

BAPTISTE LAROCQUE

Legends of French Canada

PAUL A. W. WALLACE



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Title: Baptiste Larocque: Legends of French Canada

Date of first publication: 1923

Author: Paul A. W. Wallace, (1891-1967)

Date first posted: July 13, 2024

Date last updated: July 13, 2024

Faded Page eBook #20240705

This eBook was produced by: John Routh & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <https://www.pgdpCanada.net>

Baptiste Larocque

Legends of French Canada

BY
PAUL A. W. WALLACE



TORONTO
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY
LIMITED

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THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY LTD.
PUBLISHERS TORONTO

PRINTED IN CANADA

D. E. W., October 23.

“Such legends and tales, into which the people have poured their hearts, with which they have sought to satisfy, within certain limits, that craving for the marvellous which is deep in our nature; such traditions, attached to this or that place in every inhabited country, constitute a notable part, the foundation, one may say, of all national literature.”

J. C. Taché: *Forestiers et Voyageurs*.

PREFACE.

The object of this little book is to make accessible to English readers a more comprehensive collection than has yet been attempted of the legends which are current in French Canada. It is hoped that the selection is wide enough, that it includes narratives sufficiently varied in theme and in mood, to show something of the versatility of a figure that we are in danger of losing (since book-lore is the enemy of folk-lore),—the French-Canadian *conteur*.

He is perplexing in his contradictions, half poet and half buffoon. He can be sad and gay at the same moment; he can be pious without losing his sense of humour, and utterly flippant without impairing his reverence towards the things that are sacred.

The tone of many of his tales, in which personages of another world are introduced with easy familiarity, is reminiscent of the early miracle plays, which were so popular in the Middle Ages. A French-Canadian once said to me, “We love the devil; he’s lots of fun.” So that now, as in the fourteenth century, the devil plays the part of comedian, without, of course, altogether losing his dreadfulness.

My acknowledgments are due to many collectors of folk-lore in French Canada, and in particular to Miss R. MacCosham, of Edmonton, to whom I am indebted for the incidents in “A Ghost for Forty Dollars,” and to Mr. C. M. Barbeau, of Ottawa, who has permitted me to dip into his extensive collection of Canadian folk-tales for the stories about Ti-Jean.

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Baptiste Larocque: Legends of French Canada

CHAPTER I.

THE LEGEND OF THE PERCÉ ROCK.

The old habitant buttered his corn, and lifted it to his wrinkled face. His bright eyes twinkled over the yellow cob at a little boy, a summer visitor at a near-by cottage, who sat with chin on hand at the table, in the glow of the coal oil lamp. The boy was clamouring, "Tell me another story, Ba'tiste, won't you tell me another story?"

Baptiste munched on at his corn till the cob was bare; then, tossing it over to the table, he wiped his mouth with the back of a hairy hand. "Well," he said, "w'at you want, eh? Don't your modder tole you stories enough at bed-tam? W'at for you come to me? I nevaire tole any story, me. Anyt'ing w'at I tole you was true."

"You promised yesterday to tell me a true story about a ghost ship," said the little boy.

"Dat's w'at you want, eh?" said Baptiste. "Well, mebbe dat's all right. I can tole you plenty true story. Dis one about de ghos' sheep is jus' so true as all dem odder ones I tole you before.

"How you lak dis true story begin? Once upon a long tam ago—but how long I forget, me. You ask in school—de beeg black high rock call de *Rocher de Percé*, she stan' all alone in de sea, look out on de *Golfe St. Laurent*. But she's not alone now. If you look, you'll see she's got anodder leetle rock close beside on de water, jus' lak boat she was sail dere. De new one, she' call de ghos' sheep, w'ich I tole you about now.

"One tam feller an' hees girl was leeve on France, dat's on odder side Atlantic. Dey was bot' w'at you call *noblesse*. She's name was Blanche de Beaumont an' hees Raymond de Nérac; two ver' nice peop'. But Raymond he not have it easy. W'en you want ver' nice girl lak dat you got to fight, an'

mebbe odder feller he not fight straight. Dat's de way; you fin' out one tam, mebbe.

“Dis odder feller, w'ich he was want de girl heemself, he spik on de King, an' ask heem he's sen' Raymond somew'ere else. So de King he say, ‘Raymond, you can go on New France for fight dose Iroquois. Dat's de place for ver' brave man lak you.’

“So Raymond he go off. Of course he spik wit' Blanche, an' say, ‘I come back soon. You don't worry.’ An' she say, ‘I will wait, me.’ But Raymond he not come back soon at all; he stay an' fight in Canada. Someone in France was tak' de ver' good care de King he kip dat feller always was fight de Iroquois.

“Dat happen year af'er year, till at las' Blanche she get tire' wait. But w'at she do, dat girl? Geeve heem up? You don't know. She say, ‘He not come to me, I go on heem, you bet.’ Dat's de kin' of girl!

“Of course she get somebody come wit' her; dat was one oncle, nice feller, t'ink he lak put some money on de fur trade, mebbe mak' heemself reech in Canada. Dose two dey go on beeg boat was sail for *Québec*, an' ever't'ing she go ver' nice at firs'. Not too seeck. But w'at dey should see one morning! Beeg sheep wit' a black flag, was pirate boat she sail af'er dem. So soon de boats dey come togedder, bang! de pirates dey jomp on board an' den dey fight. You should hear! Frenchmen fight lak wolf, but pirate dey got too moch musket. Blanche she's oncle he get keell, an' den de captinne, an' sailors dey get keell too. De pirates tak' de sheep an' all w'at's in. Pirate Captinne he tak' Blanche for hees prize, an' dey sail away.

“Blanche she nearly was go mad. She tole heem all about, an' ask heem won't he tak' her to New France, w'ere she can fin' Raymond, dat's de man she love. Pirate captinne he laugh but he swear he do w'at she ask an' tak' her to New France all right.

“So she was lef' by herself till one day, dey see de lan' ahead. ‘Dat's de place you ask, New France,’ say de captinne. ‘Now I have do w'at you say, you mus' do w'at I say. You got to be my wife, eh?’ An' he smile jus' lak devil heemself.

“Den Blanche she scream an' jomp right off de deck into de sea. De wave, she close on top dat girl an' kip her safe; de pirates dey can't fin'.

“Dat geeve dose bad feller w'at you call de creepy. Dey sail on down de coas' nex' day, till de sheep she come on close on de *Rocher de Percé*; an' de captinne, w'en he look up on de beeg black rock, he can't help sheever.

W'at he should see dere! Right on top of de rock a ghos' in w'ite wit' han's she was lif' on de heaven jus' lak ask for help—dat was Blanche de Beaumont, dey all can see. De pirates dey stan' still, too scare for spik. Blanche, she bring down her han's till dey point on de sheep. At de instant, pirate sheep, captinne, all hees men, dey was turn into stone.

“You can see it. Black rock look lak a sheep in sail close by de *Rocher de Percé*, she's still dere. Mebbe de win' an' de sea dey knock her about a leetle, but de sheep's still dere lak always. An' always she'll stay. W'at dey say on dat coas', de feeshermen an' sailor? Sometam in de fog dey see Blanche an' Raymond (he was keell on fight wit' de Iroquois) dey come back togedder for see de sheep was nevaire come out of de stone. An' nevaire she will, so pirates dey always can see.”

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGEND OF THE PHANTOM FLEET.

“I like ghost ships,” said the little boy next evening. “Are there any more?”

“Lots an’ lots,” said Baptiste. “W’y, listen here, down in de *Golfe*, on de odder side, dat’s nort’ of Anticosti, you’ll fin’ a whole ghos’ fleet go plunge aroun’ on foggy nights, an’ wreck itself over again on de rocks jus’ lak w’at happen dere long tam ago. Dat was call *l’amiral fantôme*.”

The little boy was puzzled. “Why should it keep on getting wrecked?” he said.

“W’y should *le bon Dieu* leeve on Heaven?” retorted Baptiste. “I don’t know, me, but he leeve dere jus’ de sam’. Dis fleet got wreck one night on de *Ile aux Oeufs*, an’ she kip on getting wreck till de worl’ she’s en’. I tole you, dat’s all.

“I don’t know moch story about, only few t’ings lak dis. Ver’ long tam ago, mebbe two-t’ree hondre’ year, de *Bastonnais* dey sen’ up one beeg fleet for tak’ *Québec*. It was so beeg dat w’en it come on de *St. Laurent* you can’t see de water for w’ite sail. Dey have sailor an’ soldier, lots of dem, for mak’ dis capture one sure t’ing easy. Musket an’ cannon all over, wit’ plenty food; an’ some of dem bring deir wife for settle down comfortable af’er *Québec* she’s taken. Dat was gran’ sight, but not for long tam.

“W’en de peop’ at *Québec* dey hear about dis beeg fleet she’s will come, dey feel purty bad. Dey have hard tam enough wit’out fight on de Engleesh again, but dey got plenty *courage* an’ dey mak’ it all ready for fight de *Bastonnais*. Even dose feller w’ich was leeve on de *Ile des Sorciers*, w’at you call *Ile d’Orléans*, dey get mad also. Jean Pierre Lavallée, he’s a *sorcier* too, heem, he buil’ shack on de islan’ for mak’ de bad weader, lak *sorciers* dey always do, for kip back de Engleesh. Purty soon, you can see de steam from hees kettle she mak’ beeg fog will drif’ down de reever for catch dat fleet on de *Golfe*.

“Leetle tam before fog she’s ready, de Engleesh dey catch one leetle French sheep, an’ tak’ de captinne, was name Paradis, for pilot de fleet in de reever. He was smart leetle feller, dat sea-wolf, have been mebbe forty tam up an’ down to *Québec*. Dey steeck peestol on hees head, lak dis,”—

Baptiste held a doubled fist against the little boy's temple,—“an' say, 'We geeve you nice present five hondre' dollar, spot cash, if you pilot dis fleet for mak' de veesit on *Québec*.'”

“He smile, dat feller, an' say, 'All right, you Engleesh, you leave it to me. I can feex.' An' he feex dem sure t'ing, I tole you.

“Nex' day de fog she come down, an' cover all de sheep lak a blanket. Two-t'ree days she lak dat, an' de win' she come up on de las' night of all. De sea-wolf he say, 'Dat's all right; you don't worry. You leave it to me.' An' de fleet she sail on.

“Af'er w'ile one feller he come ron on Paradis, an' say, 'Beeg noise ahead, jus' lak some rocks.'”

“But Paradis he only say, 'Dat's all right. I know w'at.' An' de fleet she go on.

“Purty soon de a'miral heemself he come up an' say, 'W'at dat noise, see? Soun' lak breakers. If you play any treeck, I shoot you dead, me.'”

“Paradis he only say, 'Dat's all right.' An' de fleet she sail on.

“Den de sailors dey shout, 'Breaker! We go on de rock!' Sure t'ing, de fog she lif' one meenute, an' dey see water ahead was w'ite w'ere it hit on de rocks an' jomp on de air. A'miral shout curse on Paradis, an' point hees peestol. De ole sea-dog say, 'Dat's all right; you can shoot now, if you lak. I tole you I feex it.'”

“Dat a'miral, he nevaire was shoot. Before he can pull trigger, hees sheep she go on de rocks. *Sapré tonnerre!* You should hear! De win' she was yell, an' de water, an' de sailor dey yell too, an' dat sheep she go bang on de rocks an' bus' herself lak t'onder.”

“Was Paradis drowned too?” asked the little boy.

“Paradis? Oh, yes,” said Baptiste. “An' two-t'ree t'ousan' Engleesh dey go drown wit' heem. Body lie all up an' down de coas'. Dat feller Paradis he have done w'at you call hees bit, eh? No more veesit from de Bastonnais till ver' long tam.

“Paradis, I t'ink he lak dat place; he come back often, on foggy night. My oncle, was feesh on dat coas', he tole me w'at he see one tam—eight black sheep wit' sailor in fonny clo'es ron aroun' on deck an' shout, an' all dose boats sail right slap on de rocks by *Pointe aux Anglais*, cracky-bang! in de fog. He can hear. Dat was Paradis come back for have anodder game on *l'amiral fantôme*.”

CHAPTER III.

THE LEGEND OF CADIEUX.

“Rossignolet, va dire à ma maîtresse,
A mes enfants qu’un adieu je leur laisse,
Que j’ai gardé mon amour et ma foi,
Et désormais faut renoncer à moi.”

When the little boy came in one evening, he heard Baptiste singing softly to himself one of those old *chansons* that dignified many a French-Canadian farmhouse before the phonograph intruded its ragtime. The old man stopped, on hearing the patter of small feet on the porch, and busied himself with putting wood on the fire.

“I didn’t know you could sing,” said the little boy abruptly.

Baptiste rattled the lid of the stove, a little ashamed at having been overheard. “Me? I not sing,” he said. “I jus’ tole myself some story in tune, dat’s all, lak I tole you story wit’ out any tune sometam.”

“Was that a story?” asked the little boy eagerly.

“Dat was w’at we call *Complainte de Cadieux*,” said Baptiste. “I can tole you story about heem, a real story, lak hist’ry book, an’ happen in dis country, *le Canada*, w’at you leeve in yourself. Dis not a once-upon-a-long-tam-ago story; dis one about de tam your great-great-gran’ fadder still was walk roun’ hees place.

