father's affairs. Have you then, dear sister, forgotten our father's resolution of going to Canada; and the hint he gave of leaving you behind, which we could not at that time comprehend? You know our father's perseverance, Annette. I am afraid that nothing can deter him from going to New France. The love he bears you will confirm that resolution: as he would think, that his remaining here dependant, would disgrace you; and you are not ignorant of his delicacy, and aversion to pecuniary obligation."

You may easily imagine, dear Adelaide, that after this conversation, no difficulty occurred in obtaining the consent of all parties to the proposed union. Shortly after, the Marquis de la Brocri led my beloved sister to the altar.



## CHAPTER V.

While these impell'd by some resistless force,  
O'er seas and rocks shall urge their vent'rous course:

MRS. BARBAULD.

The morning following that of Annette's marriage, the Marquis after breakfast, desired my father to take a turn with him in the garden. On their return, I observed some appearance of disappointment in the countenance of the Marquis, and of firmness in that of my father; but this was soon dissipated, and they resumed their accustomed cheerfulness.

All day I was impatient to discover the subject of their conversation, as I had much reason to believe, that I was greatly interested in the result. At length Annette, taking me aside, "Come my dear Julia, to your chamber," said she, "I have something to inform you of." Soon as we were alone, "you were right, my dear sister," said Annette, "in saying our father was determined to go to New France. This morning Monsieur de la Brocri desired him, in the most delicate manner, to accept of a Villa, and pension for life; but this my father absolutely declined, and likewise the fortune the Marquis was desirous of settling on you; declaring at the same time, his intention of sailing with Capt. Dumont for Canada. The Marquis endeavoured to prevail on papa to leave you with us; promising to consider you as his own daughter;" to which our father smiling, replied, "then, my dear Marquis, you are not content to share with me. Their mother would break her heart, if obliged to go to a strange country, deprived of both her children. I sincerely thank you, my dear Sir, for your generous offers, but must beg leave to decline them."

"I yield with reluctance," said the Marquis, "but must insist on your compliance in one trifling particular." "Ah my son! but what is it you now desire?" "Your acceptance of the sum I wished to settle on my sister." My father remonstrated, but the Marquis interrupting him: "Do you not, dear Sir, consider me as your son? Am I not so in reality? and as such, have I not a right to assist you? This sum, laid out in goods, and transported to Canada, since there you insist on going, may, in a short time, produce a fortune, with which you may return to France, and spend the remainder of life in peace and tranquility. The money shall be delivered to your correspondent, and you have but to increase your list of goods; and as you intend to leave France in so short a time, you must pass the interval with your daughter. All the exertions of you, her mother, and sister, will not reconcile her to the intended separation; and you cannot surely refuse her this last instance of paternal affection." Here our father burst into tears. "I will, my dear Marquis," he exclaimed, "pass the remainder of my stay in France with you and my daughter;" but suddenly recollecting himself, he assumed the firm countenance with which he entered the room.

"Must we then part, my dear sister," exclaimed I, embracing her. Her heart was too full for utterance, and she mingled her tears with mine. My mother here entered. "What afflicts my dearest children?" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around us, and mingling her tears with ours. "We are, dear mama," said Annette, "lamenting our expected separation." "Do not thus afflict yourselves, my dearest children," said our mother; "we shall soon meet again. I hope, under the protection of Providence, to return to France before many years. It wrings my heart to part with you, dear Annette; but it is the will of Providence, and I must submit. I see the justness of the punishment, my dearest children. Misfortunes have opened my eyes. We had entirely forgotten our Creator; and I not only ran on, in the career of dissipation, but conducted my children in the same path. The Almighty, in his mercy, has sent us these trials. I must leave my child, and go to a strange country. Heaven has, dear Annette, differently ordained your lot. It has invested you with rank and riches. Let them not corrupt you, my child." "They have lost their attraction, dearest mother," exclaimed Annette, "since you, my father, and sister, will not remain and share them with me."

"I would remain, my dear child," said our mother, "were not your father absolutely determined on the contrary. I must then yield and follow him to Quebec; and surely you would not wish to deprive me of Julia." "But when, mama, do you go to Chambleau?" enquired Annette. "They say that it is a delightful place." "We will be accompanied by Monsieur and Madame De Chartreuil. I hear there is an agreeable society in the neighbourhood, and I hope that we shall there enjoy a few happy months."

"I will be ready in a fortnight," said our mother. "It will take me that time to prepare; for we return not here; but from

your chateau proceed for Bordeaux, there to embark on board the Commerce, for Canada. Captain Dumont who was to have visited us here, will now meet us at Chambleau."

At the appointed time we went to Chambleau, the principal seat of the Marquis De la Brocri. It was an ancient building, situated near the Canal of Languedoc, had been long neglected, but re-fitted up with great magnificence, by the father of my brother in law.

We were, on our arrival, welcomed by many visitors, all persons of the first distinction. Annette and myself were delighted with the place, and spent a very agreeable winter; but our tranquility was often interrupted by the idea of the approaching separation.

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Four months passed away, and Captain Dumont arrived; he was a middle aged man, of a free open countenance, which a little reconciled me to the idea of sailing with him to the new world. At length we sat out for Bordeaux; whither we were accompanied by the Marquis and Marchioness de la Brocri.

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A few mornings after our arrival at that port, Captain Dumont came to us, with intelligence that we must immediately embark, as he wished to take advantage of a breeze then springing up. Our baggage was already on board; so we immediately proceeded to the vessel, accompanied by Monsieur and Madame de la Brocri.

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My father and mother endeavoured to assume the appearance of cheerfulness; but it was evident their gaiety was affected, and their hearts rent with anguish, at quitting their children and dear native country. The ship was under way, and we must take leave. Annette embraced my father, and with a faltering tongue, and eyes swimming in tears, bade him adieu: then kneeling with the Marquis, she desired his parting blessing, which our father pronounced with great fervour, imploring Heaven to shower on them its choicest favours. Raising them up, he passionately embraced them; and addressing my brother in law, "to you, my dear Marquis, I commit my daughter. You will now be to her instead of mother, father, and sister. Then watch over her with anxious solicitude!"

"Heaven be witness!" exclaimed the Marquis, kneeling, "with what tenderness I shall watch over her, with what ardent love fulfil her least desire." "I doubt it not, my son," said my father, again embracing him; "and may the Almighty shower his blessings on you both!"

"And must we then part, my Julia, my sister, my friend!" said Annette, throwing her arms around me. "Ah we must indeed part, dearest Annette," said I; "but I trust that the Almighty will soon permit us to meet again!" Annette was embracing our mother, who was weeping over her, when the Captain came to inform us we must separate. Again our embraces and adieus were renewed; when Annette and the Marquis descended in the barge that awaited them.

Our eyes were fixed on each other. We reciprocally waived our handkerchiefs, and they were out of sight. On coming upon deck the following morning, what an expanse of sky and water lay around me! I shuddered, and seated myself on the quarter deck, by the side of my father.

We had a pleasant voyage, and in a month arrived at the gulf of Saint Lawrence. The river was at that time clear of ice, and banks overspread with a delightful verdure. Arriving at Quebec, we took possession of the house that had been engaged for us. It was neat and convenient; and in one end contained a large store.

Quebec had not then the appearance it now has. It was under the dominion of France, and was not as populous and considerable as it has been since taken by the English. We had letters of recommendation from the Duke de Chartreuil and Marquis de la Brocri, to the Governor, and principal inhabitants of Quebec; from whom we received every mark of politeness and attention; and we, in a short time, formed quite an agreeable society.

My father immediately opened a store, and having a large and elegant assortment, soon attracted many customers, sold his goods at a large advance, laid in his furs cheap; and every appearance seemed to prognosticate, that he would, in a short time, make a large fortune.

I had completed my sixteenth year, and possessing a great flow of spirits, soon began to relish Quebec, and regretted nothing, but my dear sister Annette.

A year passed in this manner, when, as I one day sat at work with my mother, and a young lady of my acquaintance, my father entered, conducting a young gentleman, whom he introduced as Monsieur de Montreuil, lately arrived from France; where he had been to complete his education. My father added, that Monsieur de Montreuil had lately seen Annette, and brought us letters from. This last information endeared the stranger to me. Annette's letter informed me that she was in good health, and the mother of a fine boy: and needed but the presence of her parents and sister, to be as happy as was possible on earth. The young stranger next attracted my attention. He was elegantly formed, while intelligence and animation beamed through his expressive dark eyes. Innumerable were the questions he had to answer me, respecting Annette. I understood by his answers, that he had been introduced to the Marquis de la Brocri, by his cousin, the Chevalier de Montreuil; when the Marquis, hearing he was soon to return to Quebec, invited him and the Chevalier to spend some weeks at Chambleau.

Young de Montreuil soon became a frequent visitor at our house; and endeavoured, by every possible attention, to insinuate himself into my esteem and affection, which, added to the favourable opinion the first sight of him had created, soon made an impression on my heart. In a short time he requested me of my father, who, entertaining a high opinion of the young gentleman, readily gave his consent.

The father of my intended was descended by a younger branch from the Counts de Bordeaux; had been bred to the law, and sent to Canada, where he soon made an easy fortune. He was pleased that his son should marry the sister-in-law of the Marquis de la Brocri; and the more so, as he knew my father's fortune, which was then considerable, and daily increasing, would descend to me.

The marriage articles were soon agreed on, and Mr. Philip de Montreuil and myself were united, six months after his return from France. My father insisted on our residing with him, to which we consented with pleasure; and I then passed a very happy year, having during that period received several letters from my sister. At the end of the year I was blessed with a fine boy, who was called Theodore, a hereditary name of the Bordeaux family.

The war between England and France then raged with great fierceness, and we in Canada began to fear an invasion. About this time my sister-in-law, Marianne de Montreuil, was united to Monsieur Alexis de Boucherville, a young French gentleman, heir to a considerable fortune, who had come to Canada to take possession of a tract of land granted to his father.

The following year I became the mother of two daughters, one of whom died a few hours after her birth. Madame de Boucherville had one at the same time.

I stood Godmother to her's, and she did the same to mine. The children were both named Julia, and so greatly resembled each other that it was difficult to distinguish them. I had, sometime previous to the birth of my daughter, put my little Theodore to nurse in the country.

A rumour that the English intended to lay siege to Quebec was then in circulation, which so alarmed Monsieur de Boucherville, that he resolved to return immediately to France, in a ship that was to sail, under a convoy of a man of war. His wife was extremely fond of my little Theodore, and having obtained her brother's consent, entreated me to permit her to take him to France, as I could not nurse him myself, and as the English were coming to besiege the city, and the sweet child being in its neighborhood, could not certainly escape destruction from the besiegers. My sister at the same time promised, as soon as peace should be restored, to return and deliver him safely to me. Madame de Boucherville gained my parents over, and I at length consented, having my dear little Julia to console me for Theodore's absence; and, in a few days Monsieur and Madame de Boucherville embarked with their child, and little Theodore.

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## CHAPTER VI.

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"Oh hear that mournful widow's wail!  
See her dim eye: her aspect pale!  
To heaven she turns in deep despair;  
Her children wonder at her pray'r,  
And mingling tears, they know not why,  
Lift up their little hands and cry!  
Oh Lord! their moving sorrows see."

LANGHORNE.

The English now invaded Canada, threatened Montreal, and appeared determined to lead to Quebec their victorious bands. Soon after the birth of a sweet girl, whom I named Annette, my husband was appointed to the command of a company of Militia, on the coast of the bay des Chaleurs; for which place he was obliged immediately to set out. My father's health then began gradually to decline; and I was in constant fear of losing, by the sword, a tender husband, and by sickness, the best of fathers: and alas! my fears were too well founded; my terrors daily increased, and the horrors of war which surrounded us, did not, you may easily imagine, contribute to tranquilize my feelings.

