

practice, with these huge weapons belching forth masses of flame, and surrounded by smoke.

Father Francis took me for a drive in a calache one sunny afternoon some distance into the country. We drove through flat low land which extends between two lines of hills for about three miles, and which, on either side of the highway, is divided into narrow farms. The houses looked very picturesque amid the hop vines and the flowering plants, but the land is poorly cultivated by hand, or rarely by horse power, and the farm stock, both cows and horses, are small and show no good blood whatever. The worthy Father pointed out a tavern at the end of the road, kept by one Louis Garnier, which he said was of great age, and in which the same business had been carried on, he considered, little less than a century. Somewhat beyond this point we saw the remains of a stone bridge where, if I remember rightly, poor Major King and his little band were annihilated by the regiment from Trois Pistoles, whose passage by rail they attempted to intercept. I managed to clamber up the bank, and succeeded in tracing, as far as the eye could reach, the line of this railway which once formed a portion of the old Intercolonial. The track is now overgrown with raspberry and other shrubs, and with various plants, some of which are common in the neighborhood, while others were evidently produced from seeds dropped from cars containing hay or farmers' stuff obtained from distant sources.

It is nearly a week since I have looked at a book or touched pen and paper, and my prostration warns me that Father Francis is too rugged a companion, that a calache is too rough a vehicle, and that a scramble upon a steep embankment is entirely too much for one with my enfeebled constitution. Oh the weary, weary hours which I have passed since that imprudent expedition; my head racked with pain through the long, sleepless nights; the organs of the body inactive, but the mind doubly quickened and never resting. It is DeQuincy who likens the brain to a palimpsest, and to me, the victim of so much recent