A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER V.

A MESSENGER TO COMTE FRONTENAC Pleasant it was to be at home again after our three year; of absence. Or the many friends and relatives who greeted our return none gave me a gayer welcome than little Barbe, grown tailer and still more winsome, and who now, forsooth, assumed toward me a balf-derverse, half-coaying bumore. balf-perverse, halt-coaxing humor—a pretty coquerry whereat I laughed, it being acquing in the little maid.

Yet it tyled my patience, too, and caused me to I d more thought to the pranks of the saley minx than was mericed by so frivolous a subject. What vexed me the more was that Robert de Reaume gave averaging. Robert de Reaume gave over attention to her moods. I should have been better pleased to see him battering pretty speeches with a demoiselle suited to him in age, rather than threatening to snatch a kiss from little Barbe at every opportunity. To be sure, she was ever so swift that he ne'er won the was ever so swift that he ne'er won the chance, but there was over much parley about the matter, especially since, save for her greeting to me upon my home coming, the would never let me have a kiss either. This was truly absurd, for erstwhile, when I visited Beauport, she ever came with me to the house door, and insisted that I bend down and kiss

her rosy mouth ere I rode away.

Such airs do young maids put on when they turn from their merry games and romps to glance into a mirror and discover that they are sgreeable to the

eye. My faith, how they then do magnify their own importance!
Soon, however, I had scant leisure to remark upon the whims of a muchindulged child. The welcome to Therese and myself was scarce over, when the sensation created by our arrival was forgotten in the greater excitement of the news that I lamented it had not been our fortune to bring One drowsy afternoon there was, all at once, a stir in the town. I had taken at and was about to go out to see what it meant, when my father came

upstairs from his warehouse.
"Hein, Normand!" he said, "here is startling intelligence. It seems, while you were held by the corsair, an Indian has been making his way over land from Acadia. His story is that the Abenakai have learned, from a pale face wo nan captured near a village called Portsmouth, that a fleet has sailed from the south, under Sir Wil liam Phipps, to attack ourcity. Warn ing of the danger which threatens us has been cried in the Market Place, and messenger has been despatched in all the river to Montreal, where the Sieur Louis de Baude, Comte de Frontepac, but recently established himself at the head of his forces."

"This is weighty information, sure I cried, striding up and down o floor and rattling my sword in its eath. "Still, our Royal Governor is sheath. than a match for our white for and the five Nations combined. Keen is my impatience to see the great man again. During his former term of office I, as a boy, looked on him with erence as the representative of the King."

' Ay, ay, now above the murmurs of his opponents, you will hear the voices of the people hailing him as the man destined to restore to hope and courage the colony prostrated by the mistakes of his predecessors—mistakes that have brought about this war with the southerners and the Irequois," declared

Denys Guyon, sententiously.

"But think you he will get back in time?" I queried. "Will he not be intercepted?"

ever fear," answered my father Within the next few days the seigneurial families flocked from far and near to the town, seeking its greater security; and among them came the family of my uncle Guyon, to avail of the protection of my father's house dur-

their censitaires. Early and late the streets resounded to the tread of armed men, some but rudely equipped with farm implements, which nevertholess had ere now proved in their hands

formidable weapons.

The commissary was busy provision ing the place; tradespeople and house wives laid in supplies, and, notwithstand ing the auxiety dormant in every heart. the Market Place was a scene of gayet and thrift, of barter and gossip, meetings of old acquaintance, of flirta tions between the soldiers bright-eyed young maids of the humb er order-for where is the woman, gentle or simple, whose fancy is not caught by c olor of military coat or the cock

ade of a soldier's chapeau? One morning, soon after sunrise, I was aroused by a confusion outside my window, a cry that swept through the Town like the current of the river lashing against the Rock after a storm. Throwing open the casement, I saw that the thoroughfare was thronged storm. with eager townspeople, all hurrying to

the Esplanade.
"What is it—the enemy?" I shouted to a stout bourgeois who lagged be

hind his fellows.
"The enemy!" he echoed scornfully. "Do you think I would run myself into the risk of an apoplexy for an enemy, civilized or savage? No, it is Comte Frontenac coming home. His bateaux have been sighted on the

Forthwith I dressed, intending to fare forth also for the quay and with no thought of other comradeship than my trusty rapier; for what better society should be desired by a gallant who has seen both danger and adventure than the good sword that has served him well:

passed out, who should catch sight of me but saucy Barbe, who there upon cried to me in her most coaxing tones, and her voice was as sweet as bird's in spring-

little maids to be abroad, when high-ways and squares are filled with rough folk," I answered with sternness. "You would be treated with scant courtesy, meet with rude speech, and mayhap even lose yourself amid the uncouth populace."