“Cadieux he was han’some yo’ng feller, leeve on *Québec*. He have a great deal w’at you call eemagination; he write some poetry, an’ he want to see de worl’, so he marry a nice Indian girl, an’ go leeve on de woods for hunt an’ trap. Sometam he mak’ up *chansons* an’ write dem p’r’aps on a piece of birch-bark—but dey all was get los’, only one, w’at I shall tole you in a meenute.

“In summer he go wit’ hees wife an’ some Indians, her peop’, for camp at de portage Rock of High Mountain by de Seven Chutes, dat’s on Ottawa Reeve at de Gran’ Calumet. Dey mak’ wigwams an’ stay dere for buy fur from de Indian w’at come down from de nort’. Cadieux he sometam do beeg beesness dat way, tak’ dose fur back to *Montréal* an’ sell on de trader.

“You mustn’t forget dere was bad Indians dose days, de Iroquois, w’at come sometam from de sout’ for keell ever’body, ver’ fierce an’ ver’ cruel. Sometam mebbe I tole you about Iroquois witch, *la Jongleuse*—she mak’ you sheever. Dese feller dey wait on de portage for hunters come down, an’ scalp dem, lak dis.”

Baptiste caught the little boy’s hair and swept a finger in a circle about his scalp.

“One day w’ile Cadieux an’ bees wife leeve ver’ nice on de wigwam by de Seven Chutes, one Algonquin brave, dat was good Indian, ron in for tole heem de Iroquois dey come t’rough de woods for surprise hees camp.

“Dat was bad feex Cadieux an’ hees peop’ dey be in. Dey got canoe, but above on de reever was beeg Falls of de Gran’ Calumet, an’ below was bad rapeeds of de Seven Chutes, w’at canoe she nevaire get over. W’at he should do? An’ de Iroquois dey watch by de portage for see no one get by.

“Cadieux he t’ink queeck, an’ dis w’at he say: ‘Wife an’ you Indians, you get in canoe an’ go down de rapeeds. Mebbe you can go t’rough; I pray de good Ste. Anne, she’s look af’er you. Me an’ Algonquin, we stay behin’ an’ shoot gun off for mak’ dose Iroquois come away from de reever an’ not see you go by. Mebbe we can get away too, af’er dat. You sen’ back some rescue from *Montréal*, if you come on safe.’

“So hees wife an’ her peop’ dey get all ready de canoe in de boosh, an’ so soon dey hear gun shoot off in de woods behin’, dey shove canoe on de reever an’ go in de rapeeds. De wave was beeg, de water she boil an’ hiss, an’ de rocks steeck up lak black devils for grab dem. Dey not know w’ich way to steer. Jus’ w’en it get ver’ bad an’ de water jomp high, dey see in front woman in w’ite was float on de spray an show dem w’ich way dey should go. Cadieux’ wife, she know it de good Ste. Anne, was watch af’er voyageur on de reever, lak Cadieux have tole her all about. De reever jomp over de rocks, but de w’ite lady she show dem safe t’rough; an’ dey paddle long tam hard till dey reach de Lac of Two Mountain by *Montréal*.

“So soon hees frien’s dey hear w’at was happen on Cadieux, dey sen’ out good Frenchmen for rescue. W’en dose feller come on de portage of Rock of High Mountain by de Gran’ Calumet, dey fin’ plenty dead Iroquois, an’ one dead Algonquin, but no sign of Cadieux—only a hut made of branches w’at look lak somebody was leeve dere, but nobody in it; so dey go up farder in de boosh, look all roun’, t’ink he mebbe have *folie des bois* an’ walk in one circle. Af’er two days, dey come back on de hut, an’ w’at dey should see! A beeg cross on de groun’, an’ beside it a grave jus’ deeg

out, wit' Cadieux he was lie in it. He have deeg it heemself, an' lie in w'en he know he mus' die. He cover hees face wit' a piece birch-bark, w'ich have words wrote on it; dat was de *Complainte* he write on heemself for tole de story w'at happen before he die.

“Af'er hees wife was go on de rapeeds, he shoot at de Iroquois for keep dem away from de reever so dey won't see de canoe. Den he hide on de woods, w'ere de Iroquois dey can't fin' heem at all, till dey go on away. Algonquin, he was keell, ver' firs' t'ing, an' Cadieux he leeve all alone. He walk in de woods for *Montréal*, but af'er w'ile he get seeck, so he come on back to Rock of High Mountain, an' buil' heem a hut by de portage for wait on de rescue. One day, w'at he hear but de noise of men talk! He t'ink dat mus' be Iroquois dey come back, so he go on off leetle way on de boosh. Purty soon de rescue dey come on sight, an' w'en he see hees own frien's, dat was too moch for seeck man. He was so glad, he can't spik, an' he drop on de groun'. De rescue go on away wit'out see heem at all. Af'er dat he come back on de hut for write hees *Complainte*. Den he deeg de grave w'ich he lie in, an' die jus' leetle w'ile before hees frien's dey come back. You can see hees grave dere, if you go, by de Rock of High Mountain.

“Petit rocher de la Haute Montagne,” the old man's voice quavered the refrain,

“Petit Rocher de la Haute Montagne,
Je viens finir ici cette campagne!
Ah! doux échos, entendez mes soupirs;
En languissant je vais bientôt mourir!

Petits oiseaux, vos douces harmonies,
Quand vous chantez, me rattach' à la vie:
Ah! si j'avais des ailes comme vous,
Je s'rais heureux avant qu'il fut deux jours!

Seul en ces bois que j'ai eu de soucis!
Pensant toujours à mes si chers amis,
Je demandais: hélas! sont-ils noyés?
Les Iroquois les auraient-ils tués?

Un de ces jours que m'étant éloigné,
En revenant je vis une fumée;
Je me suis dit: Ah! Grand Dieu qu'est ceci?
Les Iroquois m'ont-ils pris mon logis?

Je me suis mis un peu à l'ambassade,
Afin de voir si c'était embuscade;
Alors je vis trois visages français,
M'ont mis le coeur d'une trop grande joie!

Mes genoux plient, ma faible voix s'arrête,
Je tombe. . . Hélas! à partir ils s'apprêtent:
Je reste seul Pas un qui me console,
Quand la mort vient par un si grand désolé!

Un loup hurlant vint près de ma cabane
Voir si mon feu n'avait plus de boucane;
Je lui ai dit: Retire toi d'ici;
Car, par ma foi, je perc'ra ton habit!

Un noir corbeau volant à l'aventure,
Vient se percher tout près de ma toiture:
Je lui ai dit: Mangeur de chair humaine,
Va-t'en chercher autre viande que mienne.

Va-t'en là-bas, dans ces bois et marais,
Tu trouveras plusieurs corps iroquois;
Tu trouveras des chairs, aussi des os;
Va-t'en plus loin, laisse-moi en repos!

Rossignolet va dire à ma maîtresse,
A mes enfants qu'un adieu je leur laisse,
Que j'ai gardé mon amour et ma foi,
Et désormais faut renoncer à moi!

C'est donc ici que le mond' m'abandonne!
Mais j'ai secours en vous Sauveur des hommes!
Très-Sainte Vierge, ah! m'abandonnez pas,
Permettez-moi d'mourir entre vos bras!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEGEND OF FATHER LABROSSE.

The sound of the Vespers bell floated over the fields from the white church down the river, as the little boy pattered into Baptiste's kitchen.

"Sit down in dat nice beeg chair," said Baptiste kindly, "an' talk wit' ole man. We don't go to church at night, you an' me; you're too yo'ng, I'm too ole. But I lak sit here an' listen on de bell. You can hear? Ever' tam I hear de soun' lak dat, I t'ink on de bell dat ring on de *St. Laurent* w'en ole Fadder Labrosse he was die. You know de story about? No?"

"Dis Fadder Labrosse, he was ver' good man leeve a long tam ago on Tadoussac, w'ere de Saguenay she come out of de hill for join on de *St. Laurent*. He have de beeg parish, up an' down de reever, an' he veesit many place all de way from *Ile-aux-Coudres* to de *Baie de Chaleur*. At las' he get too ole for travel on de water, so he stay on Tadoussac, by leetle church w'ich have a ver' ole church bell—You can't fin' so ole one in Canada now, only dat one, w'ich you still can see dere.

"One tam af'er supper (it's a beeg storm dis night) Fadder Labrosse he go in frien's house close beside for have de nice smoke an' play card for a w'ile. De evening go fas'. At las' Fadder Labrosse he say to hees frien's, 'I will say Good-bye now. It's de las' tam I will say it.'

"Hees frien's dey laugh, an' say, 'Oh, no, you will come back nex' day, mebbe, bring de pipe.'

"But Fadder Labrosse, he shak' hees head. 'I will die dis night on midnight,' he say. 'You will hear de church bell soun' t'ree tam. Please mak' me de promise. It's de las' t'ing I ask on dis worl'. Go for Fadder Compain, dat's de pries' on *Ile-aux-Coudres*; you will fin' he's wait for you by de shore. He will come mak' de prayer for me w'en my body it is put in de grave.'

"Dey look on each odder, an' say, 'But Fadder, de win' she's so bad to-night. We can't tak' de boat out in storm lak dis; too far!'

"But Fadder Labrosse he only say, 'You don't be afraid. De win' will not hurt you at all. You remember dat tam on de Lac Galilée?'

“Hees frien’s dey stan’ still, w’en he go, not know w’at dey should t’ink. Dey sit on de room w’ere he was, a long tam. At las’ it get late, an’ w’en it come near de midnight, dey watch de clock an’ listen. W’en de clock han’ say twelve, dey hear soun’ on de air, lak you hear jus’ a meenute ago. Dat’s de church bell, she’s ring ver’ slow, lak on funeral, one—two—t’ree tam. Den dey jomp up an’ ron on de church, go inside, an’ w’at dey see dere? In front of de altar, Fadder Labrosse he lie on de groun’. Dey call hees name, but he can’t hear; he’s dead lak he say.

“Dey remember de promise, dose feeshermen, so dey go down to de water an’ push off de boat. De win’ shout lak devil, an’ de wave she look beeg an’ break on de air; but w’erever dey go it’s all quiet in dat place. De boat she go so fas’ dey can’t believe.

“Dat sam’ night, on de *Ile-aux-Coudres*, good Fadder Compain he sit on hees chair, af’er supper, for read de book an’ t’ink about plan for help hees parish. W’ile he read to heemself, he come on de place w’ere it say about Aaron, ‘An’ de soun’ of de bell, you will hear it w’en he go on de holy place before God.’ Fadder Compain he put hees book down; he remember Fadder Labrosse one tam w’en he come on *Ile-aux-Coudres* he was read in dat place about de bell, an’ he say den, ‘W’en I die, you will hear it. De bell soun’ t’ree tam.’

“He sit up ver’ late dat night, Fadder Compain, t’ink on ole Fadder Labrosse an’ de work he do, many place on de *St. Laurent*. He hear de win’ outside, she’s blow on de tree, mak’ it crack, an’ he pray for de sailor mus’ work on de water dat night. At las’ it come on twelve o’clock, an’ he get up for go to hees bed. He stop an’ listen. W’at he should hear! De church bell she soun’, ver’ slow lak over de grave, one—two—t’ree tam. He remember de words, ‘De soun’ of de bell, you can hear, w’en he go on de holy place before God’; so he fall on hees knee, an’ pray for de soul of Fadder Labrosse.

“Den he get heemself ready, an’ go down on de shore. In de morning, before it was light, he hear dose feeshermen from Tadoussac. He say, ‘I am here, all ready. You will tak’ me to Fadder Labrosse; he is die on midnight.’

“W’en dey ask heem how he can know, he tole dem about de bell was ring on hees church. An’ it’s happen lak dat all up an down de *St. Laurent*. W’erever Fadder Labrosse have veesit, de soun’ of de bell was heard, t’ree tam, w’en he die.”

CHAPTER V.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

The little boy's father came with him one evening, ostensibly to beg an extra quart of milk from Mme. Larocque, but really to hear one of Baptiste's stories. Baptiste was a little reticent with the newcomer at first; but, after a few minutes with one of his visitor's cigars, he settled into his usual vein.

"Have you hear about Jacques Valois?" he asked; "de tam he meet de pries' wit'out any head? Mebbe I can kip your leetle boy quiet a few meenute if I tole heem dat story. I will try.

"Dis feller, Jacques Valois, I don't know moch about, only he leeve near *Montréal*, an' one night he was walk ver' late wit' some frien's, dat's odder yo'ng feller, by de church of *Ile Dupas*. Fonny t'ing, it's near midnight, but de church she's lit up, lak beeg blaze inside. All de windows dey shine out on de night, mak' w'ite tracks on de road, an' church door she's wide open. No smoke, no noise at all, jus' beeg light, was shine lak for service.

"Course y'ong feller dey want to onderstan' ever't'ing, so dey walk in de door for look aroun'. Inside, she's not so bright w'at she look from de outside, shadows ever'w'ere, an whole place she's gloomy—jus' enough light for see statue w'ich look dark an' frown. W'ile de yo'ng feller look, dey hear soun' on de air—clock she's strike twelve. Dat's de tam strange t'ing happen. All at once, dey see light in de choir, jus' float on de air, nobody near it. It float over on de altar, an' light up de candle each en'. Dat scare dose yo'ng feller; dey ron on de door, Jacques Valois behin' all de odders. Hees frien's, dey get t'rough; but before Jacques can get dere, de door close wit' a soun' lak t'onder, an' she's lock herself also. Jacques, he stan' lak crazy, too scare he can't t'ink. Den he hear voice behin' heem, ver' solemn, say in Latin, '*Introibo ad altare Dei*,' an' he turn roun' an' see pries' by de altar, stan' ready for celebrate de mass.

