

Savage was one of the priests, and Bruneau another. The latter was then confessor at the nunnery. Sainte Mary, I remember, was one of the nuns in company, and two others were old nuns, who expressed much regret at leaving the place, saying, that if there was any thing to be done in the nunnery more than common, they must always be sent for.

We proceeded from the gate of the wall on foot to the shore, where Jacques and Pierre were ready with their boat; and having entered it, they rowed across to the river's shore, where we found a charette waiting for us, in which we rode to the city. The driver stopped at the nunnery gate, from which I had started with L'Esperance, and having alighted and rung, we were admitted into the nunnery through the chapel, the sacristy, and the long passage I have more than once alluded to, in my former work. Proceeding to the Superior's room, she received me; and, having made me take off my cloak and leave it there, she conducted me into the nuns' sleeping-room, where I retired to bed.

The next morning, when Jane Ray met me, she addressed me with a sarcastic look, saying—“Well, so you've been to the White Cats' castle?”

I never heard the name of L'Esperance mentioned after this, except on two occasions. Father Phelan one day remarked, “So you gave him a good dose!” thereby confirming my belief, that he