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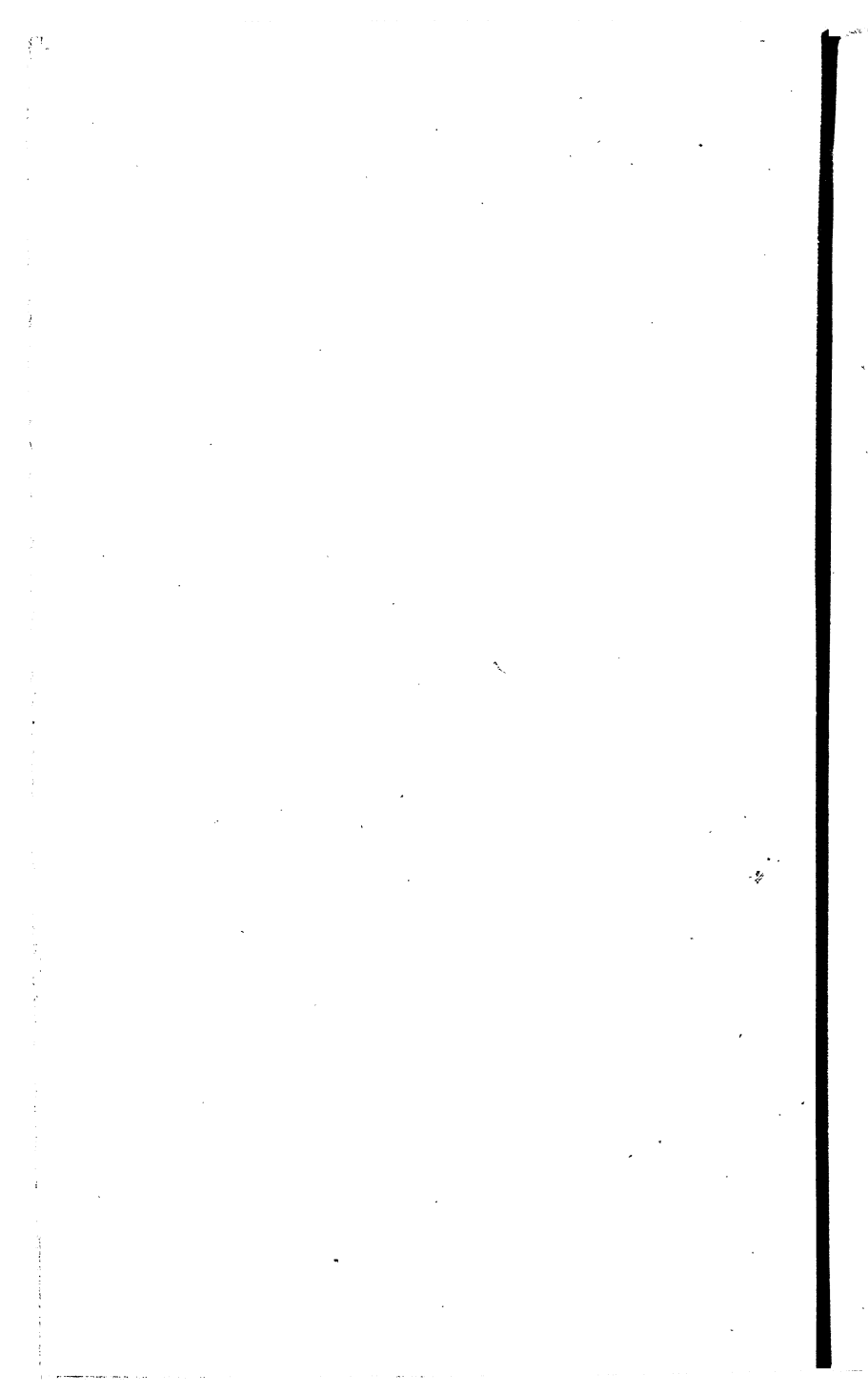
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THE
NEUTRAL FRENCH;

OR,

THE EXILES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

By Mrs. WILLIAMS,

Author of "Religion at Home," "Aristocracy," "National and Revolutionary
Tales," "Biography of Barton and Olney," &c. &c.

Lo! Tyranny strides on with step accurst,
Trampling her million victims in the dust!
But God, the mighty God, shall hear their cries,
And bid the Star of Liberty arise! — Ed.

"Where Liberty dwells, there is my country!"

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOLUME II.

PROVIDENCE:
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THE NEUTRAL FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

The hour
" Long wished for by the good,
Of universal jubilee to all
The sons of bondage.
Old men, that on their staff had leaned,
Crazy and frail, or sat benumbed with age,
Ripe for the grave, felt through their withered limbs
New vigor flow."

TWENTY years had elapsed since, at the command of a "despotic prince and infatuated ministry," a peace-seeking and peace-loving people, who might have been considered an acquisition to any country, were driven out from their happy homes and scattered among strangers, doomed to eat their bread by the sweat of the brow among a people whose manners, language, and laws, they were utter strangers to. As strangers and wanderers on the earth, they had been treading their weary pilgrimage. The greater part had perished. They had fallen as grass beneath the mower's scythe. And of those who remained, they were, for the most part, as martyrs looking for the hour of their dismissal. For them, the summer had smiled in vain—"the voice of the turtle" and the "singing of birds" had ceased to charm. In vain for them, autumn yielded up her bountiful stores, and landscapes more

beautiful than the cold regions of the east, presented themselves on every side, and courted their unthankful and almost undistinguishing observation. For the most part, they had exchanged the quiet for the bustle of life, but they regarded it not. The crowd passed on, often jostling them out of the way, but they felt it not—one soul-absorbing thought possessed them all—they were exiles from their country. They had lost their name and their inheritance, and had lost it, as they now believed, foolishly. Oh, what would they now have given, could the "tide of time" roll back, and place them once more in their country, with arms in their hands; even without, it was worth the peril. Had they resisted, the ruthless conqueror might have been foiled; had they failed, they could at least have died in the contest, have bravely died, have fallen like men, and won a deathless immortality. The thought was agony.

Often, when the sympathies of the people they were among had won them to their firesides, would they recount the horrors of that day when they were compelled, with their wives and little ones, to quit their beloved homes, their rural dwellings, and fruitful fields, their well-filled barns, countless herds and flocks of sheep, a prey to the spoiler, and embark upon a tempestuous sea for an unknown land; lighted from the shore by the blaze of their dwellings, and separated from each other on their perilous voyage; and often would the ready tears of the listeners attest the pitying feelings the sad narration had called forth. There were few, however, but would insist they would not have yielded without a struggle. "They should have trampled on our bodies, they should have waded knee deep in our blood, before we would have submitted to such an arbitrary edict," was often the expression of the incensed Americans, at the conclusion of their story.

It was on one of these occasions, that a venerable Acadian made the remark that Byron, in later times, has rendered immortal, namely, "The cold in clime are cold in blood." Said he, "We lived too far north; the blood of our French forefathers had crept through so many generations in that freezing clime, that it became chilled; it had began to stiffen. It must have been so; it must, indeed; there is no other way of accounting for it."

From this state of despondence, of long despair, or of sullen apathy, the Neutral French (neutral no longer) were at length aroused. The commencement of hostilities between the United States and the mother country, the government of Great Britain, came upon them like an earthquake; it was astounding, and caused every chord within them to vibrate. It was like the dawning of the resurrection morning to the long-imprisoned spirits of the just. Every head was erect; there was a new dignity and elasticity in their steps, that evidently proclaimed each felt himself a man again. The idea of the colonies resisting the arbitrary mandates of Great Britain, was something that never entered their heads; they knew there was discontent and remonstrance on the part of the Americans; but what of that? They had felt it all, and much more, and petitioned for redress for fifty years, without any answer, except increased burdens being laid upon them, until they had given it up, and sat down submissive under the iron yoke; and they fully believed it would be the case of the Americans; it was not until the first blood had been shed in the cause of liberty, and the States were calling upon the citizens to arm, that they at all comprehended the case; when they did, their joy was boundless. Even their women rushed from house to house, aghast, to tell the news; and the information was uniformly answered by that neigh-

bor throwing herself upon the bosom of her informer, to sob out her thanksgivings, while the old men would kiss each other on both cheeks, in ecstasies of joy.

“Grand business, this,” said old Captain Cummings, who had breasted the storms of a great many voyages since he helped bring the Neutral French from Nova Scotia. “Beautiful business, Mr. Livingston, bringing these here French to help us, ha! ha! ha! Our masters were afraid to let them go to Canada, for fear they would strengthen the French under Villabon; but a greater than Villabon is here, I reckon; they will wish they had left them where they belonged, instead of scattering them here; the poor, innocent people would not have harmed them. But, tread on a worm, and it will turn. I miss my guess, if they keep still now.”

“Why, do you think any of the younger ones remember much about it?” replied the gentleman addressed, to the good old captain, now somewhat advanced in years, who stood leaning on his staff, which he now never walked without.

“Remember, why, yes, there is my son-in-law St. Pierre, who was only thirteen when I brought him away, he and his brother have as vivid a recollection of the whole scene as though it had been yesterday, or as though they had been blindfolded ever since, and seen nothing since. I tell you now, Mr. Livingston, that was a bad business; great as we think our grievances, they are nothing to what these poor people endured, even before their transportation; if I had known the truth of it then, you’d have never caught Sam Cummings in that scrape. God forgive me; for, like those who helped crucify their master, I knew not what I did, at the time.”

“It was a melancholy business, in truth,” replied the gentleman; “and it is perfectly astonish-

ing that the injustice did not strike the people of these colonies at the time."

"Melancholy, indeed! Had you seen them as I did, and witnessed the distress of that poor people, when compelled to see their dwellings given to the flames, and their dumb creatures, whom they loved next to themselves, left to perish of starvation; themselves reduced in one day to the situation of of paupers, from a state of plenty and even affluence; and their husbands and wives, parents and children, separated and put into different vessels."

"For what, pray?" asked Mr. Livingston.

"Why, to serve the devil, I suppose; for I never could divine any earthly motive for such needless cruelty; and so blinded and deceived as most of us were, that went to bring them away, why, I tell you truly, that all Sam Cummings was ever worth, would have been no temptation to engage in such an undertaking, had I known the truth. We were told they were the greatest set of white savages that ever existed, and that they set the Indians on to cut the throats of helpless women and children, and offered sacrifice to their images and dead saints, with a hundred other things, quite as ridiculous, and, as I believe, untrue. You can witness with me, dear Sir, that a more peaceable, harmless, and even pious set of persons, never existed, than those who came here, and they are all alike in that; not that they have been happy; the poor souls think now, that they mistook their duty, and that they should have defended their hearths at the point of the bayonet, though in truth to say, I don't know where they would have got bayonets, as their arms had all been taken away, long before; but, at all events, if they had been taken fighting, they think they would have fared like prisoners of war. In this opinion I think they are mistaken; as such was the temper of their oppressors, I think they would

have seized that as a pretext to exterminate them, and hanged the whole lot."

"Why, surely," said Mr. Robert Livingston, for it was him who afterwards sat his seal to the Declaration of Independence, that honest Sam had now the privilege of addressing; "why, surely, you do not think they would have hung eighteen thousand people, or, as some say, twenty thousand, men, women, and children?"

"Why, I don't think they would have caught them all, they did not, as it was, several thousand eluded them; and, may be, had they fought bravely, none of them would have been taken. The time for resistance, in my opinion, was when they were commanded to give up their arms. What right had they to take from a man the privilege of defending his own fireside. No people ought to submit to be disarmed. And if the worst come of it, they could but have died; and the misery and degradation they have endured since, is much worse than death. We can only see by this, Mr. Livingston, what our own case would be, were we to sit down patient under British exactions."

"Thou art right, thou art right," said Mr. Livingston, shaking him warmly by the hand; "and, my honest friend, while we are giving a blow for freedom, I hope we may lay on a few in remembrance of the injuries of this much abused people. Surely, the Almighty cannot forever forsake them; he must arise at length and avenge their cause."

But if the shock of the coming contest was felt by the whole civilized continent, from Maine to Georgia, let us imagine what were the thoughts and feelings of the red man. The very first blast of the war clarion that echoed through the forest, awoke the startled savage from a long slumber of apathy, a state of almost inanition; and, springing to his feet, with his whole fierce soul looking out

at his eyes, he seized the bow and the arrow, the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and buckling on the war-belt, he prepared himself to fight for the highest bidder. The life of the Indian, when not excited by anger, revenge, or the hope of plunder, approaches the nearest to annihilation of any thing ever seen in our world. To smoke in a corner of his wigwam, or lay against the trees basking in a summer sun, with half-shut eyes, while his bosom slave is pounding out the corn, or jerking the venison, is his principal employment. But let one of the three incentives just mentioned, be presented to his view, and the most wonderful transformation is visible at once: his person rises to at least a foot in height; his eyes become of the color of an English rabbit's, and glow with a look so hideous as to make the blood of the beholder curdle within him; while every sinew and muscle in his frame becomes now braced and rigid.

There was a lingering respect for the French, that would have preserved the savage from a participation in the butcheries or plunders of the British, had the contest been between the two nations; but between Englishmen and Englishmen, they could not believe there could be much choice, and therefore readily yielded, for the most part, to join with those whom they believed capable of rewarding them the best; and the English, who had expressed such a holy horror of employing the savages in war, did not hesitate to employ them now that their enemies were to be the victims.

CHAPTER II.

“ Wake, dear remembrance, wake my childhood’s days,
Loves, friendships, wake ! and wake thou morn and even,
And hills and vales first trod in dawning life,
And holy hours of musing, wake ! wake ! wake ! ”

THE commencement of the revolutionary war found the family of our exiles in a very different situation from that in which we left them. Ferdinand had turned his talents into a different channel. He had began a trader, and in a few years became one of the most successful merchants in Boston. Many of their first friends were dead ; Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Courtland, and others, who had so warmly patronized Pauline, had now paid the debt of nature ; but the rich find no difficulty in collecting an agreeable circle around them. Among these, the origin of this family was but little known. People had somehow confounded the Neutral French with the French Huguenots, many of whom had sought shelter from Catholic persecution in the provinces, and an exceedingly amiable and exemplary people they were said to be. There seemed to be a determination to forget the banished Acadians, as well there might, since it reflected little honor upon those who projected or assisted in the execution of it. But it was not so with the Huguenots, who, being protestants, and coming into the country of their own free will, were here, as well as in England, exceedingly popular. And when the question was asked, as it often was, “ Are they not of French extract ? ” the answer usually was, “ Oh, yes ; they are probably descendants of some of the Huguenots.” Whether it was the belief of such extract, or from whatever cause, the inhabitants of Boston, as far as their acquaintance had extended, had always treated the family of Ferdinand with marked attention.

Ferdinand had arisen, by rapid strides, from a state of poverty to be a man of wealth, and he had been treated with much respect by the people he was among, even during his state of poverty ; hence his feelings towards the Bostonians were of the most pleasureable and grateful kind, and in the hour of their country's adversity he did not forget it. That he was a man of great merit, and worthy of his prosperity, was obvious, for he never forgot the low estate he was in upon his first coming there ; and his manners towards those whom heaven had made his inferiors in point of property, were of the most gentle and conciliating kind, and especially towards his distressed countrymen, whom he frequently looked up, to relieve their necessities. Fifteen years before the present era of our story, we left him in a small house in Charlestown, in the capacity of a schoolmaster, a teacher of the French language. Very soon after, he became weary of his employment, and removed to the other side to engage in trade. As we observed before, he was eminently successful in his new occupation, and soon realized a fortune for those days.

At the era of the Revolution, Ferdinand resided in a beautiful mansion in one of the most fashionable streets in Boston. It was situated on one of those abrupt eminences so peculiar to that place, and which contributes more, perhaps, than any thing else, to give it that peculiarly romantic and picturesque appearance that all strangers admire. Modern innovation has levelled many of those eminences at this day, but some few remain, particularly in the neighborhood of the State House. The lofty flight of steps that led to the spacious entrance was guarded by a balustrade of wrought iron, and over the door was exhibited what in these days would excite the risible faculties of every passer by in our republican country, but was then considered

a necessary appendage to a gentleman's family mansion, a coat of arms. It had been left there by Ferdinand's predecessor, who, finding in the new world but little that he thought equal to himself, and finding he could not live out of the air of a court, had disposed of his stately mansion, and gone home to "dear England."

On each side the hall, that extended quite through the building, was a set of rooms splendidly furnished, between the doors of which hung a set of landscapes, principally of rural scenery, but of what country the observer would have been puzzled to say. The cottages, in their architecture, were decidedly French; but as this was a style of building entirely unknown in the province of Massachusetts Bay, it was not recognised as such; the grounds were laid out much in English style, but it was not "England's fadeless green," nor were the hills those of "vine-clad France." Herds of cattle were seen quietly browsing in the deep intervalles below, and flocks of sheep were sporting on the craggy hills, while youths and maidens might be seen dancing on the lawn, or resting beneath the shade of overhanging trees. The next represented the sportsman with his gun, and the dogged Indian stealing warily through the forest.

But chiefly would the observer have been attracted by one which represented a mournful procession of youths and maidens, a part of whom had gained the shore, near which lay a number of ships apparently just ready to slip their cables. These last appeared listening to the speech of an aged man, who was in the act of elevating a cross, which a soldier at his back was springing, with upraised hatchet, to strike down. The countenances of the group were inimitable; the struggle for resignation, the suppressed murmur, the hushed agony of the

husband, and the shrinking, fainting form of the wife, all spoke volumes to the heart.

The last was partly a sea-scene; the waters were dreadfully agitated, and the angry clouds appeared rushing on as driven by a furious wind. Ships, on whose decks might be discovered a sea of human faces, were dashing through the foaming billows. It was night, but the whole scene was rendered horribly distinct by the glare of a conflagration on shore, where hundreds of buildings were wrapt in flames at once. You could almost descry the pale faces and anguished looks of the groups on board, many of them females, whose arms were stretched out towards the scene of ruin, and who apparently were only restrained from throwing themselves into the sea by being forcibly withheld.

About these paintings there was a kind of mystery. Some said the "last represented the burning of Troy;" and many averred one of them "must be a view of the crusaders about to embark for the holy land," and puzzled themselves in vain to distinguish the armor and badges of the different chieftains. But whatever they represented, the present occupants were observed to be profoundly silent.

In one of the back parlors of the mansion, reclined on a sofa, sat a woman whose bust exhibited a perfection of form that rarely belongs to the nation which, from the color of her eyes and hair, and the dazzling whiteness of her skin, one might have supposed her descended; in plain words, her complexion was English, but the form French. The soft blue eyes were now cast down, and humid with tears, and the luxuriant brown hair floated in disorder over the fair shoulders that just peeped from beneath the gauze kerchief. But beautiful and youthful as the person of the female here spoken of appeared, she was in reality upwards of

thirty years of age. Her spirits, naturally light and buoyant, had sustained the trials of life, without impairing her beauty. Of sorrow, she had tasted but once. After years had been spent in indulgence; every wish of her heart had been gratified by a devoted husband and most affectionate mother. Prosperity had flowed in upon them, and wealth, almost unsought, seemed to court their acceptance: and could the memory of early years, of a one sorrow, have been entirely obliterated, it seemed, to human view, she might have been superlatively happy.