How can I lose myself ?" returned the mischief, pertly. "But if your prowess, my chevalier of the raven locks, is not equal to the test of protecting me from the unmeaning gruffness of our humble good folk of the town, or your arm so weak you cannot keep me from being batted about like a shuttle cock among the crowd, how can I believe the stories Therese tells of your courage, or but laugh when I see you taking on the airs of a hero?

Now, this was audacious of the bag gage, for well she knew I am not one to boast, or take to myself credit for the intrepidity which others affirm I have ever displayed in time of sudden

As the prick of a sword will stir the blood of a man so th t he rushes madly into any enclunter vithout stopping to question whether it be rash or no, so the sharpness of her woman's wit, even though it were but like to the sting of a honey-bee—if the honey-bee stings—

pestered me out of my good judgment.
"Oh, welladay, Mam'selle Malapert
come if you will," I responded with come if you will," I responded to come if you will, "You say aright, it some impatience. "You say aright, it were no very heroic position to con-stitute myself the squire of a giddy little lass into whose foolish brain has entered the wish to cast aside her ontered the wish to cast saids her puppets and follow the music of fit and dram. But if you persist, were the crowd a rabble of foreign scidiery or in sooth a band of Iroquois, 'twou'd pleasure me as well. I would fain pleasure me as well. I would fair show you that my claim to valor, poor as it may be, does not rest merely on the idle gossip of my good sister though perhance, if what she says b not true, she would not be here await ing the return of her husband. who thought well enough of my spirit to commit to my charge her protection and security during his enforced abence in France."

Of a surety, my mood was no encour ent to the child to burden me with her company. Yet, with a morry laugh, she gayly caught at my permis sion, bade me wait until she should get the pretty new bonnet that Aunt Guyon had bought for her on the arrival of the recent ship from France, and, returning a trice, flitted before me into the street.

Once out of doors, however, her mood changed, and she walked beside me with a maidenly sedateness that took me by surprise and yet pleased me well, for I saw how in annoying exigency a young maid's natural dignity and innocence might be to her an armor and defence against rude speech and usage. Thus the unwonted gravity of little Barbe interested me by its strangeness even more than her roguish prants had teased me-since all the while, as we pursued our way, she chattered as blithely as a bird sings.

After all, I was glad I had humored

the child; it was very pleasant to have been since the day of my home coming. her tripping beside me thus, and alto-gether I was more content than I had. With the throug, we made our way to

the promenade on the river bank planted with trees, where in those days the King's ships landed. The fleet cances bearing the vicercy and his company of soldiers had been sighted afar off upon the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, and now the troops from the fort, followed by the populace came down to welcome the on had the power and resource to render their defeat impossible

It was a fine sight indeed—the long row of glittering bayonets filing down sight indeed-the lore from the Upper Town; the brave Gascon soldiers in their blue and white brave uniforms, tail caps, and long queues; the gorgeous officers, the gleaming hal berds in the hands of the sergeant. The street rang with the notes of tam bour and flageolet, and as the marching men broke into a grand chorus, singing Ing the expected siege.

Francois Guyon himself remained at Beauport in command of a body of armed peasantry who were ordered to watch the river below the village.

The seigneurs brought with them their consitaires. Early and late the signeur of the seigneur of the seig

he color of a wild rose.

Now the chief cance reached the shore, and the Governor landed. We could not see him, because of the throng, but from the shouts and cheers. and the waving of caps, we knew he had stepped ashore, and presently discovered that he willed to go at once to inspect the fortifications, albeit great was his need of rest and refreshment

after his long voyage.