I was thus situated, when the alarm was given that General Wolf had gained the heights of Abraham, and was marching towards the city. Consternation spread around. The reinforcement which we expected from up the river had not yet arrived. However our gallant Governor lost no time in assembling all the force he could muster, and flew to repel the invaders. The combat was long and sanguinary: while we in the city were in breathless expectation of the consequence, which would determine the fate of Canada, victory at length declared for the English. Our gallant Governor was slain in the engagement, as was likewise the English General Wolf. Notwithstanding this defeat, the terms of capitulation were advantageous. We were still to be governed by our own laws, civil and religious. This event put the English in possession of Canada; for, after the surrender of Quebec, the French could no longer make a stand.

How sensibly did I then feel the absence of my husband? How often was my pillow bathed with tears, when reflecting on the dangers to which he was exposed! To these afflictions was added that of my father's illness, which was daily increasing. I likewise felt extreme anxiety concerning my little son; and the capture of Quebec having put a stop to all communication with France, I despaired of news from that quarter.

As I was one day ruminating on these things, an Indian entered the room where I sat, and delivered me a letter. Hastily I opened, and read its heart rending contents. It came from the Lieutenant of my husband's company, and stated, that a party of the enemy attacking them, they defended themselves with great bravery. Monsieur de Montreuil boldly led them on to the charge, until he fell, covered with wounds; whereupon his men, by whom he was greatly beloved, were so exasperated, that they returned to the charge with redoubled fury, defeated the English, killed most of them, and drove back the remainder to their boats. The darkness prevented their searching the field of battle for the body of Capt. de Montreuil; but soon as the day dawned, they made a thorough but fruitless research. It is impossible to describe the grief that filled my soul at the perusal of this letter. For several moments I was immovable, incapable of utterance. I then burst into a violent fit of crying, which drew my parents towards me; but to the voice of consolation I was wholly inattentive, until my mother, taking my little Annette from the cradle, "Grieve not thus my daughter," said this tender parent; "this immoderate grief will not only destroy you, but this sweet infant, who receives from you her nourishment." I looked tenderly at the child, then took her from my mother, exclaiming, "may the Almighty preserve my sweet child. I will live for you, my dear Annette, and for my Julia—where, where is she?" My father presented her to me, "Here, my dearest daughter, here is your child. Calm that violent sorrow, that you may live to be of service to your children. They will need your care. I feel that I have not long to live." "Oh, my father" I exclaimed, "I will not, cannot survive you."

"Beware of what you say, my dearest child," exclaimed this tender father, "think what your children must undergo, should they become orphans!"

"Ah, my dear father!" I replied, "I will endeavour to follow your advice, and cherish my health for the sake of my

children.—My fond parents exerted every means to assuage my grief, and they succeeded so well, that in a short time I could converse on my misfortunes with some degree of calmness."

About three months had elapsed from the time I had received the Lieutenant's letter, when, as I sat watching my sleeping infant, a servant girl entered the room; "When, oh Madame," she exclaimed, "will there be a termination to your misfortunes!" "What do you mean, Josette," said I, starting from my seat. "Ah Madame," cried the girl, "I dare not, cannot tell you." "Tell me, Josette," I exclaimed, "I am too well acquainted with grief to fear it."

"If Madame insists on knowing," returned Josette, "I must inform her. You no doubt, Madame, remember my cousin Peter, who took a notion to see the world, and so hired himself on board the ship Madame de Boucherville sailed for France in; Peter has returned, and informs me, that they sailed very well for three weeks, when a storm arose and separated them from the man of war which escorted them. Soon after an English man of war hove in sight, and commanded the French to surrender; but they, poor fellows, not striking soon enough to please those lordly English, those cruel creatures fired two guns, which passed through the French ship's cabin; the French Captain instantly lowered his colours: when the English took the vessel in tow, Peter says that he then heard great lamentation in the cabin, and enquiring the reason, understood that the balls had killed Madame de Boucherville and the children. Peter hearing this shocking account, peeped into the cabin, where several of the English had assembled, and beheld blood on the floor, and heard the servants grievously lamenting. The English Captain at this moment looking up, saw Peter, and gave orders that the French sailors should be conveyed on board his ship, which command was instantly carried into execution, and the poor French sailors confined in the hold; but Peter, being dressed in his home-spun clothes, and looking rather countryfied, they took no notice of him, but permitted him to roam about the ship as he pleased. As he was next day sitting on the deck of the English vessel, the Captain passed by, and enquired who he was. "I am," says Peter, "a poor country fellow from Canada, who once worked at home with my father; poor man, he has no son but me; yet I forsooth took a notion to see the world, and so hired myself on board that ship." "Do you wish to return home?" enquired the Captain. "Yes Sir," says Peter, "I have seen enough of the world, and wish to return home to my father."

Peter says the Captain smiled at his answer. The same day an English vessel bound to Boston passed them, when the Captain had Peter conveyed on board, saying that from Boston he could easily return to Canada. Peter thanked him, arrived safe at Boston, and made out to get here.—But Jesu Marie! what ails Madame! ah you will faint!"—I was indeed stupified with grief, but a flood of tears came to my relief. Josette hastened to my parents, who fled to my assistance, and eagerly enquired what afflicted me. I was unable to answer, but pointed to Josette. They with surprise bade her explain. Josette repeated her account, which affected then nearly as much as it had done me; but, having acquired more fortitude, they preserved greater calmness. My father reproved Josette for so imprudently revealing to me the mournful tale, and enquired for Peter, who was called from the kitchen, when he confirmed the account which he had propagated. "Alas!" said my father, bending over me with fond solicitude, "how misfortunes follow each other!"

The news circulated through the town with rapidity, and in a short time reached the ears of my father-in-law, who had been extremely afflicted on hearing of his son's death. He doated on his children, and could not survive the loss of both. The melancholy account brought him, in a few months, to his grave; where he was soon followed by his lady.

M. de Montreuil left the whole of his fortune to my children, but on condition of its reverting to me, if they died under age.

The death of Monsieur and Madame de Montreuil afflicted me greatly, as they had always conducted themselves towards me with the greatest kindness. Quebec then appeared a frightful solitude; nor could my mother or I support, with any degree of patience, the idea of remaining there. My father, to amuse us, proposed a journey by land to Montreal; to which we assented with pleasure.

The variety of objects we encountered on our journey, diverted my mind from dwelling on past calamities. On the third day we reached La Riviere du Loup, a pleasant village twelve leagues from Three Rivers. The beauty of the place charmed us, and my mother proposed buying a house, and residing there. This proposal met universal approbation, and my father soon bargained for a very convenient dwelling, that was fortunately to be disposed of.

After visiting Montreal, we established ourselves at that charming retreat, and passed the summer very contentedly; for, instead of the lively person I had once been, I was then a melancholy being, taking pleasure in no society but that of my parents and children; passing my time in attending the latter, reading books that suited my then pensive turn of mind; musing on the death of my husband, the loss of my son, and the uncertainty of my sister's fate.

As the cold weather approached, my father's health appeared to mend, which afforded great satisfaction to my mother and me, and contributed greatly to dispel our melancholy. My cheerfulness increased as my children advanced in age and a year passed in great tranquility.



## CHAPTER VII.

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Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine  
To tread out empires, and to quench the stars.  
The sun himself by thy permission shines;  
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.  
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust  
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so mean?  
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?  
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?

YOUNG.

But alas, my cheerfulness now received another severe check. It appeared directed by fate, that soon as I had recovered the effect of one loss, another should immediately follow, until I had lost all I esteemed.

One fine morning in May, as my father was sitting with us at the window, he suddenly turned pale, and before we could rise to support him, fell senseless on the floor. A physician was sent for, but in vain; for in less than an hour my father expired.

It is here impossible, dear Adelaide, to describe our affliction. In all my former trials I had had him to comfort me. How poignantly did I then feel his loss! The beauties of nature then expanding, instead of assuaging, more forcibly increased our sorrows; for my father had always enjoyed them with us, and pointed out whatever was remarkable. Nearly a year elapsed before we could in the least recover our tranquility. Grief at length subsided into melancholy. None of my former gaiety remained. I had indeed experienced sorrow sufficient to break the hearts of many, but mine was harder; and praised be God, I am now enabled to look up, and bless the Lord that thus deprived me of all earthly attraction, to unite me more entirely to himself.

We were at length aroused from the stupor into which grief had plunged us, by reflecting on the necessity we were in, of exerting ourselves in forming the minds and conducting the education of our children.

We began by moderating the extreme sensibility they were possessed of, to enable them to support, with greater fortitude, the vicissitudes of life. We likewise resolved to arm them with confidence in the Almighty; and store their minds with useful knowledge, which would prove an inexhaustible source of entertainment. Our time and ingenuity were then entirely occupied in laying a foundation for the education we designed them. Our endeavours appeared crowned with success; for the children were all a fond parent could wish. Our melancholy gradually subsided, and cheerfulness again appeared willing to revisit our dwelling. We experienced it a

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

I must now, my dear Adelaide, relate another severe trial. My youngest child, my sweet Annette, was taken ill, and expired in a few days! You, my dear friend, so little acquainted with grief, can form no adequate idea of the extent of ours, on thus seeing one half of our hopes forever blasted.

We were near giving way to our sorrow, when we perceived the impression it made on the mind of our only remaining child. To alleviate her grief, we endeavoured to conceal ours, and these endeavours, with the grace of the Almighty, soon closed over the wounds in our lacerated hearts.

We now bestowed all the care and attention on Julia, which had formerly been shared with her sister. She well rewarded all our care. She was indeed an extraordinary child; never did she merit a reprimand. When she had attained



her eleventh year, she had learned all we could teach her, and I began to fear that the retired manner in which she was reared, would be to her disadvantage, should she be obliged to launch out in the world.

We endeavoured to fix on some mode of life, that would remedy this inconvenience. We could not think of removing her from under our immediate care, and at length concluded to hire ready furnished lodgings at Quebec, which city was then enjoying the blessings of peace, under the English Government. Julia and myself were to spend the winter there. She was to attend some good English school, where she could perfect herself in that language, and various other branches of education; and I thought that by attending a public school, she might obtain some knowledge of the world, which is only acquired by experience. My mother desired to be excused from accompanying us; as she preferred remaining at the River du Loup. I acquiesced, but would much sooner have had her with us. I had wrote to an acquaintance to procure me apartments, and was well pleased with his choice. I was then known to few persons in Quebec, many of my former acquaintance having left the place, many being dead, and the remainder had forgotten me.

I soon found an excellent school, to which I sent my daughter; and was highly pleased with the improvement she made. The following spring I wished to return, but Julia prevailed on me to remain a few months longer, as she was very much engaged with her studies; and her acquirements were very rapid. As her fortune was very considerable, I resolved to rear her suitable to it; but, at the same time, in such a manner, that should it please the Almighty to deprive her of it, she should not poignantly feel the loss.

I wrote to my mother my design of remaining longer in Quebec, which she approved of, but desired us to spend a few weeks with her, as she was very impatient to see us; but could not support the idea of returning to Quebec. To this I consented; but, for several urgent reasons, did not wish to leave the house. I therefore wrote to my mother to send the maid she brought from France for Julia, who might pass a fortnight at the River du Loup. Josephine might then return, and remain with her at Quebec, while I visited my mother.

Josephine soon arrived with letters from my mother, in which she desired me to hasten the departure of Julia, as she felt an extreme impatience to see her. I complied, and in a few days she departed with Josephine.