The remembrance of that sorrow, however, had grown fainter and fainter, and would probably have been only as the recollection of a painful dream, had not circumstances from time to time arisen which called it up. The present was one, and Josephine—for it was the youngest daughter of the St. Pierre family—had on this day been painfully reminded of past events by a dangerous accession to her family in the person of a disguised priest of their order, who had been seeking out the stragglers of his flock for the laudable and holy purpose of strengthening their faith, and ministering to their spiritual necessities. Josephine knew that the vicinity of this person, were his real character known, would at once alter the conduct of the party who now held the town, towards herself and family; for hitherto they had been regarded with a degree of favor truly surprising, considering the many privations others had to endure. But, aware of all this, she had received the venerable and houseless stranger when others dared not; and, risking all the consequences should his character and mission be discovered, resolutely resolved, come what might, to extend to him all the kindness and assistance his situation so imploringly called for.

While ruminating over the consequences to her

husband, should it transpire, a tear involuntarily forced itself down her cheek, and she was aroused from her painful revery by the entrance of her mother, who, gently laying her hand on her arm, reminded her of other duties than indulging such anticipations.

The face and person of Madam St. Pierre had undergone some changes, she was upwards of sixty ; but there was still a dignity of manner that bespoke innate purity and rectitude of soul, but partook not of pride. She was yet a mourner ; for the fate of a beloved husband was as yet involved in mystery, and she could not forget the woes of her family and people. Added to this, she had three sons who were now in the army, having been some of the first who volunteered to take part with the indignant and oppressed Americans, and she knew the day was not very far distant when Ferdinand, the husband of her darling Josephine, would also join their forces, though of that apprehension her daughter was yet ignorant.

Taking the arm of her mother, Josephine now ascended to a remote chamber of the mansion, where, stretched upon a bed, lay the emaciated form of the venerable priest. It was evident that toil, anxiety, and privations, had done their work upon the constitution of Father Joseph, on whose exhausted frame the hand of death appeared now already laid.

"Come hither, my daughter," said the expiring saint. "My glass is nearly run, and I bless God I shall not live long enough to ruin my benefactors for harboring me."

"Of that I have no fears," said Josephine. "My greatest anxiety, holy father, is now to make you comfortable, and be able to protect you until our enemies leave the city ; if report says true, it will not be long first. There seems a special providence

in it, that, though a number of British officers are quartered in my house, your residence has not, as yet, been suspected. But, father, you are failing; what can I do? shall I bring the breviary and crucifix?"

A cloud came over the brow of the dying man; it was transient, and succeeded by a heavenly smile, while he replied, "No, daughter, I need them not. It is not in such situations as I have been for the last twenty years, that the need of such things are felt. And now, daughter, draw near, I am about to address you on a most important subject. Of my tedious pilgrimage through deep and untrodden wilds, of my travail of soul, and long-enduring sorrow on account of your and my dear people, I have not time or breath to inform you; but during this season I have had time and opportunity to study the scriptures of truth for myself. This little volume (taking a small French bible from beneath his pillow) has been my companion by night and by day, and to you I now bequeath it, with the injunction to read and ponder its contents."

Josephine took it, wondering.

"You will see by this, my daughter, that we are all invited to come direct to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and need not the intervention of saints or angels, of the spirits of just men, or even of the blessed Virgin herself, whose sins, as well as ours, can only be pardoned through the atonement of him who was her son according to the flesh. I am not derogating from the merit of her whose faith and humility are a pattern for all believers. It is written she shall be called blessed of all nations. But could that blessed person, who, with the departed spirits of the just, are now reaping the reward of their faith, be permitted to speak to us, I think they would say, pointing to the Saviour, 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the

world ; worship thou him.' I believe and desire to give my dying testimony, that the Catholic church is a true church of Christ, as far as being built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles ; but I do feel she has diverged from the path she originally set out upon, and encumbered herself with many useless ceremonies, to the great hindrance of believers, and corrupted, by false interpretation, some of the plainest and most obvious doctrines of the gospel. A long season of uninterrupted power and prosperity is as unfavorable to the spiritual advancement of the church, as it is to the growth of grace in individuals. But her days of darkness have been many, and may he who causeth the light to spring out of darkness, grant it may be a season not only of humiliation, but purification, and that she may come out as gold from the furnace, with all her dross purged away."

"But, father," said Josephine, rather impatiently, as she saw by the failing breath that her reverend guest was fast travelling home, "will you not confess me once before you die, and give me absolution?"

"Daughter!" said the man of God, raising himself upon the pillow, and gazing into her face with almost startling energy, "what have I been saying to you? Who am I, that I should forgive sin? I can only declare unto you, as an ambassador of the most high God, that your sins, if you are truly penitent, are forgiven you by him, who in his own person made atonement for them; and whoever claims more than this, arrogates to himself what belongs to God only. Yet I bless you, my child, (laying his emaciated hand upon her head as he sunk back, exhausted, on the pillow.) The blessing of him who was ready to perish, rest upon thee; the stranger's God protect thee! For I was an hungered, and you gave me meat; thirsty, and

you gave me drink; a stranger, and you took me in; sick and in affliction, and you ministered unto me; and in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, he will remember these things as done unto himself. Now leave me for a little time."

Drawing the curtain, Josephine and Madam St. Pierre retreated to the antechamber to meditate on the momentous subjects just brought to their view, while their exhausted guest recovered a little from the state of agitation into which his great exertions had thrown him.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, when a servant, in passing the door, looked in, and with his finger on his lips, handed her hastily a sealed packet, which, after securing the door, she broke open, and read as follows :

"DEAREST WIFE—Be not alarmed at my long absence. When this reaches you, I shall have departed on a mission, of the nature of which I cannot now acquaint you. The ostensible object of my journey is to protect the wife of our brother on her journey home, as the country is filled with *rebel troops*. Be not alarmed for yourself; there are those in the city who have sworn to protect you at all hazards. In the mean time, if you see any cause for it, the means of escape will be provided you, and you can throw yourself upon the protection of the commander-in-chief at Roxbury, who will receive and protect you. Believe me, nothing but a sense of duty drives me from you at this perilous time. Where I am going, I will not say, but I shall see our dear sister Pauline, that first and best of women. (I know no feeling of jealousy ever visited that gentle bosom.) Feel assured she will approve my flight, if such you choose to call it. The very efficient aid I was enabled to give

certain suffering patriots in Boston, could not, I fear, remain a secret much longer; nor could my long-slumbering resentment of our tyrannical and heartless oppressors. Under these circumstances, you must believe it best for me to absent myself. I know you would prefer it to my being sent prisoner to England or Halifax. I trust our separation will not be long.

Yours, ever,

"F——.

"Destroy this immediately."

Scarcely had the trembling, agitated wife time to crush the letter into her bosom, ere she was summoned to the chamber of her guest again. Though Father Joseph was evidently dying, Josephine could not forbear to mention her new affliction to him, and solicit his advice respecting her flight from the city.

"Remain here," said he, emphatically. "This is your post; your trial will not be long, and God will protect you. In after years, when peace, liberty, and prosperity shall have visited this land, remember me!"

"Oh, Father!" said Josephine, throwing herself on her knees beside the bed, "can I ever forget you? But do you indeed believe we shall be free; that we ever shall dwell in a land where British tyranny cannot reach us?"

"I do believe it," said the dying priest, with fervency. "Have faith, my child. Hast thou witnessed the battle on yonder hill, and dost thou doubt yet? I have been thinking," he added, "that in this land the church may accomplish her purification. Existing without the unlimited power and ensnaring wealth on the one hand, and freed on the other from persecution, which invariably sanctifies error, surrounded with a population who will neither be trammelled with kings or priests, a

people liberal, intelligent, and inquiring, it would be difficult to propagate error in any shape without detection. But my time is short; draw near and receive my parting message to the Neutral French. Say unto them,

“Behold! the Lord worketh a wonder in your day; ye thought it evil to be driven from your native land, but the Lord meant it for good; he was preparing one of the nations of the earth for the blessings of civil freedom; and to this end, he transplanted you from a soil endeared to you by fond associations, but given up to arbitrary power, to one destined to be free, happy, and independent. In ages to come, the exceeding riches of his goodness shall be made manifest, and men shall tell of his righteousness. To those who gave themselves up to despair and despondence, who refused all comfort, and went mourning to their graves, it can avail nothing; but you that remain, behold the reward of patience to you who took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, who at the divine command left all, and followed the leadings of Providence, with full trust that he who decreed this thing could not err, the reward is great. A few years from this, and there is not an Acadian that would voluntarily return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. No! they would say, ‘Where Liberty dwells, *there is my country.*’ Farewell! forget not him who with a strong hand and a mighty arm brought you forth out of the house of bondage. Farewell! beloved people, fare—”

The quivering lip refused to utter more. Madam laid her hand upon the heart; its pulsations had stopped forever. She raised and bore from the room her almost fainting daughter, whose gentle spirit had on this morning sustained so much.

After dinner, a note was despatched to General Howe, saying, “that a stranger man, who had

sought their charity, had died suddenly in their house, and requesting the favor, as the deceased seemed a very good, religious man, of interring him in the burial place of the church-yard on the ensuing evening." The request was very politely granted, and no questions asked; and at seven in the evening he was accordingly interred, a few of the church and people following him to the grave, though some of them, like Peter, followed afar off.

CHAPTER III.

" May this right hand, whose skill
 Can wake the harp at will,
 And bid the listener's joys or griefs, in light or darkness come,
 Forget its godlike power,
 If, for one brief, short hour,
 My heart forget Jerusalem, fallen city of my home." — HALLECK.

THE "merry dinner and the deep carouse," on the day that succeeded the obsequies of Father Joseph, was harrowing to the feelings of Josephine and Madam St. Pierre. We mentioned there was a mess of British officers quartered at the house; true, they were seated at the table, but the uproarious mirth was often heard to the far ends of the building; and at all times, among an imprisoned and half-starving population, appeared entirely out of place, but on this occasion, particularly, it grated most shockingly on the ears of the occupants.

It is well known that Boston, at that time, was in great distress for the common necessaries of life. What few provisions they could obtain, were paid for at a most extravagant price, and many families suffered exceedingly for want of necessary food. Thus far, the family of Ferdinand had managed to

get along without suspicion ; the precautions of Madam and Josephine, since the absence of the master of the house, were managed so discreetly, that no suspicions appeared to have fallen upon them ; but it is highly probable it would not have been the case long, had they continued to hold the place : but it chanced that the place very soon after this became too warm for their jailers, and the trials to which the imprisoned patriots of Boston were subjected, drew towards an end. It belongs to history to narrate the causes of its evacuation at this time. It was singular, but such was the case, that no suspicions had fallen on any of the St. Pierre family ; and as to Ferdinand's, Gen. Howe, who had occasionally seen them since his residence there, entirely counted upon their friendship ; and, grateful for the kindness extended to his friends, who had unceremoniously quartered in their house, he had resolved to take them off with him, and that Madam and the beautiful Josephine should have the honor of accompanying him to a place of safety.

Accordingly, he waited on them the day before the evacuation of Boston, and being ushered into the only sitting apartment on the first floor that Josephine had reserved for herself, with a very condescending bow, he commenced.

“ Madam, I feel extremely grateful to you for the exemplary kindness you have manifested towards the King's officers, whom the laws of war have compelled us to place in your dwelling, in such an unceremonious manner, and also for your considerate humanity extended towards the unfortunate sick and wounded at the barracks, whom your servants, by your orders, have so often ministered unto ; and I have come to the resolution to take you with me to Halifax, and, if you choose, ultimately to England, where, you know, your husband (who, by the way, I am sadly afraid has fallen into the hands

of these rebels) can follow whenever he gets released; and doubt not, madam, that the King, my master, will fully appreciate your loyalty."

A smile passed over the face of Josephine, while she replied, "The King, Sir, is under no obligations to us; we only performed the common duties of humanity, which the king's King, commands. If the gentlemen have been comfortably accommodated in my house, they are entirely welcome; you do me too much honor, and I must beg leave to decline it."

"Oh, but, madam, you cannot suppose I would leave you to the mercies of these Hottentots; I should tremble for your fate, when the rebel army shall have entered Boston, as they assuredly will, as soon as we leave it. Don't let the fear of losing a few paltry thousands, induce you to risk yourself with such a rabble, composed of the very dregs of ~~society~~."

"I have no fears, Sir," said Josephine. "The King I serve, is able to protect me. Besides," she added, "I have crossed the water once, and hope never to again."

"You surprise me, madam. I had thought you a native of this province, notwithstanding your French name. Can it be you are from France? You speak English extremely well."

"No, Sir, I was born in your King's dominions."

"Indeed! In what part of the United Kingdom?"

"I will show you where, Sir," said Josephine, rising with evident emotion, and leading the way to the hall. The General of his Majesty's forces followed in undissembled astonishment. Gliding to the upper end of the hall, she stepped before the landscape described in a former page, and, pointing, directed the attention of the General to the first in the group.

"There, Sir, was my happy home ; beneath those trees I sported the blissful hours of childhood ; peace, plenty, and prosperity were then our portion. Surrounded by numerous relations and kind friends, and happy in the affections of a father whose face I have never seen since," and a struggling tear attested the sincerity of her grief.

"Well, in truth, madam, I am at a loss to conceive in what part of his Majesty's dominions you were ; if that is connected with the next, the Indian bespeaks it to have been some part of this continent. I have often noticed these views"—

Without waiting to hear the remainder, Josephine passed on to the next, where the mournful procession is represented as having gained the shore, from which they were about to embark.

"There," said she, "is my beloved mother, fainting in my brother's arms ; there, my noble-minded sister, Pauline ; there, my sainted grandfather ; and there, (pointing to the last,) there we are, tossing about in a tempestuous sea, lighted from the shore by the blaze of our own dwellings, banished, forever exiled from our beloved Acadia ! Think you, General Howe, that we would ever again voluntarily entrust ourselves to British clemency ?"

The person addressed, reddened to the very temples, and scarcely could he raise his eyes to the angelic countenance of her who stood beside him, so beautiful in her sorrow, so dignified in her just resentment. At length he said, drawing a long breath,

"I have heard imperfectly of this thing before, but never realized it ; and were they all like thee ? Accursed, forever accursed, be the cruel policy that directed such an act of barbarity and injustice ; in this age it could never occur."

"No, it never can again," said Josephine. General Howe, your King has different subjects to deal

with here. The arms you have taught them to use in exterminating an unoffending people, are now directed against yourselves; they will take warning, and not lay them tamely down, as we did. Believe me, Sir, they will never lay them down, until they have secured the blessings of liberty and independence."

The brow of the fair speaker had become flushed with the intenseness of her feelings, and involuntarily she had laid her hand on his arm. Her earnestness had led her further than she was aware of; for, at the word *independence*, he started as though stung by an adder, exclaiming,

"Ha! fair syren, and art thou so deep in their counsels? and (rudely shaking the fair hand from his arm) with all thy seeming innocence too?"

"Bear witness, heaven," said Josephine, raising her fine eyes, "that I have never exchanged a word with them on the subject. But my grandfather prophesied"—

"Oh, a truce with prophecies, if that is all. Well, I prophesy, too, that when our gracious sovereign shall have thoroughly chastised these his rebellious subjects, and brought them to unconditional submission"—

"Flatter not yourself, General Howe, this will ever be the case. You will never conquer this people."

"Well, we will not dispute," said the General. "Nor can I listen longer to what I must not hear. Any one but me, fair circe, would have ordered you in confinement, or carried you off prisoner of war. Come, don't curl that pretty lip at me. When Boston gets to be rebel headquarters, and some mob ruler shall lord it over this illustrious land, you will, perhaps, make us a visit."

"When," said Josephine, with kindling eye and flushed cheek, "a sovereign's ingratitude and na-

tion's neglect shall reward the services of General Howe, by punishing him for not doing *what could not be done*, he may, perhaps, visit us ; and one at least (extending her hand with a very sweet smile) will be glad to see him."

He took the offered hand, and pressed it to his lips, but he could not smile in return. The last sentence had sunk deep, it touched a chord in his breast that vibrated painfully ; and, despite what they say of superstition, coming events had cast their shadows over him, and whispered a foreboding of what eventually took place.*

CHAPTER IV.

" Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will."

THE next day was a stirring one. It was the ever-memorable seventeenth of March, when the foot of British foeman for the last time trod the streets of Boston. Taking with him all the families of the loyalists, or at least all that wished to go, General Howe, with a few of his military escort, brought up the rear in haste ; for, close upon their heels, came the American commander with his brave, though rude and undisciplined army ; of what General Howe denominated the "mob, the the rabble, the tag-rag and bobtail, the scum and offscouring of creation. But no matter what their

* Howe told Hannah More, after his return from America, "that it was very hard to be blamed for not doing what *could not be done*."

enemies—the most refined and Christian English—called them. Hard names, it is said, are the easiest to speak, (which, doubtless, is the cause of so much scandal being spoken.) No matter, on they came, pell mell, leather aprons, tow trowsers, patched coats, and all. Some had stockings and shoes, some had none; some had hats, some caps, and some only an apology for that article; some bore an old rusty musket on their shoulders, and some a crowbar or shod-shovel, and some of the guns were without stock, lock, or barrel, just as the case might be; some were old men, bent nearly double with age; some, boys of fifteen. Even their officers, sometimes, were but barely clothed; and, in truth, they furnished a sorry contrast, in outward appearance, to the gold-laced and perfumed gentry that had just taken to their ships; and a stranger in our world might well have looked on with wonder at the demonstrations of extravagant joy that greeted their arrival.

Standing near her window, and partly hid by the curtains, the fair and beautiful Josephine witnessed the departure of the British army. It was, on the whole, a mournful scene. About fifteen hundred of the loyalists, who had been so active in behalf of the British as to be afraid to remain, embarked with them; and in the agonizing leave-takings, many of which passed under her eyes, Josephine and Madam St. Pierre thought they almost saw their own banishment acted over again. Could it fail to strike them there was a day of retribution? Could the singular providence, by which so many of the very families that had given aid in driving out the Acadians, were now driven out themselves, fail to strike them as a most wonderful visitation?

