

in contrast with the lovely scenery we had passed through the previous day. Our driver had calculated on reaching Hébertville, about half way, by half-past ten, but owing to the heavy roads we had long given up hope of doing this; we were within a few miles of it, however, when we were hailed by a habitant in a field. The nature of his communication was not easy to make out by those unacquainted with the dialect. Its effect on our driver was very disquieting; he shouted, and the habitant shouted, and I am not sure they did not both swear; then we were let into the terrible secret—a bridge had been washed away! The habitant however, it appears, had made another, and shouted elaborate directions, which turned out to be incorrect, as to how to reach it and regain the road, and we turned into a track across a field and set out to follow them.

A nearly perpendicular descent on a narrow heavy clay road, barely wide enough for the buckboard, a fairly good bridge (the habitants'), a steep ascent, getting down in the clay to make a way through the fence and more clay hills, and we regain the road after a détour of about a mile, and the loss of nearly half-an-hour. We had ceased to ask our driver if we should reach Chicoutimi that night, or indeed at all; to some of the party it was rapidly becoming a matter of comparative indifference, but a good réchauffé at a wood stove in the little pension at Hébertville, followed by a good dinner, made things look brighter, and on starting again at one o'clock, there was every prospect of arriving at our destination soon after dark. Here let it be said that the grateful thanks of the writer of these lines will be accorded to anyone who will give the information as to the actual distance between Roberval and Chicoutimi. It was said before starting, that the distance was 75 miles; that Hébertville was 35 or nearly half way, yet we reached that place in about 5 hours, while it took seven to go between there and Chicoutimi with much the best road to travel on; and further, it was asserted that a small Temperance Hotel, where we halted for tea about half-past four, was 25 miles from Chicoutimi, although we did the distance in about 3 hours. There must be some grave discrepancy or error of judgment somewhere.

After leaving Hébertville, the country gets prettier, and we skirted Lake Kenogami for a few miles, branching off into a good sand road which we followed through a pine wood for some distance; this was the best piece of road the whole way, and our bright little horses galloped along it as if they had just started out, instead of having already come nearly 40 miles, besides having just returned the day before from an excursion of, in all, 180 miles.

As of old all roads led to Rome, so in this country all lead to Chicoutimi, at least so our driver informed us, although it is hard to believe