Time passed very tediously with me during her absence. Three weeks had elapsed, but she did not return. Having suffered all the agonies of suspense and impatience, I one morning wrote my mother. Oh never shall I forgive myself the writing of that unnatural letter! I wrote that no longer could I support the absence of my child, and that by her delay I apprehended some misfortune must have befallen her, and should that conjecture prove true, my mother need not expect to see me again; for I should then depart to some strange country, where she should never hear from me! This letter was dispatched by the post; but, no sooner was it gone, than my heart smote me for ingratitude to so kind a parent; I was myself astonished at the unreasonableness of my expectations, as if my mother possessed the power of the Creator, to prevent misfortunes.

My fond parent took no other notice of the fatal scroll, than hastening the return of my child, and sending me by her an exceedingly kind letter, in which she desired me to visit her as soon as possible, she being all impatience to see me. This letter, with my Julia, arrived in a few days. I was transported with joy at again seeing my child; and after remaining a few weeks with her, sat out to visit the River du Loop, leaving Julia in the care of Josephine, in whom I placed implicit confidence. On arriving at my mother's, I threw myself at her feet, begging forgiveness for the wretched letter which I had written in the height of passion. This kind parent raised me, her eyes pellucid with tears, and embracing me with the greatest affection, "Forgive you! my dearest Julia! What can I forgive you? I was never offended with my child. As for the letter you mention, I took no notice of what you consider such a crime; but knew how to pity your impatience, by comparing it with what I have myself felt, when for a short time deprived of you; yet, if my forgiveness for your imaginary faults will afford you comfort, know that you have it from the bottom of my heart; and may the blessings of Heaven rest on you and yours." "You are too good, my dearest mother," exclaimed I, bursting into tears.

My mother had, during my absence, converted our dwelling into a little terrestrial paradise; and the pleasure she thought Julia and myself would experience on viewing it, had borne her up with cheerfulness during our absence. Yet, notwithstanding all the beauties of art and nature which conspired to deck this lovely place; added to the society of my beloved mother, I could remain there but three weeks, so impatient was I to see my child! On returning to Quebec, I was in such dread of finding her ill, that I could not enter my lodgings until I had previously called at a neighbour's to enquire concerning her, by whom I was informed, that since my departure Julia had enjoyed very good health and spirits. Still I entered the house with a faltering heart; but on seeing her my fears instantly vanished. With transport did I embrace her. I was then contented, and passed another happy month in her company.

Julia had then entered her thirteenth year, was tall of her age, and very handsome. When sitting with me at breakfast one morning, she complained of a pain in her head, which much alarmed me; as indeed her most trifling indispositions always did. By every possible means did I endeavour to alleviate her pain, but ineffectually did Josephine and I employ all our art. In the afternoon her illness had increased to an alarming degree, and she was seized with a violent fever. Physicians were called, but their exertions were vain. My Julia daily grew worse. Day and night I watched over her in breathless anxiety. From the commencement Julia supported her illness with true christian fortitude—appeared to think she should not recover; and endeavoured by every possible method she could devise, to console me on her impending dissolution. Silently would I listen to these heart rending consolations, then leave the room to give free vent to my grief. During her illness I could not entirely divest myself of hope. Nay, if the idea of her death but entered my mind, I would instantly banish the intruding thought; and depict her to my mind recovered, and in all the bloom of health; which would in some manner calm my agitated spirits. As long as Julia could possibly sustain the exertion, she would, morning and evening, cause herself to be lifted from the bed, and kneeling on a cushion, would, in a low voice, pour forth her soul in prayer to the Almighty disposer of events; and, although she spoke very low, I often overheard her imploring her Creator to inspire her mother and grandmother with sufficient fortitude to support their approaching loss with resignation. Heart rending sounds those for a mother! for a mother who loved her child as I did. Having thus languished for three weeks, my dear Julia, my last hope, expired in my arms, uttering a prayer for her parents. Think, dear Adelaide, what agonies I must have suffered in that agonizing moment. They were so exquisite as entirely to deprive me of reason.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

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"Our hearts are fastened to this world,  
By strong and endless ties;  
But every sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise."

The faithful Josephine was still with me, and instantly despatched a letter to my mother, relating the melancholy catastrophe. On receiving the mournful intelligence, the grief of my mother was excessive; but when she understood my situation, her heart was near breaking; yet suddenly summoning all the resolution she possessed to her aid, and placing her confidence in the Almighty, she gave orders for a few necessaries to be packed, ordered the carriage, and attended by our old faithful Pierre, instantly sat out for Quebec, where she arrived an hour after the funeral, which had been conducted by Josephine. On entering my lodgings, with difficulty could she contain her tears; but being resolved not to give way to her feelings, she falteringly enquired for me. Josephine conducted her to a room, where I sat mute and insensible. She flew to embrace me, but I repulsed her. This shocked her feelings, and she gave way to a flood of tears. Presently however wiping them away, this affectionate parent endeavoured, by every possible means, to arouse my inattention; but I only gazed around with a vacant eye. "Josephine," said my mother, "we will to-morrow return to the River du Loup. An immediate journey may make some impression on my child." This also failed, for I continued some weeks in the same state. Lying on a sofa one afternoon, I fell asleep, when my careful mother, taking some work, sat down beside me. After slumbering some time, I suddenly started up, exclaiming—"Is that you, dear mother? How came you here? What a dreadful dream I have had! Where, where is Julia? I dreamt she was dead."—A tear glistening in the eye of my mother, recalled the fatal truth. At first my utterance was stopped, and I could with difficulty respire: I then burst into a violent fit of crying, which my mother did not endeavour to suppress. At length, quite exhausted, I ceased, when my mother endeavoured to comfort me; but consolation I could not receive; for when she alluded to my loss, my grief was excessive: which my mother perceiving, she refrained from mentioning my child, and tried every other means to alleviate my grief, which at length subsided into a settled melancholy that baffled all efforts to enliven. I would spend the whole day in a dark corner, and the evening in rambling through the most solitary haunts. At midnight I would return, and sometimes sink into a perturbed slumber, but more often Aurora found me still awake. In these nocturnal excursions, I was always, unknown to myself, followed either by my mother or Josephine. This I continued a whole year, when my mother began gradually to decline with sorrow and fatigue. One evening, walking out earlier than usual, and feeling overcome with lassitude, I sat down behind a tuft of trees. Presently after came two peasant women, who seated themselves on the other side, when the following dialogue passed between them. "Do you really believe what neighbour Bijoux has just related?" "I was called away as she commenced," replied the other, "but you would greatly oblige me by repeating it." "With all my heart," said the first; "our neighbour was saying, that when a person died, and his friends grieved immoderately, every tear they shed would pierce a hole in the body of the deceased, who would at the resurrection arise with them still fresh; though they would discommode no further than to disfigure him; but if the good works of him who caused them, did not outnumber the fatal tears; his condemnation would inevitably follow."<sup>[2]</sup>

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The good women then arose, and continued their conversation, as they walked along; I returned home, but could not drive their tale from my mind. The same night, as I lay asleep, Julia appeared before me, her body covered with wounds. "Who," I exclaimed, "has put my child in that condition?" "It is yourself, dear mother," replied she, to my sleeping fancy. "The numberless tears you have shed, have caused them; although before my death, I endeavoured to persuade you to the contrary. Again I intreat that you will, for the future, calm your grief; for if you thus continue to weep, not a spot on me will be whole; and your good works, do as many as you please, will not outnumber them."

The ridiculous tale of the old women, aided by the dream that followed, made such an impression on my mind, weakened by sorrow, that I resolved to weep no more; but seek consolation from my maker, whom I had so long neglected. From what trivial causes will great events sometimes proceed! I then prayed frequently, which, from my Julia's death, I had neglected. My grief slowly subsided, and the lenient hand of time seemed, in some small degree, to alleviate my sorrow;

when anxiety for my mother, soon employed every thought. The health of this dear parent was entirely undermined, but she was perfectly resigned, and entreated me to bear her approaching dissolution with fortitude. "Think you," said she, "that I did not severely feel the loss of our darling Julia? Her death rent my heart, but I was determined not to give way to my feelings. I leave you, my child, in a solitary situation; but it is the will of Heaven, and you must submit. I fear my dear Annette is no more, or I should ere now have heard from her. It would greatly rejoice me to hear from her or her family before my death; but that consolation is denied me. Thy will, my God, be done! O place your confidence in your Maker, my child, and his providence will protect you when I am gone. I trust in his mercy, and die contented. My blessings rest on you, and on my dear Annette, if now alive"—My mother could no more, but looking tenderly at me, fell back and expired.

You doubtless imagine, my dear Adelaide, that I abandoned myself to despair, and, from my former conduct you have good grounds for that conclusion; but the case was now altered. I had none left to adhere to for comfort; and reflecting on the surprising fortitude my dear departed mother displayed on the death of my child, I resolved to respect her memory, by following her example and advice. Soon after my mother breathed her last, I retired to my room, and in tears gave vent to my grief, and notwithstanding my resolution, felt myself relapsing into the same dreadful state I had experienced on the death of my Julia. I was alarmed at this discovery of my weakness, and instantly fell on my knees, and implored the Almighty to grant me fortitude to support patiently the great trials it was his divine will to afflict me with. After breathing this prayer, I arose, and felt such a peaceful calm serenity pervade my soul, and my heart so affected with divine love and resignation, that I was filled with astonishment, and gave vent to the emotions of my soul, in a hymn of praise to my great Creator. I then sat on my bed, and revolved in my mind what course of life I had best pursue. When I thought of living in the world, to me it appeared so dark and gloomy that I could not support the idea. Revolving the subject, I found that I had experienced more real satisfaction in that moment, when the Almighty had condescended to fill my soul with divine raptures, than I had the many years I had lived in the world. I therefore resolved that after I had passed another month in the house where I had lost my last worldly tie, I would enter a Convent, and consecrate, the remainder of my life to the service of my Creator.

I accordingly came to Quebec, and having consulted my ghostly director, father Francis, who highly applauded my piety, I entered this convent, having first bestowed my seat at the River du Loup, together with a sum of money on Josephine, who soon after married. I likewise settled something on each of my other domestics; put a large sum into the hands of father Francis, to employ in acts of charity; and the remainder of my fortune was settled on this convent.

I passed the first year of my noviciate with content, and at its expiration was as firmly bent on taking the veil, as at its commencement; and during the period of my residence here, I have enjoyed more placid satisfaction than I ever experienced in any former period of my life.

Here, my dear Adelaide, terminates the history of my misfortunes. Should they prove of any service to you, I have not related them in vain. You will, I trust, take warning from my example, and never immoderately attach yourself to earthly ties! Never place your chief happiness in sublunary enjoyments! but enjoy present felicity with moderation, and place all your confidence in the adorable Divinity!

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Mother St. Catherine here paused, when Adelaide thanked her for her condescension, and promised to observe her advice, and, the evening being far advanced, they respectively retired to rest.

A similar tradition is current in some of the country parishes of Lower Canada. This conversation, the dream, and the effects that followed, are literally true.

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## CHAPTER IX.

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And spirits light, to every joy in tune:  
And friendship, ardent as a summer's noon;  
And generous scorn of vices venal tribe,  
And proud disdain of int'rest sordid bribe.  
And conscious honour's quick instinctive sense;  
And smiles unforc'd, and easy confidence;  
And vivid fancy, and dear simple truth;  
And all the mental bloom of vernal youth.

MRS. BARBAULD.

After breakfast the next morning, Adelaide taking her work, seated herself in the school room, waiting with impatience for the arrival of Miss Turner.

It was a lovely morning in the month of June. Adelaide was seated near the window, where the waving foliage of some majestic trees, that overhung the casement; gave an imperfect entrance to the rays of the sun, which shone with all that fervour common to Canadian summers. The lower branches admitted an imperfect view of the river, glistening with sol's fervid rays. At intervals was seen a boat approaching, then receding—at a distance the masts of vessels, appearing like a burnt forest, which the relentless fire had deprived of its branches and green foliage. At another time this pleasing scene would have soothed Adelaide, but it now lost its effect. She was in expectation of seeing the lovely stranger, who had so greatly interested her. A state of expectation agonizes the feelings, and renders us listless to every surrounding object. At each approaching step, each murmur of the wind, we think we hear the expected person; and each disappointment is productive of a thousand pangs.