The high tory families of Boston were generally, almost universally, such as had large possessions to

leave ; and it was not without many tears and wringing of hands, that their early homes were abandoned a prey to the victor. It was, too, in an inclement season of the year. History tells us that the vessels employed to carry the troops and the royalist fugitives, were obliged to wait two days after all was ready, before they could get out of the harbor, the winds were so high and dead ahead ; and that the accommodations for the families were very bad, and so crowded that General Howe had serious apprehensions they should never be able to reach port any where. His own situation was a frightful one, for the preservation of his army depended upon the risk ; he felt they were surrounded, and he the dangers of the sea what they might, as a soldier, there was no alternative. One other danger awaited them—that of being blown off to the West Indies without provisions. Their situation, in such an event, would have been dreadful ; as it was, they did not get fairly out to sea until a week after they left the port of Boston. It will be recollected they were permitted to depart in peace by agreement with General Washington, on condition of leaving their munitions of war and sparing the town, the burning of which would not only have been a great public loss, but have beggared hundreds of patriot families. Howe had prepared combustible materials in every part of the town, ready to fire in a moment, in case of molestation. History describes the departure of the loyalists as presenting a mournful spectacle :

“ The fathers carrying burdens, and the mothers their children, ran weeping towards the ships—the last salutations, the farewell embraces of those who departed and of those who remained. The sick, the aged, the wounded, and infants, would have moved with compassion the witnesses of their distress, had not the care of their own safety absorbed the attention of all. And to add to their

distress, there was a most alarming dispute commenced between the British soldiers and the emigrants, about the carts and horses employed to carry them to the ships, and another that broke out between the soldiers of the garrison and those of the fleet, mutually accusing each other of all the mischances that had befallen them. The confusion was terrible. The troops and loyalists began to embark at four in the morning, and at ten all were on board. The vessels, which consisted of one hundred and fifty transports, for ten thousand men and fifteen hundred loyalists, were overladen with men and baggage; provisions were scanty; and confusion was every where."

"Who does not see the hand of an avenging God in all this?" said Madam St. Pierre, as the last group of distressed emigrants had passed their house. "Does man think, because he *forgets*, God does? if so, he will find himself mistaken indeed! It would have been difficult to make those believe who were driven out from Acadia twenty years ago, by '*an expedition from Boston*,' that many of them would live to see their oppressors driven out in their turn. Oh, God! pardon our rebellious thoughts. We accused thee of forgetting us; we chided at thy long delay; we felt that thou hadst hid thy face from us; that clouds and darkness surrounded thee; but we did not realize that righteousness and judgment were the habitation of thy throne: forgive us, O our God!"

General Howe had issued a proclamation, commanding "all the inhabitants of Boston to keep in their houses," a thing which they had decided before hand to do; but all their care could not prevent the occasional despoiling of their goods, British soldiers often bursting into houses as they passed, and seizing whatever came to hand. Josephine remained immovable until the last one had

passed. General Howe and his escort brought up the rear, when, in passing, he raised his eyes, and saw Josephine agitated and in tears. The General kissed his hand, and was joined in the civility by his companions; the standard-bearer waved his color, and the music echoed a farewell. To the honor of the General, he did not reveal the sentiments of Josephine to his brother officers, though well must he have divined the true position of Ferdinand. Had he done so, himself could scarcely have saved the house from pillage.

The last roll of the drum had scarcely died away, when the languid and tearful Josephine appeared a new creature. Clapping her hands, all wild with delight, she exclaimed, "Every one to his post!" and, quicker than thought, the silken curtains were torn down, and hoisted for flags upon the roof and balconies, and every little decoration attended to the shortness of the time would allow, to welcome the heroes of Bunker's Hill.

In a balcony that overlooked the front of the building, stood Madam St. Pierre and the fair mistress of the mansion, surrounded by their household, waving their white kerchiefs as the different regiments of patriotic Americans defiled before the house. The little band had not been re-enforced by all the brave and gallant spirits that afterwards flocked to their standard; but Washington, the immortal Washington, in the vigor of his years and the beginning of his fame, was there, and many other chiefs, of noble name in the after annals of the country, were there also, and each as he passed touched his hat to the ladies; and as a few fine looking officers brought up the rear, who followed the example of the others, one alone took off his hat and waved it in the air; and as his bright sunny face was turned up to the balcony, Josephine, with a shriek of joy, recognised her husband. She did not

faint, as a lady of modern times would have done, but she pressed her hand upon her heart to hush its tumultuous throbs, while her companions, with loud and repeated huzzas cheered the young soldier; the children, in particular, who immediately recognised their father, notwithstanding the metamorphosis, were so elated that it was almost difficult to hold them in the railing.

"Well, dear mother, we are now identified with the friends of freedom in good earnest," said Josephine, turning to Madam St. Pierre, as the last horseman defiled into the Common, where a temporary bivouac had been agreed upon, until quarters could be assigned them. Arrangements were immediately made at the house of Josephine, for the accommodation of as many as they could quarter; and it was not until late in the day that the exhilarated Ferdinand, accompanied by a posse of his brother officers, arrived at the welcome threshold of his own home.

CHAPTER V.

"The man that is not moved with what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds;
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave."

THE following letter will give some idea of the state of feeling in the family of Ferdinand at this time, and also of the improvement in his wife, from a few years' residence among some of the most polished and intellectual society in the country. The reader must have been aware that, formerly, whenever her accomplished sister appeared, she was always in the back ground. The letter was writ-

ten a few days subsequent to the event we have been describing.

“DEAR AND HONORED SISTER—This will reach you with the welcome and soul-stirring intelligence, that Boston is now in possession of the brave and patriotic Americans, and the devastating army of General Howe has evacuated the town. I believe his force carried with them the curses of the oppressed and plundered inhabitants. You would not, my dear, recognise the place, so shockingly has it been defaced by these Goths and Vandals; I mean as respects its splendor and opulence, it has been sadly plundered and defaced. But whether dismantled or not, it will always be recognised as the place where the decisive blow for freedom has been struck. Could you, my heroic sister, have witnessed what I did a few days since—could you have seen the enthusiastic reception given to the friends of liberty when they entered the town with their noble looking chief, (the finest looking man I have ever seen,) you would have enjoyed it exquisitely. There is a spirit in these raw and undisciplined troops, ill clad and inexperienced though they may be, that is altogether different from the hirelings of the English army, or the treacherous allies they have enlisted here.

“I could not, my dear Pauline, but recollect the last words of our ancient grandfather, uttered on the very spot afterwards consecrated by the blood of patriots, when General Washington entered the town. I trust, under God, he will prove a deliverer of the country with whose fortunes we are now identified. I believe Ferdinand told you, when on his late embassy, that he was to have a commission in the American army. I can never describe my feelings when I saw him ride by in the patriot uniform, it being the first intimation I had of his

joining the service ; but I trust I shall not disgrace the mothers and wives of American heroes by any foolish fear or unthankful murmurs. I applaud dear Ferdinand, and am prepared to meet all the vicissitudes we may be called to pass through ; if it is the will of God that we should be a sacrifice on the altar of liberty, I bow in humble submission, sufficiently blessed in being permitted to witness the dawning of this glorious revolution.

“ And now, dear sister, what shall we say of those who have gone down to the grave sorrowing as though there was no hope ? of our afflicted and expatriated countrymen, to whom this day can afford no pleasure ? who have yielded to a grief that has consumed them before they could see the end of their banishment from that fondly remembered home, to which they clung till the latest hour ? Verily, the Lord has not kept his anger forever, but has with the punishment made a way of escape. He hath brought us by a way that we knew not, though his footsteps were in the great deep, and his way not known.

“ I now fully believe that he who holds in his hands the destinies of nations, had gracious designs in bringing us here ; that he transplanted us to a warmer clime in order to incorporate us with a free and happy people, and unite us in the great work. Alas ! alas ! that the patience of the saints could not have held out, and enabled them to live to see this day. Where are the thousands who embarked with us, when driven out of the land of our fathers ? Where those who perished with grief and despair before they ever saw land ? Where those who miserably gave up all exertion, and lingered a few years after their arrival in the asylums and pauper-houses ? Where those who foolishly sought in France a reward for their sufferings ? Where the hundreds who perished, from the pestilential heat

of the climate, on the sultry plains of St. Domingo? Where those whom the relentless Byron drove from the Falkland islands? Where those who threw themselves into the arms of the savages, and became incorporated with that blood-thirsty and relentless race, whose crimes, committed against all the better feelings of human nature, will eventually call down the vengeance of heaven to their complete extermination? Where the thousands who have wandered back, through woods and wilds, encountering all the perils of the desert and the climate, to lay their bones beneath the sod polluted by the foot of the oppressor? Could they have stood where Moses stood, and viewed the land of promise from afar, how different would have been their feelings! It would doubtless have been harder to force them back, than it was to transport them in the first place.

“But we are so ignorant, miserably ignorant of the future! Still, I cannot see why those of my unfortunate countrymen could not have been as patient as thou, my Pauline, and resorted to their talents as thou and Ferdinand, my brothers, and our resolute and honored mother.

“By the way, hast thou ever learnt of the death of our old persecutor, Colonel Winslow? He has been dead now two or three years, yet it was but the other day our mother took up a newspaper containing his obituary, and a long and pompous list of offices which he held under the two tyrants, George the Second and Third; some of them, methought, were too insignificant for enumeration; but eleven different ones were named, with high praises for the integrity with which he discharged them—among others, ‘the office of commander-in-chief of the provincial forces employed to remove the encroachments of the French in Nova Scotia.’ Encroachments, indeed! There would

have been some sense in speaking of the encroachments of the English, whose soldiers were at that moment rioting in the wealth they had pilaged from us. But the language of the papers of that day were very different from the republican tone of this. Will you believe it, dear sister? after a sickening encomium on the bravery of this man, it wound up with the sentence, 'An honest man's the noblest work of God;' a quotation, by the way, that I believe has been oftener prostituted than any other in the English language.

"Well, our good mother, who certainly appears to have as little of the leaven of malice in her disposition as almost any other, stood perfectly petrified a few moments after reading it. At last she broke forth in a burst of resentment that would have electrified the old tyrant himself, if he could have heard it.

"'Yes, thou wert honest,' she said, 'as I can witness. Thou didst agree to do this deed for a specific sum, and thou didst it. No pang of remorse, no touch of pity, was suffered to disturb the integrity guaranteed by the purchase-money. If the plunder of the defenceless, the separation of families—if insulting the religion, and breaking the hearts of thousands—if burning of dwellings, and turning out poor dumb nature to perish, and inflicting merciless chastisement upon our hunted race—if, in short, the extermination of a whole people, in obedience to the commands of a tyrant, and in requital of his gold, be *honesty*, then thou wert honest; for never did Lucifer, from his dark dominions, send forth a messenger more prompt and unrelenting: and I only wish thou couldst have lived to have been driven out in thy turn, as others like thee have been, to the fields stained with our blood, and blackened by the fires of thy fierce soldiery.'

"You may imagine my astonishment, but I

believe it was the only name that could have roused her blood to such resentment, and I do not think it would have broken out but for the extravagant and misplaced encomiums of that ridiculous paper. But let him rest ; he who has taken him, knows where to find him in the day when he shall judge the world in righteousness. Alas ! it is easy for wealth to have a character here, but they cannot bribe the omniscient God.

“Thou mayest ask, dear Pauline, if I think it possible that these patriotic Americans may not give over, and bend again to the yoke of the tyrant ? I am prepared to answer that I think they never will. Aside from their determination to secure the blessings of freedom, every thing has taught them no mercy would be shown them, in case of such a surrender. Could you have seen the battle I witnessed, I know you could have had no doubts of their perseverance. It was more than I can find language to describe. You cannot conceive of the effect here, when the enemy were twice driven back, with immense slaughter ; one simultaneous shout of joy rang through the town. It must have struck our jailers with something of pain I think. Had not General Clinton gone over in person and rallied them, I think they would never have dared the assault the third time ; and although, from want of ammunition, the brave Americans had to abandon their position, it was a dear-bought victory, if such it could be called. Oh, the heaps of slaughtered British left upon that hill, and the poor mutilated beings brought over here, it would have wrung your heart.

“Our situation, a few days since, was extremely perilous. The neighboring hills were covered with redoubts ; their standards floated upon every height within view of the city ; even the gleaming of their arms could be seen from some parts. Boston was

completely in their power, and we were expecting every moment to be blown to atoms with the English, as often a shell thrown in would explode among some combustible materials, and the alarming cry of fire was added to our other terrors. The English thought the city would be taken by assault, and Howe protested 'if it was taken, they should find nothing but a heap of ashes.'

"The embarkation of the loyalists, as they were called, was quite a distressing scene. It reminded us forcibly of our own banishment, except as these went voluntarily; and yet their embarkation was not marked by the fortitude that distinguished our fathers; there was none of that saint-like patience, that heroic fortitude, that humble submission to the divine will, that marked their deportment on that occasion: all was weeping, wringing of hands, and lamentation, among these voluntary slaves of arbitrary power. Is it not a singular providence, that they should have to go to Nova Scotia? They were extremely reluctant to do so, but it seemed as though every other place was interdicted. General Howe, in particular, was exceedingly averse to going there, but he said there was no alternative; and they seemed in a great hurry at the last of it, as well they might, since the van of the American army entered the town at one end, as the rearguard of the enemy left it on the other.

"You cannot imagine our relief, after sixteen months of such suffering and terror as we have endured, from privations of various kinds too. We have now plenty of provisions, which came in with the American army, who found us literally starving, the last morsels we had having been snatched from us by the poor wretches who have just departed. They have, however, left what they could not take away, a quantity of coal and wheat, and some other grains; one hundred and fifty horses, besides the

two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, four mortars, and other munitions of war. The property of the tories has been confiscated, and is to be sold in a few days. A considerable quantity of specie, it is said, has been buried in cellars, &c. by the patriots, who, I presume, will now make a good use of it. Many will make fortunes by buying the estates of the banished tories. The first care will be, however, Ferdinand says, to fortify the town, and there is a great French engineer, and four Prussians, who are to superintend the work.

“ We are all, notwithstanding our late sufferings, in good health. You will rejoice with me that my two eldest girls, and oldest boy likewise, are at a seminary in the interior of the State, and have escaped the scenes we have had to go through. They are in good hands, and we felt no anxiety on their account. Our youngest, however, are quite delighted—they have remained in the city; they think they shall never forget what they have witnessed, nor the sight of a red coat.

“ We have made arrangements to lodge forty persons; you know our house is large, and, besides, less injured than almost any other from our late unwelcome visitors. I have omitted to give you an account of the death of Father Joseph, who expired at my house, and was buried from here. He has been travelling in disguise for a long time, trying to comfort his spiritual children, had been concealed some time in this place, when circumstances rendered it necessary he should leave the place of his concealment, and go where he could be better attended to. Although some of the enemy were quartered in my house, I did not hesitate to receive him. I shall leave the melancholy history of his trials, since leaving his country, and of his death, to a future occasion, as I am unwilling to dim the joy and triumph of this season, by the

affecting recital. Besides that, I have already extended my letter to a most extravagant length.

"Farewell, my dear sister, with my love to the Chevalier, my brothers, and your children. May good angels guard you all. Your affectionate

"JOSEPHINE."

CHAPTER VI.

"But nothing could a charm impart,
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow."

WE pass over a brief period, during which the Americans, as history will show, were by no means idle. The flames of war had burst out on every side—battles had been fought with various success, and the Declaration of Independence had been proclaimed throughout the thirteen States of North America—the summer campaigns were ended, and the respective armies gone into winter quarters.

It was on a cold and dismal evening in the month of January, that the family of Ferdinand were gathered around their winter's fire. A furious tempest of snow and sleet shook the windows and doors of the house, and howled dismally in the chimneys. In the kitchen, the servants had gathered around a huge wood fire, and one of them, whom they called the story-teller, was reciting a ghost-story of a departed tory, whom, he averred, had been seen to walk about the neighborhood, looking for buried treasure.

"Now, I'll be bound," says one, "that's not it; the old sinner has murdered somebody and buried him in his cellar, or something of that sort, I'll

not believe money is of such consequence in 'tother world. Bill, what say you?"

"I think just as you do, Molly; strange things have been told of some of our neighbors, and when the enemy was here, you may depend there was nothing but what they did do."

"I think," says Molly, "the old tories were awful wicked critters. Did you ever hear any thing of the one that formerly owned this huge old castle?"

"No, I never," said half a dozen voices at once; "come, tell us."

"Why, you see," said Molly, "he was a great, big-seeming fellow, with a power of money, and nobody knew where it came from. One thing is certain, he married four wives, and they all died in this house, or he murdered them, I don't know which, but people had strange thoughts."

"Four wives! an old sinner," echoed Bill; "why, to be sure he must have killed them; whoever heard of so many dying of themselves?"

"Never," said another. "I have heard my grandfather say, that a man never survives his fourth wife honestly."

"Well, I don't know as I should know the old critter if I saw him," says Bill; "is he tall or short?"

"Tall as the moon, to be sure," said Molly; "whoever heard of a ghost being short? and, besides, he commonly comes in such stormy nights; and groans, terrible ones, are heard often from him."

"You mean the ghost, Molly; I was axing about the fellow that used to live here."

"Oh, he was neither tall or short; but he wore dark clothes, and had a plaguey dark look with him; and (speaking in an under tone) I should not wonder if this house was haunted, for they do say he stabbed a Frenchman in one of these chambers. Hark! was not that a groan?"

A loud gust of wind howled through the kitchen chimney, and burst in the door at the same time. The terrified inmates rushed to the far part of the room and huddled close together ; but the driving of the storm and cold compelled them to shut the door soon, and draw round the fire again.

Ferdinand was at home on a furlough, and with his wife and children—a most interesting family of sons and daughters—were seated round a table drawn before the parlor fire. The younger ones laid down their books, and the elder ones paused in their employments to hear him recount the perils and hardships of the army during the past season, a theme they never tired of. The females of the family were busy in making coarse shirts and other garments, destined for the brave and impoverished soldiers, who were, too many of them, suffering for such relief. They were a gratuity, and the children had laid up all their spending money the last year, and the older ones denied themselves every article of luxury for this benevolent purpose ; and no higher reward could be offered to any of the little ones at any time, than a small sum to add to this their offering of benevolence and patriotism.

Madam St. Pierre was unusually grave on this evening. The happy group had forcibly recalled to her recollection Acadia's golden age, when, blessed with peace and plenty in their own dear native land, at this season, after a day spent in skating or sliding—their favorite winter amusement—they used to convene around their cheerful fireside after the close of day, and listen to the tales of their aged grandfather about the old French wars. It was not unusual for Madam to be pensive ; years had not destroyed the memory of her sorrows or her losses, nor effaced the memory of that beloved husband who once constituted her greatest earthly felicity, whose fate she had mourned with sincerest sorrow,

and whose trials she sometimes wished she had been permitted to share. Unwilling to cast a blight upon the joys of others, she forbore often to speak of her feelings; and on this evening, finding her heart unusually heavy, retired early to rest, notwithstanding the assurance of little Louis, who said "grandmamma could not sleep, the wind blew so;" but, pleading fatigue, she nevertheless retired early to her pillow, and, soothed and composed by prayer, despite the raging of the tempest, soon fell asleep. The conversation, which had been interrupted by the good night of Madam, who had to give and receive a kiss from all the little ones, was now renewed. The storm continued to rage with unabated violence, and indeed had rather augmented in its fury; and the poor, exposed, and houseless beings roaming about the country, whom the fortunes of war had made outcasts, and especially the poor sailors, exposed to its fury on the tempestuous deep, were most feelingly spoken of.

The servants in the kitchen, after their first alarm, had carefully barred the door, and again commenced their marvellous stories about unquiet spirits, until there was not one of them but felt his hair rise on his head. Suddenly, a loud rap was heard at the front door, that, notwithstanding the extent of the building, and the noise without, was heard to the remotest extent of it. The whole population of the kitchen crowded into the hall, each endeavoring to get behind the other. The rap was repeated.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Ferdinand, opening the parlor-door at the same time, and discovering the whole company huddled together in one corner of the hall.

