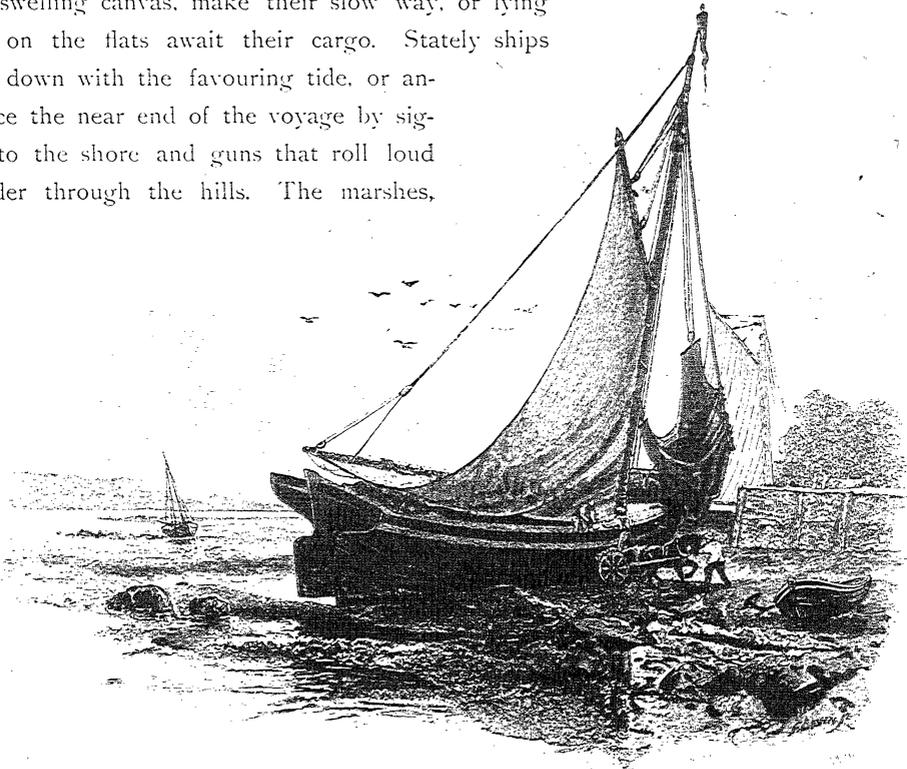




GATHERING MARSH HAY.

melts on the distant horizon into the hardly purer azure of the sky. Quaint *batteaux*, with swelling canvas, make their slow way, or lying high on the flats await their cargo. Stately ships glide down with the favouring tide, or announce the near end of the voyage by signals to the shore and guns that roll loud thunder through the hills. The marshes,



LOADING A BATTEAU AT LOW TIDE.

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