The morning passed away, but Miss Turner did not arrive, when Adelaide concluded, that for that day at least, she would not enter the convent.

Evening was fast approaching, and Adelaide seated at her frame, when the door opened, and Miss Turner flew into her arms. They embraced each other with the liveliest pleasure. Such attraction is there in congenial minds, that at first sight they feel as if long acquainted. Adelaide now enquired of her new friend, the reason of her coming so late. "My dear Miss de St. Lewis," said Miss Turner, "it was not, I assure you, my fault; for ever since I first had the pleasure of seeing you, your image has constantly occupied my thoughts. I was impatient to enter the convent, but papa this morning insisted on my taking a ride with him in the country, to enliven me a little he said, before I entered a convent, and was buried in its gloom; but had he seen my sweet friend, he would have thought very differently. So solicitous is he for me, that ere I entered, he obtained the Lady Abbess' leave to my spending every second Monday at home, fearing that I would injure my health and spirits, if continually immured in a nunnery."

"How happy must you be in such a father," said Adelaide. The two friends were now inseparable; Charlotte Turner was introduced by Adelaide to all her companions, to mother St. Catherine, and to Francis, who often visited her at the grate. In a few days Charlotte was called to the grate, to see her mother, but presently returned with an invitation from Mrs. Turner, for Adelaide to accompany her. Mrs. Turner received our young Canadian with much politeness, and eyed her with peculiar attention. Before they parted, Mrs. Turner appeared much pleased with Adelaide, and turning to Charlotte, "I must, my dear girl, give you credit, for much discernment." "How so, mama?" "In selecting such a friend." Charlotte and Adelaide bowed, and Mrs. Turner, addressing her daughter, "You are, Charlotte, to pass the next Monday at home. If you can prevail on Miss de St. Lewis to accompany you, our satisfaction will be much heightened."

"It would be highly pleasing to me to accompany Miss Turner," said Adelaide; "but the Lady Abbess' leave must be first obtained." "I will undertake that," said Mrs. Turner, who soon after took leave. The two friends were ready early on Monday morning, and waiting with impatience for the arrival of the carriage. Adelaide's sable dress was quite a contrast to Charlotte's white muslin; but her youthful heart was light, and her thoughts were in pleasing expectation of the happiness she hoped that day to enjoy.

The carriage at length, with Mrs. Turner, arrived, and conveyed them to the Colonel's. Charlotte ran to embrace her father; then, taking Adelaide by the hand, she introduced her to him, as her dearest friend. The Colonel, after saluting, gazed on her with apparent admiration; then exclaimed, "How greatly this young lady resembles my sister! she is her perfect image!" "I was myself struck with the resemblance," said Mrs. Turner. "And I likewise remarked it," said Charlotte.

After breakfast, the Colonel accompanied the ladies in a ride to the country, from whence they returned early, as company was expected to dinner. Adelaide was at first intimidated at finding herself among so many strangers; but the delicacy of the Colonel's attention, near whom she was seated, soon restored her accustomed ease.

After the ladies retired, a gentleman who had arrived after Adelaide's introduction to the company, addressing the Colonel, "I cannot, Sir, but congratulate you, on possessing such a daughter. Her resemblance to you is very striking, and her lovely black eyes are the counterpart of your's, moulded in feminine sweetness." "My daughter's eyes are blue," said the Colonel. "Impossible, I could not be so mistaken," replied the gentleman. Colonel Turner smiled; then recollecting, "Which did you take for my daughter?" "That was not difficult to ascertain. It was doubtless the lady in black," replied the stranger.

This mistake afforded amusement to the company. After they retired the Colonel mentioned it to the ladies. Adelaide appeared surprised, when Charlotte, embracing her with a smiling air, "You are certainly my sister, Adelaide, or some near relation, or how else could I account for the irresistible attraction which impels me towards you?"

"Since every one, my dear Miss de St. Louis," said the Colonel, "takes you for my near relation, and since, as Charlotte says, I feel attracted towards you with an irresistible impulse, I must insist on performing the duties of a father, while you are at a distance from your natural parents. To-morrow I will conduct you and Charlotte to the convent, when I will solicit the Superior's leave for you to accompany Charlotte each time she visits home; and you will, my dear, obtain your parent's consent to this arrangement."—Two months passed in this manner. Francis and Adelaide passing every other Monday with Charlotte at the Colonel's, who conceived a high esteem for Francis, and Adelaide became nearly as dear to him as his own daughter.

As Adelaide and Charlotte were one evening seated in the school room, the former was told that a gentleman at the grate desired to see her. Taking Charlotte's hand, she hastened down, and was in a moment in the arms of her father. Charlotte was then introduced to Mr. de St. Louis, who saluted her with emotion, as the young lady his children had so favourably described; and Charlotte beheld him with pleasure, as the father of her friend.—Colonel Turner came as usual, the following morning, to take home his daughters, as he called Adelaide and Charlotte, whom he found in the parlour, with Mr. de St. Louis. On Charlotte's introducing him as the father of Adelaide, the Colonel was highly pleased. "How delighted am I with this rencontre, Mr. de St. Louis; I have long wished to see the real father of my second daughter. Pardon my assuming that title in your absence, which is confirmed by the near resemblance which I am told Miss de St. Louis bears me." "Indeed, Sir," said Mr. de St. Louis, "you are not deceived in that particular. At each word you utter, I think I hear my Adelaide's voice, and each turn, each expression of your countenance, reminds me of her."

"And do you join in the flattery, and compare me to such perfection as Miss de St. Louis! But I have a twin sister, who is, I think, the exact resemblance of your engaging daughter. When infants, this sister and myself so nearly resembled each other, that strangers could not distinguish us. But you must breakfast with us, Mr. de St. Louis. I expect your son to be of the party."

Mr. de St. Louis accepted the invitation. After breakfast they took their accustomed ride in the country; but returned earlier than usual that they might enjoy an hour's conversation before the company assembled. In the course of the conversation Mr. de St. Louis mentioned the design he had, of taking his children with him on a visit to St. A——. "Then," said Mrs. Turner, "we shall be deprived of their agreeable society." "Not so," said Mr. de St. Louis, "you will assuredly permit Miss Turner to accompany us, and I hope to prevail on you, Madam, and Colonel Turner, to be of the party."

"I should accept your invitation with the highest satisfaction," said the Colonel, "did not particular business require my presence at Quebec; but Charlotte can accompany her friend. I consign her to your protection, Mr. de St. Louis." "With the highest satisfaction I accept the charge, but am grieved that you and Mrs. Turner cannot accompany us." "How long is it your intention to retain the young people in the country?" inquired the Colonel. "A month at least." "Then I shall have the pleasure of paying you a visit. As my business will detain me no longer than three weeks, Mrs. Turner and I will then

follow you to St. A——."

This arrangement pleased the whole party; and the young ladies agreed to return early the next morning to the convent, that Adelaide might prepare for her intended journey.

On their return to the convent the following morning, Adelaide and Charlotte hastened to the cell of mother St. Catherine, whose countenance brightened on perceiving them. "My dearest children," said she, "I am rejoiced to see you. You cannot conceive how lost I feel in your absence." The good old nun then embraced them with great affection. Adelaide pressed her hand with emotion. "We are, my dear mother, again to leave you for a few weeks." "How so, my child?" "Papa has arrived in town, and Charlotte is to accompany me to St. A——." "I am happy to hear you are going to see your family," said the good mother, "and hope the excursion will be productive of great pleasure. I must endeavour to accustom myself to your absence, for you are not to remain much longer with me in this convent, and you are not ignorant, that, whatever earthly tie I become attached to, I am soon deprived of it."

Adelaide taking the hand of this affectionate nun, bent over it in silent emotion, when suddenly recovering herself, and wiping a tear, she changed the conversation.

The next morning brought Colonel Turner to the convent for the young ladies, who remained at his house until Monday, when they sat out for St. A——, escorted by Mr. de St. Louis and Francis. I shall pass over the meeting of Adelaide and her friends, and Charlotte's introduction, who was highly pleased with the family of her young Canadian friend.

Time passed very agreeably with them all. The charms of novelty greatly heightened Charlotte's pleasure. Every thing bore so different an aspect from that she had been accustomed to. Even the dress of the country people excited her admiration.

They had been three weeks in the country. The young people were amusing themselves in the garden, when a carriage drew up, and Colonel and Mrs. Turner alighted. In an instant Charlotte was in the arms of her parents. Mutual congratulations over, Mr. de St. Louis enquired of the Colonel what he thought of the general face of the country. "I never," replied the Colonel, "was more highly pleased with any foreign country through which I have passed; and I think the peasantry the happiest I ever saw. Pride and ambition, those troublesome fiends, appear to have forsaken their humble habitations, and they seem to have no wants but what are easily satisfied." "The idea that you have conceived of them is extremely just, (said Mr. de Mont Pelier, who was present.) They are indeed an honest, peaceful, and contented people, paying their rents with great exactness, and their tythes to the clergy, an order of men they highly respect, but who do not always escape their rustic wit."

"You are, I presume, one of their Seigneurs?" said Colonel Turner, addressing Mr. de Mont Pelier.

"I have that honour," replied the latter; "I inherit a Seigneurie from my father, and use my utmost endeavours to increase the happiness of my tenants; who, in return, endeavour to do whatever they think pleasing to me; for Canadians are extremely sensible of kindness. Mr. de St. Louis has also lately inherited a Seigneurie. It would surprise you to observe the mutual affection that subsists between him and his tenants. He considers them as his children, and they reverence him as their father." "Your description," said the Colonel, "revives in my mind that of the golden ages. Your country does indeed bear a greater resemblance to it than mine."

"If you wish for further acquaintance with the manners of our country people," said Mr. de St. Louis, "I will invite mine and my brother's tenants to spend an evening on the green before the house. My dear deceased father often amused himself in this manner; and frequently said that he never felt happier than when seated at the door, in his arm chair, surrounded by his tenants, who were dancing and enjoying themselves."

"I am delighted with the proposal," said Colonel Turner, "and think I shall enjoy myself as well as your father did." The young ladies, who were listening to the conversation, highly relished this proposal. "Go, my dear," said Mr. de St. Louis, to Angelica, "and bid Madelaine prepare provisions, and despatch messengers with invitations; that all may be in readiness against to-morrow evening." "What music do you commonly have?" inquired Mrs. Turner. "None but the violin," said Mr. de St. Louis. "We have among the village youth, several good players on that instrument, whose harmony is sufficient to enliven their hearers."

The young ladies now left the room, to communicate their father's orders to Madelaine, and assist her in executing them; while Francis and Charles assisted in arranging the seats.

Every thing was in readiness against the next evening, when their rustic company assembled at an early hour. Mrs. Turner was highly pleased at sight of the country people, the men wearing red caps, blue or light grey capo's with hoods, linen trowsers and leather maggazons. The females were habited in petticoats of their own manufacture, striped with all the various hues of the rainbow, the broader the stripes, the more tasty the wearer. Over the petticoat they wore a short mantilet of calicoe, two or three flowers of which would cover the dress. Some of the wealthiest wore petticoats of the flowered calicoe, which, like the ermine suits of the Polanders, had descended from mother to daughter, for several generations, and were only worn on great occasions. Their head-dress was a high crowned cap, formed of muslin, or flowered calicoe; and, instead of bonnets, they wore silk handkerchiefs pinned under their chin. On their feet were maggazons of chamois skin, worked with moose hair. Their tout ensemble formed indeed a curious sight for an English lady.