"Open that door," shouted Ferdinand, in a voice of thunder. "What do you mean by keeping one waiting without such a night as this?" The door

flew open in quick time, and gave ingress to a poor, weather-beaten, sailor-looking man, who, taking off his hat, respectfully advanced and inquired if Ferdinand was the master of the house, or if he was within. Now, it so chanced it was not the custom in those days to keep a visitor or messenger waiting an hour in a cold entry, while the servant ascertained whether the master or the mistress of the house chose to be at home. On the contrary, if even a beggar made such inquiry, he was immediately ushered into the presence of the person inquired after. We do not say they were always relieved, but they were sure not to lose much time in waiting.

The stranger was immediately shown into the parlor, and with graceful hospitality, Ferdinand, vacating his own chair, compelled him to accept it, near the fire, to dry his garments, and most amply did he feel rewarded, when thanked in the accents of his native land.

For many years, the house of Ferdinand had been often visited by the remnant of that unfortunate people, who were exiled with himself, whenever their necessities compelled them to ask relief or advice ; but, of late years, they had seldom seen any of them from a distance, or that were strangers. It was, therefore, with a feeling of joy that the language was now recognised. Ferdinand took the dripping hat, and little Louis brought him a pair of dry shoes, while Joseph and Madeline began stirring the fire, raking out hot coals, and putting on more wood. Little Margaret asked to have a pair of dry stockings given to the poor man, and the fair mistress of the mansion busied herself in preparing warm wine and water for him.

The poor Frenchman was affected even to tears, at meeting with such kindness, and said,

"I ought to apologise for this intrusion, and give some account of myself."

"By no means," said Ferdinand. "Take off your wet overcoat, and dry your garments; you are fatigued, too, travelling in this driving storm; rest yourself, my friend, while we prepare some hot supper for you."

The traveller made no objection, but, with the ready politeness of a Frenchman, bowed his thanks, and busied himself in drying his garments; during which, Ferdinand went to the kitchen to demand an explanation of the rudeness of keeping the poor stranger waiting so long. To say "they were afraid of spirits," would not have answered; so they one and all protested they thought "the *inimy* had come." With this apology, the master was obliged to be satisfied; and after reprimanding them severely for their needless alarm, and telling them what wretched soldiers they would make, he returned to the stranger.

"Now that is cruel," said Bill; "I dars'nt tell master what I feared, because why I know he does not believe in ghosts and haunted houses; but I can tell him I am no more 'fraid to fight the reglars than himself, and I had rather encounter ten at once, than one single ghost. No, I say if I've got to fight, let it be with flesh and blood." To this brave declaration they all assented, and declared that "if the British should come before morning, they would jest as lief as not, turn out and fight 'em to a man."

In the mean time, though curiosity was not a predominant failing in this well-ordered family, yet were the junior branches not entirely divested of it; and on the present occasion, these little descendants of Eve felt a longing desire to know how this poor Frenchman came to be wandering about in this inclement weather, and whether he came from

the east, west, north, or south. Politeness, however, which persons with French blood in their veins rarely lose sight of, restrained them. Little Louis, however, at length ventured to him, and looking up earnestly in his face, said,

“Do you come from the army, Sir?”

Ferdinand was about to reprove him, when the stranger, kindly taking the little hand which was laid upon his knee, answered,

“No, my dear little fellow, I have not been so happy as to see the army of freedom yet.”

“Then my father,” said the boy, “can tell you all about it, for he is an officer in it.”

“Then how came he here?” said the stranger, with a searching glance.

“Why, you see,” said the child, with much simplicity, “they are all froze up; and General Washington has so many mouths to feed, that he has let some go home; and my father is getting all the blankets, and clothes, and things for them, and as many as he can to go and help fight the British. Is not that good?” said he, clapping his hands in exstasy.

“Yes, I think it is good, indeed,” said the stranger; “and these misses, I divine, are engaged in a labor of love, clothing the destitute soldiers.”

“Yes, that they are,” said the little Louis; “my mother, grandmother, and the girls, have sent them already a dozen thick bedquilts, twenty pair of stockings, and as many handkerchiefs, shirts, and jackets, and are knitting and making for them now, and our ’quaintance too.”

“God bless them,” said the stranger, fervently; “God forever bless them!”

The supper was now on the table, and the discourse for the present suspended, while the traveler was seated and urged to partake the plentiful and hospitable meal. It was not long, however,

before Louis stolè near the table, and, looking up earnestly in the face of the stranger, said,

“ Eat all you can, poor man, we have plenty ; it aint as when Boston was shut up, and nobody had enough ; eat all you want, monsieur.”

The sad countenance of the stranger relaxed a little at this innocent speech, and a momentary smile stole over his careworn face. Ferdinand interfered, and threatened to send the little chatter-box out of the room ; but the traveller begged he would not, “ as his prattle had amused him very much, and beguiled him of some very painful thoughts.”

After the meal, the poor man professed himself much refreshed, and taking again a seat by the fire, he said, “ I owe you many thanks, my friends, and although it is usual for a stranger to give some account of himself first, yet you will excuse me for asking a few questions, as I think from your name, you are some of the Neutral French.”

Ferdinand assured him they were ; that they were some of those banished from the district of Minas.

“ How many of you were there ? ” inquired the stranger. Ferdinand gave the desired information.

“ How many of the family are now living ? ”

“ My wife’s mother, Madam St. Pierre,” said Ferdinand, “ three sons of the family, two of whom are married and settled in Philadelphia, one in this town ; there was a fourth son, indeed he was the eldest, that was lost on the passage there, and Pauline, an elder daughter went there ; she came here alone with her grandfather first, who is dead ; she married the Chevalier D——, and my wife, who is the youngest daughter ; besides a host of little ones,” added he, smiling.

“ The father of my wife,” said Ferdinand, after a pause, “ was left ; he emigrated to Canada, as we

supposed ; we have since heard he was lost in a French vessel. Our mother, however, never seemed willing to give him up ; she mourns for him to this day." Ferdinand then went on to give some account of the other families of their district—of their sufferings on the voyage, of the mortality on board, and in the different places where they were scattered, naming over several families that were numerous when they embarked, and were now totally extinct.

The stranger could bear it no longer ; he covered his face, and sobbed audibly. " Poor man," thought Josephine, " he has doubtless been exiled like ourselves, either from Canada or from that fated region we were driven out from, and lost all perhaps."

" Stranger," said she, involuntarily drawing near, and bending upon him the most commiserating looks, " I am grieved to witness your tears ; mourn not as those who have no hope ; we are but strangers and pilgrims here at the best ; look to that great and good Being who does not willingly afflict, and who has now proved that in conducting us to these provinces, though by a way that we knew not, he had designs of mercy, for we trust in God we soon shall be free and happy."

The soft, sweet voice of the blooming hostess, seemed to have its effect in stilling the tempest of his bosom, for his tears gradually ceased ; and when little Louis drew near again, and innocently asked, " Can't I do something for you, poor man ? " he even smiled, though it was evident there was a choking sensation somewhere about the region of the throat, that prevented his speaking. At length, making a great effort, he looked up to her who was bending over him like some ministering angel, and, grasping her robe, he exclaimed, with convulsive energy,

" Josephine, dost thou not know me ? "

With a loud shriek, Josephine fell on his neck, exclaiming, "My father! my father!"

The scene that ensued, may be better imagined than described. The startled and wondering domestics, who had rushed into the room upon hearing the noise, were witnesses of the overwhelming joy of the meeting between these long-parted relatives, and surely there was not a dry eye on the spot. After composure had been in some measure restored, a consultation was held how to break it to Madam St. Pierre. She slept in a distant part of the house, and it was presumed had heard nothing of the noise. Ferdinand was for leaving it until morning, thinking they would all feel more composed then; but to this Josephine would in nowise consent, saying it would be sinful to cheat her mother out of one hour's peace of mind, which she believed would be effectually restored by knowing that her father was alive and well, and under the same roof with them. Accordingly, Ferdinand, who was the most composed of the party, was commissioned to communicate it, and the admirable judgment displayed in the manner in which he managed the disclosure, proved he was competent to it.

Knocking quietly at Madam's chamber-door, he requested her to rise and dress, as he had something to communicate. The terror of the times was another invasion of the enemy; and although Madam felt herself tremble some when she rose, yet she had so much of the heroine left as to despatch her toilet with something like composure, expecting every moment to hear the bells and alarm-guns. Ferdinand had said more than once, "that he never would expose his family again in a captured town, nor a besieged one."

The perfect silence that reigned throughout the town, save as the watchful sentinel paced his rounds, and occasionally cried "all's well," at length began

to reassure her, and her first words were, as she opened the chamber-door to her son-in-law,

“Ferdinand, I should think it a false alarm; there is no stir, no guns, no bells, no beating to arms; what has aroused you?”

Ferdinand, stepping in, took her hand, and seating her by the grate, endeavored to prepare her mind for some great news, while he raked open the almost exhausted coals, and commenced replenishing them. At length he told her they had just heard her husband was alive in France; she trembled violently, but said “she did not believe it, she had been deceived so often;” and then added, if he had been alive, he would not have neglected them so long.” Ferdinand argued,

“But you forget, mother, he had a price set upon his head; how could he come here? and, in addition to that, he may have been deceived by a report of your death, as you have been about his; and in fact that was the case, as his letter proves.”

“His letter!” said Madam; “then he is alive, and has written; let me see it this moment, I should know his hand.”

Ferdinand pretended to be busily fumbling in his pockets; he turned first one inside out, and then another, uncertain what to do next. At length he said, with a smile,

“Have you firmness to hear all?” She looked earnestly in his face, and read a confirmation of the truth; when, bursting from him, she flew down stairs, and was met by Louis at the foot of them, and fell fainting in his arms.

We will not stop to paint the remainder of this scene—to tell of the incoherent questions and inaudible answers that followed—of the joy or the amazement—of the wondering little ones, &c., but briefly state, that Louis had been deceived by a report that reached him soon after the banishment

of the Acadians, that the vessel that carried his family had foundered, and every soul was lost. How such a report reached him, and the whys and the wherefores, will be given in the narrative of Louis, which occupies the next chapter. The narration consumed several of those long winter evenings that Ferdinand was permitted to pass with his happy family. His days were devoted mostly to the drilling of raw recruits he was then enlisting for the army, and whom it was expected he would qualify and bring on with him to whatever point he should be ordered early in the spring. It was an arduous duty, for it was devoid of that excitement afforded by the tented field ; but it was necessary, and no one could have labored more patiently than Ferdinand ; his company had always enjoyed the reputation of being exceedingly well trained, and making a fine appearance.

Nothing could have been more interesting to the children than grandpapa's narrative. As a great indulgence, they were always permitted to sit up until nine, while it was narrating, and they were never wearied with it, often interrupting by their innocent questions and many a kind caress. The old man felt himself domesticated in a few days. He had not returned to them poor, exactly ; he had managed, while in the French service, to lay up three hundred crowns, a large sum in those days. When he first arrived he insisted upon joining the American army ; but Ferdinand dissuaded him, telling him " he had seen service enough, and that it was now time he should rest ; and, further, that his presence in the family during his frequent absence, would be truly grateful, as in case Boston were invaded, he might be able to protect them, and look them a place of safety." This last argument prevailed.

CHAPTER VII.

NARRATIVE OF LOUIS.

“ Forced from their homes, a melancholy band,
 To seek the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And winter, lingering, chills the lap of May.”

“ I WILL not, my dear family, give you the history of my journey to the other settlement, where our dear friends and relations lived ; suffice it to say, I had to go by by-paths, and, dogged as I was, it was no easy matter to thread the thickets, leap the precipices, and breast the torrents that I passed, before I reached the settlement. I found a company of our people hid, before I gained it, in a neighboring road I had to pass ; by accident, I stumbled upon an advanced guard of those afflicted families, and, faint and weary, was conducted to the fastness they had chosen to conceal themselves in, with what provision they could bring away, and some of the most valuable of their effects. I told them the story of your wrongs, and exhorted them never to give themselves up alive.

“ From the top of an eminence hard by, a view could be obtained of the settlement ; and when the last blow was struck, namely, burning the chapel, it was I who incited them to resistance, and led them on with crows, pickaxes, shovels, scythes, and whatever came to hand, to rush down and avenge the deed. How many of the enemy we left upon the ground dead, I cannot tell, but at least thirty, besides many wounded. The consternation was so great among the English at this unexpected resistance, that we easily regained our covert before we were pursued ; and, indeed, the enemy gave over pursuit any farther than the entrance of the forest, fearing an ambuscade. From our mountain heights,

we discovered them drawing off the men, and holding a consultation, the conclusion of which was judged to be to retreat for the present, and surround us next day with a superior force.

Our situation might have been occupied with comfort through the winter, with a little preparation, but prudence forbade our tarrying another night; and the shades of evening had no sooner fallen, than we commenced our wearisome journey towards a place where some of the company had formerly been to trade with the savages. The travels of that night were dreadful; many a mother had to carry two children, for the fathers were generally loaded with provisions, blankets, clothing, &c.

For my own part, I never suffered more fatigue; the way was very bad, and I employed myself in assisting the females, and occasionally relieving them of their burdens. Now and then, for some distance, a ray of light would flash from the still burning buildings across our path, but we soon got out of the light of it. There had recently been a heavy rain, which had made the way slippery and dangerous, and it was often with difficulty we could stifle the cries and sobs of the sleepy and hungry children, whom we dared not stop to feed until we should have gained our retreat.

“When we approached the fastness, we were met by three savages, whom the people of the settlement knew, they having often been there to trade; they at once recognised some of the party, and when informed of our grievances, protested they would avenge them. We informed them of the number of our foes, and assured them they could do nothing for us, unless it was to assist us to our place of safety.

“The interior of the place chosen for our concealment was now soon attained; it was a hollow square, surrounded by high, rocky precipices on

every side ; a gap, nearly filled with stones, was the only place of entrance, and that only admitted one at a time. It was, too, by great scrambling that we attained it. The inside was filled up with trees and bushes, sufficient to hide us, so that, ten to one, if an enemy should chance to look over our ramparts, they would not have discovered us. With the help of our red friends, we continued to improve the places already scooped beneath the overhanging cliffs, and to form couches of the dried leaves of the forest. A beautiful spring of water trickled down the rocks on one side, and, winding among the stones at the bottom, discharged itself through the crooked gap of the entrance.

“The red men determined to go on next day, and see what had become of our stock, &c. Knowing as they did every avenue to the settlement, they believed they could manage to elude the enemy, and bring away some of the spoil, and in truth they effected this, and came laden with provisions ; but cautioned us on their return not to stir abroad, as the soldiers of the King were in our immediate neighborhood. How they managed to elude them, none but an Indian can tell. We besought them to remain with us a few days, while our women should cook for them, and make them comfortable as possible. You recollect the blooming families of our cousins, Joseph and Bertrand ; each buried two children, ere we had been there many days ; the hardships we had encountered, and the damp lodgings on our beds of leaves, was undoubtedly the cause. We dug their graves just without our camp ; alas ! this was the beginning of troubles.

“Our savage friends left us in a few days, cautioning us not to make an attempt to gain the St. Lawrence, as the way was beset with so many dangers, but to remain where we were through the approach-

ing winter, if possible, and early in the spring to endeavor to gain Lower Canada by the way of the St. John. The advice was bad, as we afterwards learnt; as if we had been on that side, we should have been taken off most probably by persons despatched by the Governor of Quebec for that purpose.

“The approaching season warned us to prepare for winter, and various consultations were held about remaining where we were; but as it was evident the health of our company suffered greatly from the extreme dampness of the place, the idea of remaining was discarded, and we resolved to push forward, and once more commenced our wearisome march.

“Spare me the recital of all we endured, before we gained the neighborhood of the St. John. I have seen the anguished mother bending over her dying infant, without a shelter from the cold dews of night; I have seen her give it up within one hour to the grave, and, giving one last look of anguish, take up the next and travel on.

“I have seen the beautiful maiden withering with burning fever, with nothing but the massy rock for her bed, and the helpless arms of a feeble mother to support her, yield her expiring sigh in a desert. I have seen the young and promising family of a dear friend all drowned by my side, without the power to help them, by the upsetting of a canoe; but never have I seen any thing that has wrung my heart, since I left our blazing habitations, like the marriage of some of the most beautiful of our young girls with the sons of an Indian chief.

“‘It is the will of God,’ said the pale Maria S—— and Madeline D——, on the morning of their mournful nuptials; ‘it is my friend, the will of God! Our widowed mothers can go no farther; our fathers are dead, and our brethren carried into

captivity ; our little brothers and sisters need a home and protector ; and these generous men have tended us many a wearisome day, hunted for our food, and bore our fainting forms in their arms when we had no power or strength to proceed on our journey. Alas ! dear friends, how otherwise can we reward them ? and what better have we to look forward to in this world ?'

' We could offer no objections ; we could only sob out an adieu to these youthful martyrs. We left them at the Indian town a little above the mouth of the St. John. The swarthy bridegrooms were professed Christians, after the Catholic order, and, through means of their frequent intercourse with the French, about half civilized ; their habitations, too, were more tolerable than the wigwams of the Indians generally are ; and I have no doubt they became more tenantable through means of the suggestions of the new inmates. Be that as it may, I left them with a pang I hope never to feel again. Oh, God ! how fervently I prayed, ' that come what might to my dear family, they might never share such a lot. '*

* A few miles above Frederickton, which, it will be recollected, is about twenty miles above the mouth of the St. John, and is now the seat of government for the province of Nova Scotia, there is a very beautiful little settlement, which I think is called Frenchtown. It is inhabited by a mixed race of French and Indians ; it is difficult to tell which blood predominates. Their habitations are simple, resembling those of the Narragansetts of Rhode Island, at the present day, but the appearance of the people is infinitely superior, and their grounds laid out with much more method and taste. The situation is delightful in the extreme, being on a very high ground that overlooks the St. John's river, and a number of beautiful little islands. Another river discharges itself into the St. John, immediately opposite this settlement, forming one of the most graceful sweeps. The settlement is scattered around the bank and to the highest point of the hill. The deep green of the turf is finely contrasted by the roads and paths, the soil being impregnated with a bright red soft stone, that gives the landscape something of a *Salvator Rosa* tinge.

There is another settlement about sixty miles farther down the

" We departed from the friendly Indians with many sad forebodings, and with diminished numbers. We would paddle as far up the river as possible, whenever we could do so with safety, and seek a resting-place at night on shore. It was hard work stemming the current of this rapid river, and the weather was now become quite cold.

