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I should not have dared, twenty years ago, to relate what I once witnessed in a journey from Paris to Marseilles. At that period the truth alone was not sufficient in a narrative, there must also be probability; and readers chose for this reason, to remain ignorant of a host of circumstances which gives endless variety to human life, and an ever-changing aspect to human nature. We now perhaps incline to the opposite extreme. A philosopher has truly said "all is possible;" and as I am a convert to the truth of this opinion, I have no hesitation in relating the following anecdote.

On the 21st. of October 1812, I was a passenger in a diligence which as it slowly ascended the hill of Autun, gave me leisure to examine a landscape of vineyards just stripped of their rich fruit—a sad sight to one who had no interest in calculating the value of the produce. My fellow travellers were vulgar people, and to our general misfortune one of them was nursing a little boy, whom I should have considered a fine child any where but in a public conveyance carrying nine insides; of whom however, there were yet only seven.

At a short distance from Autun we perceived, on our right a magnificent country seat, whose principal avenue led to the