## CHAPTER X.

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The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
Moves not the man, who, from the world escap'd,  
In still retreats and flow'ry solitudes,  
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
And day to day, through the revolving year!  
Admiring sees her in ev'ry shape;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;  
Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.

THOMSON.

"Little did I expect to find," said Colonel Turner to Mr. de St. Louis, as they were the next morning walking along the banks of the St. Lawrence, "such decency and complaisance, not to say politeness of manners, amongst the rustic and unlettered inhabitants of so remote a country. But (added he, with a smile) I believe it is impossible to deprive the French of their natural politeness, which equally influences the peasant and the courtier."

Mr. de St. Louis, bowing and smiling, "I will not vouch for their politeness, but, as to happiness, I think the French settlers of Canada, as happy a people as there exists on earth." "I really believe it," said the Colonel, "and could almost wish that I had been born in such a peaceful state, unannoyed by the cares which trouble the peace of those in a more exalted station. How propitious has fortune been to you, Mr. de St. Louis, living in this sweet retirement, with a mind formed to be sensible of its advantages; and a taste to enjoy them; possessing an agreeable companion, and father to so promising a family, with the means of providing comfortably for them."

"I am indeed happy," said Mr. de St. Louis. "Indulgent Heaven has been pleased to bestow many blessings on me, for which I feel my heart overflowing with gratitude; nor is it the least of my blessings, that my children seem early inclined to serve their Creator. It is true I likewise meet with affliction; but where is the mortal who can claim exemption from sorrow? I have lately lost a beloved father and mother, which greatly damps my happiness; but when I visit our metropolis, and see such numbers of miserable creatures, my soul is filled with gratitude to that Being, who bestows so many more blessings on me, than on thousands of my fellow creatures, who are doubtless as deserving as myself. I then lose all sense of my losses, and ruminate on the blessings which still remain."

Mrs. and Miss Turner were nearly as much pleased with the country, as the Colonel. They had never lived in retirement, although they had passed several summers in the country, with fashionable parties in England; but could that be deemed retirement where the company brought with them all the customs and diversions of the Town?—A month had passed very agreeably to our party, who began with regret to think of returning to Quebec. Mrs. de St. Louis dreaded their departure. None of her children excepting Charles, were to remain with her; and she felt so attached to her new friends, that the thoughts of parting with them caused her uneasiness. Mr. de St. Louis committed the care of his children to Colonel Turner, and Mrs. Turner obtained the promise of a visit from Mrs. de St. Louis in the course of the following winter.

Their journey to Quebec proved extremely pleasant. The weather was delightful, and the country people busily employed in collecting the fruit autumn liberally bestowed; and by their whistling and singing, appeared as happy as peace and plenty could make them.

After spending a few days at their house in Quebec, Colonel and Mrs. Turner accompanied the young ladies to the convent. Francis had, the preceding day, returned to the college. Angelica soon became a great favourite with mother St. Catherine. She was a fine agreeable girl, and possessed all the vivacity common to her nation; but very little of the pensiveness of Adelaide. She was likewise a great favorite in the circle of Colonel Turner.

The winter passed very agreeably to our young friends, in the course of which Mr. and Mrs. de St. Louis paid their promised visit at Quebec.

After a large entertainment, given by Colonel Turner in the beginning of May, Charlotte feeling indisposed, prevailed on

her young friends to remain home with her a few days, and sent an apology to the lady Abbess.

The next morning, after breakfast, a party of young people called at Colonel Turner's, on their way to a ride in the country, and were very urgent with our young ladies to accompany them. None but Angelica could be prevailed on, and they sat out together. The Colonel presently returned from a walk, and was conversing with the ladies, when a packet was delivered him, out of which he delivered several letters to Mrs. Turner and Charlotte.

Adelaide soon perceived the countenances of the Colonel and his lady overspread with pleasure; as was likewise that of Charlotte, until glancing her eyes on Adelaide, her apparent joy was suddenly succeeded by an effusion of tears. Colonel Turner had by this time perused his letters, when perceiving the sorrowful countenance of his daughter, he arose and embraced her. "What disagreeable news, my Charlotte, are mingled with the pleasing ones, to occasion these tears? Inform me what distresses you, and if it be in my power to remove it, doubt not, my dearest child, but I instantly will make the attempt."

"I shall soon, my father, be forced to leave my dear Adelaide."—"You shall not, will not leave her," exclaimed the Colonel. "I am myself too much attached to Adelaide, to think of leaving her behind; and what pleasure would it afford my sister, to see and converse with a young lady who so perfectly resembles her! You consent to accompany us, do you not, Miss de St. Louis?" Adelaide looked astonished, "Pardon, dear Sir, but I do not sufficiently comprehend you." "I beg pardon, Miss de St. Louis. My agitation rendered me unintelligible. I must explain. This packet informs me of the decease of Sir William Turner, a distant relation, who dying intestate, the estate and title devolve on me, the next male heir. The estate is valued at ten thousand a year, and the agent informs me that it is clear of all incumbrances, and advises me to return home immediately, and take possession.—My son Edward, who is at Oxford, presses my immediate return, as does likewise the Earl and Countess of Durham. You cannot now be surprised at the pleasure we expressed, since we not only acquire by it title and fortune, but likewise a flattering prospect of soon seeing and residing with our dearest friends. We are, dear Miss de St. Louis, much pained at the idea of parting with you; but hope to alleviate it by obtaining your's and your parent's consent for you to accompany us to England, and reside there sometime with us; what say you to this, dear Adelaide?" "Ah say that you consent," cried Charlotte, embracing Adelaide. "I cannot," said our young Canadian, "my dear friends, find words sufficient to express my acknowledgements for all your kindness. I love my parents with great tenderness; but I know it would rend my heart to see my dear Charlotte depart, without a prospect of ever more seeing her. With pleasure then will I accompany you to England, if sanctioned by the consent of my parents; and perhaps, on my return, I may be honored with the company of my dear friend and her parents."

"How this crowns my happiness," exclaimed Charlotte, as she again embraced Adelaide.

It was then concluded, that Charlotte should the next day, return to the convent with Adelaide and Angelica, while the Colonel, now Sir Edward Turner, should pay a parting visit to Mr. de St. Louis, and endeavour to obtain his consent to his daughter's visiting England.—Monsieur and Madame de St. Louis were highly pleased at sight of Sir Edward, who did not that day mention the principal purport of his visit, but informed them of his intended voyage to England, and his acquisition of title and fortune. His friends congratulated him on his acquisitions, but at the same time regretted the consequent loss of his society.

The next morning, Sir Edward presented the letters to Mr. and Madame de St. Louis. Madame had first perused hers, addressing Sir Edward, here are letters from your lady, Miss Turner, and Adelaide, all requesting permission for Adelaide to accompany Miss Turner to England.

"And I, Madame," said Sir Edward, "must make use of all my influence, in conjunction with theirs, to obtain your approbation. Your daughter will have an opportunity of seeing the world. I will watch over her with the tender affection of a parent, and pledge my honour, that when you desire her return, a sufficient escort, among whom shall be Charlotte, shall, with the blessing of Providence, conduct her home in safety."

"I feel, Sir, extremely grateful for your courtesy to my child," said Madame de St. Louis; "which I do not wish to refuse, nor yet feel inclined to a further separation from my daughter, whom I shortly expected home; but if the young ladies have set their hearts upon this project, and Mr. de St. Louis gives his consent, I must acquiesce with the best grace I can assume."

Monsieur de St. Louis, who had observed what passed, addressing Sir Edward, "I am, Sir, extremely flattered by your attention to my daughter, and freely give my consent to Adelaide's accompanying Miss Turner to England, although I

regret parting with her; yet your attentions and her advantage are not to be trifled with."

"How happy, my dear friends, do you render me, by this acquiescence," said Sir Edward.

Madame de St. Louis then inquired if Lady and Miss Turner could not visit St. Ann before their departure for England. "I apprehend that will be impossible," said Sir Edward, "as the Po sails in a fortnight, and I purpose taking our voyage with her; but it would please them extremely if you, Monsieur de St. Louis, and my little friend Charles, would return with me, and pass with us the remainder of our stay in Quebec." Monsieur and Madame de St. Louis accepted the invitation, accompanied Sir Edward to Quebec, and spent there a very agreeable fortnight with their friends and children. The day after Sir Edward's return, Adelaide and Charlotte took an affectionate leave of their friends in the convent. When entering the cell of mother St. Catherine to take leave of her, the countenances of all three bore the legible impression of sorrow. Sobs and tears occupied the place of words; but the good nun, exerting all her resolution, thus addressed her young friends:

"The sorrow my dear girls express on taking leave, were it contained within due bounds, might flatter me; but consider, my dear children, that the Almighty is displeased with all excess. The hard and obdurate are certainly not pleasing to him; yet has he commanded the susceptible to controul the excess of their affections, and submit them to his divine will. Our Creator has indeed forbidden all violent attachments to terrestrial objects, which might interfere with our love to him; for does he not declare in his commandments, that he is a jealous God. I am myself a signal instance of the truth of this assertion; for, soon as I became immoderately fond of any object, I was immediately deprived of it. The Almighty, my dear young friends, now thinks proper to deprive me of your society. I must therefore submit to his divine will, and feel grateful, dear Adelaide, that your engaging sister is left with me. He has left you each other, my dear children. Make a proper use of the indulgence. Encourage each other in the practice of virtue and religion, and neglect not to advise each other in a friendly manner, of your faults. By these means you will prove the sincerity of your friendship, and obtain the approbation of the Deity to your mutual attachment, who may then continue you the favour of each other's company through life. You are now, my dear children, entering a sinful world, and without your united endeavours, assisted by the grace of the Almighty, will be endangered by the many temptations that will surround you. Remember the life of a christian is a warfare: put your trust in the Deity, and he will conduct you safe through all perils, admit you to the communion of his saints here, and to everlasting happiness hereafter."

The good nun here paused, and the young ladies continued silent for some moments, when Adelaide embracing St. Catherine, "My dear mother, I will endeavour, I do endeavour to follow your advice; but when I think of parting with you, all my resolutions vanish."

"Put your trust in the Almighty," said her beloved monitress, "and he will grant you grace sufficient to fulfil your good intentions. Perhaps it is for our mutual good that this separation takes place, and after the hidden views of the Almighty are fulfilled, we may reside so near as often to enjoy each other's company. Complain not then at our separation."

A nun here entered, and informed the ladies that Sir Edward and Monsieur de St. Louis were at the grate, when Charlotte and Adelaide embraced mother St. Catherine, then knelt for her blessing, which she with great fervour bestowed, requesting at the same time the protection of Heaven for her young friends. The young ladies then re-embraced the good nun, and departed, their hearts too full for utterance.—A very busy fortnight ensued. So many visits were to be received and paid; so many parting excursions to be made, so many leaves to be taken, that our young friends scarcely found time for a single serious thought, nor had Adelaide even time to imagine that she was leaving, perhaps forever, her family, country, and friends.

At length the time for the ship's sailing arrived; Sir Edward, Lady Turner, and Charlotte, took an affectionate leave of their friends in Quebec; and Adelaide having taken leave of her parents, brothers, sister, and friends, they embarked on board the ship, which sat sail with a fair wind.



## CHAPTER XI.

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Blow, prosp'rous breezes, swiftly sail thou Po;  
Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

GRAINGER.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,  
She bounds before the gale,  
The mountain breeze from *Laurence* flood  
Is joyous in her sail.

SCOTT.