" On one occasion, when we had gone on shore for the night, and prepared our wretched lodging-place, kindled a fire, &c., we were much alarmed by the entrance of three British soldiers; but they immediately quieted our fears, by telling us they were British deserters, and consequently could not betray us. One of them had shot a fat doe, which he begged to dress and cook at our fire, and invited us to partake of it. They had deserted from a post in our old neighborhood, and were able to furnish us with some valuable information; but how they became possessed with the notion that one of the transports was wrecked in sight of land, that conveyed our friends to the provinces, I cannot tell;

river, which seems to be quite Indian, on a little island in its neighborhood. The wigwams are entirely Indian fashion, with oval tops and low entrances, and look as though a person could not stand upright in them. The Indians were dodging in and out, as we passed within a few paces of their doors in the steamboat. In the former village, saw several very pretty half-Indian girls, dressed in tolerable taste, and chattering in French. The females in this region paddle their canoes about without any fear, often in only a hollow log, called a "Dug-out." Standing up with a large straw hat, confined to the head by a narrow black string passing from the crown under the chin, the large brim standing out straight, offering but little protection against sun or wind, they are odd figures enough. In this guise, they will shoot a canoe through the rapids of the St. John with inimitable dexterity, and with as much ease as a boy would manage a wheelbarrow. There is a melancholy interest attached to these poor half-casts in the minds of reflecting persons, when we think of their origin, as most of them are the descendants of wretched Acadian mothers, who threw themselves into the arms of savages to escape a worse fate. We can conceive little at this day of the extremity of misery to which a white woman must be reduced, to drive her to such an alternative.

however, they said so, and that my family was in it, as they recollected the name, and that the last persons seen, as she went down, were my eldest daughter supporting an aged blind man, whom I at once recognised as my venerable father. I have since learnt there was a violent wind the night the transports sailed, and that there was a report that one of them capsized in the squall. I did not then know of the refinement in cruelty practised in separating different members of families; had I been apprized of that, I should still have thought some of you might be alive, and even the price set upon my head would not have prevented my seeking you. I have never believed these poor soldiers designedly misstated this thing. It was the last thing they heard probably as they came away, having taken advantage of the darkness of that memorable night to make their escape.

“I can never describe my feelings at the astounding intelligence; but as I had often wished we had all been put to the sword, the first words I spoke were to thank God that my family were beyond the oppressor. I then swore a terrible oath, that I would never cease to labor in obtaining revenge—that I would compass sea and land for a chance to fight the foes of our innocent people—and I have kept my word: but I am anticipating.

“The soldiers, upon leaving us, took their course over towards the St. Croix river, hoping to disguise themselves so effectually as to remain in the New England provinces undiscovered. We supplied them with suits of old clothes in exchange for their own, which completely metamorphosed them, and tried hard to purchase their guns, which they were very loth to part with, as their subsistence might depend upon the game they would kill, while travelling through that lonely country; besides, they thought they might pass for hunters, without fear of detec-

tion ; but as we supplied them with what miserable apparatus we had to take game, and as the guns were marked with the name of the regiment to which they belonged, they at length concluded it was best to part with them. Our own plan in obtaining possession of them was, in case we were constrained to approach any English settlement, to dress and arm three of our men, and pass them off as soldiers guarding the rest. What the success might have been I cannot say, as circumstances did not compel us to such a hazardous undertaking. Our arms, however, were very useful in shooting game, and the St. John's river abounded with beautiful salmon, so that we escaped the pangs of hunger.

"About one hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the St. John, we discovered a small settlement, and fearing they might be hostile, resolved to shun it. We were obliged then to encamp on the shore, hiding our canoes in the bushes until after dark, and then pass it in the night.

"Happily, we escaped the observation of the settlement ; but our difficulties multiplied, for, in addition to the now freezing weather, which began to congeal the waters round the shores, the rapids commenced just above there very frequent ; and, after a long consultation, we agreed to look out for a resting-place for the winter, and we finally selected a secluded spot in the forest, a few miles from the St. John, and not far from where the pretty little stream, called the river De Shute, empties itself into that river. There we erected temporary huts in the best manner we were able, joining them all together in such a manner as to keep each other warm, and have access to one another during the deep snows that fall in this region. Nature had provided this beautiful place as though for our reception.

"In the midst of a dark and almost impenetrable

forest, a beautiful grove was enclosed, sloping gently to the south; part of this was occupied by our habitations, and part was afterwards obliged to be used for our burial-place, where a rude cross alone commemorated the virtues of our friends and our loss, the mortality this winter sweeping off a number of our company. Alas! how many that braved the danger thus far, and even assisted to prepare our simple habitations, fell victims to the hardships of this winter. The weather was intensely cold, but ere it fairly set in, we succeeded in drying a quantity of fish and game; and in our habitations, which consisted of logs and lower branches, and leaves mixed with clay, we hung up the bear and other skins we could procure, to keep out the cold. Our lamps were some old powder-horns, filled with bears' grease. The greatest things we felt the want of were bread and milk, two articles impossible to procure; but we discovered a vegetable, which we called the wild potato, and our women selected and dried such roots and herbs as could be procured so late in the season to dry.

"The windows of our huts were made by leaving a hole on the south side covered with a white cloth, which, in the coldest of the weather, we were obliged to stop up entirely, and light our lamps.

"Could the memory of a rooted sorrow have been obliterated from my brain, I believe I could have enjoyed myself some part of the winter tolerably well; as it was, constant employment prevented the indulgence of my griefs. As I had no family in particular to provide for, I acted as father for the whole."

"What could you find to do for them, grandfather?" asked little Louis.

"Why, I hunted sometimes for their sustenance, and when within, I could stop chinks in the build-

ings with mud and clay, with which I made a composition, and made various improvements in the fireplaces, which were only at first kindled in the middle of the hut, with a hole over head to let the smoke escape ; and I made the important discovery, that smoke would go out as well through a small place, if it had a conductor, as through a hole big enough for a bear to jump through. And then I contrived wooden hooks to hang the meat, fish, &c. on, and helped them draw water from a neighboring spring, except in the case of deep snows, when for a long time together we used only snow-water ; and in making paths there was constant employ, the snow being often up to the tops of our dwellings, and we had frequently to go up through our apology for a chimney to begin to clear it away. The former part of the day each family was busied within itself, but the latter part we spent together, when we would discourse of our trials, form plans for the future, pray for those who had been carried away captive, and at parting sing a song of praise. And then the care of our drooping ones, the mournful ceremony of interment in the deep snow, for they were not put beneath the sod until spring.

“ But the long and tedious winter at length wore away ; the snows melted, the frosts left the ground, the birds began to sing, and the wilderness of leafless trees to put forth their buds. And now the consultations were renewed about our future settlement and subsistence ; some, attached to the spot by the memory of buried friends, wished to remain here, but there were insuperable objections ; some were determined to travel to Canada ; others wished to attain a place described by the Indians, some hundred miles farther up, where there were rich bottom lands, and had formerly been a settlement of that wandering people.

“ The land where we were was broken and une-

ven, too far from the river, and too near our enemies.* The great object of stopping short of Canada, was to form a rallying point for those of our countrymen who should have escaped our enemies, and who would undoubtedly travel that way.

"Accordingly, in the month of May, we departed from our winter's home ; many tears were shed upon taking leave of the spot that contained the remains of our friends ; some of our venerable fathers, and many a mother's hope, lay there. With

* In the place described here, there are a number of graves still to be seen ; some of the rude crosses are still entire, others rotting on the ground. There is a tradition that a British regiment was disbanded here at the expiration of the old war ; and it has been suggested that the graves might be accounted for by supposing there might have been an encampment of them for some time in the neighborhood. This cannot be, as American or English soldiers never use this emblem at the graves of their friends. They must have been placed there by Catholics. It is singular that no memento of human habitation exists there except these graves. You pass many miles on this river, without coming near a human habitation. The author of this, visited that region in the summer of 1839, and found the difficulties of travelling very great. The only stage that passes here is a two-horse wagon, twice a week, carrying the overland mail from Frederickton to Quebec, about three hundred miles. The road from Woodstock to the grand falls of the St. John, is so bad that travellers have often to alight and walk through the deep gaps between the hills. The few and far between habitations are generally tenanted by the old disbanded soldiers of the British army, who receive their land as a bounty after the term of service has expired. I asked one of these old men "how long he served ?" he said, "twenty years ; principally in the East and West Indies." (What a change from the burning clime of India.) He said he had his choice, a hundred of acres of land there, or fifty crowns ; that he chose the former, and had never repented it. As might be expected, they make very indifferent farmers. The females, in this desolate region, are much the most intelligent ; they are very near the disputed territory, only a few miles ; and during the late boundary troubles, some of them told me they prayed incessantly they might chance to come under the States, for, in that case, something they knew would be done for the improvement of the country—that the vast difference in improvement, as soon as you crossed the border, was the topic of discourse to every one who ever crossed it—that the English took no pains to improve the country—that they only stripped it of timber, and then left it to poverty and wretchedness.

much difficulty, we again took up our line of march to the river; then embarking in our canoes, we avoided the rapids generally, by keeping very near shore; the rapidity of the current, and other hindrances, prevented our making very good progress.

“A few miles up we came very near being swamped, the eddies in the river whirling our little barks round and round like something crazy. Some difficulty we had near the mouth of a large river that discharges itself into the St. John with great force on the left, on the second day of our voyage, as also from passing the mouth of one on the right, a little lower down, a counter current setting in in those places. (These must have been the Arostook on the left, as you ascend, and the Tobique on the other.) However, after a few evolutions, we at length got on our way, and proceeded on our voyage.

“The last day of our voyage up this river, all seemed to go well; the beautiful highlands were visible on the right, and forests of lofty oak on the left, superior in height and beauty to any I had ever seen. At length the banks began to rise on each side, and to assume quite a new appearance, the most wild and romantic scenery was on every side. To our left, there was a little creek or cove with pebbly shore, and, taking a sweep to the right, the river was then compressed between two high, rocky cliffs, that looked as though they had been split asunder by some great convulsion of nature. So dark and frowning was the aperture, that some of our company even remonstrated upon entering it; and as night was approaching, thought we had better put ashore at the little cove. Anxious, however, to go as far as possible, the majority decided upon going on, thinking that the river would widen, and we should soon get out of this confined pass. As we entered it, however, which we did with

some difficulty, owing to the increased rapidity of the current, we observed the frowning cliffs must rise on each side some hundred feet, and to say truth, there was not one of us but repented, and wished we had heard to the females; but shame prevented our acknowledging it. It was with the greatest difficulty we managed to steady the canoes, or to force them along.

"There were no females in the canoe with me, only one man and baggage. Suddenly, at a turn in the rock, the astounding roar of a water-fall burst upon our ears; there was no mistaking it, the white foam was rushing towards us, threatening to engulf us in a watery grave. The crookedness of the passage prevented our seeing the fall, but we could have no doubt where we were, and we had now arrived at a point where the light of day seemed almost excluded; the stream was much narrower, and the wall of dark rock higher.

"By the greatest presence of mind, my companion immediately made signals for the other canoes to turn back: he was understood, and we turned also.

"It is to this hour a mystery how we got out alive; but on we went like lightning, the force of the current carrying us back with such rapidity, that, even after we emerged from the gulf, we could not stop ourselves for some time.

"After regaining our track, and recovering ourselves in some sort from our terror, we made the little cove before described. It was at the foot of an almost inaccessible hill, but to us it looked a perfect elysium. The shades of evening were fast closing around, and looking out a favorable position sheltered from the winds, we kindled our fire and made preparations for spending the night there; but, first of all, fell on our knees and devoutly returned thanks for our wonderful preservation; never

had we felt our lives to be of so much importance since our exile.

“With the help of a few bear-skins, &c., we lodged upon the cold ground; but this night we felt it not, so delightful was the feeling of security after the imminent danger we had been exposed to; and when the bright beams of the morning sun awoke us to consciousness again, we arose with renewed hopes that he who had conducted us through so many and great dangers, was not reserving us for captivity, but would in the end conduct us to a peaceful haven, and permit the residue of our days to be spent in peace. I speak of my companion's hopes; for myself, I had chalked out a different course. Their home was nearer than they thought for.

“After a hearty meal of such things as we had, we proceeded to explore the neighborhood Providence had conducted us; and leaving the most of the females to take care of the aged and little ones, we ascended the high and steep bank, which, covered with timber and underwood, was no easy task. Arrived at the top, the impervious forest lay on each side, preventing our seeing our situation, and it was impossible to judge, except from what we recollected of the bend of the river, which we felt persuaded we should find in a straightforward course. After proceeding a mile or two, admiring the increased fertility of the soil, the noise of the water-fall again broke on our ear; and, rushing to the edge of the bank, we found ourselves transfixed by an involuntary awe—the scene was one of indescribable beauty.

“To the left, the broad and beautiful cove lay stretched at our feet; beyond it, for a mile or two, we had a view of the course of the river, and its shelving and thickly-wooded banks; by a sudden curve of the river, the prospect beyond was hid.

To the right of the beautiful cove, the river narrowed, suddenly increasing in velocity as it approached the gulf; it seemed to gather itself into a narrow space to make the plunge down the rugged rock, the leap being about seventy-five feet, into the narrow and deep channel we had entered on the preceding evening. It is said to fall an equal number in the rapids below, before it reaches the point at which we saw it. The mighty cataract, foaming and roaring, and tossing its white spray high in the air, was surrounded by woody heights, and on its margin the trees dipped their branches in its sparkling waters. This was the upper or grand falls of the St. John. The beautiful little sheltered cove above, was finely contrasted by the deep and dark channel below, while, over the cataract, the morning sun exhaling the vapors, exhibited a bright and beautiful rainbow that spanned the torrent of waters. The mist was fast rolling off the river, the trees bursting into bloom, and the feathered warblers singing in their branches.

“One of our company, who always wore a horn suspended at his waist, (a precaution used by us in hunting, to give each other notice of the direction we had taken,) lifted it to his lips, and blew a loud and prolonged blast, awakening the sleeping echoes of the woods and rocks.

“It seemed as though a thousand spirits answered from their caves, and such was our delight at the effect that no one could reprove the boldness of the deed; besides, had we not got beyond human habitations? Another and another blast succeeded; when, lo! parting the bushes from before him, at one bound a human figure, a son of the forest, sprang through, and, stepping out on a projecting rock on the other side of the cataract, exhibited his majestic person; and in truth never had I seen any

thing that to my view resembled majesty so much as the figure now before me.

“High o'er the ample forehead, waved the tuft of many-colored plumes; his arms and legs were ornamented with gold and silver bracelets that glittered in the sun; while his mantle of skins, a fortune almost, was confined at the neck by a broad belt of wampum; another, round his waist, fell to the ankle. A bunch of arrows was fastened to his back, and from beneath his mantle peeped the head of the deadly tomahawk and the handle of the scalping-knife. The bow was in his hand, and one moccasined foot, advanced a little forward, rested on the very verge of the precipice. Unmoved, unawed by the rushing waters that foamed and dashed beneath, he looked like some fine statue, fresh from the sculptor's hand. Indeed, had he been chiselled from the solid rock, he could not have appeared more immovable.

“Methinks I see him yet, the stately, kingly savage, he who, in after times, goaded on by the injuries of his people, avenged himself by the promiscuous slaughter of infant innocence, youth, and age, and offered to the manes of his slaughtered and betrayed friends, whole hecatombs of victims. There he stood, majestic in the wilderness and silence of nature, his eagle eye alone giving signs of life; the parting lip, the lifted hand, the advanced foot, one might almost have supposed him just struck into existence, and gazing upon this our world for the first time.

“Fortunately, I was partially acquainted with the language of the tribe to which he belonged, or rather of the tribe that belonged to him, for Kehowret was a sagamore or chief, a prince of the Abenakis nation. I had often heard of his exploits, but knew him not. To speak across the falls so as to make ourselves heard, was impossible; but,

acquainted with the modes of Indian salutation, we succeeded in making ourselves understood. The figure of the chief, however, continued immovable until we providentially bethought ourselves of the sign of the cross.

“Blessed, thrice blessed emblem of our crucified Redcemer! to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, but recognised in every land where the name of Jesus has been proclaimed, operating as though by magic upon the most rugged as well as the gentlest natures, taming the fierce savage and softening the barbarian.

“The symbol of a kindred faith was recognised, and, darting back among the trees, our red friend shortly appeared again on the shore, a little above, with his bark canoe on his shoulder. To launch the little frigate, seize his paddle, and skim across, was the work of a moment; and when, upon landing, he was made acquainted with our condition, our exile, and our sufferings, his eyes glared with deadly resentment, and he vowed a revenge which too surely, I fear, he has accomplished, and that the blood of innocence has more than once flowed for our wrongs.

“The meeting with the chief was the turning point in the destiny of our exiles. By him we were advised to stop on the banks of the river, some thirty or forty miles above, and try to effect a settlement. He assured us that the foot of a white man had never cursed the soil, and that we should be perfectly secure from discovery, and as the lands were good, could soon obtain a comfortable support.

“We conducted him to our encampment, and gave him of such food as we had to eat, and he in return, assisted us in repairing our canoes, which had been much damaged in our perilous proximity to the falls the evening before. Carrying them across the plat just described, we again embarked, pushing

off from the little cove just above the cataract, and took our course up stream again. Towards night we came upon the encampment of the chief's people, and most welcome was the curling smoke above the top of the forest, to our chilled and weary company. Hauling up to the bank, we landed our company, and were received with that silent but cordial welcome, that Indians alone, of all the earth, know how to give. One totally unacquainted with their ways, would not know their quiet welcome. The best skins were spread, and the best preparations made to promote our comfort.

"One of the old men, after we were seated, recognised me; he had visited our country in his trading expeditions, several times, and had been in my house; he asked me 'where squaw and pap-pooes were?' The shock was more than I could bear with fortitude, and I covered my face with my hands, and sobbed aloud. The chief, in a few words, related the fate of our people, and our own escape. The confusion for a few moments was terrible; knives and tomahawks were brandished, and many horrible gesticulations exhibited, threatening vengeance upon the 'Yangeese.'

"We soon discovered our red friends were about to leave this station for a better hunting-ground; and finding the lands good, and feeling great security from the interruption of water communication between us and our dreaded foes, our people concluded to remain where they were, and take up our residence, at least for the present, on the banks of the river. And here, supposing my beloved family at the bottom of the ocean, I stayed the first two seasons, assisting our people to construct their houses, to plant and reap their fields, and to perform such acts of necessity and humanity as their situation in this wilderness required. My knowledge of the arts of husbandry and of mechanics was, with-

out boasting, better than most of them. Fortunately, we had some grain we had carefully hoarded at our flight, and reserved for this very purpose; and other things we needed, we bargained with the Indians to procure us, without betraying our place of abode. We planted, and the virgin soil yielded its treasures most abundantly. Our huts were most ingeniously hid from observation, and every method contrived and artifice resorted to, to shield us from sight should any of our foes ascend the river.

“Could the fate of our countrymen and our best friends have been forgotten, we might have felt happy; as it was, they were contented, all but one; but the restlessness of misery haunted me. I could not remain in quiet, and determined at length to find my way to Canada, and offer my services to Villabon, at Quebec, whom we learnt by the occasional visits of the Indians, was hard pressed.

