

Madame de St. Laurent, Baronne Fortisson. The last allusion to this lady is contained, as we have already mentioned, in the following letter:—

BATH, 21 UPPER PARK STREET,
3rd March, 1819.

I received, my dear de Salaberry, with the most sincere satisfaction and lively pleasure your letter of 20th September of last year. The sentiments of friendship and attachment which it conveyed to me, my heart tells me are sincere, for it is only natural that we should love the man who has given us testimony of his friendship, and as I know you *à fond*, I am well convinced that you are sincere in your expressions of friendship towards your old general, for I think with Jean Jacques, that the man who is not a friend to his friend is a cheat—and neither you nor I belong to that class.

Your excellent father, whom I esteem and love more than I can express, has had the kindness, in fancy's dream, to ask himself if there might be any possibility of Dame Fortune ever again directing my steps to your frozen regions. But alas! my role is played, my days of prime are passed never to return. But hold! something may yet turn up, and if ever there should be another war with the *Bostonians*, I shall certainly offer my services, and if accepted, I shall rejoin my dear Canadians, and see if we cannot do even better than before, for *experientia docet*. But in these piping times of peace, the multitude who are after every office of emolument, prevent a foreigner from having any chance, and I therefore ask for nothing, though there has always been a good feeling towards me, it might be inconvenient to shew any preference towards me, for the opposition at once sound the tocsin if any employment is given to a foreigner in time of peace.

I congratulate you on your pecuniary acquisition, and if M. le Bon was not very *bon* while living, after his exit, he has proved his value to have been *une bonne petite somme*. That is, *bien*. Accept also my congratulations on your entry among the Canadian Solons, but take care that while you, my dear *Gunpowder*, are deliberating on the affairs of the state, you are not carried away by the fierce wrath of Achilles, for I know if that should be the case, you would be able to fling every one of the Council, with the exception of your father, out at the window.

One of your confreres, Charles Grant, passed here with his wife last week. I will let you know on his return how I live at Port Neuf, for here we live to eat, drink, sleep and play whist, so that I have acquired a rotundity equal to your own.

My children are at school; George, nine miles from here, and Fanny in the city. George has grown very tall, and is the image of his mother. He grieves that he has the complexion of Apollo, for