

life in this old house, and are always glad to see the Abbé or his friends. As I understand you take an interest in the history of this country, I shall be happy to show you some rare old works and manuscripts.

I was well satisfied with the quiet quarters I had found at Marmon-tel's cottage, but when I saw that the *Seigneur* would be displeased if I did not accept his hospitable offer, I allowed him to send for my luggage. I was soon at home in the Château, which possessed a capital library, including such treasures as the *Seigneur* had spoken of. M. de Guercheville himself was of an old French family, which had come into the country at the end of the seventeenth century. As his name showed, he was descended from a branch of that family, of which the celebrated Marquise, who withstood the blandishments of Henry IV, was the most distinguished member. "She it was, you perhaps remember," said the *Seigneur*, when the conversation had turned to his family, as we were looking over some portraits, "who repulsed the gay monarch with the haughty retort, 'Sire, my rank, perhaps is not high enough to permit me to be your wife, and my heart is too high to permit me to be your mistress.'"

The *Seigneur's* brother, a doctor by profession, though he rarely practised then, joined us in the course of the day. When I learned that he had a son, now at college, I wondered if he had anything to do with the disgrace into which Raoul had fallen. He seemed an off-handed, pleasant gentleman—much more a man of the world than his brother; and I soon dismissed the suspicion that had flashed across my mind that he was perhaps jealous of the favour which had been shown to Raoul.

I accompanied M. de Guercheville and his brother over his principal farm, which covered several hundred acres, although it was only a tithe of his possessions. One of the most interesting objects we saw was a huge stone building, once used as a wind-mill, but was now employed as a granary. The mill was always an important item in the economy of a *Seigneurie*, for under the feudal tenure, the *censitaires*, or holders of land, were bound to grind their corn at the *moulin canal*, or the lord's mill, where one-fourteenth part of it was taken for his use as toll. The *habitants* we saw on the estate were just the same class of people, in their faces and manners, one sees at the present day in some old Breton village.

The evening at the Château passed away pleasantly. Mademoiselle de Guercheville was a charming musician, and sang simple Canadian airs which are favourites among the *habitants*, many of whose fathers and grandfathers had been *voyageurs* and *couvreurs de bois*. The doctor and the *Seigneur* narrated anecdotes illustrative of the life of the simple-minded, old-fashioned residents; and then we all parted for the night. I sat for awhile in my bed-room—a large, comfortable apartment overlooking the river—smoking a cigar and enjoying the pleasant fire of maple splinters which blazed on the hearth, with its quaint, brass andirons. The night was chilly, as is often the case in September in parts of Canada, and the room had not been occupied for some time. So I sat for an hour at least, watching the sparks flying