“Guided by some of our red friends, I reached, after a toilsome journey, the desired haven, and immediately volunteered to fight the battles of my countrymen. Since that time I have sought death in the heat of the fight; I have faced the cannon’s mouth in vain; the death I sought was denied me. I prayed to be buried under the walls of Québec, when it fell into the hands of the English, but my prayer was rejected. I have braved the horrors of the tempest and the battle on the sea, and the pestilence on land, without injury; the death I coveted eluded me; and it was not until about one year since, that I began to have a relish for life, for it was only then that I learnt my family had escaped the dreadful doom that I believed had engulfed them all.

“At Marseilles, I chanced to meet with a native of the city of Philadelphia, an elderly man, who well recollected the arrival of the Neutral French in the province of Pennsylvania—province no lon-

ger, thank God! Among the various names, he well remembered mine. I was questioning him about them, hoping to hear something of my old neighbors; in enumerating the names, he mentioned yours, and said you had gone to Boston to find a part of the family that were missing; he was sure of it, described yourself and the boys, and believed it was a daughter missing. I thought then of the report of the lost vessel, and believed my Pauline and her grandfather had perished—nevertheless, I was overjoyed at the prospect of once more beholding even one of you.

“I could not immediately leave the service I was in; but as soon as I could be discharged from the ship, I hastened to this country. I will not fatigue you with an account of our hazardous voyage in time of war, nor the history of our hair-breadth escapes, and how near we came falling into the hands of the enemy, nor the skirmish in which I had a chance of giving them a few more blows. You know I came in an American privateer, and I have been publicly thanked by the officers and owners, and liberally rewarded for my share of the enterprise.”

Here ended the narrative, much to the grief of the children, who, however, had the promise of hearing about the hair-breadth escapes, and why grandpapa came upon them so strangely in the storm, and wore his old clothes, and seemed so poor, at some future day.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Know ye this picture? There is one alone.
Can call its pencilled lineaments her own." — HALLECK.

On the morning after the narration just given, by Louis, he announced the determination to set out for Philadelphia during the season when his two sons would probably be at home. Ferdinand informed him they would not be at home, as they were now at a fort up at the north, where they could not be spared.

"But Pauline, my eldest daughter, I shall see, and you cannot think how much I long to embrace her. My wife, I think, will go with me to see this darling, this dutiful child, whose light figure I see now in imagination bounding over the hills, as she used to come to meet me."

"My dear Sir," said Ferdinand, "you must not go; remain here with us this winter, and in the spring, if you insist upon going, I will myself accompany you the greater part of the distance, as it will be all in my way to quarters. You can then, perhaps, see your sons, and at least their families; recollect you have one son to see here yet. He will return ere long, and his wife and children, whom you have not seen."

"And why not, my daughter, Ferdinand? you say nothing about seeing her. Well as I love the boys, that excellent child is, I am free to confess it, uppermost in my mind. Speak; you do not answer; what is the matter? is my child dead? Speak quick! I must hear the worst of it."

Ferdinand arose and walked the room in violent agitation. Madam and Josephine both sprang from their seats, exclaiming, "Pauline is dead, and you have kept it from us."

"Indeed, you deceive yourselves entirely," said

Ferdinand, catching the almost fainting form of his wife in his arms, and seating her. "Pauline was alive and well, when I last heard from her; but, but," and he hesitated, in visible embarrassment.

"Then she is a prisoner, I fear," said Madam, clasping her hands; "fallen into the power of our enemies once more."

"God forbid!" said her son-in-law; "if she is I do not know it; but she is not in the country," he added, with heightened embarrassment.

"Then she must be dead," said Josephine; "she would not have left it at this time. Oh, my sister! my dear sainted sister! you was too good to live, indeed you was," and she sobbed convulsively, while Madam hid her face in agonizing silence.

"For mercy sake, have patience," said Ferdinand. "I tell you I believe her to be alive and well, but, unhappily, I cannot at this moment disclose the place of her residence."

"What possible reason can you have to conceal her place of abode?" said the incredulous wife.

"My dear, I cannot now explain the reason; you certainly will take my word for it. I have assured you that I believe her to be alive and well, though not in the country. Where she has gone, I am not at liberty to name at present, or at least I do not think it proper."

"Perhaps," said Josephine, "her husband has some business that causes this mystery; does he accompany her?"

"Oh, to be sure he does," said Ferdinand, smiling at her pertinacity. "But she herself desired me not to acquaint you at present. I should not have spoken of her absence at all, but your father obliged me too."

A long silence succeeded this remark, which was at length broken by the last speaker addressing his father-in-law.

"But, my dear Sir, I have quite a gratification for you, which I will withhold no longer. Your daughter, on the eve of her departure, had a portrait drawn on purpose to leave with us. It has come safely to my hand, and if the likeness of a lady of forty, for your once sylph-like daughter, would be acceptable, you can see it." So saying, he unlocked a drawer in the secretary, and drawing forth the picture, presented it to the wondering group

Oh, what a face and figure were there exhibited! If Louis had been struck by the improved appearance and beauty of Josephine, what must he have felt while looking on the noble Pauline? Josephine was symmetry; but there was a majesty about the person of the eldest, that seemed to display the fine proportions of the form in a far more imposing manner: and then the face! how could the painter have caught its highly intellectual expression? Her complexion was fine, the mouth and all the features perfect, as in the first blush of womanhood; but there was in the expression of the dark blue eyes, a something of care and anxiety never observed before, an expression of deep and intense feeling, that, although it did not detract from, but rather heightened the beauty of one of the finest faces ever exhibited on canvass, yet at once excited the sympathy of the gazer. Tears, unbidden, ran down the cheeks of Louis and Madam, while gazing on this portrait. The mother and sister had not seen her now for several years.

"Can it be," said Louis, with rapture, "that this is my dear, dear child? the poor, exiled wanderer, leading about an old, blind grandfather? the poor outcast that, more than twenty years ago, supported the tottering steps of my venerable parent, a stranger in a strange land, now grown into such beauty? and—and—Pauline, Pauline, I prayed to die. May

God pardon the sinful petition. I feel it a privilege to live, if it is only to be father to a child like thee, thou blessed of him who upheld thee, as he did holy Joseph, in the land whither he was carried captive."

"There is evidence here," said Josephine, "she was about to depart. See, one beautiful hand holds a bonnet by the string, as though just about to go, while the other is drawn round the fat neck of a little cherub child, who is hiding her face in her mother's dress, as though loth to release her. But Pauline was very plain in her apparel, and I marvel at the splendor of the dress."

"The dress," said Louis, with the air of extreme absence of mind, "is exactly such as is now worn at the *court of France*."

Josephine turned suddenly to Ferdinand, who frowned, and laid his finger on his lips; but it was too late, the remark of Louis had elucidated the mystery, as far as related to the place of Pauline's destination, and Ferdinand was subjected to the tumultuous questions and assertions of the whole party.

Ferdinand, as soon as he could make himself heard, stated that the husband of Pauline had long been desirous of visiting his native land, and had only been detained by his wife, whose dread of crossing the water had been so great since the wretched voyage from Nova Scotia; that her mind had recently changed, as the Chevalier had received a bequest of an estate near Paris, which required his presence; and they both, after mature deliberation, had come to the conclusion that they could not do better than go and stay a few years, during the troubled state of the country; that they had at first resolved to leave the children to their care, as the danger was so great, both from the season of the year and from British cruisers, but had at length

decided to take them ; and Pauline desired her mother and sister might not be apprized of their departure until they should be informed they were safely arrived in France. To gratify her husband, he added, she was drawn in the dress that, it seemed, had betrayed her.

“ Husband,” said Josephine, “ there is but one objection to all this. I believe every word you say, for I know you would not assert a falsehood ; but my sister, my heroic sister, is so patriotic, I would have engaged she would have stayed by the country until she had secured her independence.”

The father’s and mother’s eyes were fixed upon the sweet countenance of the portrait, and the children admiring the richness of the dress ; but Ferdinand, who appeared to writhe at the remark of his wife, turned upon her such a look that the conscious Josephine actually blushed crimson, and was particular not to ask any more questions.

It is not to be supposed but that the family in Boston endured some anxiety during this severe winter, after the departure of Pauline ; nevertheless, they had so much reason to be thankful, blessed as they were with the society of their long-lost father, that they could not repine, but waited with hope and confidence the event, trusting that the Providence that had hitherto watched over the beloved one, would not now desert her.

As to Louis, his character had much improved by the society he had been thrown among. He had held a commission in the French army at one time ; he had travelled and seen much of the world, and age had sobered his feelings and strengthened his judgment, and he was, on the whole, just such a person as the family needed during the long absence of its head. In his protection they felt additional safety ; and to the children, his society was a great acquisition.

CHAPTER IX.

"To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
We turn, and France displays her bright domain."

TURN we to the land of vineyards, the land of song and dance—to that gay and happy nation that knows no care beyond the morrow, or rather beyond to-day—that never borrows affliction—that can pass through the greatest changes, without being changed themselves—that can even wade through seas of blood without being stained—the whole fitting past like the scenes of a magic lantern, and leaving no trace behind—to the paradise of heroes and the heaven of women—to the only nation on earth, where pure good nature and social enjoyment exists, unalloyed by the contempt of the critic and the sneer of the scorner.

Great was the transition from America, struggling with unheard-of difficulties, and warring with embattled hosts—her people exerting every power and straining every nerve in her service—her rude and undisciplined army—her great men rising early and taking no rest—her sons dragged into captivity or slain on the field—and her priests, clothed in the garments of mourning, weeping between the porch and the altar.

Strong, indeed, was the contrast to Pauline, when she first set foot on the soil of France; she found herself surrounded by scenes of beauty and splendor, but one feeling was uppermost in her heart—she felt she was in the country of her ancestors. It was the first time she had found herself among a people professing the same faith and speaking the same language, since her banishment from beloved, ever-to-be-remembered Acadia. So great was her transport, that it even broke out in expressions of rapture, to the great amusement of her husband,

and very likely to that of many of the passengers in the street, as she frequently put her head out of the carriage-window, in jostling through the crowded streets of Paris, to catch the accents of her native tongue. X But the French are so polite; in England or America it would have excited ridicule, if nothing worse, on the instant; but the French never exhibit surprise or disgust at the blunders of strangers; it would be the height of ill-breeding in France, though the Chevalier, as we observed, was much amused.

This accomplished Frenchman had left the country when quite a young man, determined to push his fortunes in the new world. He was an orphan, not penniless, but he had a great deal of heroism about him, and the situation of Quebec at that time called loudly for the assistance of such spirits, and offered them a suitable field of action, where their heroic qualities were not likely to rust. He distinguished himself in that devoted province on various occasions, and was one of the last to stand by Vandreuil; but he was also one of those who thought the Canadas too tamely surrendered, and for that reason disdained to return to France and claim the rewards his valor deserved at the hands of the French King. For several years past, however, he had felt a lingering desire to revisit his native land. By the death of a relative, he had become possessed of a very considerable estate, and he now felt the necessity of appearing there as the representative of his family; but to his great grief, his wife was most reluctant to go. It was about the time that the difficulties were brewing between Great Britain and her American colonies, and both husband and wife watched the progress of events with much anxiety. Time passed on, and the Chevalier, fired with the love of liberty, had already fought in several skirmishes as a volunteer, and

now signified to his lady that he had decided upon taking a commission in the American army, when, to his great surprise, she acquainted him with the resolution she had just formed of accompanying him to France, and begged him to defer his plan until he could go over and arrange his business in that country.

The husband could not but think of the variability of woman, and the whimsical desire to visit a place she had before been so averse to go to, now at a time of such imminent danger. But, fearing she might not again be willing, and loth to be separated from his family, he concluded it was best to take her while the fit was on, particularly as he might, by some informality, lose the estate hereafter, unless he was there to take possession in person, and secure to his growing family a fortune they would so much need. Still, the Chevalier demurred to going in the way his lady proposed; for it was in an American vessel, going to carry despatches to the commissioners, that she proposed going in.

Nevertheless, she was so very urgent, and the prospect of actual service being so distant, for the respective armies were about going into winter quarters, that he acceded to the plan. But now another difficulty arose. What should they do with the children? would it be right to expose them to the dangers of the sea, and of capture? and they had almost concluded to leave them to the care of Josephine. The children themselves, in the mean time, were anxious to share the fate of their parents and to visit France. The Chevalier was distracted between the desire to provide for the safety of those dear ones, and, on the other hand, to keep his family together if possible; and he finally left the question to his wife, and entreated her to decide for him.

"I made the request," said he, in a letter to Ferdinand, "to my wife while she was busiest in her own preparations for the voyage; and I shall never forget how she looked as she stopped in the middle of the room, and with that instant decision of character for which she is so remarkable, immediately answered:

"Should the fortune of war prove disastrous to this people, their fate might be as bad as ours was. I do not think it will. I think they commenced resistance in the right place, and with the right determination; but it is our duty to be prepared for all reverses, and should the contest be decided against them, where could our dear children be as safe as in France? If you leave it to my judgment, I say carry them."

The joy of the young family was exuberant at the prospect before them; and although they encountered much rough weather, and the near danger of capture more than once, yet they kept their word of remaining quiet, and not adding to the general confusion on board. Arrived in France, their joy was boundless, particularly when they came to the really elegant and antique chateau to which their father introduced them as to their future home; and they sat themselves to adorning it, and putting things in order, with so much zeal and alacrity as perfectly to astonish the old domestics who had remained in the care of the building, and who could not conceive of genteel and fashionable people, particularly those in whose veins ran the blood of the ancient nobility, degrading themselves by engaging in such menial employments, especially in restoring and arranging the gardens; the boys discovered great tact in managing with the hoe, the shovel, the crowbar, and wheelbarrow, all of which they had brought with them.

Of course, the Chevalier paid his devoirs at court

soon after his arrival, and received the congratulations of majesty upon the acquisition of his property.

"But, in truth," said the monarch, "I wonder much that your chivalry had not inclined you to take up arms for these brave Americans. Why, all our young cavaliers are going stark mad to fight their battles."

The Chevalier smiled. "My present duties necessarily led me here; but it is not impossible I may return and offer my poor services. As a volunteer, I have already fought in their defence in two battles, and with braver men it has never been my lot to fight, untrained and almost undisciplined as they are."

"It is from that circumstance I fear for them," said Louis; "the veterans of England and Germany, thou knowest, are trained to war."

"It is from the knowledge of that fact, please your Majesty," said the Chevalier, "that I confidently predict their success. If with such raw and undisciplined troops, so much can be effected, what must we look for when discipline shall be added to indomitable courage and that hatred of oppression and ardent love of liberty that now pervades the bosom of all ranks of their people?"

"And I am told," added Louis, "that the people of that country are singularly enlightened, notwithstanding the exercise of British tyranny, that has held them in subjection so long." *

* This is a very brief sample of the manner in which the unfortunate Louis conversed on the subject of the American Revolution; and to us it must appear in the highest degree astonishing, that this otherwise amiable monarch did not see the tyranny with which his own people were governed. The bastille and lettre de cachet were then in full operation. The satellites of the court were in general a set of profligates, (as in all courts they are;) and they on the one hand were rioting in wealth, while the poor and laboring classes, of all professions, were almost in the situation

“Your Majesty knows,” said the Chevalier, “that the British government attributes the revolution entirely to the loose manner in which they have held the reins of power in that country. But I rather attribute this fact to a knowledge of the spirit of the people; they never have been able even to establish their church in America yet, though the great body of the people are not particularly set against the church, but wholly from the fear of being priest-ridden; and they will rue the day when they attempted to govern an enlightened nation by brute force.”

The beautiful Antoinette inquired “if the Chevalier had married a rebel wife?” To which Ferdinand modestly replied he was afraid so; but he had married a lady of French extraction.”

“Then we shall be impatient to see her,” was the polite remark. However, Pauline did not go immediately to court, and the reputation of her beauty preceded her. A new face had always great attraction for the Parisian public, and somehow a rumor had come into circulation that Madam D—— was exquisitely handsome, and the nobles were on the *que vive* to behold the newly-arrived lady.

of beasts of burden, and the half-starved peasantry, bought and sold with the estates, were actually below them. Humanity weeps at the reflection, that, the friend of liberty in America, Louis the Sixteenth—whose name, with all his faults, will ever be dear to Americans—could see so clearly the oppressive exactions under which we suffered and rebelled, and was blind to those of his own dominions. What terrible infatuation must have guided his counsels! If, with the power placed in his hands, he had then attempted a reform, the horrors of the revolution might have been averted, Louis saved from a violent and premature death, and France from the ignominy of deluging her own fair country with the blood of her citizens. No doubt there would have been much plotting and opposition from the proud and avaricious priests and nobles, as there is now in England, but nine tenths of the people would have stood by him; every Lafayette among the nobles, and every Massillon among the priests, would have been his firm supporters; and, above all, the prayers of the poor would have called down blessings upon his reign, and a glorious immortality awaited him.

It may appear surprising to us that a lady of forty, or nearly that, should have excited interest or curiosity on account of her beauty ; but we must recollect the French are celebrated for their admiration of mature charms, and that no one ever hears of a lady's beauty until it is appropriated. One reason, probably, why it is the heaven of women, is because they never grow old there. Certain it is, that women have made conquests there at an age when, in any other country, they would have been in their second cradle ; yes, and "men have died for love, and worms have eaten them," for some of those antiquated charmers. However, we are not going to compare any of these with our incomparable heroine.

CHAPTER X.

"A kind true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear, and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his venerable brow."

WE must pause a moment to look at the state of political affairs at the time of our heroine's arrival in the French capital. Doctor Franklin, one of the commissioners sent by the American Congress, was there, soliciting the assistance and co-operation of the French monarch. History says, "no single individual ever created equal excitement in the French capital." Be that as it may, it is certain that he was much admired by persons of all ranks, much sought, much talked of. He was then over seventy years of age ; and it shows the generous nature of the French, that they seemed to appreciate the efforts of the venerable patriot, who had traversed the ocean at his advanced age to recom-

mend the cause of his suffering country. He resided at Passy, a few miles out of Paris, in a style of simplicity that truly became his character as a representative of a republic; and he even appeared at court, it is said, and on all public occasions, in most conspicuous simplicity, which had the effect to recommend his cause powerfully; a proof, undoubtedly, that even the fashionable, the dissipated, and the extravagant, feel an involuntary respect for every one who has the independence to appear according to his circumstances. It was said of this good and consistent man, that "wherever he appeared, there was an immediate interest excited in his favor; and hence, by a natural transition, to the cause he advocated."

The whole French capital, and indeed the nation, were favorable to the interests of America previous to the arrival of the commissioners; and after that event, they were even clamorous for permission to assist them; still, there were those who wilily suggested doubts about the prudence of engaging in a cause which would, in their opinion, soon be overturned by its adversaries, and deserted by its friends. But, whatever were the opinions advanced, America was on all hands the subject of general conversation; nor could all the intrigues of cunning politicians prevent,* but, on the contrary, their efforts

* This was a time when there were a vast many intriguers in the service and pay of Great Britain at the French court—so say the historians of those times. Botta, in his History of the United States, says: "It was the business of these, to suggest continually to the French ministry that America, unable to cope with her powerful adversary, would soon yield in unconditional submission, or with some few reserves, insignificant in themselves, and immaterial to England; that her resources were nearly used up, her forces undisciplined, her officers unequal to the character they assumed, and the trust they were invested with, and their courage would soon evaporate; that their Congress were a set of shallow-pated, empty demagogues, who already repented the business they sat out upon; and that the whole posse would undoubt-

rather served to increase the general interest in American affairs. There could not, then, have been a time when the Chevalier and his fair partner would have been more admired, more a subject of conversation and public attention than at the present. To this, her French extract very essentially contributed. The particulars of the history of her family they were too polite to inquire; the French are always satisfied with what you choose to communicate to them, and are little given to inquire into the private affairs of others.