Our passengers had a very favourable voyage, and the poignancy of regret at leaving their friends having abated, they amused themselves by anticipating the pleasure they hoped to enjoy on arriving in England; Sir Edward, his Lady and daughter, that, of soon meeting with their friends; Adelaide the expectation of soon seeing new objects, which appeared a delightful perspective to her youthful imagination; as yet inexperienced in the deceptions of the world. Sir Edward and his family had been too much at sea, to be troubled with the sea nausea; and Adelaide found herself but little incommoded with that disagreeable sickness. At length they arrived in England in excellent health, although a little fatigued by their journey. It was the middle of July when the ship entered the Thames. London was quite empty, and disagreeable; our party remained but a day to repose themselves, and then set out for Durham Park, the seat of Lord Durham, situate at about forty miles distance from the Metropolis.

During the ride the minds of our travellers were so much engaged with the thoughts of their expected meeting with the noble family at the Park, that very little conversation passed between them. Adelaide's heart throbb'd violently with an unusual sensation, that she could not account for. She wished to arrive, yet, on their near approach, felt a tremor shake her frame. At length the tall poplars which surrounded the mansion gave Charlotte notice, that they were near the desired spot. Tears of joy burst from her eyes, and clasping Adelaide, "We are at length arrived, my dear friend. I shall in a moment embrace my uncle, aunt, and cousins. How pleased my Adelaide will be with them; how delighted they will be with you? With what pleasure will my aunt embrace the exact resemblance of every charm and virtue she possesses? Let me tell you, my dear, I am inclined to be jealous, and fear that some of my relations will purloin from me the heart of my Adelaide."—"No, my friend," said Adelaide, "whatever charming friends I may meet with, my Charlotte shall always occupy the first place in my heart."

The coach stopped; a gentleman was seen hastening down the avenue. It was Lord Durham—Sir Edward and he embraced. Delight had deprived Charlotte of utterance. After saluting her mother, the Earl clasped her in his arms, exclaiming—"My dearest Charlotte, how happy am I to see you again; I feared, when you left us to be exposed to the dangers of the sea, and a foreign clime, that I should never again enjoy that happiness; but, praised be God, you are all now returned."—Lord Durham then lifted Charlotte from the coach, and handed out Lady Turner. Sir Edward then handing Adelaide out, who had sat unobserved by the Earl, introduced her to his Lordship, in a very flattering manner. Lord Durham had just began to address her, when Adelaide removing her veil, he started back, exclaiming—"Astonishing! the perfect resemblance of Lady Durham; every look! every feature! her exact shape! the striking portrait of my Louisa, when first I saw her! Where, oh where, Sir Edward, did you meet with this Lady?"

"At Quebec," said the Baronet. "Her father resides on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Charlotte and she met at a convent, when they conceived a great friendship for each other. My daughter introduced Miss de St. Louis to Mrs. Turner and me, when we became so much attached to her, that we could not say who most engrossed our affections, Charlotte or Adelaide. I instantly observed her surprising likeness to Lady Durham, and prevailed on Miss de St. Louis's parents to permit her to accompany us to England, pleasing myself with the pleasure and surprize you and my sister would express on seeing our Adelaide."

"Pleasure and surprize indeed!" exclaimed Lord Durham; "but permit me to conduct you to the house," when giving one arm to Adelaide, and the other to Charlotte, he led the way to the drawing room. On enquiring for Lady Durham, and the young ladies, it was discovered they had walked out. The Earl instantly dispatched a servant, and soon after went out himself in search of them, giving Adelaide time to recover herself, who had been much agitated at this interview, and felt at sight of his Lordship an unaccountable emotion. She had not much time for deliberation. Lord Durham presently returned, accompanied by his lady and daughters. The Countess was in a moment in the arms of her brother. Their joy at this meeting was excessive. They were not only twins, but the only children of their parents, whom they had lost in their earliest infancy. All their affections were then concentrated in each other. After the endearments and congratulations were over, Sir Edward introduced Adelaide to his sister; but Lady Durham, instead of replying, appeared motionless with astonishment. "Merciful heavens!" exclaimed her Ladyship; then turning her penetrating eyes on Sir Edward, "Brother, is not this young lady your daughter?" "No, my dear sister," replied the Baronet, smiling. "Adelaide is daughter to Mr. de St. Louis, an intimate friend of mine, who resides in Canada. To authenticate my assertion, I will, if you please, detail all her genealogy." "I will not require that proof," said the Countess. "Your word, brother, is sufficient." Her ladyship then embraced Adelaide with great emotion, when our young Canadian was so violently agitated, that she could with difficulty support herself. She was then, by Charlotte, introduced to the young ladies, who embraced her with great cordiality. Dinner being announced, interrupted the protestations the young ladies were making each other. The agitation Adelaide had experienced, deprived her of appetite. She felt already an attachment for the Earl and Countess; was much pleased with Lady Augusta, the Earl's youngest daughter, for whom she felt a secret sympathy; nor could she refrain from contemplating Lady Louisa, whose countenance appeared familiar to her.

Lady Louisa was of the middling stature. Her form was extremely slender. Her eye black and piercing; her hair the colour of the raven's plumage; and her teeth white as ivory. Her countenance was highly animated, and a certain je ne sçai quoi she possessed, strongly interested every beholder in her favour.

Lady Augusta possessed a majestic form, large blue eyes, light auburn hair; and the whiteness of her skin rivalled the new fallen snow. She was thought greatly to resemble the Earl, her father.

During dinner Sir Edward enquired after his son Edward, and Lord Dudley, his sister's son. Lord Durham said they were well, and that he expected them the next day at the Park. "How delighted will they be at finding you here," continued his Lordship.

"You will scarcely recognize them," said Lady Durham. "They have greatly improved since you last saw them; Dudley is now twenty, and your son Edward nineteen. They have both grown surprisingly since your departure."

Charlotte highly relished the expectation of so soon seeing her brother and cousin.

It was long after Adelaide retired to rest, ere she could compose herself to sleep. The unusual incidents of the day had made so great an impression on her mind. She thought of her parents and native country with solicitude. She wished to hear from them, but was so taken with her new situation, that she then felt no inclination to return to Canada.

The next morning Adelaide early left her bed, and rambled towards the Park, where she continued until eight; when, starting from a reverie, and looking at her watch, she was surprised to find it so late, and immediately turned towards the house. She presently recognized Charlotte's voice, and was in a few minutes joined by Miss Turner, Lady Louisa and Lady Augusta, accompanied by two young gentlemen. Charlotte running to her, said, "How, my dear Adelaide, could you frighten us in this manner? On leaving my bed, I went to your chamber, and was amazed to find you absent. In vain did I inquire of every person I met. None had seen you; and I began to be apprehensive that some fairy had robbed us of our Adelaide! In haste I ran to my cousins, but they had not seen you; I gravely shook my head, and acquainted them with my apprehensions, when they with eagerness joined in the search, still retaining a faint hope that it might not prove fruitless. On our way we met our brothers, who, being informed of our loss, joined us in the search." The lively Charlotte then introduced Lord Dudley and Mr. Turner to Adelaide. The gentlemen bowed, and regarded our young Canadian with amazement, apparently too great for utterance. Charlotte smiling, "I am amazed at the politeness of my brothers. My friend is so superior to all compliments, that they deem it superfluous to pay her any."

"Forgive me, my fair cousin," said Lord Dudley; "such a perfect and lovely resemblance of my dear mother, could not fail to fill me with surprize and astonishment; could not but deprive me of utterance! I shall now consider as the most favorable moment of my life, that, which introduced Miss de St. Louis to Durham Park."

Adelaide bowed. "And now," said Charlotte to her brother, "what apology can you make?"

"Lord Dudley's apology is mine," said Mr. Turner. "My imagination was entirely occupied in contemplating the beauty of your charming friend, and admiring the extraordinary resemblance she bears to my Lady Durham and my father. The extreme resemblance Miss de St. Louis bears the latter, is indeed the only safeguard my heart can expect." Adelaide blushed, and Charlotte hastily said, "Miss de St. Louis is of French extraction. Her parents reside near Quebec, on the banks of the St. Laurence. Our friendship commenced at a convent in Canada, where Adelaide received her education, and I resided some time. Papa, mama, and myself accompanied Miss de St. Louis and her brother to her father's, where we were much delighted with the country, and its inhabitants." Here a summons for breakfast interrupted the conversation.

Sir Edward and Lady Turner were gratified with their son's improvement, and with that of Lord Dudley, whom Sir Edward regarded with nearly the affection of a parent. Both young gentlemen possessed a pleasing exterior; and concealed beneath their accomplishments, a great share of learning and information. After passing a few days with his sister, Sir Edward proceeded to the Priory, the mansion house of the estate that he had lately inherited, accompanied by Lord Durham.

On Sir Edward's approaching the village, the tenants came in a body to meet him. They had formerly known him, when on a visit to the father of their late landlord, who was great uncle to Sir Edward. At that time they admired his generosity and affability, and now pleased themselves with the happy change, as their late landlord, Sir William Turner, was remarkable for the austerity of his manners, and niggardliness of his disposition. He fleeced his tenants to amass riches which he never made use of.

Sir Edward Turner was pleased with the attentions of his new dependants, and ordered an ox to be roasted, and abundance of ale, and other provisions, to be freely bestowed; when the tenants, having escorted him to the Priory, retired, blessing their new landlord.

Sir Edward and Lord Durham then proceeded to view the house, which they found elegantly furnished; as Sir Charles, father to Sir William, had, a little before his death, repaired and fitted it up with great magnificence, and Sir William was too covetous to suffer any thing to be injured under his management.

On closing accounts with the steward, an honest old man, reared in the family, Sir Edward found the estate was not only clear, but that there were thirty thousand pounds appertaining to it in the Bank of England, which Sir William had accumulated. After spending the morning in reviewing the estate, Sir Edward gave orders that it should be immediately prepared for the reception of his family; and then with the Earl returned to Durham Park.

In a few days the whole party sat out for the Priory where they were to spend the remainder of the season.

Adelaide soon became the favorite of the whole family. The Earl in particular was greatly attached to her. Lord Dudley felt for her an attachment, superior to that which he felt for Lady Augusta; and his cousin Charlotte; but he was doatingly fond of Lady Louisa; and his heart was so entirely engrossed by this his eldest sister, that little space remained for any other violent attachment. Adelaide felt for Lord Dudley the affection his attentions claimed; but she was nearly as much attached to Edward Turner, who was extremely facetious and agreeable.

Lord Durham was at this period about fifty years of age, and his Lady forty. They both enjoyed a good state of health; and, as every surrounding object contributed to their happiness, they were exceedingly cheerful. Lady Louisa and Adelaide had formed a tender friendship for each other; the former was very lively, and warmly returned her brother's affection; but the vivacity of her disposition concealed the strength of her attachment.



## CHAPTER XII.

The touch of kindred too, and love he feels.

THOMSON.

The summer was passed very agreeably to our party at the Priory, during which time the Earl viewed with a favorable eye, every attention paid by Lord Dudley to Adelaide. His Lordship had now become so greatly attached to her, that nothing else than her union with his son could satisfy him; disregarding entirely the great rank and fortune Lord Dudley might expect. Lady Durham joined this scheme with avidity; she had formed an attachment for our young Canadian, little inferior to that she felt for her own daughters, neither of whom resembled, in any great degree, her Ladyship. The Earl and Countess now endeavoured to heighten the affection the young couple entertained for each other, and to forward their plan, communicated it to Sir Edward and Lady Turner, who were at first much surprised; but perceiving the earnestness with which their noble relations communicated their intentions, and Sir Edward being himself pleased with the design, they joined the confederacy with alacrity; all thinking there would be no difficulty in obtaining the consent of Adelaide's parents to such an advantageous union. Their machinations appeared to have some effect; but, on Sir Edward's sounding his nephew, he was much surprised to find Lady Louisa predominant in his mind. This preference of a sister, to such an agreeable girl as Adelaide, whom, notwithstanding he appeared to love tenderly, greatly surprised Sir Edward.