For, having been met by a canoe from Quebec bringing the message that the English had verily been seen above Tadoussae, he had sent back word to Callieres, Governor of Montreal, come down to our aid with all orces at command, and then urged his Indian boatmen onward through the pelting autumnal rain storm which had

continued for three days.

Now, however, it was a glorious morning. Forever in my memory is stored the picture of the fine old man as on foot he climbed the steep ascent of Mountain Street. If I but close my bodily eyes, I see again with the eyes of my spirit the brave and flery so dier whom the citizens greeted with joy as the deliverer who would help them in this hour of trial, and to whom they cried out, doffing their caps,-

The King can have all we pos and ourselves too, Monsieur de Fron tenae, if you will save us from the Bostonrais." (So the French termed all their English neighbors of the

southern provinces.)
To these acclamations Monsieur le Comte inclined his head with a gracious air that would have become royalty

Often afterwards, recalling that day, I have not wondered at the ardor which the usually stolid Indians themselves showed upon another occasion when, the Governor having gone to make them a visit of friendship, they lifted him in his canoe upon their shoulders and bore him in triumph, singing and crying out, "Normand, Normand, take me with a !"

Tee, Mignonne, it is no time for the imposing array of troops was no

The imposing array of broops was no

ATTACK TO THE

novel sight to Barbe. Many a time she had watched the morning drill in the Place c'Armes. With the appearance of His Excellency she was familiar too, having seen him, Sunday after Sunday, take his place with state in the elevated royal bane, or pew, in the chan-cel of the cathedral; or gazed after him as, escorted by his body guard, passed through the streets on his way from the Castle of St. Louis to the

meetings of the Council, at the Palace of the Intendant. Nevertheless, she now grasped my arm as he approached, and her bright glance fastened upon his face with arexpression of enthusiastic confidence not unmingled with awe, as though her child heart said that since he had come she would be no longer afraid, even were the Bostonnias in the very act of storming the cliff. So intent was her gaze that it drew to itself the glance of Frontenac, despite the many eyes fastened upon him; and doubtless the flushed face of the innocent little maid appealed to his native chivalry, for he ent upon her a kindly look passed, and for an instant a smile sing

passed, and for an instant a smile sing-ularly gentle and winning flitted across his stern, care-lined visage.

Barbe and I returned to the house in high feather, but after that for many days I took slight notice of her, being occupied, as was every man who could carry a musket or wield a sword, with

he grave matters of the hour. In the small hours of the sixteenth of October the alarm went through the city that the lights of strange ships had been descried on the river. When day dawned it showed the fleet of the English passing the Point of Orleans they came nearer, we wh watched them from the citadel saw that bey were well manned with troops.

As I contemplated these ships, I fell

to musing, my mind busy with recol-lections of Acadia.
"My faith, man," suddenly ex

claimed a voice at my elbow, "what are you standing here for, raging to yourself and fretting your sword in its scabbard as though you would fight the enemy single-handed?"

I turned and saw beside me my friend Robert de Reaume, who like myself had been stationed at one of the batteries during the night. Although the foreign fleet lay in the stream, her commander showed no immediate purpose to commence hostilities.

"By the St. Michael, the doughty Ship's Carpenter designs to overhaul his craft for repairs before action—a great folly, since they will be more in need of patching up after they will have drawn the fire of our guns," exclaimed De Reaume scornfully, in allusion to the humble origin of the Admiral. "Grace to you, good sir, since you would give dine once more on St. Lawrence cels, ere you steal our table service, our spoons and forks and cups, our vesture, and even our peruques. Can it be that we shall be left for another space 'twixt sunrise and sunset secure in the ssion of our nightcaps ?"

Thus did my companion, despite the gravity of the situation, make sport of Sir Phipps' confiscation of the domestic goods and chattels of poor Governor

But I was not in a jesting humor, and turned away my face toward the interior of the fort, while he remained scanning he river.

" he cried presently, what is Ab.

Wheeling about, I looked again toward the English vessels in time to see a small boat leaving the Admiral's ship. At its stern fluttered a white

flag.
"A flag of truce," muttered Robert, "What can be the meaning

As we looked, four cances put out from the Lower Town and met the enemy's boat midway. Then we saw a man taken from the boat into one of canoes, which was immediately paddled back to the shore.

