

L'Acadie, and, therefore, turned my steps towards the house for that purpose. A man, with a very respectable brogue, informed me that it was "a dacent piece off yet; mayhap, it might be three miles or so, perhaps, more; but, there," said he, pointing with his finger to a young man who was passing up the lane, "is a *by* that's going there, and, sure, you can go along with him." Thinking a companion would not be a bad thing, I determined to avail myself of his hint; and, thanking him for his information, I made haste to overtake the *by*, as he called him.

I soon overtook him; and accosting him, by asking if this was the road to L'Acadie, we soon fell into conversation. He informed me that he was as great a stranger in that part as I was; that, like myself, he lived in Montreal, and had come out on a visit to an uncle of his, who lived at L'Acadie, and that, he *believed*, we were on the right road. I soon found out that he, too, was an Irishman; but he happened, notwithstanding, to be a reasonable being, and I was able to chat with him on politics, religion, and all the topics of the day, without any fear of getting my head broken for my pains.

Thus, the road and the time passed pleasantly away, and we soon got over the *three miles* of road which lies between the station and the village from which it takes its name; when the occasional "*marche done*" to a tired horse, or "*passed, passed*" to a lazy cow, as their respective drivers (scarcely less tired or lazy) urged their steps homewards, warned us that we were at length entering the quiet little village of L'Acadie, there was hardly sufficient daylight left to light up the gilt vane which surmounts the taper spire of the church.

When we entered the village, it was fairly dark: lights were gleaming from every window. My companion, who had informed me that he believed St. Jacques was a good five miles farther, now bid me a good night, as he had arrived very near his journey's end, and he was anxious to be there; and I was left standing in the centre of the village,—L'Acadie "all before me, where to choose;" for as to going on to St. Jacques that night, *not knowing a step of the way*, and *not knowing a word of French*, that was quite out of the question; and I could not help smiling—a bitter smile—at my wife's policy, and my own folly.

I now began to look around me for some house in which I could stop for the night. There was a long, low house on my right hand, with a neat gallery, and porch at the door, and a very tall pole before the house, with a small oval board stuck on the top of it, on which, by the faint

glimmering of day and starlight, I could just discern the words—"Hotel; *by Louis Lecompte*;" and, as I had no choice or preference in the matter, I at once turned in there, and inquired of two men, who were standing before the bar—for there was no one behind it—if I could have supper and a bed there that night.

"We can't speak English; but the master will be in presently," said one of the men.

"Well," thought I, "if you can't speak English, you can speak something which is very like it;" but as it was evident they did not wish to have any conversation with me, of course I did not force myself upon them, but waited patiently till the master of the house came in, which was a matter of some ten minutes after my arrival, during which time, the two men at the counter kept up a low conversation, in choice Canadian French, occasionally looking at me in a suspicious and disagreeable manner.

The *aubergiste*, at whose heels followed an ugly brute, of the true Bill Sykes breed, was a short, thick-set man, of about thirty years of age, with a very sullen and forbidding look, and with eyes that were seldom lifted off the ground. He wore neither hat nor coat; and when he entered, he exchanged a few short words with the men at the bar, and honored me with a stare. I approached, and repeated my question; and he, having taken about two minutes to consider, at length answered:

"Yes."

"Very well," said I; "then let me have supper as soon as you can."

My host did vouchsafe to answer: "Yea, Sir;" this time, also, with a very bad grace; and, shortly after, left the bar to give orders for that purpose.

By this time I had got thoroughly dissatisfied with my choice; and, if I could have found any decent excuse for doing so, I would, even then, have left, "and sought a supper somewhere else." I could see plainly enough, I was an unwelcome guest; and I could not help thinking it a very strange thing, that, although it was Saturday night, not a soul had come in during the whole time I had been there, and I had seen no signs of women or children about the house. Now, women and children are a kind of furniture which Canadian houses are not generally deficient in; and, I must own, I like to see that kind of furniture about a house anywhere. But no woman's shrill voice, or child's merry laugh, had greeted my ears since I had been in the house, although, I still hoped to see one at supper. But here, again, I was disappointed; for the landlord at length announced that my supper was ready, and led