"De church was light again now, lak dey see t'rough de windows; de shadows all gone. He see Our Lady stan' dere, in de statue, half smile on de pries', half look sad. Four candles dey was light at de altar, an' beside it de pries' stan'. Jacques jomp w'en he look at. De pries' have no head.

"All de sam', he hear loud voice in Latin, '*Introibo ad altare Dei*,' so he walk on up in de choir. He go on hees knee, an' he mak' de response so well

as he can, dat tam de night, before pries' wit'out any head.

“W'en it's all done, de pries' he put hees han' on Jacques' head, t'ank heem for w'at he do, an' say, ‘You wonder w'y I am here? Long tam ago I was say prayer too queeck in dis place, wit'out t'ink on de words. For dat I cannot go on de paradise till I fin' someone here on de midnight will help say de response on de mass. Ever' night for fifty year, I come on twelve o'clock, look for someone. Dis night you come an' help, so now I go on de paradise.’

“W'en phantom pries' tak' de han' off hees head, de light she go out, an' Jacques he fall on de groun', so scare lak a chil'. It's so black he can't see; but soon he feel fresh air was blow on hees face, an' he know door mus' be open again. He spik, but no one was dere; hees frien's dey go back on de village, an' de pries' he was go on de paradise. So Jacques Valois, he get on hees feet an' go out on de road.

“Dat's de story was tole me, it's a long tam ago. My eldes' girl, Josephte (was marry an' leeve on *Montréal*, now), she can read, her. She tole me she read some nice verse about, on de book. Mebbe you fin' it yourself, some tam, ‘*La Messe de Minuit*.’ It's mebbe not correc' de sam' w'at I tole you, but ver' good story too.”

A few days later, the little boy's father again accompanied the lad to the farmhouse. He carried in his hand a little paper-covered book, which he had procured from Ducharme's treasury of *Canadiana* in Montreal, Chauveau's “*Souvenirs et Légendes*.” From it he read to Baptiste, who nodded with approval, these verses from “*La Messe de Minuit*”:

“Quand l'heure fut venue, il vit une lueur
Passer près de l'autel . . . et voilà que s'allume
Un cierge . . . un autre après . . . A tout l'on
s'accoutume;
J'avais cette fois-là, dit-il, beaucoup moins peur;
Et sans trop m'effrayer les douze coups sonnèrent
Et le prêtre sans tête entra bien lentement,
Et me fit signe encore, mais plus timidement,
D'avancer dans le chœur; et les cierges donnèrent
Une lueur plus vive au moment où je fus,
Près de lui, prendre place. Il avait l'air confus,
Tout d'abord, mais sa voix tremblante et sépulcrale
Se raffermi bientôt; à plus court intervalle
Venait chaque verset . . . puis j'étais moins transi.
Il prenait du courage et m'en donnait aussi.

Je répondais plus haut; je servis les burettes,
Sans craindre d'approcher mes mains de ses manchettes.

Puis, l'église soudain sembla se transformer;
Et l'on voyait partout des cierges s'allumer:
La vierge dans son cadre avait l'air plus heureuse,
Et se penchant vers nous, souriait gracieuse.
Les petits chérubins gazouillaient finement;
Les grands saints tout dorés regardaient tendrement;
Ils se parlaient entr'eux dans un très-beau langage,
Qui n'était pas français ni latin davantage.
La voûte transparente avait l'air de monter
Par degrés vers le ciel, les murs de s'incruster
D'agate, de porphyre et d'opale et le reste,
Comme on le dit de ceux de la cité céleste.
L'orgue rendait tout seul des sons harmonieux;
Et, quand vint le *Sanctus*, de douces symphonies
Descendirent d'en haut. Comme aux cérémonies
Des plus grands jours, l'encens de plus délicieux
Sortait je ne sais d'où. Le prêtre, plus agile,
Avait la voix sonore. Au dernier évangile,
Au mot *veritatis*, il se tourna vers moi.
Me laissant voir en face un radieux visage,
Il me dit: 'Mon enfant, merci pour ton courage.
Le bon Dieu saura bien récompenser ta foi . . .
Je monte en paradis. . . Pour expier l'offense
D'avoir été distrait et léger à l'autel,
J'ai, pendant cinquante ans, attendu la présence
D'un servent qui voulût me faire aller au ciel,
En priant avec moi . . . ' ”

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRIEST WHO LOST ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

Baptiste took out his pipe, when the reading was over, and filled it slowly. "It's hard," he said, "to know how moch one mus' believe. I tole your leetle boy lots of story about place in Canada. I don't know how moch of dem is true. W'en I was leetle boy myself, I t'ink all dose t'ings was true; but I don't know, now."

"After all," said the little boy's father, "if the legend is beautiful, it is worth telling whether we believe it or not."

"De *curé*, he not lak we should tole too moch about some t'ings he say is only fairy tale," said Baptiste. "Some tam I not know w'ich is w'ich one, de true story or legen'. In de school book dey tole Engleesh story about dat feller Reep van Weenkle. Mebbe dat's not a true story. W'en I was leetle feller, my modder she tole me story lak dat, about de pries' of *Ste. Geneviève*. She say dat was a true one. I don't know, me.

"*Ste. Geneviève*, she's near *Montréal*, nice place, but dis happen before de beeg church dere was buil'. Long tam ago, mebbe two-t'ree hondre' year, de pries' of *Ste. Geneviève* he have only leetle church of logs. He was nice leetle man, ver' kin' on ever'body, but ver' quiet—not laugh an' have any fon at all; lak always to read an' t'ink by heemself.

"He have a nice garden, lots of tree, an' some flower, an' he go out dere often, tak' hees book an' read. But he's not ver' happy, dat leetle man, I tole you w'y. Hees church she's ver' small, made of log, not look as nice an' so beeg w'at he want. But he can't get anyone buil' heem de better one. Year af'er year he was leeve dere; a beeg church was promise, but somehow he can't get her up. Seem lak she will nevaire be buil' so long he leeve.

"One day he go on hees garden for cheer heemself onder de trees, look at flower, an' hear de birds w'ile he read on hees book. So he sit on de shade. He was read dere long tam, an' t'ink about w'at he read. W'en he come on de words w'ich say, 'T'ousan' year in hees sight is lak yesterday w'en it's pas', he hear a bird sing in de tree, leetle thrush, so nice he mus' listen, an' he look up from hees book. W'ile de bird sing, hees min' she fly away far. He was t'ink on all de beautiful t'ing in dis worl' *le bon Dieu* has put here.

Dere's de reever an' woods, de mountain an' de stars—an' so moch more he forget all about heemself an' hees parish.

“W'en hees min' was come back, de bird she's not sing any more; it's all quiet. He look down on hees book, rub hees eye, look again. Page so yellow he can't see de print. A lot of w'ite hair lie over de book, w'ich he try push away, but he fin' it's hees beard. He drop de book an' jomp on hees feet; but he's so weak he almos' fall, so he lean on de tree. Hees beard she grow down on de groun' lak w'ite waterfall. Hees clo'es is all so gray an torn, dey look lak dead leaves in de Fall. Hees han's is wreenkle' an' black. W'en he look all about heem, he see t'rough de trees a beeg church steeple. On de place of hees ole log church dere's a nice church of stone lak de one he always was wish for.

“W'en he go on de house, he fin' it all change, new peop' don't know heem. But don't matter. All de t'ing he was want w'en he's yo'ng, she's come true, new church, plenty statue, an' ver' nice parish aroun' it.

“W'at happen? W'ile he listen de song of dat bird, hondre' year she's go by, jus' lak yesterday w'en it's pas'.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

“You hear lots about haunted house on de newspaper’ dese days,” said Baptiste one night. “Speerit play treeck an’ do fonny t’ing, lak de *lutins*—dat’s leetle goblin twist mane of horse in de night. But dese speerit nowadays dey’re not’ing at all lak de kin’ was happen long tam ago. You ever hear of dat house by Portage La Prairie? Fonny t’ing, w’en de peop’ dey move in, an’ tak’ all de tronk up de stair on second floor, firs’ t’ing af’er dat, dey hear noise on de step, beeg racket; an’ w’en dey all ron, dey fin’ trunk was push down stair to de bottom. Course dey carry dem all up again. Dey come down jus’ de sam’; lots of noise lak before, bump, bump, an’ nobody dere. Nex’ day de sam’ t’ing. Dey can’t kip tronk up dere at all; mus’ leave on groun’ floor, dat’s a fac’.

“I can tole you about fonny house on place she’s call Charlottetown on de Prince Edward Islan’. Once on de long tam ago, dat’s before de Engleesh come on dis country, you fin’ plenty French soldier all up an’ down. Dere was a beeg camp way out on de *Golfe St. Laurent*, on Prince Edward Islan’. Lots of dose feller dey get keell fight wit’ de Indian, an’ dey mus’ get bury. So dey mak’ de beeg cemetery at place call *Porte-la-Joye*, dat’s w’ere Charlottetown she’s now. Af’er w’ile dose grave dey get forget; Engleesh come an’ buil’ city, an’ beeg house she’s put right on top all dose French soldier w’ich was bury dere long tam ago. Dat’s nice place for ghos’, eh? You listen.

“Course de peop’ w’at move in dat house, dey know not’ing about. T’ink de place purty good, plenty beeg, an’ nice cellar she’s deeg onderneat’. But de firs’ night dey’re in dere dey know too moch about, an’ not lak it. W’en de clock she strike twelve, dey hear soun’ of drum onderneat’. Dey sit up in bed. De noise she’s close beside on de cellar, dat’s sure t’ing, but she soun’ lak come from ver’ far away. You onderstan’? Mak’ dem sheever, you bet. Dey hear tramp of feet, lots of men lak was march on parade. W’en dat stop, dey hear bump an’ rattle lak musket was put on de groun’, an’ den it get quiet, but not for long. Drums again, tramp of feet, lak parade was move off af’er roll call.

“Nex’ night de sam’ t’ing, drum on de cellar, tramp, tramp; ghos’ come on an’ go off. Mus’ be plenty dead soldier, dat place, drommer too, for mak’

de *rappel*.

“An’ nex’ night again, sam’ soun’ lak before. Dat’s enough. Dose peop’ dey move out, go some place dey can sleep.

“De nex’ man was move in dat house, he’s a Scotchman, w’at you call meenister. He have de hard head, don’t believe on de ghos’, t’ink it’s only eemagination. But de firs’ night he’s dere, w’en de clock she strike twelve—soun’ of drum, soun’ of musket, jus’ de sam’ t’ing again. He don’t min’ de noise, heem, an’ he don’t min’ have soldier in de cellar (hees fadder was soldier an’ hees gran’fadder, too), but he don’t lak have ghos’ dere w’ich he don’t believe in.

“One night, he go down heemself on de cellar for see w’at was in dere. Fin’ some treeck feller play, dat’s w’at he t’ink. Twelve o’clock come, he can hear soun’ all roun’ heem, drum an’ rattle of musket, but he can’t see not’ing at all. He shout, but it’s not mak’ de difference. De ghos’ do w’at dey lak, don’t care he’s in cellar or not.

“He fin’ out one tam, dat meenister, all about cemetery an’ French soldier was bury dere long tam ago. So he say, ‘Mebbe I don’t know moch about French soldier; p’r’aps he can mak’ de ghos’ w’en he’s dead, I don’t know, me. Mebbe French pries’ he know more about.’

“So he go on de Fadder leeve not ver’ far away, an’ tole heem all about. Pries’ he shak’ de head an’ say, ‘You let me come an’ hear it myself.’ So de Fadder he come on de cellar at night, an’ hear de ghos’ company march on for roll call an’ march off wit’ de drum. ‘I onderstan’, me,’ he say. ‘Tomorrow, on dis tam, we come down here again. I mak’ de mass for dose poor feller; dey die an’ get bury wit’out any prayer for deir soul. You can help.’

“Nex’ night, dey come back, pries’ an’ meenister, an’ go down on de cellar for wait on de ghos’ parade. W’en de drums soun’, dey get all ready; an’ w’en dey hear de bump an’ rattle of musket, lak de company stan’ attention, de Fadder he mak’ de mass an’ good Scotchman he read de response. W’en de mass she’s all done, de drum soun’ an’ de feet tramp ver’ loud lak dey go in a hurry.

“Dey nevaire come back. Dat’s de las’ tam dose ghos’ mak’ *rappel*. Dey can lie now all quiet.”

CHAPTER VIII.

A GHOST FOR FORTY DOLLARS.

“Do you believe in ghosts?” asked the little boy next evening.

“I believe some ghos’, but you can’t trus’ dem all,” replied Baptiste. “You mus’ watch yourself, you bet, w’en you see one. Some was only play treeck on you, lak de *Fi-Follet*, but de odder ones dey be good, come for do nice t’ing, lak de ghos’ was come back on dat storekeeper Fraser on de *Ile d’Orléans*—you know w’y? De feller dat ghos’ was belong to, he owe Fraser some money. Hees ghos’ she come back for say he’s jus’ been drown’ dat af’ernoon on de reever; can’t come wit’ hees body, so come wit’ hees speerit for tole w’ere Fraser can fin’ all de money was owe heem. He have bury a box on *Pointe Lévis* wit’ enough money in for pay debt an’ some mass for hees soul.