Having been relieved at our posts, to were free to go where we would for a breathing space. Accordingly we burried from the ramparts as though shod with the shoes of St. Christopher. When, making our vay among the vociferating populace we reached the Esplanade, the cance was already come up to the landing. The Town Marshal had passed us, escorted by a squad of soldiers. Anon we beheld the same their number aug party returning. mented by the presence of a stranger.

Between two sergeants walked an English officer with firm step and haughty mien. His eyes were covered by a thick bandage which hung down over his face. It was impossible, there fore to distinguish his features, but I judged from his slight, well-knit figure that he was young. Also I knew from his confident bearing that he was brave, and a true man must needs pay the tribute of his admiration to bravery,

even in an enemy.

He was, obviously, the bearer of a message to the governor; and, in pursuance of a clever ruse, the troops began to lead him to the Castle by began to lead into the Castle by a circuitous route, that he might hear the sounds of warlike preparations, and note the number of obstructions and barriers of chevaux de frise to be passed

in the ascent to the Upper Town. As we followed on, Robert and I fell to laughing at the deceptions practised to induce the Southron to believe he was surrounded by a numerous garri-son. A half score of men met him now and again, crossing and recrossing his path, as though bands of troops were continually passing along the way. With secret delight his conductors made him clamber in the dark over the same barricade many times. He was jostled and hustled by the noisy mob; and finally, the marketwomen and the merry maids, ay, and more than one grande demoiselle and dame of Quebec who chanced to be caught in the rout, applauded these buffooneries and cried out in gay, though scornful badinage, "Colin Maillard," "Colin Maillard," as if it were a game of blindman's buff and the officer a poor fool to make

merry over. In the street, and borne onward by the crowd, I saw my sister Therese and little Barbe under the care of my father, Denys Guyon. Upon the countenance of Madame Cadillac was an

expression of cold disdain; she did not condescend to smile at the ludicrous position of the unfortunate officer, while, to my surprise, Babette, whose wont it was to be so easily moved by drollery, appeared now quite grave.

Did the English blood that gave to

her fair cheek the flush of the wild rose cause her to sympathize with the Bosonnais, or was it only that she pities

It must be the latter, I quickly concluded, for little Barbe was true as steel, and I could not believe that her neart, like a captive sea gull winging y at the first chance of returning to native element, had taken refuge

with the southern ships.

After this glimpse of Barbe's serious face and of Therese in her silent digity, I laughed no more at the stranger.

however, but continued on with Reaume to see the end of the affair.

I think the officer perceived to some extent the trick played upon him, but the ruse succeeded in that it led him to uppose the town well defended.

bien! the was thus conducted ver the three barricades of Mountain Street and onward, to the Place d'Armes. The broad square was now d'Armes. The broad square was now occupied by troops whose flashing bayonets gave back the rays of the sun, and at the sally port of the Castle the and at the sally port.

St. Louis, founded by the great Cham plain, appeared so majestic as now with the morning light shining upon its gray valls and bastions.

As the soldiers led the messenge through the archway above which gleams the golden shield of the fleure lis, we pressed forward also, and by virtue of our commissions were per itted to pass the guard and gained admittance to the assembly hall.

In those days the spacious audience chamber was not so magnificently ap pointed as now, but presented a curious ontrast of splendor and rudeness, its adornment suggesting nearness to the orest as well as the refluements of ivilized life.

Among the rich tapestries that

ercened the oaken wainscoting of the brown buffalo skin, or the pelt of a fox or beaver; above the wide doorway over a rich painting here and there were disposed, like garlards, parti were disposed, like gerial to, particle colored strings of wampuw; while amid the swords, muskets and halberds that ornamented the walls, appeared an Iroquois tomahawk and flint-tipped

Indian arrows.

