

her parents resolved to place her for a while at the school of the Ursuline Convent, in the hope that regular habits of study and the society of girls of her own age would dissipate the depressing effects of the scenes she had witnessed. The results of this experiment were not at first very successful.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT three months after the events related in the last chapter, a number of girls of various ages were playing amongst orange trees of the garden of the Ursuline Convent, with all the vivacity belonging to youth and the French character. They had just obtained a holiday in honor of the news which had reached New Orleans, of the final suppression of the Natches insurrection by a body of French troops, and their patriotic exultation was at its height. A handsome, clever-looking girl of fifteen jumped upon a bench, under a banana tree, and began to harangue the crowd which gathered round her. Emilie de Beauregard was a great favorite in the school, and before she opened her mouth the girls clapped their hands, and then cried out "Silence!"

"Mesdemoiselles!" she began, "let your French hearts rejoice! Your countrymen have gained a glorious victory! The royal flag, the white lilies of France, floats over the ruins of the City of the Sun." A round of applause saluted this exordium. The orator, warmed by success, went on. "The frustrated enemy bites the dust. They dared to kill Frenchmen; but now vengeance has overtaken them, and the rivers run with their blood."

"That was in our historical lesson this morning," whispered Julie d'Artaban to Rose Perrier. "Never mind. Hold your tongue," answered the governor's daughter. "It is very fine."

"The houses of those monsters are a prey to the flames—not a corn-field or an orange garden remains in the plain where French blood has been spilt. These Indians are all as cruel as wild beasts, but now they are hunted down without mercy. Their princes, the Children of the Sun, as they call themselves, are all slain or sold away as slaves. Not one of their dark visages will ever be seen again in the land of the r birth."

This was too much for one of the audience. There was a sudden rush to the bench. Mina d'Auban, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, had seized and overturned it, and the orator had fallen full length on the grass. This assault naturally enough made Mdlle. de Beauregard very angry, and her friends and admirers still more so. Cries of "You naughty girl!" "You wicked Indian princess!" (this was Mina's nickname in the school), resounded on every side.

"Fi donc! Mademoiselle," exclaimed Julie d'Artaban; and Rose Perrier, who had high ideas of administrative justice, ran to call Sister Gertrude, the mistress of the class.

The placid-looking nun found Mina crying in the midst of her excited and indignant companions, who all bore witness to the outrage she had committed.

"She pushed Emilie down because she was

telling us the good news that the French have won a great victory."

"It is impossible to play with Mademoiselle d'Auban," said another. She flew into a passion if we say we like our own country people better than Indians and negroes."

"She said all the Indians are monsters," said Mina, sobbing; "and I think she is a monster herself to say so. Some of them are very good—better than white people." There was a general burst of laughter, which increased her exasperation, and she passionately exclaimed, "I hate white people!"

"Come with me, my child," said Sister Gertrude; "you do not know what you are saying. You must not remain with your companions if you cannot control your temper. Go and sit in the school-room alone for an hour, and I will speak to you afterwards."

Poor Mina's heart was bursting with grief and indignation; and her conscience also reproached her for her violence. She could not bring herself to forgive her companions, or to feel at peace with them. This conflict had been going on ever since she had been at school. The separation from her parents had been a hard trial. They had thought that the companionship of French children would divert her mind from painful thoughts, and overcome her determined predilection for the Indians. But they had not calculated on the effect produced upon her by the unmitigated abhorrence her playmates expressed for the people she so dearly loved. Their hatred made no distinction between the treacherous and the good Illinois Christians; and a ranking sense of injustice kept up her irritation. It was perhaps, as natural that these girls, most of whom had lost friends and relations in the insurrection, should feel an antipathy for the Indians, as that Mina, with all her recollections of St. Agathe, and her gratitude and affection for Ontara and for Pearl Feather, should resent its expression.

But the result was, that instead of diminishing her overweening partiality for the land of her birth and its native inhabitants, her residence at school had hitherto only served to increase it. She also sadly missed the freedom of her earlier years. She was often in disgrace for breaches of discipline. The confinement of the class-room was trying to her; and she committed faults of a peculiar nature, such as taking off her stockings in order to cross barefooted the little stream which ran through the garden, and climbing up the trees to get a glimpse of the sea, the sight of which reminded her of the green waving fields of her home.

When Sister Gertrude entered the school-room she found her at first silent and sad, but by degrees her gentle manner and soothing drew from the overburdened heart of the poor child the expression of her feelings; she understood them, and while blaming her violence, she made allowance for the provocation, and showed sympathy in the trial which she was enduring. It was not only at school that Mina's sensitive nature was wounded by the absence of such sympathy; her father and mother had suffered so terribly during the days of her captivity, and of his absence, that they involuntarily shrunk from every thing which reminded them of that time. They would have made every effort and every