

a guide with them. A tragical occurrence enshrines the old building with a tinge of mystery, which only awaits the pen of a novelist to weave out of it a thrilling romance. The legend may be condensed as follows :—Somewhere about the year 1757, the French Intendant, Bigot, who had charge of the public funds of Canada, attempted to lead here the same dissolute life which the old Noblesse of France led before the French Revolution, and built this country seat in which to seek relaxation from the cares of office. Hunting was a favourite pastime of this old noble, and this indefatigable Nimrod on one occasion, tracking a deer which he had wounded, strayed far away from his chateau, and was overtaken by the shades of evening in the midst of a dense forest. Exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he sat down to ponder on what course he should pursue, when, startled by the sound of footsteps, he perceived before him a light figure, with eyes as black as night, and raven tresses flowing in the night wind. It was an Algonquin beauty, one of those ideal types whose white skin betray their hybrid origin—a mixture of European blood with that of the Aboriginal race. It was Caroline, a child of love, born on the banks of the Ottawa, a French officer her sire, and the Algonquin tribe of the Beaver claimed her mother. Struck with the sight of such beauty, he requested her guidance to his castle, as she must be familiar with every path of the forest. . . . The Intendant was a married man, but his lady seldom accompanied her lord on his hunting excursions, remaining in the Capital ; but it was soon whispered abroad, and came to her ears, that something more than the pursuit of wild animals attracted him to his country seat. Jealousy is a watchful sentinel, and after making several visits to the castle, she verified her worst fears. . . . On the night of the 2nd July, when every inmate was wrapped in slumber, a masked person rushed upon this “fair Rosamond,” and plunged a dagger to the hilt in her heart. The whole