

"Our poor Thérèse, may God comfort her!" said Barbe, softly. "What will you do, Normand?"

"Do?" I broke out, starting up. "I will gather together whatever moneys I possess; I will go to France, and by my voice, my gold, my sword, if it can help, I will struggle for the release of my brother La Mothe. I will lay down my life for him, if need be, but he shall be freed from that awful prison, whose only echoes, I am told, are clanging chains and human sighs."

"Yes, go, Normand," cried Miladi, with a self-forgetfulness truly heroic; "go, and if you have not enough of lucre, take all that is mine also."

Thus, when the frigate returned shortly with a cargo of tobacco, I sailed as her only passenger, carrying with me whatever of coin or bullion I had, and also the generous legacy which Barbe had received from her adopted father, François Guyon.

The sum of all these I spent to secure the release of our *Sieur Cadillac* from the accursed Bastile, and was thankful to Heaven that I accomplished the same.

Fortunately for his content, La Mothe thought, as did Madame Cadillac as well, that the gold I brought him was gained by the sale of some part of his lands. Nor did I undeceive them.

He retired to St. Nicholas de la Grève, and thence to Caumont, his ancestral home; and after a short sojourn there with "*mon chevalier*" and Thérèse, I recrossed the seas, returning, unknown to Cadillac and my sister, with an empty purse and no prospects.

Soon, however, I obtained a minor official position under Bienville, brother of Henri le Moyne; and although it was a bitter potion, I never regretted my course in this matter, nor did Barbe, I know. The