

went on to the College of the Curé—a pretty little building, almost covered by grape vines and Virginia creepers, and within a stone's throw of the Church. A Frenchwoman of middle age—with a good-humoured face—received us with a courtesy and promised the Abbé to do her best to make us comfortable. Then my kind friend left me with the understanding that he would see me early the next morning.

I was soon at home in the snug, though certainly plainly furnished cottage of Jean Baptiste Marmontel, who also kept the Post Office of the settlement—a fine evidence of his integrity and respectability. His knowledge of English was very meagre—he could read it very well, however—and I found it more agreeable for both of us to fall back on my own stock of French, which had received large accessions since my arrival at Quebec. As the evening passed we were perfectly friendly with one another, and I heard all the news in the village.

As we sat chatting, a bright-eyed, rather pretty girl came in, and the old man introduced her as his youngest child.

"Oh, father," she said, soon after entering, "do you know what I've heard at the Château. Marguérite says some of the servants declare that the building is haunted—music and strange sounds have been heard, several times, in part of the house where nobody has been living for years."

"Old wives' fables, child."

"Stephanie and Marguérite both heard the music the other night—Thursday, I think."

"They're both silly girls," replied the old man, "for filling your ears with such nonsense."

The young girl, however, appeared still to have her own opinion on the subject, and followed her mother to another part of the house, to tell her more about it in all probability. The old man then became very communicative and told me many things concerning the Château and its inmates. M. de Guereheville was evidently more feared than loved by the people of the district, who still looked up to him as their "great man." His only daughter, Estelle, on the other hand, was an undoubted favourite—to use the expressive language of these simple folks, she was "*une ange*," both for her personal beauty and her amiable qualities. Another favourite was one whom the *habitant* called Raoul, and from what he said I conjectured he was the young man I had seen that morning.

"But what is the reason," I asked, "that Raoul never comes to the Château?"

"Ah, Monsieur, it is a strange story. He was, you must know, the son of a *notaire*, who long managed the estates of the *Seigneurie*; his mother died when he was only a few months old. As he grew up he was a great deal at the Château, and was much loved by Madame, who was a kind, gentle lady—she died eighteen months ago. Raoul and Estelle were playmates from an early age—just like a brother and sister; and when his father died he became an inmate of the Château, and was brought up as one of the family. He was educated by M. LeCure, who is a great scholar, and then was sent, at his own desire, to study law in the office of an *avocat* at Quebec. Now it is reported