But on this occasion I gave not a second thought to the furnishings of the salon, for we found ourselves among a most distinguished company. Here gathered representatives of the wealthy and prominent citizens, the civic authorities; French and Canadian flicers, some of them of the famous regiment of Carignan-Sallieres, Mari court, Sainte Helene, Villebon, Val-renne, Iberville, made gorgeous pictures in their gold-laced uniforms peruques and powder, plumed chap

eaux and crimson sashes. Upon the elevated platform at one end of the chamber sat the most important personages of New France— Champigny, the Intendant; Monseig eur de Laval, who three years before ad resigned from the active labors of he bishop ie; and Monsieur de Fron enac, who occupied the throne like comptured chair of state in the centrand a step higher than the others.

In so illustrious a throng I was soo owded to the wall; but I was content since my obscure position was an excel lent coign of vantage, whence I could observe all that might take place.

The sergeants with their charge had already halted at the foot of the dais. Vith an imperious wave of the hand Comte Frontense now directed them to smove the bandage wherewith the envoy was blindfolded.

As the sunlight pour y obeyed. ing into the chamber struck the long darkened eyes of the Englishman, its beams, flashing from the burnished weapons on the wall, the brilliant uni forms and jewelled sword-hits of the officers, seemed to blind him anew.

Involuntarily he recoiled a pace or wo, drew his hand across his brow, and then stared in wonder around the august assembly, before which he was evidently greatly surprised to find him He was a handsome man, scarce more than a lad, straight and strong, and

soldierly in his bearing; and thought passed through my mind that verily an antagonist such as he was orthy of my steel. Quickly recovering his self-posses sion, the young Bostonnais bowed to Governor and said deferentially, yet

with something of brusqueness-"Your Excellency, I would that the duty assigned me were of a more agreeable nature. I am the bearer letter from Sir William Phipps, Knight General, and Commander in the New World by Land and Sea of the Forces of their Majesties, William and Mary of England, to Comte Frontenac, Re resentative of the King of France in

Canada. Thereupon he handed a document to Monsieur le Comte, who passed it over to an interpreter, and the latter read it aloud in French.

How my blood boiled as I listened The missive was nothing less than a demand from the freebooter Admira that we surrender to him our citadel with our fortifications and castle unde molished, and the King's and other stores unembezzled; also, that we give up all captives, and render over to him ourselves and our estates. Further, it set forth that upon our refusal thus to do, he would compel us to subjection by force of arms. "And to this summons," the arrogant communication continued, "an answer must be re turned by our own trumpet, with safe conduct to the messenger, upon the peril that would other wise ensue."

When the reading of this letter was finished, the officer coolly pulled out his watch and held it up for the gaze of the Governor.

the Governor.

"I care not to see the time," said omte Frontenac with his grand anner, before which there was but Comte manner. one in the Colony who had not on occa-sion quailed—the venerable Bishop,

in whom the unconquerable spirit of the ancient house of Laval-Montmorenei still lived.

Then I beg to inform your Excellency that it is 10 o'clock," replied the Englishman quietly, "and I must have the answer to this communication of my chief by 11."

When the import of his words was explained by the interpreter, a loud chorus of angry exclamations rang the dark rafters of the roof, while every

man present half drow his sword.
- "Pardien!" called out Valrenne,
when the hubbub grew fainter for the
moment. "Who is this Sir Phipps moment. "Who is this Sir Phis who makes so ludicrous a dem nd us? A lawless corsair. Out upon the knave who has had the hardihood to offer this astounding proposition to the Council of Quebec and to our illustrious Lord Governor! He who brought the insult, too, to pay for his audacity with his life."

For a moment grave was the danger of the envoy, but any emotion he ex-perienced at the jeopardy wherein he stood was imperceptible to the foss about him.

How the dark faces of the officer glowered upon the unfortunate man in The black eyes of the Intendant flashed vindictively, and as for the lion-bearted Frontenac, one could see by his lower ng visage that his rage was fierce in

Controlling himself to a remarkable degree, however, and ignoring the im petuous outbarst of Valrenne, the Gov rnor responded with imperious prompt ness, with which was yet mingled the fine courtesy that distinguished him as one accustomed to the usages of the most polite court of Europe. "Sir, you ask an answer in an hour.