“Dat’s a good kin’ of ghos’, eh? I tole you anodder. Dis one was happen near *Rivière du Loup*. Two men leeve dere, two farmer, close beside one anodder. One feller he owe de odder one mus’ be forty dollar, but dey been have a fight, one tam, an’ af’er dat dey hate lak two cat. De one w’at owe de money, he swear, ‘I will nevaire pay on dis worl’.’ An’ dat’s a fac’; he die not ver’ long af’er, an’ debt she’s not pay off yet.

“De odder one w’ich he still was leeve (he’s call Desilet), he have a hard tam mak’ de en’ meet. One tam on de Fall he mus’ look for farm han’ will help cut de oat on hees place, so he go in de *village*. On de road he was meet a tall man, not know who he was, all gray, an’ no flesh on hees bone, look lak shadow. Dis man stop, an’ say, ‘I t’ink you want farm han’.’

“Desilet say, ‘Dat’s a fac’. How you know it?’

“But de gray man he only say, ‘All right, I will come wit’.’

“Desilet, he’s surprise dat feller was know w’at he want, an’ he t’ink he look too seeck for work, only bone on hees body; but it’s hard fin’ de farm han’ for dat tam de year, so he tak’ heem off home, tak’ de chance on.

“Fonny t’ing, de nex’ morning, de tall man he won’t eat any breakfas’, but he go on de work jus’ de sam’, an’ he work lak you bet, do more dan any feller you see on your life.

“W’en dinner tam come, he won’t eat again. Desilet, he get mad, say, ‘You can’t work wit’out eat.’ But dat feller he only say, ‘I will work, me;’ an’ he go on de fiel’, work lak two men wit’ beeg dinner inside dem, an’ nevaire get tire.

“At supper, de sam’ t’ing again. Af’er dat, w’en it’s dark, he go on hees room, shut de door. Soun’ lak he’s hammer some nail on de wood, jus’ a meenute. Dey not hear heem again till de morning.

“Nex’ day, he won’t eat lak before, but he work all de sam’. No breakfas’, no dinner, no supper, jus’ work all de tam an’ say not’ing. Go on hees room w’en it’s dark, hammer nail, an’ stay quiet as death all de night.

“Desilet, he not lak it at all. ‘I will look, me,’ he say, an’ he go on de room of dat feller w’en it’s quiet, one night. W’at you t’ink! W’en he open de door, he see no bed at all, an’ no man was in it; but in middle of de room was beeg coffin, all black; dat’s w’at he hammer at night. An’ t’ree candle dey stan’ on each side. Dat’s enough! He close de door queeck, an’ go out de house, sleep on barn, he’s so scare.

“In de morning he say on de stranger, ‘You can’t be real man. W’at de matter? I ask you will tole me.’

“De tall man he look gray an’ ole w’en he spik, lak a shadow. ‘You remember de tam,’ he was say, ‘a feller he owe forty dollar, was die an’ don’t pay you? Dat’s me. I be dead a long tam. I come back put in work on de farm till I pay for so moch w’at I owe. I will work for t’ree week, do w’atever you want; only ask you will let me go back each night on de coffin, an’ kip t’ree candle burn all de tam. Dat’s all right, eh?’

“Course Desilet he don’t lak it, but he can’t say ‘No’, so he say ‘Yes,’ for mak’ de ghos’ satisfy. He let heem work for t’ree week, an’ mak’ it so easy he can for. W’en de ghos’ was mak’ up hees forty dollar, de ghos’ go on hees room, nail up coffin, an’ blow out de candle. He go out heemself lak a shadow, an’ nevaire was seen in dat place any more. He was ghos’ jus’ for so long he can pay forty dollar.”

CHAPTER IX.

A TALE OF THE LOUP-GAROU.

“Did you ever see de *Loup-Garou*?” demanded Baptiste one evening.

“No. What’s that?” said the little boy.

“Dat’s de wecked wolf. He’s been a man w’at don’t go to confession for seven year. I knew a feller, one tam, w’at get turn into one. He leeve wit’ me in de boosh one weenter—purty good trapper, but he’s bad, jus’ de sam’, nevaire confess heemself I don’t know how long. One night he get up, go out of de shanty—mus’ be midnight, I t’ink—an’ he nevaire come back. Early morning, ’bout two—t’ree o’clock, I hear wolf howl on de wood. Dat’s heem! he was ron *Loup-Garou* on de night. You bet I don’t go out moch af’er dark on dat place.

“My gran’fadder, (he’s dead a long tam), he tole me dere’s plenty *Loup-Garou* ron on de woods by *Rapides-du-diable*, dat’s on Chaudière Reever. In dat place de tree come on de road, hang right over. Course *Loup-Garou* lak it dere; it’s nice an’ dark. One night a man come dat way on horse’s back (dis is true; he tole it heemself), an’ hees horse stop, won’t go on at all, man can’t mak’ heem. So he turn de bridle inside out for mak’ it more safe against de speerit. Den horse he will go, but he sweat an’ tremble, an’ he gallop so fas’ man can hardly steeck on hees back. W’en dey come on dark place onder de tree, hees hat she go right on de air off hees head, nevaire see it again. He come back nex’ day look for, but he nevaire can fin’; de *Loup-Garou* got it. If you don’t believe, you can go dere yourself, see de place, dat’s w’at my gran’fadder say.

“One tam on de Fall, w’en he’s yo’ng still, my gran’fadder he work on de fiel’, cut de grain, near de *Rapides-du-diable*. A new man come roun’ one morning, name Vachon, was ask for job, tole de boss he can work lak you bet. He look steady man, too; so de boss he geeve him a place.

“Dey work all day in de fiel’, dose peop’, cut de grain, an’ bring hay on de barn for put up in haylof’. Sometam on de night, if it’s fine, dey leave hay on cart at de barn door, outside. Dat’s w’at happen dis night I was tole you.

“My gran’fadder he was see strange t’ing dere ever’ night. De new man, dat’s Vachon, he’s go outside, an’ he don’t come back till midnight she’s

pas'; den he come in an' lie down wit' de odders on de haylof'. One tam my gran'fadder he t'ink he lak see w'at dat feller do in de night; so he go outside heemself af'er supper, climb up on top de load of hay on de cart, an' he pull hay over heem so he can't be see. He not wait ver' long. Purty soon he see a wolf come along out de woods, wit' beeg dog on hees mout', an' he go onder de cart for eat hees supper. My gran'fadder's hair stan', w'en he hear de bone crack. He kip so still he was able, till af'er long tam de dog was all gone, an' de wolf come out for go off on de wood. In a meenute, he come out a man, it's Pierre Vachon, w'ich he walk in de barn an' lie down on hees place in de haylof'.

“At sunrise my gran'fadder he wake all dem odder fellers up (dat's hees job), but he not wake de man w'at ron *Loup-Garou*. Af'er ever'body have hees breakfas' an' go off on de fiel', he wake de new man.

“W'at for you not wake me for breakfas'?” dat feller say.

“I t'ink you not want any breakfas', af'er beeg supper you have onder haycart las' night,' my gran'fadder say, an' he tole what he see.

“Good t'ing I not see you was dere,' Vachon say. ‘You would go wit' de dog, so's not tole anybody. But now it's all right; I won't hurt you at all.’

“My gran'fadder, he t'ink it mus' be bad t'ing ron *Loup-Garou*; he feel sorry, an' ask can't he help. But de man say, ‘Oh, no,’—only ask heem hees nevaire will tole anyone about.

“You not afraid, eh?’ say dat feller.

“My gran'fadder he say, ‘No, I don't t'ink so.’

“W'at you do if you see wolf one day on de fiel'?”

“I spit on my han', grab de scythe, an' I keell it, you bet.’ My gran'fadder, he was strong man, dat's mebbe seventy years ago.

“He's bad feller, Pierre Vachon. You listen. In de night, af'er dat, he tak' my gran'fadder's scythe, an' t'row a charm on it, lak you'll see. Nex' day in de fiel' my gran'fadder he work beside heem, dose two togedder. Af'er w'ile Vachon say, ‘I mus' drink some water,’ an' he go off on de creek in de woods. Firs' t'ing, wolf come out wit' foam on de mout', an' ron on my gran'fadder. He see de w'ite spot on its head, lak de *Loup-Garou* dey always have. He grab hees scythe on hees han', for t'row on de wolf; but de scythe, w'ich have charm on, she break on de handle. De wolf jomp at heem. He pull out sharp knife an' he hit dat wolf on de w'ite spot in head, mak' de

blood come. De wolf fall on de groun', an' jomp up a man wit' blood on hees face. It's dat feller Vachon.

“‘You have change me back,’ he say. ‘I will nevaire ron *Loup-Garou* again.’ An' it's true. If you mak' *Loup-Garou* bleed, he will nevaire ron again.

“De boss he come up. ‘W’at’s de beesness?’ he say. So my gran’fadder tole heem. De boss he get mad, tole Vachon hees not ron *Loup-Garou* on hees place lak dat; geeve hees pay, keeck heem out. No one see heem again, don’t know w’at he was happen. Mebbe turn in *Fi-Follet* af’er dat.”

CHAPTER X.

A TALE OF THE FI-FOLLETT.

“You don’t know w’at de *Fi-Follet* is? I will tole you. If you don’t go on confession for seven year, you ron *Loup-Garou*; an’ if you ron *Loup-Garou* for seven year, you turn in *Fi-Follet*, dat’s lak w’at you call Will-o’-wisp.

“It’s true w’at I say. I can tole story about. My gran’fadder he tole me; he’s dead mus’ be forty year.

“W’en he work on de lumber wood, fonny t’ing happen. It was dat tam of year w’en dead men dey walk about. My gran’fadder he leeve in beeg shanty, wit’ lots shantymen, nice feller, work hard all day an’ tole good story at night. De woods was deep all roun’, ver’ dark, an’ de reever she have de beeg rapeed close beside, so bad no one can’t shoot dem. Dat was nice place for camp, all except one t’ing. If you go out on de woods w’en it’s night, you see *Fi-Follet*, w’ich try mak’ you walk over bank on de rapeed, lak dey always will do, dose bad speerit. My gran’fadder he see *Fi-Follet* two-t’ree tam w’en he come back late on de camp. It float on de air in an’ out de tree, try mak’ heem lose hees way. He get purty scare, but he nevaire lose hees head. It’s a good one, you bet.

“Dey have one man in de camp, Bastien Nadeau, w’at don’t get along, heem. Don’t keell heemself on de work, an’ won’t come on de camp-fire at night, always go off on de wood, not come back till de camp was asleep. W’at he do by heemself? You listen a meenute.

“One tam my gran’fadder he was off on de wood w’en he see *Fi-Follet*. It come close an’ go off on de lef’, jus’ a leetle, dat’s on de side of de reever. My gran’fadder, he go straight on. *Fi-Follet* go off leetle way in de tree, an’ my gran’fadder he hear soun’ of somet’ing was cry, lak de baby. Purty soon *Fi-Follet* come back, dance on de air in front, an’ go off jus’ a leetle on de side of de reever again. My gran’fadder he was scare, but he go straight on. *Fi-Follet* whimper lak puppy on de boosh an’ come back try again. She will mak’ heem go wrong. She kip on lak dat till he come on de camp, an’ den she go off whimper in tree near de reever.

“Gran’fadder he go in de shanty, an’ sit on hees bed, t’ink w’at’s happen; he’s not lak it a bit. Af’er w’ile, he hear noise outside, an’ man come in, go over on hees bunk, an’ lie down in de blanket. Dat was Bastien Nadeau.

“De nex’ night, my gran’fadder he kip in camp for watch dat feller, see w’at he do. Af’er supper, Bastien, he go out; my gran’fadder he go af’er, quiet, so’s Bastien can’t see heem. He follow dat feller t’rough de boosh till dey come near de reever; an’ dere he can’t see heem any more. Fonny t’ing, he walk up an’ down an’ look, but it’s all black an’ he can’t see anyt’ing but leetle bit gray w’ere de rapeed was ron. So he go back on de camp.

“On de way he meet *Fi-Follet*. He remember hees modder was tole heem long tam ago, if you steeck needle in tree, *Fi-Follet* she mus’ pass t’rough de eye; dat will kip it long tam, geeve you chance for get home. My gran’fadder he not have de needle wit’ heem, so he tak’ de jack-knife out hees pocket, open it, an’ steeck fas’ in de tree. He ben’ de knife down on de tree-tronk so de blade’s almos’ close—jus’ leave small hole between. Dat mak’ it all right. *Fi-Follet* stay behin’, mus’ pass t’rough; it’s not easy. So my gran’fadder he come on de shanty all right.

“De nex’ night, he follow again. He see Bastien go on de reever, but w’en my gran’fadder come dere, he can’t see anybody. Gran’fadder he walk along de bank. All on de suddenly hees foot she catch on somet’ing, an’ he fall on a man’s body was lie on de groun’. He strike de match an’ look. It was Bastien, lie on hees back, mout’ open, look lak he’s dead. But he’s not stiff at all. My gran’fadder he t’ink he know w’at it mean. So he tak’ dat body on de han’, turn heem over on hees stomach, an’ leave heem lak dat, de mout’ onderneat’. Den he go off leetle way on de boosh, an’ he watch dere, long tam. All de frien’ he have was de reever, talk on hees ear. Two-t’ree hour was pass. At las’ he see *Fi-Follet* pass in an’ out de tree far away, lak de moon on cloudy night. She come closer an’ closer, till she come on de body of Bastien Nadeau, w’ich lie on hees face. *Fi-Follet*, she jomp an’ dance lak excite’, up on air. My gran’fadder wait. She jomp dis way dat, back an’ forward, an’ ron on de circle lak crazy. At las’ she get slow, light go dim, lak she’s tire an’ soon will go out. Den my gran’fadder he turn Bastien over on hees back wit’ hees face on de air. *Fi-Follet*, she pass on de mout’, go inside lak hees soul.

