

Malcolm being without boots, completed the picture. After presenting our letter of introduction, and explaining our woes and sudden appearance, Mrs. Charlton gave us a good substantial dinner, which we much needed and enjoyed. After a little more conversation, we re-entered our "carriage" and retraced our steps to Mr. Tremblay's. I tried all my powers of persuasion to induce Malcolm to continue our journey to Quebec without delay, he feeling inclined to remain at Mr. Tremblay's for a few day's rest, though I felt no inclination to rest anywhere but in our own house at Quebec. Our return drive was an intensely hot one, the trees affording no protection from the sun, whose rays came pouring down on our heads. During our drive (I having persuaded Malcolm to start for Grande Baie that evening,) we questioned Mr. Tremblay as to the possibility of procuring a fresh horse to take us and our unpretending baggage on to Grande Baie. After a little demur, he agreed to drive us there himself, and if unable to procure a fresh horse, to drive his own, (the poor animal had already done a fair day's work,) however, we were fortunate enough to find a man willing to let his horse take the journey, so I hoped all would go well. About five p.m. we reached Mr. Tremblay's house, and whilst he got ready his horse and vehicle we had some tea. A more vicious horse to catch I never saw, and three men spent nearly an hour endeavoring to secure and harness the animal, which was accomplished with much difficulty. Malcolm was now quite anxious to start, as both Johnson and the three horses were too ill to travel, and it was imperative that some one should go to Quebec to buy liniment, &c., for the horses.

It was nearly dark when we left Hébertville, a small village about four miles from Mr. Tremblay's, and boasting of a church, a post office and two very good stores. Here I bought some biscuits and a pair of cotton gloves, in which to hide my hands on board the steamer at Ha! Ha! Bay. We also invested twenty-five cents in a sack of hard nuts. After leaving Hébertville it was too dark to see anything of the country. We crossed a floating bridge, which is all I can remember, except that the road ran alongside Lakes Kenogamichiche and Kenogami. The former, Mr. Tremblay informed us, was nine miles long, the latter twenty-seven. About one hundred yards of land separated the two Lakes, therefore we drove by them for thirty-six miles. About ten p.m. we arrived at a small house, where Mr. Tremblay got out to feed his horse, and, after rousing the mistress of the "mansion," we were glad to accept her offer of rest and food, which we much