

TROIS PISTOLES.

A SUMMER VISIT.

The long vacation had commenced, and law was at a discount. Oppressed by the intense heat in Quebec, I decided to accept an invitation to spend a few days with a friend on the Lower St. Lawrence, and taking the train, I soon found myself at my destination.

Seventeen miles below Cacouna is the village of Trois Pistoles, through which runs the Intercolonial Railroad, and nearly opposite whose church is the very handsome railway station. My friend Williams was there to receive me, and in a few minutes we reached his temporary residence, which was situated on the top of a hill, from which there was a magnificent view, not only of the village, but of the broad river. Many vessels were passing up and down, among which was the English steamer, upon whose deck I could see the crowd of passengers looking upon the new land to which they had come.

Not far distant, about three miles from the shore, was a beautiful island, fringed with verdure to the very beach, which seemed a perfect paradise for those who delight in pic-nics. But my friend must not be kept waiting while I look upon the village and surroundings, for he wishes to know the last news of the city,—not that detailed in the newspapers, for they arrive as regularly as in more civilized localities, but the little *on dits* which are whispered in clubs, and about street corners, and in morning parlors. I have never yet arrived in a watering place but I found that those who were so anxious to leave the city were the most eager after the city's news. So I found my friend Williams, for the scenery of the place

had palled on him; he had had his bath, he had walked along the beach, and he had heard all that was said in the village.

But what could I tell of a city of the dead—a city burnt up by the sun's rays—of a city, as it were, of the Arabian Nights, turned to stone and left lifeless? Glad was I to sit down to a late supper of tea and toast, some excellent smelt, fresh eggs, and luscious white strawberries with rich cream; glad was I to sit on the verandah of his house and listlessly watch the clouds floating up northwards, to the far distant Laurentian range of hills on the other side of the broad river. I felt a sort of *abandon* which is an absolute necessity for those desirous of real pleasure—an *abandon* caused by absence of all worldly care and worldly miseries, and a consciousness that on the morrow the same absence of worldly care and worldly miseries would be my lot, and that I could take my fill of the enjoyment of the resources offered by the village of Trois Pistoles and its neighborhood. In furtherance of this latter, I agreed with my friend Williams for an early dip, a fresh, cool, and life-giving bathe in the St. Lawrence, flowing but a few acres distance from his house.

One rises early in a strange house, and it was hardly five o'clock when I awoke, surprised not to hear the rumbling of carts and 'buses over stone-paved streets, and to find the branches of trees brushing against my chamber window, and the songs of birds heralding the rising sun. Through the fields, still wet with dew, we strolled down towards the beach. Not one besides