It was now October, and our party intended soon to set out for London, when, one morning, Lord Dudley requested his son to attend him to his study; when, after conversing some time on their intended journey, the Earl suddenly changing the conversation; apropos, Dudley, what think you of our Canadian lady? Lord Dudley expressed his admiration in warm terms, when his father inquired, what he thought of her resemblance to Lady Durham? "It is a phenomenon I cannot account for," said Lord Dudley.

"But does it not greatly attach you to her?" inquired the Earl. "It certainly does," said Lord Dudley, "for, when I see Miss de St. Louis, I think I view my mother, which inspires me with love, regard, and admiration."

"What is your opinion of her for a companion for life?" "A companion for me my dear father?" inquired Lord Dudley, with surprise. "Yes, Edward, you are my only son, and we the only male heirs remaining of a long line of illustrious ancestors. It would grieve me to think that our family should with us be extinct; to prevent which, added to the desire most persons have, of leaving behind them a posterity, I greatly desire to see you married. I have long been looking out for a suitable companion for you, but never could meet one to my mind, until I became acquainted with Miss de St. Louis. She, my son, is the exact person I have long wished to procure you. It is true, her fortune is nothing in comparison with yours, but the house of Durham is rich enough already: you might likewise expect a companion from the noblest families in the kingdom, but our family, Dudley, is of sufficient consideration to ennoble any person we receive into it, and is not Miss de St. Louis descended from a family of consideration?" Lord Durham here paused, and Lord Dudley, who had listened attentively, thus replied:

"I cannot, my Lord, sufficiently express my acknowledgements for all the tender care you have bestowed on me. You inquire if I agree to your proposals. I do, my father, with all my heart, and sincerely thank you for your choice; for there is not a lady in the world I would sooner be united to, than Miss de St. Louis. May the lady and her parents consent to the union, and then all I implore of heaven for this world, is to live with her as your Lordship has lived with my mother; for greater happiness cannot be experienced on earth. It is true I have not yet thought of an establishment; the company of my mother and sisters, tenderly as I love them, has hitherto been sufficient. I am, however, my Lord, extremely pleased with your proposal, and ready to obey your orders."

The Earl embraced his son, exclaiming, "How happy do you render me, my dear Edward! by thus readily acquiescing with my views. May the Almighty bless, and bestow equal happiness on you, with the lovely Adelaide, that your father has enjoyed with her counterpart. I need not desire you, my son, to endeavour to engage the young lady's affections. Your uncle, to whose care she is confided, will propose you to her, and endeavour to obtain her consent; when Sir Edward will immediately write to Mr. de St. Louis for his, which it is most probable he will readily grant, in which case, soon as we receive his answer, the nuptials will be celebrated."

Lord Dudley not objecting to this arrangement, the Earl and he separated, the former to forward his favorite scheme, in concert with Sir Edward; and Lord Dudley walked to the garden, where he met Lady Louisa and Adelaide. The attentions he now paid the latter were so explicit, that they were likewise noticed by Lady Louisa. Adelaide retired early to bed, but not to rest. Her mind was so engrossed by the increased and particular attention paid her by Lord Dudley, these thoughts precluded sleep. Searching her heart, she found there a very tender friendship, but unlike what she had heard love described. At length she sunk into a peaceful slumber, from which she awakened much refreshed.

After breakfast, Sir Edward informed her he had something particular to communicate, if she would for a few minutes retire with him. Although the Baronet spoke in a low voice, he was overheard by Lady Louisa and Charlotte; the latter smiled archly, and the former fixed her penetrating eyes on Adelaide, who blushed, she knew not why, and followed Sir Edward out of the room.

The Baronet conducted his fair ward to his study, when, being both seated, Sir Edward proceeded to inform her, that Lord Dudley had conceived an affection for her, which was sanctioned by his parents; and as they considered Sir Edward her guardian, they had desired him to propose Lord Dudley to her acceptance, and to write to her parents if she gave her consent. Adelaide blushed, and hesitated. "What says my dear Miss de St. Louis to this proposal?" continued the Baronet, "will she vouchsafe me an answer? Will you permit me to write to your parents for their consent to your union with my nephew?"

"I am entirely at my parent's disposal," said Adelaide; "and while absent from them, and under your protection, will as implicitly follow your directions, as though you were my real father."

"I hold myself much indebted to my dear Adelaide's good opinion," said Sir Edward, "and will endeavour to merit your confidence; but permit me to enquire, if you have any objections to Lord Dudley? for I shall certainly not write to your father on this subject, without your concurrence."

"Since you desire it, my dear Sir," said Adelaide, "I will lay my heart open to you, as I would to my spiritual director. If my father assign me to Lord Dudley, I shall certainly obey him without reluctance. The attentions paid me by his Lordship cannot but inspire me with gratitude. I feel for him an affectionate regard; and should it be my fate to be united to Lord Dudley, I will endeavour by my attentions, to repay his condescension in selecting me, who am his inferior in rank and fortune."

"Your sincerity charms me, my dear Miss de St. Louis," said Sir Edward. "I hope I shall ere long have the pleasure of calling you niece."

Lord Durham was, by Sir Edward, informed of Adelaide's answer, with which he was much pleased. The Earl and Baronet immediately wrote to Mr. de St. Louis, offering liberal settlements. Adelaide wrote at the same time, informing her parents of every particular that had befallen her, since her arrival in England, and concluded with saying, she resigned herself entirely to their disposal. Letters were at the same time dispatched by Miss Turner and Adelaide to mother St. Catherine and Angelica.

It was near the middle of December before our party sat out for the metropolis, which was now filled with fashionable company, and appeared to the eye of Adelaide very different from what it did when she passed through it on her arrival from Canada.

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Soon after their arrival in town, Adelaide accompanied her noble friends to Covent Garden theatre. Her eyes were fixed on the stage, but those of the audience on her. A buzz of inquiry ran through the boxes, but none could answer it. Adelaide was yet a stranger to all. The beauty of her countenance was much admired, but that of her form still more. She possessed not the majestic figure of Lady Augusta, nor yet the fairy form of Lady Louisa, yet had she something in her manner, infinitely more pleasing than either, that something which may be seen, may be felt, but cannot be expressed.

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A few nights after, Adelaide accompanied her friends to a private ball. They were soon surrounded by gentlemen, who



gazed at them with more admiration than politeness; and before Lord Dudley could secure the hand of Adelaide, an elegant young gentleman requested it, which, as she was disengaged, she could not refuse. Lord Dudley took that of Charlotte, with a look of disappointment; and Mr. Turner paired himself with Lady Augusta. A gentleman here stepped forward, exclaiming, "My college friend Dudley!" "My old friend Greenoch!" said Lord Dudley, "already returned from your tour?" "Yes," replied the stranger; "but pray introduce me to the ladies." Lord Dudley complied. Lord Greenoch addressed some flattering compliments to each; and seeing Lady Louisa disengaged, begged the favour of her hand.

Country dances were commencing, and the gentlemen led out their partners. Adelaide's friends were curious to know something of the gentleman who had engaged her hand; and Lady Louisa inquired who he was, of her partner. "'Tis the Marquis of Grenville," said Lord Greenoch, "who has lately succeeded to an estate of forty thousand per annum. He is a man of parts and learning; has but lately returned from his travels, in which he imbibed a polish but rarely acquired by remaining at home. But how happens it, Madam, that you were not introduced to the Marquis, since he dances with your friend?"

"Neither Miss de St. Louis or myself have been introduced to him. He perceived her disengaged, and secured her hand."

Lady Louisa and Lord Greenoch soon after joined Adelaide, who was seated with the Marquis, Lord Dudley, and Charlotte; "Grenville," said Lord Greenoch, "I will introduce you to my partner, but expect the like favour in return." He then presented the Marquis to Lady Louisa Dudley. "I would willingly return the favour," said Lord Grenville, "but have not myself had the honour of an introduction to my charming partner."

Lord Greenoch, smiling, said, "Permit me then to introduce you to a gentleman, who can present you to your partner, and may soon have a particular right." Lord Greenoch had taken this hint from what Lady Louisa had said of Lord Dudley's expecting to dance with Adelaide.

This speech produced a sensible effect on the Marquis' countenance, who, stifling his emotion, replied, "The introduction, my Lord, will confer on me great honour." Lord Greenoch then presented the Lords Dudley and Grenville to each other, when the latter presented the Marquis to Adelaide and Charlotte. This new acquaintance of our party was tall, and elegantly formed. His full dark hazle eyes expressed every passion of his soul. They were the index of his mind, that scorned deception. His hair, of a dark auburn, afforded an admirable contrast to the whiteness of his forehead; the tint of health adorned his cheeks, which, as his passions were effected, varied alternately from the rose to the lily. The beauty and whiteness of his teeth shewed the goodness of his constitution; and, to complete these individual perfections, was added a tout ensemble fascinating in the extreme.

Lord Greenoch was a small slender person, with lively dark blue eyes, shaded by long dark eye lashes. He possessed much vivacity, and was a very agreeable companion.

Adelaide and her friends retired early. Lord Durham was that evening indisposed, and his Lady, with Sir Edward and Lady Turner, had remained to pass the evening with him. The conversation in the coach wherein Adelaide was seated, turned on the events of the evening, when Lady Louisa inquired of our young Canadian, "What she thought of her partner?" "I think him very agreeable," said Adelaide, "but what say you, Lady Louisa?" "I think him extremely handsome," replied her Ladyship, "but had not sufficient conversation with him to observe how engaging he was." "I thought him extremely impertinent!" exclaimed Lord Dudley. "I fancied you were displeased, Edward," said Lady Louisa; "but pray, for my sake, have patience. Are you certain Lord Grenville is not now as dear to me as yourself? Did you never hear of love at first sight? Did you not hear me call him handsome?"

"As dear to you, Louisa! Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Lord Dudley. "I cannot, my dear Louisa, bear a rival in your affections!" "Indeed, brother!" retorted Lady Louisa, "you feel inclined to pleasantry! How could you even mention the ridiculous idea, that a brother should always possess the first place in a sister's affections! My dear Miss de St. Louis," she continued, in a gay tone, "I would advise you to beware; if Lord Dudley is thus jealous of a sister, what think you will he be of a wife! I feel a great inclination to discover what I observed in his countenance, when he saw you conversing with Lord Grenville."

Adelaide, who had almost recovered her presence of mind, now relapsed into nearly as great confusion as she had experienced when the subject was first introduced; but, recollecting herself, she thus retorted.

"You are severe to-night, Lady Louisa. Perhaps your heart is wounded, and you think by rallying to escape detection."

Adelaide had now made a great effort, and relapsed into silence for want of spirits to proceed. The thoughts of what she had said being true, startled her. Ere this, she thought she loved Lord Dudley; but conviction of the contrary now flashed on her mind, and glancing into her heart she found already a preference there for her engaging partner, who had, during the whole evening, endeavoured to demonstrate the sense he had of her perfections. But no sooner did the conversation in the coach discover to Adelaide the penchant her heart was taking, than she resolved to stifle these new feelings, and abide by the determination of her parents. Nor, thought she, can I fail of happiness, feeling so great an affection and esteem for Lord Dudley.

From a reverie into which these reflections had thrown her, Adelaide was aroused by Lord Dudley's exclaiming, "Thank you Miss de St. Louis, this little tyrant sister of mine wishes to tyrannize over us both. I plainly perceive that this Marquis has robbed us both of her affections." "Indeed," said Lady Louisa, "I find I am really caught in a snare, not that you pretend, but that of not knowing how to convince you of the contrary."

"And do you really not prefer Lord Grenville?" inquired Dudley. "If this trifling really deserves a serious answer, I do not; but I cannot conceive why my brother should be offended, if I did."

"How happy, dear Louisa, does this assurance make me," said Lord Dudley.