I will not trouble you to wait so long Here is my reply: I have knowledg no such severeign as William ngland; but since my angust master Louis the Fourteenth, has accorded hospitality, aid, and protection to James Stewart, the legitimate soverelg of Sir William Phipps, your Admiral need not be surprised that I regard him but as a rebel against that prince.

and his letter as beneath my notice. "Moreover," continued Fronter with a smile, as heturned to the officers gathered about him, "even had your chief offered me more advantageous erms, and I were of a temper to con sider them, does he imagine that th gentlemen would agree to his con ditions ?'

During this straightforward speech of his Excellency the young officer lost scarce a whit of his air of nonchalance. Yet "it is better to be the hammer than the anvil," and, courageous as he was, no doubt he felt loth to face the fury of the choleric Sir Phipps by the delivery of so haughty a message.
"Will your Excellency have the

answer set down in writing, that I may carry it to my chief in due form?" he asked, as he saluted once more with cool formality.
"No," returned Frontenac, decisive

No," returned Frontenae, "I will answer your General only the mouth of my cannon, and thus will I teach him that a man such as I am is not to be summoned after this fashion. Let him do his best and I will do mine."

So saying, he rose abruptly-a signal for the dismissal of the assembly.

The Englishman was forthwith blindfolded again, led over the barricades once more, and sent back in his boat to the ship.

After this there was an ominous

quiet for some hours, during which, as we learned afterwards, Sir Phipps held a council of war and planned an attack upon Beauport, this intelligence being given to us by the Sieur de Granville thom they had as a prisoner upon the

flagship.
Our resourceful Governor, on his part, employed this time of calm that preceded the swiltly approaching storm, in completing all preparations and strengthening our defences. TO BE CONTINUED.

A NOTABLE SCOTTISH PRELATE.

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF

Speaking at Father Barry's bazaar i Liverpool, as related in the RECORD a few weeks ago, Rev. Dr. Watson, more widely known by the pen name Ian Maclaren, paid a high tribute to the Scottish priesthood, and in the course of his remarks said that he did not know that the eighteenth century in Scotland, rich although it was in scholars and ecclesiastics, produced any finer figure than Bishop Hay. In view of this introduction to an illustrious character in the history of the Catholic Church, of whon many Canadians may not have heard, the follow-ing sketch of the bishop's career, so full of incident, may be found of interest. The article is compiled from volumes belonging to the chapel hous Peter's in Aberdeen, Scotland in which the bishop passed several years of his eventful life, when living in seclusion, till the storm created by the attempted passing of the Bill for the repeal of the Penal Laws against

Catholics, in 1778, had disappeared.

George Hay was born at Edinburgh,
August 24th, 1729. He was the only
son of James Hay, a "writer in Dalrymple's office," Edinburgh, an Epis
copalian, who was put in irons and entenced to banishment, in 1715, for his Stuart principles. He was educated in the religious and political principles of his family, and was destined for the medical profession. Young Hay at-tended school in his native city, and bore upon his forehead till his dying day a reminiscence of his school-life, in dying the shape of a deep scar over his righ eye inflicted by a stone in one of the serious skirmishes, called "bickers," very common at that time among the boys of Edinburgh. In the sixteenth year of his age he began the study of medicine, and was bound apprentice to an Edinburgh surgeon named Lauder.

Meanwhile something more exciting than medical studies occupied the at tention of the whole country. The elder son of the Chevalier St. George had landed on the coast of Inverness shire, and was on his march to the capital. The news of his landing landing reached Edinburgh early in August,

1745. Much bustling preparations succeeded with a view to oppose his entrance to the city. The castle was 1745. reinforced with troops and provisions.
The City Guard was increased, and the
dilapidated city walls were again repaired and fortified. It was shrewdly
suspected, however, that under all this seeming activity, much secret satis faction existed among a large body of the citizens, at the near prospect of the Prince's approach. On 15th Septem-ber the Prince's troops were reported ber the Prince's troops were reported to have reached Linlithgow. The City Gnards forthwith marched out to assist Colonel Gardiner's dragoons to arrest their further progress; but fear of the Highlanders, or, more probably, sympathy with their cause, proved too much for the con-stancy of these gallant defenders of the capital. The first appearance of the enemy was the signal for their precipit-ate flight, in which they were joined by the whole body of Gardiner's dragoons In two more days the Highlan masters of the city, while Charles took possession of Holyrood Palace. A pro-clamation, dated Rome, December 23rd, 1743, was read at the City Cross, in the name of his father, and another, in his own, as regent of the kingdom, dated Paris, May 16th, 1745, in both of which ample provision was made to secure all His Majesty's Protestant subjects in the free exercise of their religion, and in the full enjoyment of all their political rights and privileges. After a few days repose the Prince's army moved eastwards to meet King George's troops, under Sir John Cope. Next day was fought the battle of Prestonpans, in which Cope was ingloriously routed, and Col. Gardiner was killed. Cope never drew bridle till be reached Berwick, with the first news of his own dis

