

CACOUNA.

Knowing that Cacouna is a favourite resort with young widows, the most interesting portion of the fair sex, if she does not happen to be *your own*, the party on board were left in surmise whether the ladies who would form the morrow's party would be in delicate half mourning—lavender slightly trimmed with black, or black heavily trimmed with lavender. About noon arrived upon the wharf two omnibus loads, containing some of the prettiest girls ever seen in the lower St. Lawrence. There was not the weeds of mourning upon one of them, they were all decked in colours as bright as those to be seen on a summer's afternoon in the Champs Elysées at Paris. The gig was soon lowered and after about six trips to and fro all were on board the "Oriole," where they were most heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained. The cabin was never more joyous—it was a "*felix hora*;" our classical friend would have quoted from Catullus, and said:—"Quis datur a divi felici optatius hora?" What indeed can the Gods give more than a happy hour spent in charming society unless they give a second, which in this instance they did—happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again. All our guests safe on shore, we one and all accompanied them to the hotel where we spent the evening, leaving early in the morning for the yacht which two days after arrived safely in Quebec, and thus ended one of the most pleasurable trips it had ever been the lot of the writer to make. Had any one of the readers of this rambling narrative been on board during the round trip from Quebec to Gaspé via Rivière du Loup, and back via Anticosti and the Saguenay, they would have given three cheers for the "Oriole," three more for the pilot, Thomas Simard, and three times three for the Commodore, who, with his crew, may God bless.

R. E. X.