“Dat was it. So soon de *Fi-Follet* pass hees lip, Bastien he get up, rub han’ on hees head, almos’ fall he’s so weak. He say to my gran’fadder, ‘You almos’ keell me.’ An’ he walk off on de boosh, look scare sam’ as rabbit.

“He nevaire come back on de camp, an’ *Fi-Follet* she’s not bodder dose shantymen any more.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE LEGEND OF THE SAULT AU RÉCOLLET.

“Nice place, *Montréal*,” said Baptiste one evening. “I was dere one summer, work on de dock. An’ plenty story about. Dat’s de kin’ of place you lak, eh? I t’ink so. An’ one odder t’ing: she’s ver’ nice for get away from—w’at you call jomping off place. Lots of reever dere, bot’ side. You can go up de *St. Laurent* an’ down de *St. Laurent*, an’ close beside you fin’ de Lac of Two Mountain, dat’s w’ere de Ottawa she come down; an’ back behin’ de mountain you can see de *Rivière des Prairies*. You ever hear de story about de *Sault au Récollet* on dere? No? All right, you sit still an’ not ask too many question. I can tole you w’y dose rapeed get she’s name.

“Once upon a long tam ago a ver’ nice pries’, w’at you call *missionaire*, was go down de *Rivière des Prairies* wit’ one Indian. Ver’ bad feller dat; he not lak pries’ wit’ long clo’es. ‘Dey’re no good at all,’ he say to heemself. ‘W’at I shall do, me? Lots of water dis place, an’ leetle *Récollet* he can’t swim. You bet I’ll upset in de rapeed, an’ say I ver’ sorry, if anybody ask.’

“Leetle pries’ he was tole hees bead an’ not worry, w’ile canoe she go shoot on de rapeed. Firs’ t’ing he know, canoe she’s upset, an’ de pries’ he go float on de water. He grab de canoe, hol’ on tight; he was strong leetle feller. But de Indian pull heem off queeck. Course de *Récollet* he can’t swim, so he mak’ sign of cross an’ go onder lak stone. Dat’s de las’ he was ever see.

“Indian, he get scare, af’er dat, an’ go back on de boosh; but dat’s not de las’ he was see. Mak’ you sheever! I tole you sam’ lak it’s tole me, dat’s a long tam ago.

“Ole man Bourgard, dat was Hodson Bay man was leeve on de Wes’, he come back one tam for see hees frien’, an’ he pass on de *Rivière des Prairies*. W’en he come on de *Sault au Récollet* w’at he should see on de shore! One Indian, beeg tall feller, was sit on a fire, an’ all drippy wet, look lak drown puppy. Bourgard he shout, ‘W’at de matter? You get upset?’ But de Indian he not spik. Bourgard, he come on shore, for look at. W’en he come on de bank w’ere de Indian he sit onder some beeg trees, he hear hees fire crack an’ spit, an’ see de Indian was drip on de groun’ an’ hol’ hees han’s on de fire. But fonny t’ing: de water she’s ron off hees body, but she’s not wet on de groun’, an’ beeg drop dey don’t hiss on de fire. Indian nevaire was

spik, jus' look on de rapeed an' sheever. Bourgard he come close on dat fire. She was crackle an' hiss, but she's don't feel warm. He put hees han' over; she's not hot at all. Indian he nevaire was spik, jus' sheever, an' look on de rapeed. Dat was too moch for Bourgard; he jomp in canoe an' go off.

"Nex' tam Bourgard go dere, he have odder feller wit' heem. W'en dey come on dis place, w'at dey should see! Indian still was sit dere, wet an' col'. He sheever on de fire, an' watch de reever. Bourgard an' hees frien', dey w'isper dose two, 'W'at we shall do, eh? We can't help heem at all. Let's tak' souvenir.'

"I wouldn't do dat, me, but you onderstan' dey was long-tam-ago voyageur. Dey t'ink dey tell de beeg story if dey can tak' away one steeck of wood on dat fire w'ich was burn an' not get hot. So Bourgard he go up close on de fire an' peeck out one steeck was have lots of flame but not burn hees han'. Indian he sit still an' sheever, not watch heem at all.

"Bourgard, he sheever too, but not for col', ever't'ing was so quiet. He ron to canoe, an' jomp in. But before he can push off, he hear scream on de boosh, an' den w'at you t'ink! Out de woods jomp a beeg black cat, lak' a wil'cat, an' tear at canoe. She bite on de side an' she yell, an' Bourgard he's so scare, t'ink it's not from dis worl', he don't know w'at he will do.

"Odder feller, he kip hees head. 'T'row it back,' he yell on Bourgard. 'T'row de burn steeck on dat cat; she was break de canoe. Can't you see w'ere she come from?'

"Den Bourgard, he tak' dat steeck of flame w'ich burn cold on hees han', an' he t'row on de cat. She jomp in de air an' catch in she's mout'. Den she ron up de bank on de boosh, w'ich dey nevaire was see her again.

"Bourgard, he know w'at it mean, all dose t'ing. Dat's de Indian was drown leetle *Récollet* pries' on de rapeed, mus' sit dere an' sheever on dat fire all de tam dis worl' she's las' out. An' de devil, he not lak anybody mess up hees fire, so he's sen' hees cat af'er. Dat's w'at Bourgard was tole me."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE DEVIL GOT HIS CAT.

“Does the devil really keep a cat?” said the little boy, wavering between amusement and awe.

“Dat’s a fac’,” said Baptiste. “Some say one, some say two. One feller tole me fifty—say he see dem all one night; but I t’ink he been have too moch good tam, you bet. You mebbe see dis cat one tam yourself. You’ll know it w’en you see; she’s black lak t’onder an’ she’s eyes dey shine. You’ll ron, I t’ink.

“If you want to know how devil he come on have hees cat, I tole you. It’s queer t’ing. Dis cat she’s once a ver’ good cat, was leeve on convent near *Québec*. Dat’s ver’ nice place for cat. De Modder Superior she was look af’er an’ geeve it milk, w’ich mak’ de puss-puss fat lak pries’, wit’ shiny black hair an’ ver’ nice purr.

“Dis convent she was buil’ beside one holy place w’ere peop’ dey go if dey be seeck long tam an’ doctor he can’t help. Dey pray dere for one w’ile an’ come off on ver’ good healt’. Yon fin’ plenty crutch on dat place, w’ich seeck man he not want any more; de good saint she’s feex heem up.

“Ever’body w’ich dey was come on holy place mus’ pass on de creek. De bridge she’s only made of wood, w’ich don’t las’ long. One day she go bus’ in de middle, an’ pilgrim dey get wet on de creek.

“Modder Superior she get excite w’en she come an’ see. ‘Mus’ feex heem up queeck,’ she say. ‘Mak’ de nex’ one of stone, so it can las’.’ An’ she ask who will tak’ dis job.

“Firs’ of all dere’s no one can’t do it, an’ she get disappoint. But one day a stranger he come along, an’ say, ‘You want a bridge?’

“Den she say, ‘Yes, a nice one of stone.’

“‘All right,’ he say, ‘I will buil’ one, de bes’ you ever.’

“An’ dat feller he start at once; only firs’ he was ask her mak’ de contrac’, w’ich he have one dere, only ask her for sign.

“De Modder Superior, she can read all was wrote, an’ it look lak de stranger he’s a ver’ good man. He not ask any money—jus’ one fonny t’ing.

Dat was dis. He buil' dat bridge free; only, af'er she's feex, he mus' have it de firs' t'ing was cross over.

“‘De firs' t'ing w'at cross, dat's belong on to me', he was say. ‘Mebbe wagon of coal, p'r'aps some oats. Tak' my chance, eh?’

“Dat look easy; de Modder Superior she t'ink it's all right—she'll tak' a chance too, her—so she write down her name. De stranger he fol' contrac' up an' he put in hees pocket, wit' smile on heemself. You guess who dat was, heem? You'll see in a meenute.

“De work she go fas'. De stranger he have beeg black horse w'at was work lak two team, he's so strong. Carry stone from de sun she's go up till de sun she's go down, an' nevaire get tire. Work all de tam. Bridge go up queeck lak a cake on de oven.

“One day w'en de las' stone she's ready for put on hees place, de stranger he sen' for de Modder Superior, ask her she's come on de bridge so's can pour holy water an' mak' prayer for bless it. He know she will want to.

“Purty soon you can see her, she's come on de road, wit' a bag on de arm. W'at was in it? De stranger, so soon he was see her, he lif' up de las' stone of all an' put in hees place. Den he stan' ready wait.

“De Modder Superior, she stop w'en she come to de bridge an' put down de bag. Stranger he stan' an' wait, odder side of de bridge. He scratch on de groun', lak a horse wit' hees hoof, w'en he see her, he want her so bad. You can guess who dat was, heem? So glad he can't spik. T'ink he got Modder Superior herself sure t'ing easy; she's de firs' one will come on de bridge.

“But you don't know w'at dat holy woman she t'ink on herself. She open de bag an' out jomp her cat, wit' black fur, shiny eye. She say ‘Scat!’ ver' fierce, an' she clap on her han', mak' de noise, for scare dat black feller. He was steeck up hees back, an' ron mad cross de bridge on de stranger.

“Den w'at happen nex', eh? De devil (dat's heem) he was shout, ‘She cheat me, by t'onder!’ An' *pouf!* So queeck you can't wink, he go out in explosion. An' black cat, she's also. Only cloud lef' behin', an' de sam' kin' of smell w'at de devil he always forget tak' off wit' heem.”

“Did the cat never come back?” asked the little boy.

“Oh, yes,” replied Baptiste, “she come back on de bridge some dark night—you can see de eye shine; but she not come on de convent. Dat's no place for her now. An' dis no place for you. Past your bed-tam. You ron on

de house. If you stay out lak dis w'en you should be onder de blanket, mebbe you see her yourself an' not lak it—black fur, shiny eye, she scare you, you bet.”

The little boy, laughing as he squirmed from the fingers that pulled his ear, took Baptiste's advice, and scampered for home.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEVIL BUILDS A CHURCH.

“What happened to the horse?” said the little boy abruptly the next evening.

“Horse? W’at horse?” said Baptiste, pausing, knife in hand, in the act of scraping the mud from his boots.

“The black horse that carried stone for the devil’s bridge,” said the boy.

“Oh, heem!” said Baptiste. “Devil’s horse! Listen, I tole you somet’ing.” Baptiste punctuated his words in the air with the knife. “Dat horse an’ ole man devil, dey be all de sam’, one t’ing: one in two, dat’s it. W’en one go disappear, dey bot’ go out; de two is one. Of course de devil’s often only one at a tam, sometam man wit’ two hoofs, sometam horse wit’ four hoofs, lak de tam he buil’ de church St. Francis on *Ile d’Orléans*. You lak to hear?”

The boy nodded. Baptiste slipped off his boots and put his toes into the oven to dry them.

“I tole you all about. One tam de devil he tak’ de shape of hees beeg black horse, an’ come on de pries’ for play some treeck, I don’t know w’at. But de pries’, he was purty smart man; he know who dat feller is, you bet. So he tak’ hees stole an’ before you can wink de eye, he catch it roun’ de horse’s neck—an’ devil, he was caught. He nevaire can get out, so long de stole she’s tied; lak holy water, devil he can’t pass. So dere he was, dat feller, beeg an’ strong an’ jus’ so mad lak heemself, but he can’t get away; he mus’ do w’atever de pries’ he was tole heem.

“De Fadder, he was purty please wit’ heemself, you bet, have caught Satan an’ can mak’ heem do w’at he lak. So he t’ink on heemself how he shall mak’ dat bad feller work for de good of hees parish. Not many pries’ have de chance lak dat. ‘We’ll have a new church, nice beeg one,’ he say, ‘an’ black horse he can pull stone. Work heem hard for *le bon Dieu*; dat’ll mak’ devil feel purty cheap. Dat’s de t’ing.’

“So he harness dat horse, an’ de workman dey come from all roun’ for buil’ de church. De black horse, he work hard, pull stone in a cart. Nevaire eat, nevaire sleep. ‘He pay up,’ say de pries’, ‘for some habitant soul he was

catch, lak poor Louis Gamache. Mebbe he's not come back af'er dis, scare it's too moch reesk for heem, eh?"

"So de pries' he was drive heem about, dat black horse, an' say prayer in hees ear, mak' heem sheever; bless hees oat so de horse he can't eat; sprinkle holy water on hay in de barn so devil can't sleep, can't even stan' still for one meenute.

"Dat church go up queeck. De black horse he drag stone day an' night, night an' day, all de tam. Devil get purty seeck of dis worl', but de stole she stay tight so he can't go on strike, heem. De pries' he was drive heem about, dragging stone for *le bon Dieu* in heaven.

"But one day, w'en it come on tam have somet'ing to eat, de pries' he tie horse to a tree by de church, an' he go off for have hees dinner. De horse see some water in a pool, want to drink; but he can't get, de stole she's too tight. Dat's de tam a workman who don't know de horse come along, an' see heem try reach for a drink. So he say, 'Nice horse, it's too bad, eh? I let you drink'; an' he pull off de stole.

