

the features of the dreadful old squaw who had kept her at St. François, amongst a party of Indians who passed the windows; and dreading that she was coming to take her away, she fled and locked herself up.

A short time after this Eleonore was sent to a boarding school attached to a nunnery in Montreal; here she was very happy, she frequently saw her French parents, as we must call them, and she had several companions of her own age to whom she became attached. Her brother Joseph who still lived with the St. François tribe of Indians, came one day to visit her; he was dressed with a strange mixture of finery and discomfort, his hair was long and ragged, his arms and legs were bare and dirty, but he had necklaces and brooches in abundance. He brought Eleonore a present of a beautiful young fawn, an Indian grass basket filled with cranberries, and a great cake of maple sugar. Eleonore was delighted with the fawn and much pleased with poor Joseph's other gifts, but she did not like speaking to him, and did not feel comfortable till he was gone—in fact she had a great horror of the Indians and would have liked much better that neither they nor Joseph should know where she was.

At this school Eleonore lived very happily till she was fourteen. The teachers were what are called half nuns, who were allowed to go out and in at pleasure, and she had quite as much liberty as she wished. But now a new trial awaited her; one day, when she was sewing in the large parlour of the nunnery with several of the nuns and her young companions, she was equally surprised and terrified by the entrance of a strange man, who with a loud distinct voice, said "that he was come from Maine with authority from the governor to take back to her parents in Swan Island, the captive Frances Noble."

Poor Eleonore! she knew no parents than Monsieur and Madame de Sainte Auge! She knew no other language than French, which she had learned from them when they taught her to call them papa and mamma;