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THE PRIDE OF LORETTE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY E. M. M.

" All that's bright must fade—the brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made but to be lost when sweetest ;
Stars that shine and fall, the flower that droops in springing,
These are types, alas ! of all, to which our hearts are clinging.

" Who would seek or prize delights that end in aching ?
Who would trust to ties that every hour are breaking ?
Better far to be in utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see that light forever flying."

MOORE'S *National Melodies*.

It was early in the summer of 1799 that the magnificent harbour of Quebec became enlivened by the arrival of two noble frigates, the *Topaz* and the *Euridice*—the former bringing out Sir Robert Milnes, as Governor of the Canadas, and destined to take home General Prescott—the other intended as convoy to the merchant ships, the French revolution being at that period at its most fearful height.

Amongst the officers belonging to the *Euridice*, was Lieutenant Bouverie, a young and promising man, whose peculiarly winning manners rendered him a favourite, not only with his companions, but in every circle he entered. His was the lofty, gallant bearing of a hero, formed to win laurels and to wear them proudly—a countenance ingenuous and open as the day—a full deep blue eye, whose stern and rapid glance amid the battles din, would soften into an expression the most tender, when in the society of those he loved—generous, even to a fault—warm and ardent in his affections, and strictly honourable, yet was he impetuous, thoughtless, and a man of pleasure, rather than a man of God. Bouverie had left home a midshipman, at the early age of twelve years, and from that period, engaged as he had constantly been, amidst the perils and dangers of a sea life, surrounded by wild and reckless companions, he had pursued a career destructive and inimical to his best interests. No friendly hand had held up the lamp of religion to guide him in the Christian's track, or warn him from the dangerous rocks on which thousands have been snipwrecked and forever lost. Yet still a God of mercy had watched over and preserved him from the destroyer, and at the

time our tale opens he had attained his twenty-first year.

He brought with him to Canada letters of introduction to the principal families residing at Quebec, and in a short period after his arrival he had formed many acquaintances and a few friendships. Amongst the latter he classed Monsieur Montresor, an accomplished gentleman, who descended from the old noblesse of France, possessed all the higher qualities of the young Englishman, united to a depth of thought and a turn of mind, peculiarly his own. He had recently married the lovely Constance St. Barb, the only child of his father's most valued friend, and was residing with her for the summer months, in a beautiful and romantic cottage, a few miles from the city. He was pleased with the frank ingenuous manner of Bouverie, and soon conceived for him a sincere regard, which was duly appreciated and returned by the gallant sailor, whose happiest hours were now passed in wandering with his friend over the ground hallowed by the names of Wolfe and Montcalm, or in sketching the enchanting and stupendous scenery by which he was surrounded. Bouverie was by nature enthusiastic to an extreme—glorying in his country and his profession. Many times he had loved, but as yet his heart was unscathed by any deep or fervent passion. In the gentle and improving society of Madame Montresor he derived both pleasure and profit. As the friend of her Lorenzo, she treated him with that easy confidence which soon won his entire esteem. She was indeed calculated to inspire it, for highly gifted and intellectual as she was, she considered every talent