"W'at happen? De black horse mak' one kick on de church an' go off out of sight wit' a bang. Yellow smoke, nasty smell, dat's all pries' was fin' w'en he ron from hees dinner. I t'ink he get mad, de good Fadder, tole workman he can go af'er horse, dat's hees master, de devil. An' he say nex' tam he catch Satan, he's not get off easy, dat feller. But devil he not come back nex' tam, he got too moch sense; an' all you can see of heem on dat parish now is de mark of hees hoof on de stone."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DEVIL AND THE CANDLE.

“Near dat place Malbaie,” said Baptiste, “dat’s on nort’ side de *St. Laurent*, you can see nice wood bridge, w’ich de devil he was buil’ it, one tam.”

“Was that the one where he got his cat?” asked the little boy.

“No, dat’s anodder one, not dis place,” said Baptiste. “You mus’ know he buil’ lots of good t’ing, dat feller, house an’ church an’ sometam bridge, but he always want hees pay, you’ll fin’ it. Lots of peop’ dey lak take from devil, but dey not lak so moch pay hees price. You mus’ be purty smart man if you get de bes’ on devil wit’ de bargain. Of course de women dey be too smart for heem sometam, lak dis one I tole you about.

“One tam a ver’ poor man, wit’ wife an’ some chil’, he mus’ buil’ dat bridge I tole you was near Malbaie. But he can’t pay anybody work for heem, so he mus’ do it all heemself. Dat will tak’ ver’ long tam, an’ he get tire lak wish he was dead.

“Dat’s de tam tall man he come an watch heem; smart looking feller, high hat, black clo’es, long tail on hees coat. He say, ‘You need some help, eh?’

“Poor man say, ‘Yes, but can’t pay it, me. No money at all.’

“De stranger say, ‘Dat’s all right; you listen here. Nex’ mont’ I got some job I want strong man lak you for help wit’. W’at you say? I buil’ dat bridge for you now, you work for me af’er dat. You don’t pay any money; you pay me yourself, dat’s de way.’

“De poor man he t’ink it soun’ purty good, an’ say, yes, he will do it. De stranger he ask heem for sign name on de contrac’; but he can’t sign hees name, don’t know how. So he say he will mak’ hees mark.

“‘Dat’s all right,’ stranger say, ‘if you mak’ it a circle; but I won’t have a cross; dat spoil it, sure t’ing.’

“De man t’ink it’s fonyy, but he don’t onderstan’, an’ he sign wit’ de circle lak de stranger was ask it.

“De sam’ af’ernoon, de tall man come back wit’ plenty men for work an’ plenty strong horse for drag wood on de place. Dey work queeck, dose feller. Poor man see hees bridge she’ll be ready in two-t’ree day. Dat’s fine t’ing. He say de ‘Hooraw,’ an’ go home on hees wife for tole all about.

“W’en hees wife she hear w’at he do, mak’ hees mark but not wit’ a cross, she get scare.

“‘W’at he wear, dat tall feller?’ she say.

“‘Nice tall hat, black an’ shiny; long tail on de coat.’

“‘Don’t you see who dat is?’ she say, all excite. ‘Queeck, tole me dis: it’s de sure t’ing for know heem. Did he kip glove on hees han’ all de tam he spik?’

“‘Nice black glove;’ he was tole her, ‘on bot’ han’, lak he’s come from de city.’

“‘He not come from de city,’ she say, an’ she bus’ herself cry. ‘You been sol’ yourself on de devil. I lose you. W’at for you do dat, eh?’

“He look purty scare, heemself also, af’er dat. ‘I write down my name on de contrac’,’ he say. ‘W’at I shall do, me?’

“Hees wife she was de kin’ of girl I hope you will get some day. She wipe de eye on she’s dress, an’ say, ‘You leave it on me. W’en he come, I can feex. Don’t you worry. Jus’ kip on de house, so I see you, you don’t forget.’

“So dat man he sit on hees chair on de kitchen, so scare he can’t eat, only smoke, for two days. At las’ on de night, w’en de bridge she’s all finish, de stranger he come, beeg hat, black glove, long tail on de coat. He walk in de kitchen, rub hees two glove on de han’, an’ he smile, dat feller.

“De wife, she bus’ herself cry, only not lak before. She say on devil, ‘Oh, don’t tak’ heem off yet; I got somet’ings to tole heem. Say he can stay jus’ one leetle w’ile. Please don’t tak’ heem yet.’

“De devil sit down an’ say, ‘I got lots odder place I mus’ go. Ver’ busy jus’ now. How moch tam you want, eh?’

“She look aroun’ lak she don’t know w’at she shall say. Den she point at a candle w’ich was burn half way down to de saucer, an’ say, ‘Let me kip heem till dat candle’s all burn down.’

“So devil, he flip hees han’ on de air, say, ‘Dat won’t be long. All right, you can kip heem dat tam, but no more’; an’ he sit on hees chair, fol’ hees

leg, for wait on de candle.

“But w’at you t’ink dat smart woman do, eh? She peeck up de candle an’ blow wit’ her mout’—blow it out. An’ she say to de devil, ‘You don’t need to wait, you. Dis candle she’s nevaire will burn any farder. I feex it.’

“De devil, he jomp on de air an’ go off purty mad; mak’ some t’onder, but dat’s all he can do. De bridge she’s all buil’—you can walk on her now if you go on Malbaie; an’ de woman she kip dat candle lock tight on de closet. Her husban’, she kip eye on heem too.”

The pause that followed the end of the story was broken by the little boy’s question, “But supposing the house were burnt down?”

Baptiste rubbed his cheek. “I t’ink I mak’ de mistak’, mebbe. She’s too smart woman for kip candle in de house lak dat; she t’row it in de well. Dat’s it. Onder de water.”

“But supposing someone went down into the well after it?” persisted the little boy.

Baptiste got up from the chair. “You ask too many question,” he said. “Dat woman she not mak’ any mistak’, I tole you. She put dat candle w’ere neidder devil neidder small boy lak you can fin’ it again. You ron on home.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE STORY OF ROSE LATULIPPE.

“I like stories about the devil,” suggested the little boy one evening.

“Yes,” said Baptiste, “dat feller he’s lots of fun to talk about, not so moch fun to see, I t’ink. You ever hear about Rose Latulippe de tam she dance wit’ heem?”

Baptiste patted the tobacco in his pipe with his finger, puffed a cloud of smoke, and commenced the story.

“Dat was nice-looking girl, Rose Latulippe, you can’t fin’ one to beat. Nice cheek on de face, roun’ an’ plump,—dat’s de kin’ for Pierre Lebourveau, w’ich was nice feller, too; an’ she promise she’s marry heem af’er leetle w’ile.

“But firs’ she want to enjoy herself. She go on plenty dance wit’ Pierre, have de good tam wit’ ever’body look at her; she only wish she have more money so can have nicer clo’es an’ go on city for have de real beeg tam lak queen in de winter.

“One tam, on de *Mardi Gras*, Pierre he come wit’ sleigh for tak’ her oft on beeg dance on de country, lots of peop’, plenty music, dat’s de bes’ dance of de year. W’en she go, her modder she say, ‘You don’t forget dis night she’s *Mardi Gras*, eh? You mustn’t dance after twelve o’clock. W’en de clock she strike twelve tam, you come home, or somet’ing bad might happen.’

“Rose, she say, ‘You don’t worry, modder; I not forget, me.’ So she go off on de sleigh wit’ Pierre Lebourveau, an’ sing lak de bird on hees ear,

‘Lui ya longtemps que je t’aime,
Jamais je ne t’oublierai.’

“W’en dey come on de dance, my! dat was good tam she was have. She dance wit’ all de boy, de music it was fas’, an’ de peop’ dey all say nice t’ing to her. She nevaire was so happy on her life, an’ she forget all about it was *Mardi Gras*. Firs’ t’ing she hear de clock strike twelve tam, an’ she t’ink w’at her modder was say, an’ dat mak’ her feel purty bad.

“‘One dance more,’ all de boy was cry, an’ de fiddler he mak’ de beeg noise some more. Jus’ dat tam, de door open, an’ stranger come in, tall man in black clo’es, ver’ han’some for look at. He say he leave hees horse at de door, an’ come in for get leetle bit warm; will dey let heem kip on hees hat, he got bad col’; an’ mebbe he have one nice dance wit’ de pretties’ girl, if dey let heem. Of course dey say, ‘Dat’s all right; welcome,’ an’ de dance she begin.

“Stranger, so soon he see Rose Latulippe, he come over an’ say de nice t’ing on her ear. W’en he ask won’t she dance wit’ heem, of course she can’t say no. So she tak’ hees han’, w’at have glove on, nice black one, an’ dance roun’ de room. He talk fas’, say how nice she was look, ask her w’y she don’t come on de city, marry nice feller wit’ money can geeve her de clo’es an’ plenty good tam all her life. Say he love her heemself. Won’t she come wit’? Rose she’s all excite, not know w’at for say.

“Pierre Lebourveau, he’s so mad he can’t spik w’en he see Rose an’ strange man go roun’ on de room,—she’s eye shine on hees face, w’ich ben’ close. Pierre, he go outside, stamp hees feet on de porch.

“Close beside on de snow he see de stranger’s horse. Fonny t’ing: it’s a ver’ col’ night, an’ de snow she lie deep; but onder hoof of dat horse, de snow’s all melt away, right down on de groun’.

“W’at dat mean, eh, de horse melt de snow, so he’s stan’ in deep holes? Smart feller, dat Pierre, he can guess. So he ron on de *Curé*. He tole de Fadder all about dat stranger wit’ glove on hees han’ an’ horse wit’ hot hoof. De Fadder he put on hees coat, get some holy water, an’ come queeck on hees sleigh.

“All dat tam de dance she go on, an’ Rose Latulippe, she almos’ was faint on de arm of dat man, he talk so of city an’ clo’es an’ good tam she might have if she’s love heem, you bet.

“‘Come wit’ me,’ he was say, ‘Geeve your han’, mak’ de contrac’ will save you from leeve on dis mees’rable place.’

“She geeve heem her han’, but she scream w’en he grab it. She feel claw t’rough hees glove, scratch her han’, mak’ her bleed. She fall on de groun’, an’ jus’ w’en he stoop for pick her up on hees arm, door was open an’ pries’ ron on room, t’row holy water on de girl, an’ hol’ up cross on hees han’ before devil. Dat feller he yell, ‘She was mine, mak’ de contrac’ of blood!’ But de pries’ he kip hees head, hol’ de cross out in front, an’ he say, ‘I promise her on de convent. You can’t tak’ her now. Look here on dis cross.’

“Devil, he tak’ one look, mak’ de howl, an’ he’s gone—nasty smoke, beeg hole on de roof. Peop’ dey ron on de door; de horse was gone too—only holes on de snow w’ere he stan’, dat’s all dey can see.

“Rose Latulippe, she mus’ go on de convent. De pries’ he was tak’ her nex’ day; dat’s all he can do now for save dat poor girl. Pierre Lebourveau, he go on de boosh, far away on de Nor’ Wes’; I don’t know w’at happen. Mebbe meet on some odder nice girl w’ich she won’t dance at all; I don’t know, me. But you don’t forget Rose Latulippe nex’ tam you hear twelve on de clock of de night *Mardi Gras*.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIDDLER OF MARDI GRAS.

“The devil always gets the worst of it, doesn’t he,” said the little boy next night.

Baptiste took the pipe from his mouth and looked long and solemnly at his small companion. “Don’t you kip dat idea inside your head longer dan I count one,” he said. “Plenty peop’ t’ink dey fool heem easy—dat’s de kin’ he lak to get, an’ he do it, you bet, lots of tam. Listen here; I can tole you anodder story about *Mardi Gras*, dis one not so nice. You will hear.”

The little boy wriggled himself into a comfortable position on a big wooden chair; and Baptiste, refreshing himself with a good pull at his pipe, began the tale.

“You know ver’ well you nevaire mus’ dance af’er twelve o’clock on *Mardi Gras*, dat’s w’at you call Lent she’s begin den. But some peop’ dey forget, lak Rose Latulippe I was tole you about. One odder tam, in nice place near de *St. Laurent*, beeg party was happen on *Mardi Gras*. Lots of dance, plenty music, an’ ever’body have de ver’ good tam.

“Purty soon it get late, an’ fiddler, w’at mak’ all de music, he look on de clock. She was pas’ twelve, so he put down hees fiddle an’ say, ‘Dat’s enough for dis night. De Lent she’s come in.’

“Dose peop’ dey all say, ‘One more dance, jus’ anodder. Go on mak’ de music. We have soch a good tam, we don’t want it to stop.’

“But de fiddler he say, ‘She’s pas’ on strike twelve. I won’t mak’ any more, me.’ An’ he go out de room.

“So dey look on each odder, not know w’at dey shall do, all dose peop’, call heem name, say dey’re not scare at all. Can’t someone tak’ hees place, mak’ de music so dance can go on? One feller he step out an’ say, ‘Yes, I can mak’ it.’ He was stranger, come in from city jus’ a few meenute before. He was dance ver’ nice; dey all lak heem.

“He say, ‘Tak’ your partner, I geeve you de bes’ dance you ever.’ He peeck up de fiddle, tune up, an’ den he begin.

