

rible mystery, it is very probable that you never would have heard of it; and yet it is *my* fate to narrate a circumstance of so mysterious a character that I cannot, even for a moment, persuade myself to class it with any natural agency that I am acquainted with; and that, too, not in any distant corner of the world, the scene of it being no other than the pleasant and rural village of L'Acadie; nor at any remote period of time, it being no longer ago than three weeks from this present time,—a cold chill running through my blood even now, as I recall it to my remembrance; and so far from my telling it for a second, third, or even a further removed person, as is generally the case in affairs partaking of the supernatural, I have, unfortunately, to relate *my own* experience in the following narrative.

And here it may probably be necessary to mention how I came to L'Acadie; for I am such a regular townsman, that, although I have not the same excuse here as I had in London, namely, that the country was so far off, yet, to say the truth, I seldom stir out of the town in which I reside, except it be on a Sunday, just to get a mouthful of fresh air.

You must know, Sir, I have a cousin residing at St. Jaques le Mineur, who, when he comes to Montreal, to sell his produce, generally does me the honor of making my house his hostelry; in return for which accommodation, he occasionally makes me a present of certain small matters, in the shape of fresh butter, eggs, poultry, &c.; and he never fails to give me the most pressing invitation to return his visit, and “honor his house, such as it is, with my company for a few days,”—at least thus he is pleased to say. Now, from the circumstance of his having asked me a great number of times, and my never having accepted his invitation, I fancy he began to think I never should go; and he was thereby emboldened, by his fancied security, to press his offers, and solicit me with redoubled confidence and security. He did so; and I determined to punish him, *by going to his house*. But, as my avocations are of such a nature as to demand my *almost* constant attendance in town, I determined to go on Saturday afternoon, that I might have Sunday included in my holiday, so as to lose as little time as possible. I proposed crossing the river in the *Prince Albert*, walking to St. Philippe that evening, and then, sleeping there, have a pleasant walk to St. Jacques in the morning, which I could easily do before breakfast, as it is only about six miles, and by that plan I could see more of the country than I could by any other.

This was *my* plan; but here I must confess to a grievous error,—an error which I have already

severely repented—which I shall always repent—and which I have solemnly promised myself never to be guilty of again—namely, taking my wife's advice! It is not often that I am guilty of this thing; but, on this occasion, I must own, I did give way to her plausibilities. “It was a long way for me to walk,” she said; “and if it got dark before I got to St. Philippe, I might miss my way. This was very true—I *might*; I could not deny it; as I had never been there but once before, and that was in the winter, when the ground was all covered with snow. “Then, again, you know, you can't speak a word of French; and if anything was to happen to you, see how awkward you would be, for they are all Canadians about there.” Now, though neither of these assertions was literally true, yet there was some truth and justice in both; and, finally, I suffered myself to be led astray by her advice, which was, that when I got to Laprairie, I should go by the railroad as far as L'Acadie, and from thence, as she was told, I could easily walk to St. Jacques that night; and then, I could sleep at my cousin's, which would be much better than sleeping at a strange house, where I might be robbed or murdered, and all sorts of things. She also added something about her own rest being somehow concerned in the matter, and two or three other things which I will not repeat. Suffice it, that, like our forefather, Adam, I was seduced and led astray by a woman.

It was a few minutes before five o'clock, on the Saturday afternoon of a beautiful day, at the commencement of September, that I stepped on board the *Prince Albert*. I was in capital health and spirits, quite sober, and determined to enjoy myself as much as possible during my short interval from business. Either the steam was low, or the stream was strong, for it took us rather more than an hour to get to Laprairie, another quarter to get the baggage and people stowed away in the railway cars; and, after two or three false starts, we at length “got away,” at the rate of about ten miles an hour. I was very much amused during this part of my journey, by seeing a boy, on an old cart horse, racing with our train, and beating it; and I could not help thinking on the different way in which they do things in the Old Country. Thus, when I left the cars at the L'Acadie station, it was near seven. I say the L'Acadie station, for, although I had been given to understand that I was to be put down at L'Acadie, yet, when I was put down, and had time to look around me, I could only perceive one solitary house, stack at the corner of a lane. As the railway cars were again in motion, I did not think it worth while to stop them, to ask my way to