

through the deserted woods seeking for woodcock and partridge, and the report of fowling-pieces and the barking of dogs break their silence. The house at which I put up was that of a farmer, where it was usual for sportsmen to make their headquarters, and I soon was made comfortable for the night. In early morning I started, and after a short walk reached where birds were said to be plentiful. The day before had been bright and clear, but I noticed that the wind was east, and I was not surprised in the morning to find the sky overclouded, and a threatening appearance of rain; but, so far, it had kept off, and I continued my walk through the woods for a few hours, and was so far successful that I bagged one brace of partridges when the rain began to descend. Seeing that it was likely to continue, I determined to return to the farmhouse. On my way thither, I noticed about a dozen men all engaged in digging round a house, and as it was rather unusual to see such a large number so engaged at that time of the year, and in such close proximity to a house, my curiosity was excited, and I made my way to enquire the cause of such unwonted industry and in such a downfall of rain. As I approached I saw that they were not farmers, and on closer inspection I judged them to be of the lowest class of men from the purlieus of the city—in fact, vagabonds from the Five Points of St. Rochs and St. Sauveur. A more forbidding crew I hardly ever met. However, I was determined to find out the nature of their work. The house had evidently been long deserted; the shutters had been blown off, and most of the window panes broken. There was no door, and the chimney was in ruins. The grass had grown on the pathway leading to the house, and an outbuilding had been blown down by the wind. What had been a bit of vegetable garden was choked up by weeds. There was not the sign of a fence round the lot. Not-

withstanding the rain, the men worked on, and desisted only to drink something out of a black bottle. Most of them were smoking. When I approached, I noticed that I was eyed suspiciously. They were digging holes and trenches all round the house. Looking about me I discovered that similar holes and trenches had been dug at other places than where they were then working. I could in no way account for these extraordinary proceedings, and enquired of the man nearest me, what they were working at. I had to repeat my question before he vouchsafed a reply.

"Digging for potatoes," he answered.

I knew, of course, that was a subterfuge, and heard at the same time ~~spattered~~ words from the others.

"Surely," said I, "you do not expect to find potatoes there, and you do not require so many men at such work."

With a surly, defiant look, he replied, "It is none of your business; you had better clear off."

Satisfied that I could get no information from such a crew, and not feeling safe with them, I quietly withdrew, and went back to the farmhouse. My first enquiry was of the farmer as to the nature of the unusual incident. He said,

"I will tell you the story after you have changed your clothes and had something to eat," after which very necessary operations he related the following tale:

"Many years ago, there lived in the house you are enquiring about a man named Louis Berthiaume, with his two sisters, Sarah and Adèle. Between Louis and Sarah there was but little difference in the ages, and good looks had not been bequeathed to either of them; while Adèle was a blooming country lass of seventeen, twelve years the junior of Sarah. Louis was a hard-working and thrifty sort of man, without any of the genial and social traits which distinguish the Lower Canadian habitant. He lived for one sole object—