“My! dat was one dance. De music she’s fas’ an’ de partners dey go roun’ an’ roun’, fas’ an’ faster. De fiddler he smile an’ he mak’ it go queecker. Dey go roun’ so queeck you hardly can see w’ich is w’ich one. De fiddler kip smiling an’ music get faster some more. De dancer get tire, but dey can’t stop at all, de music won’t let dem. De faster de dance, de faster de music; an’ faster music, course she mak’ faster dance. De fiddler kip smiling. He mak’ dance so queeck till you can’t see de feet on de groun’. An’ den w’at you t’ink? Dey all dance so fas’, dey dance out of sight onder groun’, leetle bit at a tam. Lights go dim, but de fiddler kip on. Dancer whirl roun’; de music she spin dem away till all you can see is de red tuques, dey dance above groun’. One las’ tune on de fiddle, de fastes’ one yet, an’ dey’re gone out of sight, de red tuques an’ all.

“Den de devil he put down hees fiddle, an’ de lights dey go out. He go out too, follow dancer down onder de groun’, w’ere dey should go for dance on dis night.”

“Did they never come back?” said the little boy.

“Nevaire come back on dis worl’,” said Baptiste. “You don’t lak dat? All right. I tole you de peop’ w’at t’ink dey can play treecks wit’ devil, dey mebbe only treeck demself, don’t forget.”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DEMON OF ANTICOSTI.

“Lots of strange t’ing happen on dat *Golfe St. Laurent*,” said Baptiste one evening. “Mebbe you lak to hear about Louis Gamache, w’ich was leeve all alone on de *Ile d’Anticosti*, an’ work wit’ de devil. Dat’s w’at dey say dere. De place w’ere he leeve, dey call *Baie de Gamache*. You can see it w’en you go. Dat place she mak’ de sailor more scare dan de whole of de *St. Laurent* beside.

“He was real man lak you, not ghos’ at all, Louis Gamache, was born at *l’Islet*, dat’s not ver’ far from *Québec*. But he ron away on de sea, w’en he’s leetle feller, was cabin-boy on de Engleesh navy. He was brave, you bet, but he not lak dat life: too moch do w’at you’re tole, I t’ink. So he come back on lan’, an’ have leetle beesness at place call Rimouski. He don’t lak dat too, af’er w’ile: too moch do w’at hees customer want. Gamache he want always do w’at he lak heemself. So he go off on de *Ile d’Anticosti*, w’ere no one was leeve; he can please heemself dere. At firs’ he leeve quiet, only feesh an’ hunt an’ do beesness wit’ Indian w’at leeve on de Nort’ Coas’, dat’s Labrador.

“But once-twice he have de bad tam on de islan’; sailor come dere, have de fun, bus’ hees place up. Af’er dat he get mad, an’ I tole you w’at de sailor say he do. He swear he will mak’ hees place safe, so he call on de devil. Dat feller he’s glad do anyt’ing you ask, if you pay hees price. He come look Gamache over. Devil he lak de place so moch he steeck aroun’; he t’ink Louis mak’ de good frien’, geeve heem de bes’ tam he ever was have on dis worl’. Dey play lots of treeck togedder, you bet. Lots of sheep get wreck dere, af’er dat, an’ great many peop’ was drown.

One tam beeg sheep from France, dis w’at de sailor say, she pass close on de islan’, near de *Baie de Gamache*. W’en it’s dark, dat feller he go out in hees sailboat, jomp on boar’, an’ keell ever’body he fin’. Af’er dat he fill hees boat wit’ de w’iskey, mak’ de beeg sheep sink, an’ he go back on shore, call de devil, an’ have de good tam wit’ hees frien’.

“W’en she hear, de government of Canada, she t’ink he’s mus’ be stop; he keell too many peop’, mus’ go on jail. So dey sen’ steam tug af’er for catch dat feller. Dey fin’ heem one day on de *Golfe*, sail leetle boat; only he can’t sail her, de win’ she’s all gone. Hees boat stan’ quiet, jus’ lak horse in

de fiel' on hot day in sommer. De steam tug she come up, toot, toot! t'ink she got heem easy. But w'at he do, dat Gamache? He jomp up in hees boat, call on devil he's geeve heem a hatful of win'; w'ich he do right at once, nice hot one dat fill out de sail, an' away de boat go lak a horse onder w'ip. Gamache laugh on de tug w'en hees boat fly away; but dose government feller, dey pile on de coal, mak' de steam up, an' tug she go more fas' she was nevaire—mak' de porpoise turn over, you bet.

“Dey go lak dat, leetle sailboat an' tug, nip an' tuck, all de day; an' at night de tug she's get close. Sailboat mak' de beeg swell, almos' bus' de sail out; but de tug she go faster. Purty soon de government feller, dey lean out de side, wit' de gaff for catch leetle boat. Den Gamache he stan' up again, geeve a laugh, wave hees han', an' *pouf!* He go out of sight, so queeck you can't see w'ere he go. Hees boat she go too; only leetle blue light in she's place, dance on water all roun' de tug.

“Dey scratch on de head for a w'ile, dose feller, but dey can't fin' not'ing at all, only leetle blue light ron ahead w'erever dey go. So dey go back on shore an' tole ever'body Gamache he's sink hees sailboat for drown heemself so he won't go on jail. ‘You don't worry,’ dey say; ‘he's will nevaire come back, heem.’

“But one tam af'er dat, he come back jus' de sam', turn up at Rimouski. I can tole how it happen. My oncle, he meet heem one tam, an' he tole lots of t'ing about heemself, dat Gamache. He's a real man, not ghos' at all, an' he nevaire see devil in hees life. But w'en sailor smash up hees place on de islan', he t'ink de bes' way scare dose fellers is sen' out de beeg story about he's leeve wit de devil, an' murder de peop' w'at come near heem. He was clever feller, dat's sure, an' he play hees game ver' well.

“Dis tam on Rimouski, af'er story get roun' of de government tug an' de blue light, he t'ink, ‘I will geeve dose stupid peop' on shore de beeges' scare dey ever.’ So he go on hotel, ask de lan'lady has de man in black come in yet?

“She say, ‘W'at man is dat?’

“He say, ‘You know me? I'm Louis Gamache of Anticosti. I will wait for my frien' here. Geeve me room for myself, me an' heem, an' bring me two supper.’

“She get ready for set de two place, but Gamache, he's all alone. She not lak it.

“‘Set de place,’ say Gamache. ‘He will come; he nevaire forget, heem. An’ you, you don’t forget do w’at I tole you. Shut de door w’en you go, an’ don’t open again till I call. Only watch for my frien’, dress in black. You can hear?’

“She go out, so scare she can’t walk, an’ she watch on hees door till he call. Gamache, inside, he get ready. He have steeck on hees han’ an’ some string, an’ he feex it up so he can open de door heemself from odder side de room wit’out anybody can see how he do it. Firs’ t’ing de lan-lady see, it’s all quiet, de door of Gamache she’s open slow till she’s wide. Gamache was sit by de window far away on de odder side of de room. Door close again, no one touch it, all quiet. Den voice inside, laugh an’ talk, soun’ of glass, bang of knife on de plate.

“Dat las’ for two hour. De lan’lady she’s almos’ wish she was dead. W’en Gamache he call, she’s knee shak’, but she go in, expec’ to see devil. But dere’s Gamache alone, no one else; only two empty plate, bot’ side de table.

“Gamache smile w’en he see how she’s scare, an’ he pay for heemself an’ hees frien’. ‘He come,’ he was say. ‘You not see heem? Dat’s mebbe a good t’ing for you. But we have de nice tam in here, celebrate on de fun we been have togedder on de *Golfe*. You hear of de sheepwreck las’ night?’

“She drop on de groun’ dat woman, an’ Gamache go out, get in boat, an’ nobody’s brave enough for touch heem.

“Dat’s de las’ he was see in dat place. W’at’s become? I don’t know, me. Some say he get freeze on de winter. If dat’s true, I t’ink good frien’ lak he’s got will tak’ heem off w’ere it’s safe, de nex’ winter, won’t happen again. W’at you t’ink, eh?”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LEGEND OF VENTE-AU-DIABLE.

“My gran’modder she come from T’ree Reeever, long tam ago. Nice place, dat; she tole me lots of story about, w’en I was leetle feller only so high I look onder de rail fence. De *Rivière St. Maurice* she come down dere in t’ree place; dat’s w’y de town was call T’ree Reeever.

“Up dat reever leetle way you come on ole place she’s call de *Forges St. Maurice*, an’ dere you fin’ de hill *Vente-au-Diable*. Fonny place, dat, wit’ lots of t’ings happen; you not lak to veesit alone. Dat’s w’ere you hear de *Beuglard*, weecked howl, on de night. Mak’ de hair stan’. You mus’ say some prayer for mak’ *Beuglard* she’s stop. T’ink it’s speerit of de ole woman I tole you about now.

“Long tam ago, w’en de *Forges* was busy for melt iron, de ole woman, dat’s Ma’m’selle Poulin, she own some of de lan’ roun’ about. She have de fine maple boosh on de hill close beside, de bes’ tree you ever. But de tree dey get cut down w’en she’s not dere, an’ she wonder who do it. Af’er w’ile she fin’ out. De man w’at own de *Forges*, he have dose tree cut for mak’ charcoal for melt de iron. Dat mak’ her mad; but it don’t matter w’at she say, he kip on cut de maple boosh an’ she can’t do not’ing will mak’ heem stop. She hate heem so bad she don’t want not’ing on dis worl’ but only mak’ heem sorry he cut down her tree.

“At las’ she come to die, ole Ma’m’selle Poulin; an’ w’en dey ask her she’s mak’ de will, she only say, ‘I geeve all I have on de devil. He can look af’er my place, an’ de peop’ w’at spoil my maple boosh, dey won’t enjoy it any more, you bet!’

“Dat’s a fac’, she geeve de place on de devil, an’ he look af’er it so well de peop’ on de *Forges* dey have de bad tam. Too moch strange t’ing happen aroun’ dat place. Firs’ of all, two women dey was walk from de *Forges* on de road to T’ree Reeever, w’en dey see four men carry a black coffin. Fonny t’ing, dey not walk on de road, dose feller; dey tak’ coffin in dark wood jus’ beside, an’ nevaire was see any more. De peop’ dey know dat’s de ole woman; devil was sen’ for, af’er she’s dead.

“Af’er dat, lots more strange t’ing. On de hill, in af’ernoon, dey see tall man in black, wit’ paper in hees han’, walk over de hill w’ere de maple tree

was cut down. Lots of peop' see heem dere, jus' before it get dark; but dey can't see hees face. He look lak a shadow. Mus' be sent up by devil for watch af'er hees place.

“Sometam on de hill *Vente-au-Diable*, beeg fire was seen at night, an' aroun' it was jomp bad ghos', yell an' laugh an' scare de life out of passer-byers. Sometam w'en horse pass on dis place, in de night w'en it's quiet, he stop an' won't go. Only way for mak' heem, was get off an' turn bridle inside-out, or put w'ip on de groun' in de shape of cross. Den he'll go, but he's all foam an' sweat w'en he get on de stable.

“De *Forges* itself, devil he kip hees eye on, you bet. Lots of tam on de night, workman up late he see beeg black cat sit outside door of de fire. Mebbe she steeck de foot in de melted iron, an' stretch herself lak on de stove in nice keetchen. If de watchman look on de cat, she get beeg an' beegger. One night he tak' de crowbar for get her out of dere. W'at she do, eh? She jus' walk inside door de red furnace, an' nex' t'ing watchman see she come out de chimney, w'ich was roar all de night, an' she sit on de top, stretch her feet. De flame not even burn her w'isker. Dat's devil's cat, she kip her eye on dat place.

“One tam de workman dey have a beeg dance. It las' all de night, an' still go on in de morning, dat's Sunday. Not good tam for dance. Firs' t'ing dey hear de beeg hammer on de *Forges* go *broum, broum, broum!* Dey jomp an' ron on de place dis beeg hammer she work in de day tam, an' w'at dey should see? Black man he was stan', steeck hees leg onder hammer an' turn it aroun', *broum, broum*; for geeve it de shape. Someone say, 'It's de devil. He mus' break hees leg an' he come here for feex it.' Dey all squeal an' ron, lak you'd ron, I t'ink.

“De *Forges*, she's close down now. I t'ink devil he mak' it too hot for dose peop' w'at cut tree of de poor Ma'm'selle Poulin. He look af'er she's place so well de neighbor don't lak it an' go.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WANDERING JEW.

“You ask how I can know story about all dose place? I tole you. My fadder, he come from Mattawa, dat’s in de nort’; my gran’modder, she was born on T’ree Reeve; an’ my modder, she come from *Rivière du Loup*, dat’s on de *St. Laurent*. My fadder have frien’ one tam, ole man Bourgard, w’at leeve de mos’ hees life far out on de Nor’-Wes’, by Edmonton on de Saskatch’. I was out dere myself for five year, work for de Company. I have frien’ ever’w’ere, an’ I travel so moch w’en I was yo’ng man, I peeck up tale w’erever I go, jus’ lak some peop’ dey peeck up money. I travel so moch one tam my frien’s dey say I was lak *le Juif Errant*, dat’s de Wander Jew. You not know about heem? Den you listen w’ile I tole about one tam he come on Canada.”

Baptiste cleared his throat, and began to sing the old *chanson* which French Canada has inherited, with many of its kind, from old France.

“Est-il rien sur la terre
Qui soit plus surprenant
Que la grande misère
Du pauvre Juif Errant?
Que son sort malheureux
Paraît triste et fâcheux!