It was in the spring of 1777, that Pauline and her husband arrived in the French capital. Detained as they had been by storms and contrary

edly be hanged as soon as the rebels should lay down their arms, although they asserted the greater part of them had privately written to the British authorities to make the best terms they could in case of such an event; and that France, should she take part in the contest, would soon find herself alone in the field, saddled with a war in which she had no concern, in behalf of a set of desperadoes, the ringleaders of whom would all meet their deserts at the hands of the hangman."

When the secrets of all men shall be disclosed at the great day, it is presumable that the expose of court diplomacy will reveal the greatest mystery of iniquity the whole assembled universe can produce. We shall then know how certain nations have contrived to make themselves so powerful, and of England among the rest, whose boasted system is essentially systematic intrigue. There is not a court in Europe—to say nothing of America, where her facilities are boundless, speaking the same language, &c.—where there is not a set of hired traitors employed to sow the seeds of jealousy, discord, and discontent, against the existing government. If the real origin of many of the disturbances that have deluged Europe in blood, divided the counsels and destroyed the resources of nations, could be known, in nineteen cases out of twenty the intriguers of foreign courts would be found at the bottom of them, and in nine cases out of ten, during the last five hundred years, England has been the intriguer. It is now a well known fact, that that celebrated diplomatist and arch-fiend, Talleyrand, was in constant and private correspondence with the English government during his whole career, both under the Bourbons and under Bonaparte; but it is a matter of speculation, how far his wicked counsels might have produced the state of things that caused the revolution in France, or how far he might have influenced the measures of Bonaparte to bring about his overthrow.

winds on the ocean, she had contracted a cold that prevented her seeing much company for several weeks, and during this time curiosity had been on tiptoe to see her, so that when she did display herself, she had, without knowing it, created a very considerable interest. Her person and manners were much admired, even by majesty, and her reception at the French court was of the most flattering kind. The ease and grace of her manners, which, to say truth, were almost intuitive, were the subject of universal remark, coming as she did from a country where the inhabitants were not to be supposed court-bred, while her uncommon beauty and very peculiar cast of countenance, (being, as we before remarked, of a highly intellectual character,) excited unqualified admiration.

During the few weeks of Pauline's indisposition and confinement to the chateau, she amused herself with superintending the painting in oil colors of the set of landscapes mentioned in a former part of this work, of which she and her sister each possessed a set in water colors, done by themselves and Ferdinand at the time when drawing was taught in their schools. She had always had a strong desire to have them painted by a master in the art, and had now a favorable opportunity, as an eminent artist then in the city, had agreed to come out to the chateau three times a week, to give lessons to her children. From her glowing description of "beautiful Acadia," the artist was enabled to improve materially, and when the last touch was given, they were really elegant and masterly performances, and Pauline proposed having them exhibited at the gallery of the Louvre, in order to recommend the artist.

The singularity of these paintings, having no designation, and affording no clue by which to explain them, at once excited great attention; but

the persons who had charge of the collection, could give nothing of their history. Various surmises were made, as in Boston, as to what part of the world they represented, and what was the story of the singular group there represented. By the request of his wife, the Chevalier had abstained from saying any thing on the subject, though he contrived to be present several times and hear the remarks. Several wondered what opinion his Majesty would give, as it was known he regularly visited the gallery, for the purpose of inspecting the paintings, one day in each week, usually carrying some one of the royal household with him; at times, he walked alone there, and his visits were not made during the hours of public exhibition. Pauline called once to observe their situation, and see if the light fell in the right quarter.

On the following day, attired with great simplicity, but looking remarkably beautiful, she came down stairs, prepared to visit the gallery again.

"My dear love," said her husband, "I am half a mind to prevent your going, you have been so much indisposed of late; going two days in succession, I fear may injure you, though (he added, with a smile) I never saw you look better." However, when the carriage drove up, he handed her very gallantly in, and followed, to attend her safe there.

For some time they walked about among the brilliant circle, and the Chevalier had the pleasure of introducing his beautiful helpmate to a number of the nobility and gentry who had not yet seen her. The hour at length arrived when the galleries cleared, and one by one the visitors departed.

"You may leave me," said Pauline, seating herself directly in front of a beautiful landscape of Claude Loraine, and taking a paper and pencil, "I have obtained permission to sit here a little time to

take a sketch. I shall not, in this corner, be molested, or molest any one."

"As you like, my love," said the Chevalier; "but I seriously fear you are not yet sufficiently strong to engage in what you are about; besides, do you know this is the day on which his Majesty visits the gallery? and I should be loth he should see my wife here alone. I am afraid he will think you an artist yourself, and I rather think you would be unable to support that character," with a smile.

"Never mind," said Pauline, gayly; "I can easily manage to elude his observation, and I will not disgrace you, I promise."

The polite husband took his leave, not, however, without a feeling of anxiety he could not altogether account for. He feared his idolized wife was taxing herself beyond her strength for a mere whim. He had observed her to tremble, and several times change color; and more than once he turned back to insist upon her coming away with him. Then, ashamed of his fears, and loth to deprive her of a gratification, he slowly retraced his steps, and departed.

CHAPTER XI.

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

LEFT almost alone in the silent and now deserted gallery, the fair intruder began to feel her heart throb. The works of an art that she delighted in, that invited her admiration on every side, had suddenly lost their power to charm. She sat for a few moments quite absorbed, her eyes fixed on the

beautiful picture of Claude Loraine, without sensing at all what she was gazing at ; then softly sighing "this will not do," she arose and paced the gallery. It is not to be supposed but she had felt some curiosity to know the remarks his Majesty would make upon the landscapes which had excited so much attention from the casual visitors within a few days past, and had chosen a retreat from which she could observe what past without being seen. An anxiety, however, to know that her pictures were now placed in the best possible light, urged her to view them once more before they should be seen by so illustrious a visitant. Satisfied with the position of the group, she was again retiring, and was about to regain her hiding-place, when an improvement, she had not before observed, struck her in one of the pieces, and she stopped to observe it. It was the strong resemblance a figure there bore to herself in the morning of her days. The painter had easily divined which of the pictures represented herself, and on the day succeeding her visit, had added a few touches to the piece, which rendered the likeness perfect. Lost in admiration of an art that could with so much ease bring back the days of childhood, and lift the veil of years, she stopped involuntarily, while the big tears gathered in her eyes, and her bosom swelled with unutterable emotion.

Shall we wonder that even he who had seen the beautiful Antoinette, gazed on her with admiration ? Louis the Sixteenth had entered the gallery unobserved, alone, on this day, and seeing the figure of a female standing so perfectly absorbed, with noiseless step drew near to observe her. In the crowd, her uncommon beauty, though observed, was not calculated to make such impression ; for who, among hundreds of elegant and well dressed women, would have time or opportunity to examine the beauties

of one individual. That she had a very fine form and beautiful face, was often repeated ; and, added to this, she was an American, though, sooth to say, of this there was sometimes a doubt, she spoke the pure French with such fluency. Beautiful women were not then very uncommon at the French court ; besides the incomparable Antoinette, there were many there who could lay claim to a large share, but the beauty of Pauline was of an entirely different cast ; there was a chaste and classic elegance about her, in that region at least, entirely unique. Perfectly unconscious of the admiration she excited in the usually cold breast of the monarch, she continued to gaze upon the picture, with her bonnet in her hand, discovering at a view the perfect bust and profile, the marble neck, the flushed cheek, continually varying its color, the full, ripe, parting lips, the penciled brow, and long dark eyelash, now wet with a tear, which had just dropped on her cheek, the profusion of chestnut hair, just stirred by the current of air which was now floating through the gallery, the beautiful hand and arm, were all exposed in a side view ; and when, startled by hearing a deep suspiration near her, she turned those full blue eyes upon the monarch, there was in their exquisite expression a something which reminded him of a faintly imaged being of a dream, or of something he had caught an idea of from a picture, but of the existence of which, in real life, he had always doubted. As soon as she found herself observed, with a low and graceful salutation, she turned to retire. But Louis, who in a moment divined that the pictures opposite, which had so absorbed Madam D——, were the ones that had been so much spoken of within a few days, and thinking he had now an opportunity of discovering a secret that had puzzled so many heads, a gratification that always gave him particular pleasure, called to

the lady, and in a very polite manner requested her to stop and give him some information. Notwithstanding the civility with which the request was made, there was an air of command about him, who had been accustomed to say to this man "go, and he went, and to another, do this, and he did it," that could not be mistaken; and Pauline, instantly turning back, with another respectful salutation, awaited his commands in silence.

"Can you," said the monarch, pointing to the group of landscapes, "explain to me the design of those, and in what part of the world the scenes are laid? This, for instance," pointing first to the one that represented the debarkation of the Neutrals, when banished from their happy homes; "it certainly represents a scene of touching distress."

"Not more so than it was, Sire; the pencil can never do justice to that scene of suffering. It represents the forcible banishment of a once happy and affluent people, from their homes and possessions, and the cruel and remorseless manner in which they were shipped to distant and unknown shores, among a people whose language, manners, and laws they were utter strangers to, separated from each other, and exposed to the insolence of unfeeling soldiery, for one only solitary offence."

"Why, what crime could a whole people have committed, to warrant such exterminating vengeance? Was there no punishment agreeable to the laws of war?" demanded Louis.

"It was during a season of profound peace," replied Pauline; "for I believe there is no war where the blows are all on one side."

"No, certainly not; but the crime! the crime!" said the monarch, impatiently.

"No crime," said Pauline, looking down, and meekly folding her hands upon her bosom, "but having French blood in our veins."

"Our," said Louis: "then thou, the beautiful and accomplished wife of our friend the Chevalier —, thou wert one of them; but from where, and by whom?"

Pauline, pointing to a flag upon one of the ships, so small as to have escaped the observation of the King, said, "Yes, Sire, I am one of the Neutral French; one of those unfortunate exiles, eighteen thousand of whom were, twenty years since, driven from the province of Nova Scotia, and scattered as paupers among the now United States, contrary to all their pledges to us, and our good treatment guaranteed to the King of France."

"Ha!" exclaimed Louis, "I begin to comprehend. Traitors and monsters of cruelty! was that the way it was done? Great God!" exclaimed he, clasping his hands, and raising his eyes, in which tears that did not disgrace manhood were fast gathering, "avenge this people!"

"Amen!" said Pauline, fervently, covering her face, and sobbing with irrepressible emotion.

"Compose yourself, madam," said Louis, while leading her to a seat near, and sitting down by her side; "and now give me a succinct history of this transaction. I have a very imperfect idea of it. It was, as you know, during the life of the King my grandfather; his history was one long turmoil with those ancient enemies of France, whose avenging sword was only stayed, in many instances, by the utter impossibility of wielding it."

"We knew, Sire, that the King of France was not obligated to avenge a people, who, for so many years, had consented to remain peaceable subjects of another government; and, further, we always believed France knew not the extent of our wrongs, nor the treachery with which we were beguiled and finally betrayed, in violation of the most solemn compact originally made with the French gov-

ernment, and repeatedly renewed to ourselves." She then gave the monarch a brief history of the transactions connected with their expulsion.

"And there, Sire," she added, rising and advancing to the first landscape in the group, "there is a true representation of our happy homes, before the spoiler came; those deep intervalles were diked as you see, and a vast extent of country reclaimed from the ocean by French ingenuity and enterprise; and oh, what years of labor were ruthlessly destroyed. Those flocks and herds were ours, and ours 'the cattle on a thousand hills;' and there, (pointing to the chapel,) after the manner that they called heresy, we worshipped the God of our fathers; the cross you observe the soldier rudely striking down, was borne by one who would have succeeded our aged pastor; his life was the sacrifice of bearing the sacred emblem; the blow he received, he never recovered from. But that was a trifle to the sacrifice of human life, the hundreds who perished in the woods, in the pestilential vessels, and beneath the blighting influence of a sultry clime.

"Oh, Sire, it is now twenty-three years since I was transported to Boston in that vessel you observe dashing through the turbulent sea, and lighted from the shore by the blaze of our dwellings; yet never from that hour to this, has the memory of that terrible transaction faded from my recollection; through all the subsequent events of my life, that one dark, terrible scene, has still haunted me, as if it were burnt into my brain. Acadia, sacked and ruined, is ever before me. I still hear the moans of my unfortunate countrymen in that crowded ship, as, mingled with the roar of wind and waters, they ascended to heaven. I still see their wasted forms, lustreless eyes, and despairing countenances, when landed in an enemy's country, and told to seek their bread. True, I have a beloved mother,

sister, and brethren, whom I, happier than many of them, was permitted to find again ; I have a husband, even dearer ; but never, even in my happiest hours in their society, have the miseries of the Neutral French been forgotten. But God (she exclaimed with energy) has at length heard our prayers ; his avenging arm is bared, and is punishing our oppressors with the instruments of their cruelty. Our cries have entered into the ears of the God of Sabbaoth, and his own right hand is chastising our foes, while accomplishing the salvation of a nation. America will be free, and the remnant of our people saved from the tyranny of Britain."

"And thou," said the monarch, who had listened with breathless attention to this burst of enthusiasm, "thou art from that country, fair maiden, and on my soul I believe, already tinctured with republicanism ; for had I questioned a lady of my court except thyself, I had never obtained thy plain, unvarnished tale." (The fair orator blushed deeply as she recollected, for the first time, the singular position she occupied) "However, thy story is a melancholy one, (taking her hand,) and thy husband a brave and worthy man, to whom France owes much for his services in Canada. But these Americans—were they not the instruments of enforcing this most barbarous edict against your people ? are they worthy of being freed from a master whose cruel mandates they have been so expert in fulfilling ? Is it not just that they should be permitted to suffer from a Power whose hands they have strengthened in this most unholy warfare against the innocent and defenceless ?"

"Please your Majesty," said Pauline, "the people were deceived ; they did not even know, when carried by thousands to Nova Scotia, what they went for. I speak not of their rulers and officers, many of whom, by a singular providence, have

fled to that very place for shelter now, to escape an exasperated people. In the affair of the Neutral French, too, pity for our situation was much stifled by the continual suggestions of the English, that we instigated the barbarities of the Indians; that unjust accusation often steeled the hearts of the Americans, and indeed awakened their deepest resentment against us. But from the time of our landing among them, they have been convinced we were not a people to sanction such cruelties, and to the present moment have treated us with uniform kindness."

"I am truly happy to hear it," said Louis; "thou knowest we are daily importuned to assist these people, but their recent defeats are rather discouraging. Dost thou think, Madam D——, their constancy may be counted on? May they not become discouraged, and return to the yoke of bondage?"

"Never, never, Sire!" said Pauline, fervently. "It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm that pervades all ranks; they will now rather perish in the wreck of their country, than ever again submit to British rule; and—and they now look to your Majesty in the confidence that, in commiseration of their situation, you will graciously forgive the sins they have been driven to commit against your subjects"—she hesitated—the blood mounted to the temples of Louis the Sixteenth—he drew in his breath, and, compressing his lips fervently, sat in the attitude of a man who waits to hear more. The opportunity was not lost. Sliding gracefully from her seat to the feet of the monarch, the fair and agitated pleader continued: "And suffer me, gracious King, to avail myself of this unexpected opportunity to plead their cause against that tyrant nation, that has not only been our scourge, but drenched their fair fields in blood, and already wrought out such barbarities as will, in after ages,

excite the astonishment and indignation of mankind. Remember, great King, you are one of God's vicegerents here on earth; let the sorrowful sighing of such as are appointed unto death, come up before thee—by all the sufferings of the Neutral French—by long ages of persevering warfare against our ancestors—by the blood shed in Canada, and now deluging the plains of fair America, be entreated to interpose an arm of power between them and their oppressors!”

“Enough,” said Louis, gently raising the fair suppliant from the floor; “enough, lady, thou hast prevailed; the people thou hast so eloquently plead for shall be remembered. The movements of a nation cannot keep pace with the impatience of enthusiasm; but, with the first favorable omen, I will press the subject. In the mean time, keep this in thine heart; remember, (said he, solemnly,) even from the friend of thy bosom.”

“I pledge myself, gracious King,” said Pauline, kissing the hand extended to her, and dropping upon it a tear as she did so.

CHAPTER XII.

“And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of ONE,
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.”—HALLECK.

At the gate of his chateau, the Chevalier D— received from the carriage the exhausted person of his wife, blaming himself severely for the false tenderness that impelled him to leave her so long, in her feeble state of health, to sketch pictures.

“But did you see the King, my love? you have staid a long time.”

"Yes," Pauline answered; "I had a very perfect view of him while he was examining the landscapes," and then turned the conversation.

No bad effects followed the exertion, though Madam D—— had for many days previous exhibited symptoms of almost alarming indisposition; she had been afflicted with something of an intermittent fever, with extreme nervousness, and her anxious husband had watched her countenance closely; but from this day she sensibly recovered, and the Chevalier protested, "that if it had been possible his wife had any thing distressing on her mind, he should have believed it was suddenly removed, and the wound healed; but as he knew she was much too innocent to have a troubled conscience, and could have no grief, because every wish of her heart was gratified as soon as known, he supposed it impossible." Some days after, they attended a court ball, and their reception from the monarch and his consort was as usual gracious, but there was no allusion to the gallery. His Majesty had before this been complimented upon his superior discernment in finding out the disputed paintings, the supple courtiers at once attributing it to royal sagacity.

Some little time after the interview mentioned in the preceding chapter, the news of the capture of Burgoyne's army was received at the French capital, and great joy was felt on the occasion by all the friends of America. This event, it is well known, was the turning point with the French ministry—France no longer refused her aid, and the treaty was speedily made with the United States.

It was two full years, before the affairs of the Chevalier's deceased kinsman could be settled; but, during the time, the burning desire to be engaged in the war in America, continued to harass his

mind and disturb his peace, although America was doubtless much better served by him where he was, since he was of very efficient aid during that season, in negotiating loans and inducing many brave spirits to engage in the contest, and enroll their names among the forces destined for its relief.

"My dear husband," Pauline would say, "it is comparatively easy to serve a good cause where glory awaits us; but that is true virtue and true patriotism that enables a man to make sacrifices for the public good, which, from their nature, must be unknown, which must be done in secret, where no eye but God's sees the deed. It is true, your name will not shine upon the pages of American history, but you will have the satisfaction of reflecting you have done what you could, and consequently your duty. In my eyes, you are a greater hero for refraining from the battle-field, than you would be in returning from it. If it is glory you seek, you will be disappointed certainly; but if it is the real good of that country where we have been so greatly blessed, you can certainly accomplish more for them on this side the water, than your single arm on that could achieve."

