

and respectful manner told her that he would walk with her to Monsieur de Sainte Auge's house, that the soldiers should be dismissed, and that no injury should befall her.

Her French parents well knew that they could no longer detain her. The grief that they felt at parting with her was quite equal to hers, but they knew it must be, and they tried to soothe and calm her. Captain M'Clure, the English officer, engaged to accompany her with his wife as far as Swan Island, and promised they would not leave her till they saw her safe in the hands of her own parents. She was allowed to stay till the next day with Madame de Sainte Auge.

That next day was one of great sorrow to the father, mother, and adopted child. Frances was loaded with parting gifts, and many were the assurances that they should never forget each other.

With a sorrowful heart Frances now went down the river to Quebec with Captain and Mrs. M'Clure, and after staying there a few days she sailed with them for Boston. Here she found her father who had come to meet her; and bidding farewell to the kind friends who had so benevolently protected her, she set out for her native little island in the Kennebec. It was some time before she could accustom herself to the great change which she experienced; but after a few years she became as much a New Englander as if she had never been out of Maine. She retained an affectionate and grateful recollection of her *French father and mother*, as she liked to call them, as long as she lived. After the death of her own parents, which took place when she was still very young, she honourably maintained herself by teaching, for which she was well qualified by the excellent education she had received in Canada. When she was about twenty-two years of age, she became acquainted with a respectable gentleman of good property, named Shute, whom she married, and with whom, after so many troubles and trials, she lived happily at Newfields in Maine till her death, which took place in September, 1819.