"Now brother," said the lively Louisa, in a gay tone, "I should in my turn be jealous at your preferring Adelaide to me."

"You are too severe, dear sister," said Lord Dudley; "I dislike Lord Grenville for a husband to my sister, which is the only reason for my seeming incongruity."

The stopping of the coach here put an end to the conversation.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

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My fancy form'd thee of Angelic kind,  
Some emanation of th' all beauteous mind.  
Those smiling eyes, attempering ev'ry ray,  
Shone, sweetly lambent with celestial day.

POPE.

The idea of the Marquis still pursued Adelaide to her chamber. Oh why, thought she, did I so freely consent to an union with Lord Dudley? I have, it is true, a great regard, a great friendship for him, which I thought sufficient; but what a difference is there between my feelings for him and for Lord Grenville. My heart revolts at an union with Dudley, though so advantageous. Considering what I annexed to Sir Edward's letters, it is more than probable that my parents' approbation will follow their receipt. How can I now refuse the earnest desire of the Earl and amiable Countess to be their daughter? Pleasant idea! it is well worth a greater sacrifice than an union with Lord Dudley! To be struck at the first sight of a stranger, oh Adelaide, is such folly inherent in thy bosom? Report, it is true, speaks well of him; but did not his expressive eyes speak more powerfully than report? Lady Louisa also discovered in them a concern for me. It is that concern which occasions my love. Had he been indifferent, I had remained so. Oh St. Catherine, beloved monitress! why are you not here to assist me with your advice? You bade me trust in the Almighty, and pray, when assailed by temptation: I do trust in him, I do pray; but alas! I find I cannot with all my heart, which is so much engrossed by this world. My attachment to earthly objects prevents my praying with any satisfaction.

At length Adelaide retired to bed, and sunk into a peaceful slumber. She was then in idea transported into a large field, with all her friends around her. At the extremity of the plain appeared a lofty temple, to which they directed their steps. In the midst of the temple stood a large and glittering altar, and near the altar, a man in priest's vestments. Mr. de St. Louis took her hand, and presented it to Lord Dudley, who, on receiving it, approached the altar. The priest began the ceremony. Lady Louisa Dudley and Lord Grenville looked on with mournful countenances, particularly the last, whose features bore the visible impression of extreme anxiety. At this crisis appeared a beautiful form, his face beaming with unspeakable lustre, and arrayed in a loose robe of white muslin. This sweet harbinger whispered something respectively in the ears of Lord Durham and Mr. de St. Louis, when they appeared alarmed, and ordered the priest to desist. Mr. de St. Louis then took the hand of Lady Louisa, and presented it to Lord Dudley, who instantly relinquished hers, and received that of Lady Louisa with transport, who appeared equally pleased; they were then joined by the priest. The Marquis of Grenville then stepped forward, and addressed the Earl, upon which the latter took her hand and presented it to Lord Grenville, who received it with rapture. The priest then united them, and Adelaide was receiving the congratulations of the company, when a noisy porter passing the window, suddenly awakened her. The rays of light that beamed through the shutters, proclaimed the day had dawned. Adelaide prepared to rise, but her mind was so taken up with her extraordinary dream, that she again lay down to ponder on the seeming incongruities that had passed through her brain. The more she endeavoured to unravel them, the more her perplexity increased; for though Adelaide was not given to superstition, she had been bred in a convent. At length she arose, and after performing her accustomed acts of devotion, descended to the breakfast room, where she found all the family assembled. All appeared extremely cheerful; and, to avoid the raillery of Lady Louisa, Adelaide endeavoured to follow their example, and by assuming the appearance, soon acquired in some degree the reality.

After breakfast Adelaide retired to her room, when her mind again reverted to the train of reflections her dreams had suggested. At length, summoning her resolution to her aid, she determined to banish all ideas that might interfere in the affair in agitation between her and Lord Dudley, and leave the event to Providence, who, she was firmly persuaded, would decree that, which would in the end promote her happiness. Such an influence over us have virtuous principles, imbibed in our infancy; and such the power they can exert in each alarming period of our lives.

Having, by this reliance on Providence, calmed the perturbation of her mind, she took up a book, when Lady Louisa entered the room.—"What, reading, my dear Adelaide, when you should be at your toilet? Have you forgot our proposed walk in the Park? We are all waiting for you, and you in your dishabille! Away with that pensive air, and imbibe some portion of my gaiety. But perhaps something has caused you chagrin? If so, tell me, I beseech you, dear Adelaide, the

cause of your dejection. I hope what I said last night has not afflicted you. If so, I humbly beg your pardon, and will for the future, my dear, endeavour to restrain the free license my tongue sometimes assumes."

"No indeed, my dear Lady Louisa," said Adelaide, "it would have been highly ridiculous in me to take offence at what you said. I was rather indisposed this morning, but am now much better, and fancy the walk you mention will complete my amendment."

"I hope it will," said Lady Louisa. "It would grieve me, I assure you, my dear friend, to find you indisposed or unhappy."

Adelaide was soon in readiness, when she accompanied Lord Dudley, Mr. Turner, and their sisters, to the Park, where they joined another party of their acquaintance.—A party now approached, whom Adelaide thought strangers; but, on their passing her, she perceived the Lords Grenville and Greenoch were of the number. As they passed they bowed, when Mr. Turner inquired of Mr. Courtney, if he knew those gentlemen? "I have that honour," replied Courtney. "The one nearest us is Lord Greenoch, a nobleman of learning and accomplishments; the other is the Marquis of Grenville, who yields not to Greenoch in these respects; and is at the same time, remarkable for his amiable disposition. He is likewise possessed of a noble fortune—but are you unacquainted with them? I thought they bowed to you."

"Our acquaintance is but trifling," said Mr. Turner.

Adelaide, who held one arm of Lord Dudley, while Lady Louisa hung on the other, did not feel her regard for Lord Grenville in the least abated by this description: she blushed involuntarily as she perceived the Marquis and Lord Greenoch take leave of their party, and approach hers. Lord Greenoch accosted Lord Dudley, Mr. Turner, and several others of the party individually, inquired concerning Lady Louisa's health, which he hoped had not been injured by the last evening's entertainment, and offered his arm, which her Ladyship accepted.

Lord Grenville appeared less forward than his companion. He saluted several of the company; then approaching Adelaide, accosted her with inquiries concerning her health. She was at first disconcerted, but endeavoured to reassure herself, which she soon effected, and answered his Lordship's inquiries with great composure. The Marquis continued walking by the side of Adelaide, when the conversation was principally supported by Lord Greenoch, Lady Louisa, and Mr. Turner.

The day was now far advanced, and the company proposed to return to Sir Edward Turner's, where they were expected to dine. The Lords Grenville and Greenoch attended the ladies to the carriages, and were taking leave, when Edward Turner invited them to a family dinner.

"With delight would I accept your invitation," said Lord Greenoch, "but my carriage—" "Here is abundance of room," said Mr. Turner, interrupting him. "Will you, my Lord, embark in mine," said Lord Dudley to the Marquis: Lord Greenoch being about embarking with Mr. Turner, Lord Grenville accepted the invitation. Lady Louisa and Adelaide were already seated in the carriage. Very little was said during the ride. Lord Dudley sat silent, apparently immersed in thought. The Marquis sat opposite Adelaide, contemplating her with great attention, while Lady Louisa amused herself with observing the trio.

Mr. Turner met them at the door, and ushered them into the drawing room. At dinner the Marquis contrived to seat himself next to Adelaide, when Lord Dudley placed himself on the other side. During the day, Lord Grenville was very particular in his attentions to Adelaide, but so delicately that it was remarked but by herself, and one or two more.

A few evenings after, Adelaide again met Lord Grenville at a ball. He was all amiability, and endeavoured, by every possible device, to ingratiate himself with her. On retiring with Charlotte, Adelaide seated herself on a sofa, and leaning her head on her hand, gave way to the melancholy that oppressed her. Charlotte, who with her maid, had been busily employed in taking care of her ornaments, now looked around for Adelaide; when, perceiving her in that pensive posture, she dismissed the girl, and throwing her arms around her friend's neck, "What is it that thus afflicts my sweet friend? My Adelaide was formerly cheerful and lively, but is now pensive and melancholy, except when she assumes a forced gaiety. If any thing afflict you, why not inform your friend? If in my power to alleviate your sorrow, my Adelaide need surely not be informed that I instantly would. Yet, allowing my dear, that I could not remove your affliction, still by sharing, I might alleviate it."

"Oh forgive me, my dearest friend," cried Adelaide, embracing Charlotte; "forgive my keeping my very thoughts one moment a secret from you; but my dear Charlotte will excuse me, when I inform her, that I wished to conceal them from

myself!"

Adelaide then described to Charlotte the irresolution of her mind with respect to Lord Dudley; the penchant she already felt for Lord Grenville, and her extraordinary dream; and concluded with mentioning the resolutions she had formed, which Charlotte highly approved of. "I sincerely sympathize with you, my dear Adelaide," said Charlotte. "It would, I confess, be highly pleasing to me, to see you united to my cousin; but, since it is repugnant to my dear friend's feelings, I will mention it no more. The Marquis of Grenville is very agreeable, and every way a desirable match; and is, I am certain, extremely attached to you. I have remarked it before this evening, as has, I suspect, Lady Louisa; but as you are circumstanced, my dear Adelaide, I do not see how you can with propriety, conduct yourself differently from what you have resolved. I place but little confidence in dreams, but the one you have related appears very remarkable. Do, my dear Adelaide, endeavour to recover your cheerfulness; recollect the advice we received from our dear monitress St. Catherine, and endeavour to profit by it. Put your trust in Heaven, and cheerfully await your father's answer, on the receipt of which you can best determine what to do. Dismiss, in the mean time, my dear Adelaide, that pensive air, and endeavour to be as lively as possible." What a relief is the privilege of confiding our sorrows in the bosom of a friend! Adelaide felt relieved of half her perplexities, and retiring to bed, enjoyed a sweet repose.

## END OF VOLUME FIRST.

### Transcriber's Notes:

hyphenation, spelling and grammar have been preserved as in the original  
quotes have been added that were missing from around dialog in a number of places  
dialog in last 20% of book changed by author from single-quotes to double-quotes

Preface, Their encouraging ==> Their encouraging

Page 24, Miss de la Valier ==> Miss de la Valiere

Page 25, Monsiuer le Duc ==> Monsieur le Duc

Page 25, some of his cotemporaries ==> some of his contemporaries

Page 27, Dumont for canada. ==> Dumont for Canada.

Page 32, Annete's letter informed ==> Annette's letter informed

Page 35, Lift np their little hands ==> Lift up their little hands

Page 48, myself of hope Nay, ==> myself of hope. Nay,

Page 51, into a peturbed slumber ==> into a perturbed slumber

Page 56, then receeding ==> then receding

Page 58, contrast to Carlotte's ==> contrast to Charlotte's

Page 58, pleasing expection of ==> pleasing expectation of

Page 65, silk handkerchifs ==> silk handkerchiefs

Page 94, seeming inncongruity ==> seeming incongruity

Page 96, The Marqis of Grenville ==> The Marquis of Grenville

Page 97, my dear lady Louisa ==> my dear Lady Louisa

Page 97, said lady Louisa ==> said Lady Louisa

Page 98, while lady Louisa ==> while Lady Louisa

Page 98, by this discription ==> by this description

Page 98, lady Louisa's health ==> Lady Louisa's health

Page 99, Lord Greenoch, lady Louisa ==> Lord Greenoch, Lady Louisa

Page 99, while lady Louisa ==> while Lady Louisa

Page 101, I am certain, tain, extremely ==> I am certain, extremely

Page 101, I suspect, lady ==> I suspect, Lady

[The end of *St. Ursula's Convent (Volume 1 of 2)* by Julia Catherine Beckwith]