As soon as victory had declared for Charles, the Prince mounted his horse, and rode over the field to put a stop to the carnage. Finding no surgeous among the English prisoners, he despatched an officer to Edinburgh to procure all the surgical assistance he co and for the relief of the wounded. Lauder, among the rest, was speedily on the field, with his medicine chest and his pupils, and George Hay among them. The wounded hid been carried into Col. Gardiner's house, not far distant, and there our young student was roughly initiated into the duties of a military surgeon. For the next four months young Hay followed the fortunes of the Prince's army. After the dis-astrous battle of Culloden he was detained a prisoner in London for a whole year. While there he and his fellowprisoners were allowed to receive the visits of their frierds. Among these was Meighan, a Catholic publisher of some note in his day. In a conversa-tion which passed in Hay's presence, between this publisher and one of his friends in confinement, the young stu-dent heard for the first time, and with much surprise, the voice of an advocate for the Catholic faith. The impression left on his mind by this incident was a vivid one.
In the month of June 1741, an Act of

Indemnity was extended to all con-cerned in the unfortunate enterprise of

Prince Charles, with the exception of some of the ring leaders. The future Bishop then withdrew for a time to Kirktown House, near Kilbride, in the est country, the seat of Sir Montgomery, a relation of his own. While there it happened that he found the library a copy of Gother's "Papist Misrepresented and Repre-sented." He read it with avidity, and a new world was opened to his view. The casual discovery of this little book revived the impression made upon his mind by what he had heard from Meighan. Soon after his return to Edinburgh he was introduced to a priest of the Society of Jesus, Father John Seton of Garleton, who admitted young Hay to a regular course of instruction, and finally received him into the Catholic Church. The young convert, now nineteen years of age, had not yet thought of relinquishing his original profession of medicine, and he accordingly resumed his studies. In the year 1749 George Hay was elected an ordinary member of the Royal Medi-cal Society, and on the 2nd of December following, an honorary member by succession. Mr. Hay's prospects of success in life were, however, much affected, and speaking in a worldly sense, much damaged by his recent change of religion. He was debarred by the Penal Laws from graduating at the University, and from obtaining his diploma at the Royal College of Surgeons. Nothing was therefore left to him, when his studies rere finished, but to open a chemists' shop in Edinburgh, where he sold medicines for a year. The restrictions placed by the laws on the free practice of his religion weighed so heavily on his mind that he began seriously to think of retiring from his native country, and an opportunity presenting itself, Mr. Hay entered into an engagement to act as surgeon on board a Leith ship fitted out for the Mediterranean trade While he was in London making the necessary arrangements for his departure he was introduced to illustrious Dr. Challoner, then at the height of his reputation as a prelate and a Catholic apologist, who persuaded him to entrance the ecclesiastical state, and secured for him a place in the Scots College at Rome. Before entering, however, upon the new course of life proposed to him by Dr. Challoner, Mr. Hay fulfilled his engagement with the Leith ship. This engagement terminating on the arrival of the vessel at Marselles, young Hay immediately turned his face towards Rome, and en-tered the Scobs College there on Sept.

10th, 1751. The city of Rome never enjoyed greater prosperity than about the time that Mr. Hay entered it as a stident, under Benedict XIV. as Pontiff, justly regarded as one of the wisest and most learned among the Popes. The state and circumstances which distinguished the manners of the old European courts before the first revolution of France, had not passed away. Rome was at that time, as it had often been before, the asylum of the unfortunate and of the exile. The Prince, who, in other

circumstances might have sat on the