Two years more, peace was declared, and now more serious obstacles intervened. The health of the Chevalier's eldest son was so delicate, the physicians gave it as their opinion he could not in his then state of health be removed to America. Old affections and associations had by this time got such hold on the feelings of the Chevalier, that he decided on passing the remainder of his days in his native country. Meanwhile, a very spirited correspondence had been kept up between the two sisters, and the letters of Josephine had often been perused in the first circles in Paris, and even at the palace royal.

Admired and respected in France, though differ-

ing in morals and manners from most of that licentious court, Pauline saw her sons and daughters growing up around her. If a tear of regret to the memory of her adopted country sometimes rose, it was quickly dried by the recollection of the blessings that surrounded her. Once, the hearth of this happy family was made glad by the presence of Pauline's father, who went over to visit this his first-born and beloved daughter; he strongly urged the family to return to the United States, but it was now settled France was to be their home, and Louis, after a visit of a few months, returned to his wife.

Nothing very remarkable happened in the family of Pauline from this time to the period of the French Revolution, except the marriage of their eldest daughter to a worthy private gentleman of France, who, agreeably to the customs of the country, took up his residence with the family of his wife.

The Chevalier D—— had seen, with prophetic eye, the end from the beginning of the revolutionary movements. Enemy as he was to arbitrary power, the idea of the blood that must flow ere the object could be gained, made him sick at the heart, and decided him to leave the country before his own safety should be compromised. Various hindrances, however, retarded his departure, the principal one of which was the difficulty of disposing of his property; that, however, was at length accomplished, at a sacrifice of nearly half its value, and the proceeds remitted to America. They, themselves, unable to follow immediately, rented apartments in Paris until their business should all be settled. Alas! too soon the storm burst over their heads; and it was while Paris was in arms, and her streets filled with the populace that want had driven mad, while the King was menaced, and

the royal residence surrounded by an armed force, that the Chevalier D—— and Pauline sought and obtained for the last time an interview with the French monarch. The character of the Chevalier was such, that, even at this dangerous era in the affairs of the nation, no suspicion attached to his name. His passports for leaving the kingdom were readily obtained, and himself and family were to leave on the ensuing day. In the earlier part of his residence in France, he refused a high office about the court, and had subsequently refused to be a candidate for an obsolete title, which his friends and admirers wished revived in his family on his account, he always protesting that his ambition was satisfied with the station of a private gentleman. This declaration, probably, afterwards saved him his head. But, though exasperated at the folly and profligacy of the nobles, there was a latent feeling of affection, and indeed reverence, towards the French King—the good natured but mistaken Louis—that prevented his taking part with the revolutionists, and caused him earnestly to desire to save him if possible; and having devised, as he thought, a feasible plan, he procured, as we before remarked, an interview with the monarch, for the sole purpose of conjuring him to leave the kingdom, when, throwing himself at the feet of the doomed King, he ventured to use all the eloquence he was master of, to prevail on him to accede to the plan he had formed for his escape to America.

“Oh, Sire,” said Pauline, after her husband had ineffectually exhausted all his eloquence, and tears coursed each other down her cheeks, “Oh, Sire, trust to those who never would deceive you; we can get away safely; and once in America you are secure; doubt not you would be protected, and every thing that gratitude could render would be

done to make you happy, and there you would have a little kingdom in every heart."

"And thinkest thou, lady, they would help me to regain my crown? they, who have so recently set crowns and principalities at defiance?" And he shut his teeth, and drew in his breath, as though suddenly stung by some peculiarly exciting thought.

"Indeed, I cannot say," said Pauline, somewhat confused; then, recovering herself, "I will not affect to believe they would war in behalf of a crown, but I am sure they would protect your Majesty's person."

The mournful monarch folded his arms on his breast, and for a moment bent his eyes on the floor, as though in deep thought; then heaving a deep sigh, he said,

"It is in vain, all in vain. I cannot believe the people of France will ever lay violent hands upon the person of their sovereign; but should that be the event, I will die like a King."

"Alas! alas!" said Pauline, wringing her hands. "Of what consequence will it be, Sire, in the eternal world, whether you died as a man or a King? Be persuaded, most gracious and beloved prince, to follow the leadings of Providence, and escape while it is possible. Indeed, indeed, Sire, you are not safe!"

"Then why not stay and assist me?" demanded the King.

"Because," said the Chevalier, "my single arm, opposed to all France, my liege, would avail you nothing."

"Farewell, then!" said the afflicted monarch, extending his hand to break up the conference, while a slight shade of resentment seemed to mingle with his grief.

But if there was a feeling of anger at being thus plainly told the truth, it was quickly banished,

when the distressed couple pressed their quivering lips for the last time to his royal hand, and literally bathed it with their tears.

"Dear lady," said Louis, "I might almost believe your acquaintance was a sad omen; the first time I ever conversed with you, you left a tear upon my hand."

The hurry and terror of departure, left little time for the gratification of curiosity, and it was not until they were fairly on their voyage, that the Chevalier asked and obtained the explanation of the monarch's last words. "Ah! Pauline, Pauline," said the husband, shaking his head, "I never doubted my wife, thank heaven, but your explanation has cleared up a mystery that has puzzled me for many a year. The state of excitement in which you returned from the Louvre, did not escape my observation, but, knowing your prudence, I doubted not there was some very good reason for withholding your confidence."

The children of this excellent pair expressed the deepest regret on leaving France, particularly the two eldest sons, and the eldest daughter, who was now married, and, with her husband, accompanied Pauline to America.

As the receding shores of France faded from their view, Pauline felt the big tears coursing down her cheeks, and her bosom swell with the recollection of the blessings that had there been dispensed to herself and family, and drawing herself apart from the group, she stood with clasped hands in mental prayer for those her late dear companions who had sought to render her delightful home still more delightful, and who, whatever their political sins might have been, had unvaryingly manifested themselves her friends; nor did she forget him who, in the day of adversity, had proved himself America's fast friend, who had advanced to the rescue and

stood in the breach. "Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "perhaps his blood may soon be made to flow; if it be possible, spare him, aid, succor, preserve him for future mercies; but if it be thy will that he should lose his crown in this world, may it be replaced by one which shall endure through endless ages, even a heavenly one."

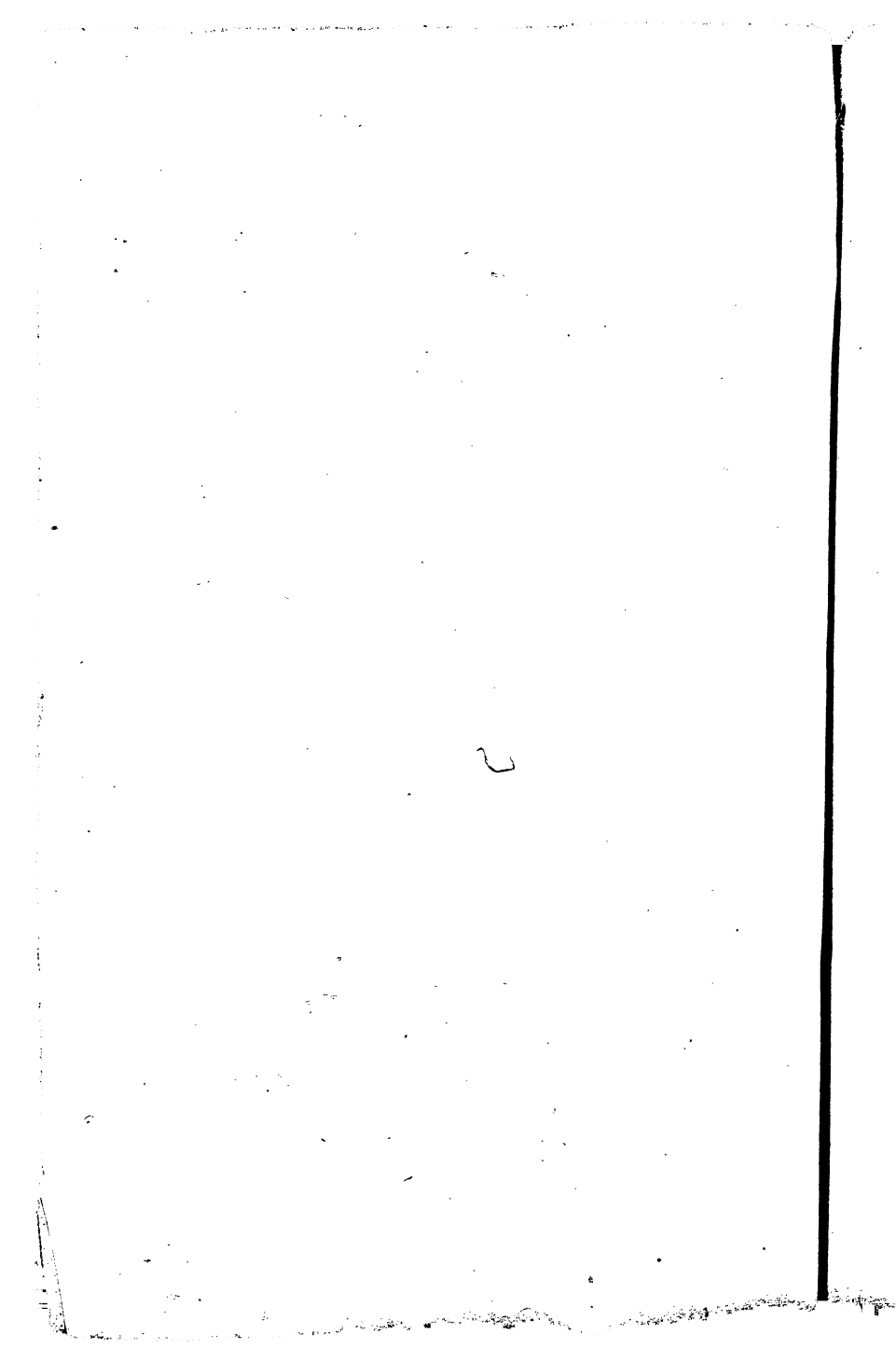
But how different were her feelings as she approached Boston for the second time, a voluntary exile from the land of her fathers. "Who," said the still animated Pauline, laying her hand upon the arm of the Chevalier, "who would have believed, when our wretched countrymen were forced upon these shores, that any of them, in after years, should seek them as a refuge from that happy France to which we then looked as a second heaven—that the dreaded country, where our expatriated people were to be scattered, was soon to be the refuge of the oppressed of all the earth, the stranger's home, the pilgrim's shrine, the star of hope to the distant captive, and the home of liberty to all within its borders?"

They were bound to the port of Boston, and like all other voyages Pauline had ever taken, she thought it a rough one. Nothing could exceed the joy of this affectionate family at their reunion. The family of Josephine had counted hour by hour after they heard of the troubles in France, and were apprised of the remittance of Monsieur's property. "Oh, Pauline," exclaimed Josephine, as she hung round the neck of her sister, "you were born to witness revolutions; this is the third you have been involved in."

"My dear sister," returned Pauline, "would that every revolution could end like that of this favored land; but, alas! for France I fear. Let us rejoice that our beneficent Creator has placed us in the only land where true liberty is to be found. I

have, as you know, traversed Europe within the last few years, on account of the health of our eldest son, and I have seen no country where true liberty is enjoyed. It is not in sunny Italy, in despotic Russia, or magnificent Austria, far less in proud and imperious Britain. France, beautiful France has it not; her dear, deluded monarch, though he could see the oppressions under which America groaned, could not discern the abuses of his own government, blinded as he was by those whose interest it was that the many should suffer that the few might riot. That is and must be the best government, that decrees the greatest good to the greatest number—it is the people, emphatically the people, whose happiness and safety a righteous government will look to. By the people I mean that class called the *canaille* in France, the rabble in England, and in this happy land alone denominated the PEOPLE.”

END OF VOLUME SECOND.



A P P E N D I X.

We insert copies of a few of the letters relating to the removal of the Neutrals, now in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. They only confirm the truth of this Story, and exhibit the indecent levity, as well as heartless cruelty with which it was managed. In a Book of State papers, published by Robert Walsh, is a description of the situation of those of the unfortunate beings landed at Philadelphia. The Society of Friends took these unhappy people under their protection, and in addition to their own means, bespoke for them the sympathy of the public, and procured a large contribution for their relief.— A List of the sick and insane among them accompanies the Document, the latter they denominate idiots. It is a fact, that the astounding calamities that befell them, reduced many of them to this state!!!

GRAND PRE, 30th August, 1755.

To Gov. LAWRENCE,

I am favoured with your Excellency's letters of the 11th and 26th of this instant, which Capt. Murray was so good as to be the bearer of, and^d with whom I have consulted as to the duty proposed; and as the corn is now all down, the weather being such, has prevented the inhabitants from housing it, it is his opinion and mine, that your Excellency's orders should not be made public till next Friday; on which day we propose to put them in execution. We had picketed in the camp before the receipt of your Excellency's letter, and I imagine it is so far from giving surprise to the inhabitants, as to their being detained, that they look upon it a settled point, that we are to remain with them all winter; and as this duty is of no expense to Government, I cannot but flatter myself your Excellency will approve of the mat-

ter, as fifty men to remain will be better in our present circumstances, than one hundred without this protection, and the other part of the troops put on duty abroad. As to the supplying of ammunition, &c. I shall apprise Colonel Moncton as directed, and in every material point shall counsel Captain Murray; and although it is a disagreeable part of duty we are put upon, I am sensible it is a necessary one, and shall endeavor strictly to obey your Excellency's orders, to do every thing in me to remove the neighbors about me to a better country; as to poor father Le Blanc, I shall, with your Excellency's permission, send him to my own place. I am, with the greatest regard, your Excellency's most dutiful and obedient servant.

(Signed)

JOHN WINSLOW.

23d September.

This morning Capt. Adams and party returned from their march to the river Canard, and reported it was a fine country and full of inhabitants, a beautiful church, abundance of the good of this world, provisions of all kinds in great plenty. Capt. Holby ordered with one subaltern, two sergeants, two corporals, and fifty private men, to visit the village Molanson on the river Gaspereau, and Capt. Osgood, with the like number of officers and men, to reconnoitre the county in the front, or to the southward of our encampment, both of which parties returned in the evening, and gave each account that it was a fine country. This day held a consultation with the different Captains—the result was, that I should give out my citation to-morrow morning.

JOHN WINSLOW,

Lieut. Col. Commanding.

FORT EDWARD, 1755.

I was out yesterday at the villages, all the people were quiet and busy at the harvest; if this day keeps fair, all will be in here into their barns. I hope to-morrow will crown all our wishes. I am most truly, with great esteem, your most obedient and humble servant,

A. MURRAY.

GRAND PRE, 5th September, 1755.

All officers, soldiers and seamen, employed in his Majesty's service, as well as all his subjects, of what denomination soever, are hereby notified, that all cattle, viz. horses, horned cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, and poultry of every kind, that was this day supposed to be vested in the French inhabitants of this Province, are become forfeited to his Majesty, whose property they now are; and every person, of what denomination soever, is to take care not to hurt, destroy or kill, any of any kind, nor to rob orchards or gardens, or to make waste of any thing dead or alive, in these districts, without special order given at my camp, the day and place above to be published throughout the camp, and at the village where the vessels lie.

JOHN WINSLOW.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, 31st August, 1755.

One of the transports having arrived from Messrs. Apthorp and Hancock, hired to carry off the French inhabitants of this River, immediately ordered out a party to bring in about one hundred of the heads of families who had retired into the woods, having taken their bedding with them; therefore I am to desire you to send me a reinforcement of men, so soon as you can spare them, that may enable me to bring them to reason.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. HANFIELD.

On his Majesty's service,
To Col. John Winslow, Commanding
the troops at Grand Pre, Minas.

FORT EDWARD, 5th September, 1755.

Dear Sir.—I have succeeded finely, and have got 183 men into my possession. I believe there are but very few left, excepting their sick. I am hopeful you have had equally as good luck, should be glad you would send me transports as soon as possible for you know our fort is but small; I should also esteem it a favor if you could also

send me an officer and thirty men more as I shall be obliged, to send to some distant rivers, where they are not all come yet. Your answer as soon as possible, will greatly oblige your most obedient humble servant.

A. MURRAY.

P. S.—I have sent father Le Blanc's son to you, to go with his father, as you have taken him under your protection. At the nearest computation, it will require 360 tons of shipping, which I think at the least computation too small; therefore I believe 400 tons will be better,—since writing the above, two of the transports have arrived.

A. MURRAY.

To Col. Winslow, Commanding
His Majesty's forces at Grand Pré.

GRAND PRÉ, 5th September, 1775.

The order of the day parole being Prince of Wales, the French inhabitants to repair to their quarters, in the church at Tattoo, and in the day time not to extend their walks beyond the Commandant's quarters on the east, without leave from the officer of the guard, and that one half the guard take shelter under my Marque, as patrole, a sergeant, and twelve men, to walk constantly round the church—the centries every where to be doubled.

JOHN WINSLOW.

P. S.—Sept. 5.—The French people not having with them any provisions, and many of them pleading hunger, begged for bread, on which I gave them, and ordered that for the future, they be supplied from their respective families. Thus ended the memorable fifth of September, a day of great fatigue and trouble.

J. W.

FORT CUMBERLAND, 24th August, 1775.

Dear Sir—I embrace this opportunity with pleasure, to let you know that these leave me and all friends, as I hope they will find you, in good health, and we rejoice to hear of your safe arrival at Minas, and am well pleased that you are provided with so good quarters for yourself and soldiers, and as you have taken possession of the friar's house, hope

you will execute the office of priest. I am tired of your absence, and long for nothing more than to be with you; here is Capt. Proby and eight transports, arrived last Wednesday; Capt. Taggart arrived this morning, and a sloop from New-York with provisions for the troops, the news has not yet come on shore, our troops remain in good health, and long to follow you.

Yours, &c.

PREBBLE.

To Col. Winslow, commanding at Minas.

CAMP AT CUMBERLAND, 5th Sept. 1775.

Dear Sir—I received your favor from Captain Nichols, of the 23d Aug. rejoice to hear that the lines are fallen to you in pleasant hands, and that you have a goodly heritage. I understand you are surrounded by good things of this world, and having a sanctified place for your habitation, hope you will be prepared for the enjoyments of another; we are mouldering away our time in your absence, which has rendered this place to me worse than a prison; we have only this to comfort us, that we are as nigh heaven as you are at Minas, and since we are denied the good things in this world, doubt not we shall be happy in the next. It is with grief I inform you, that on the second instant, Major Frye, being at Shepoudie, where he was ordered to burn the buildings and bring off the women and children, the number of which was only twenty-three, which he had sent on board, and burned 253 buildings, and had sent fifty men on shore to burn the Mess House and some other buildings which was the last they had to do, when about three hundred French and Indians came suddenly upon them, and killed Doctor Marsh, shot Lieut. Billing through the body, and through the arm, killed and wounded 22, and wounded six more; they retreated to the dykes, and Major Frye landed with what men we got off shore and made a stand, but their numbers being superior to ours; we were forced to retreat.—Your sincere friend,

JEDEDIAH PREBBLE.

To Col. Winslow, Commanding the troops at Minas.