“But I forgot; you don’t onderstan’ w’en I spik it in French. Dat’s too bad. I mus’ tole you myself—tole you lak oncle of my fadder he tole me w’en I was leetle feller.

“One night he was out late wit’ some frien’, near *Ste. Anne de la Pocatière*. On de road dey meet an ole man, so ole you can’t t’ink he can walk. Dey stop an’ say, ‘Good night,’ but he jus’ nod hees head an’ walk on. De yo’ng fellers dey say, ‘Fonny t’ing, ole man lak dat walk on dis tam de night. We’ll go wit’.’ So dey walk beside. De ole man look ver’ tire, no life on hees face except hees eyes, w’ich have flame in.

“‘Can we help you look for somet’ing?’ dey say. ‘W’ere you go dis tam de night?’

“‘I go roun’ de worl’,’ de old man he say. ‘Dis de fif’ tam I go.’

“De yo’ng feller look on each odder, half scare; but dey tap on de head, t’ink he crazy. Ole man he look strange. Hees clo’es she’s all tore, an’ hees w’ite beard, she’s so long she come almos’ on de groun’. No boot on de feet. So dey say, ‘You mus’ be tire! You better come on de hotel an’ get some sleep, Fadder. We show you de way.’

“But de ole man, he say, ‘I nevaire stop. I mus’ walk day an’ night, good weader or storm.’

“Dey ask some more question, for fin’ out who he was, w’ere he come. My oncle, he say at las’, ‘I t’ink you mus’ be ver’ ole, eh?’

“An’ he say, ‘I have more dan eighteen hondre’ year. I was twelve year ole w’en Jesus was born.’

“Den he tole dose yo’ng feller dis story, w’ile dey walk quiet beside: ‘I am de Wander Jew,’ he say, ‘have wander all roun’ de worl’ for nearly two t’ousan’ year, an’ I only begin. I was born on Jerusalem. I leeve dere, *content*, till my trouble she’s come.

“‘On day my Saviour was die, w’en he carry hees cross on de way to *Calvaire*, he pass by my place. W’en he see me, he smile on my face, an’ he say, ‘Frien’, my cross is ver’ heavy. Will you let me res’ here jus’ a meenute?’”

“‘But I push heem back. “*Criminelle*, go away,” I tole heem. “Don’t res’ near my place; you can walk.” An’ I geeve heem a shove.

“‘Jesus, he sigh as he pass. “I walk now,” he say. “But you will walk always, walk an’ remember, more dan a million year.”

“‘So he pass on de hill. In de hour he’s nail on de cross, I leave my house an’ I start on de journey. I walk an’ remember. De worl’ will wear out before I can die.’

“Dat’s w’at de Wander Jew he say. Dey walk wit’ heem, dose yo’ng men, so far as de bridge Saint-Denys, w’ere dey say good-bye. W’en he go out of sight on de road, dey look on de groun’, an’ dere dey see blood; dat’s de mark of his feet w’en he pass.”

Baptiste chanted to himself the old song, which had, no doubt, been running in his mind as he told the legend of *Le Juif Errant*:

“Sur le mont du Calvaire
Jésus portait sa croix;
Il me dit, débonnaire,
Passant devant chez moi:
‘Veux-tu bien, mon ami,
Que je repose ici?’

Moi brutal et rebelle,
Je lui dis sans raison:
‘Otes-toi, criminelle,
De devant ma maison;
Avance et marche donc,
Car tu me fais affront!’

Jésus, la bonté même,
Me dit en soupirant:
‘Tu marcheras toi-même,
Pendant plus de mille ans!
Le dernier jugement
Finira ton tourment.’

De chez moi, à l’heur’ même,
Je sortis bien chagrin;
Avec douleur extrême
Je me mis en chemin.
De ce jour-là je suis
En marche jour et nuit.

Messieurs le temps me presse;
Adieu la compagnie;
Grâce à votr’ politesse!
Je vous en remercie:
Je suis trop tourmenté
Quand je suis arrêté.”

CHAPTER XX.

THE MAN WHO DANCED WITH THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

“Ole man Bourgard, he tole me plenty good story w’en I was out on de Nor’-Wes’, dat’s at Edmonton on de Saskatch’,” said Baptiste one chilly evening late in August. “He was leeve dere long tam, mus’ be nearly hondre’ year, I t’ink. He travel I don’t know how many tam from Hodson Bay to At’abasca Reeve, way up on de mountain, right away to *Ti-Jean Cache*. Dat’s de place w’ere he meet on dat feller Miette.

“Did I tole about heem, dat’s Miette, an’ de tam he dance wit’ de Nordern Light? I can’t forget about dat; you sit still an’ listen.

“Nice feller, Miette, not easy fin’ de nicer. He was de bes’ man for travel on de woods an’ reeve an’ mountain, in de whole Nor’-Wes’. He carry beeg pack, but he always tak’ wit’ heem, no matter he was go on de portage or climb mountain for hunt de goat, hees fiddle so he can mak’ de tune w’en he want it. He was good on de camp-fire, laugh a lot, sing, an’ tole beeg story about w’at he can do. An’ he do w’at he say, you bet; only he boas’ it firs’ an’ do it af’er—dat’s de kin’ he was.

“You know dat beeg mountain, Roche Miette, dat’s near Yellowhead Pass? She’s call af’er heem, I tole you for w’y. He was pass on de reeve, one tam, by de foot of dat mountain. She’s hang over, so high you can’t t’ink, bare stone lak house of a giant. Miette, he been tole some purty beeg story about heemself, an’ one feller, half-breed, he say, ‘You will tole us one tam how you smoke de pipe on top of dat mountain.’ Miette, he crick hees neck, look up at de rock, an’ he say, ‘Dat’s right, I will smoke de pipe on dat mountain to-day.’

“So he go off, dat feller, climb up top of de rock (it tak’ heem all day), sit on de edge wit’ hees leg dey hang down over de At’abasca Reeve, an’ he smoke hees pipe. W’en he come down af’er dark, he say, ‘A-di-do? I been have de nice smoke up dere wit’ St. Peter on de gate.’

“‘Hip-hooraw,’ say de half-breeds; ‘we will call it Roche Miette for remember.’ An’ dat w’at she’s call ever since, you fin’ on de map.

“But I mus’ tole you about de tam he dance wit’ de Marionettes, dat’s de Nordern Lights. You know w’at it mean? De Marionettes, dey will come out on de sky if you play de music on quiet night. Dey will come out an’ dance, mak’ you watch dem, forget w’ere you are, play an’ play till your speerit she leave you an’ go off on de sky for join on de dance. De body lie dead on de groun’; dat happen some tam.

“Well, one tam on de Fall Miette he come down to de Fort from *Ti-Jean Cache* in de mountain, an’ he have de good tam. Was dronk all day, sing song, an’ he mak’ de love on one Indian girl. He geeve all hees frien’ de gran’ tam also.

“One day he say, ‘I will get marry to-morrow. Nice Indian girl she will tak’ me. We’ll all have beeg fun to-night, celebrate, mak’ de bonfire, dreenk w’iskey, sing song, hip-hooraw! I will play fiddle, mak’ de Marionettes dey dance on my wedding.’

“Dat was a fire, you bet; can see it mebbe twenty mile away on de Beaver Hills. Miette he shout an’ sing an’ play fiddle,

‘En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule!’

an’ de odders dey sing wit’ heem.

“All de tam Bourgard he kip look on de sky, an’ at las’ he see light in de nort’; de Marionettes was come out for dance wit’ de song. Bourgard, he get scare w’en he see; say dey better stop sing an’ tole story now, or somet’ing might happen. But Miette, he jomp up an’ shout on de sky, ‘Welcome, you Marionettes. You dance on my wedding; I geeve you de music.’ An’ hees fiddle, he mak’ her go lak she’s crazy. He ron an’ he jomp roun’ de fire. He’s frien’s laugh at firs’, Miette look so fonny, play de fiddle lak dat an’ keeck up hees leg for dance de sam’ tam. But Bourgard, he kip look on de nort’. Firs’ de lights dey spread across de sky one band of w’ite, lak someone was lay de carpet, nort’ an’ sout’. Soon he see shadow come across, move along de w’ite path lak ghos’ on de march. Dat’s de Marionettes, get all ready. Den colour come on, lak ghos’ carry flag, green, yellow, an’ pink.

“Miette, he play hard on hees fiddle, an’ hees face it shine wet on de fire. But nobody watch heem. De faster he play, de faster de Marionettes dey move up an’ down, carry flag in an out, till it mak’ you dizzy to look at. All on sudden, de lights dey all ron to one en’ of de sky, dat’s de nort’, an’ colours go high on de air, w’ite, pink, green, an’ vi’let. Marionettes dey go mad. Dey leave de w’ite path, jomp all roun’ on de sky, nort’, sout’, eas’, wes’, come togedder again, dance all one way, den back, spread out, spin

aroun', slide off top of de sky lak tobaggon, mak' de mad circle from wes', nort', eas' to sout' an' dance on up again to de top overhead. Den a beeg sheet of colour, lak curtain of green, yellow, pink, w'ich sheever lak breeze blow across it, she hide de whole sky for a meenute.

“De colour go out, an' de sky is all dark; only star in, w'ich look ver' quiet. It's quiet on de fire, too. It's almos' go out, an' Miette's not dere any more. No music, no dance. Dey can't find heem at all on dat place. You bet dey was scare. Bourgard say he mus' have gone wit' de Marionettes w'en dat curtain she come on de sky.”

The old man paused, and, finding that his pipe had gone out, refilled it slowly.

“Did Miette never come back?” said the little boy.

“Miette?” said the old man. “Yes, he come back, two-t'ree days af'er dat; but he's not lak heemself—eye sunk in de head, clo'es tore; hees fiddle she's broke, but he kip in hees han'. He won't talk about. Bourgard say he been have de bad tam on de sky, dance wit' Marionettes all de night.

“Course he lose de girl; she go back on de boosh wit' her peop', dey was Wood Cree. An' Miette, he go back on de mountain, by *Ti-Jean Cache*, feex up hees traps, an leeve alone dat winter.”

CHAPTER XXI.

TI-JEAN AND THE UNICORN.

“Ti-Jean Cache, dat’s fonna name eh? Some peop’ dey call it Tête Jaune, but dat’s not w’at we call it out dere. Ti-Jean, dat’s it; an’ he was fonna feller it’s name af’er. He leeve any place an’ any tam you lak; you won’t read about in book, I t’ink.

“He was lazy feller, Ti-Jean, so lazy he sit all day in de sun outside hees shack. He lie on hees back in de grass an’ shut hees eye for sleep but de beeg bottle-blue flies dey come in swarm for kip heem awake.

“He turn over an’ over, but de flies dey buzz all de tam at hees head. He wave hees han’, an’ say, ‘Leave me alone, you flies; go on away.’ But dey say, ‘We wuz, wuz, wuz, wuz coming back again,’ an’ dey come on jus’ lak before. So at las’ he get up an’ say, ‘All right, you flies, I’ll geeve you somet’ing to eat in a meenute.’ He go into hees shack an’ bring out some bread an’ sugar an’ milk an’ a piece of board. He crumble de bread an’ sugar on de board, an’ stir dem up wit’ de milk, an’ invite de flies dey come an’ eat. Dey come in swarm, dose greedy fellers. So soon dey all be dere, Ti-Jean he roll up hees sleeve, an’ spit on hees han’, an’ *pouf!* He keell one t’ousan’ of dem wit’ one stroke an’ five hondre’ wit de nex’ one.

“Af’er dat, he mak’ a sign-board w’ich say, ‘Ti-Jean he keell a t’ousan’ wit’ de one stroke, an’ five hondre’ wit de nex’ one.’ Den he go an’ lie on hees stomach in a haystack for get some more sleep.

“Af’er w’ile de King pass by dat way, an’ see de sign-board. He tak’ a look an’ read, ‘He keell one t’ousan’ wit’ de one stroke an’ five hondre’ wit’ de nex’ one.’ Den he say to hees coachman, ‘Here, queeck, you coachman, go an’ wake heem up, dat feller.’

“‘W’at you want, eh?’ say de coachman (he was scare stiff). ‘Go an’ get myself keell?’

“‘Oh, no,’ say de King; ‘wake heem up polite.’

“‘So de coachman he go up an’ say, ‘Mr. Ti-Jean.’

“‘W’at you want?’ say Ti-Jean.

“‘Hees Majesty he t’ink he want to speak wit’ you.’

“So Ti-Jean go to de King, an’ bow heemself, an’ say, ‘W’at for Your Majesty want, eh? Somet’ing?’

“‘Is it fac’,’ say de King, ‘you keell a t’ousan’ wit’ de one stroke an’ five hondre’ wit’ de nex’ one?’

“‘Fac’,’ say Ti-Jean.

“‘Will you work for me, eh?’

“‘Yes,’ say Ti-Jean.

“‘Dere is some beeg monsters in my fores’,’ say de King. ‘You mus’ keell dem all. Dere is a unicorn in dese woods w’at keell ever’body he fin’. Will you keell off dat feller for me?’

“‘Yes,’ say Ti-Jean. ‘Only I’ll want somet’ings to eat firs’.’

“‘Here you are,’ say de King, an’ he geeve heem some san’wich in a basket. Af’er dat de King tak’ heem to a leetle path in de fores’, an’ say, ‘You follow dis here path, an’ af’er w’ile you will come near an ole ruin church. Dat’s de place dis unicorn leeve.’

“So Ti-Jean he go off, was feel purty beeg at firs’; but w’en de woods get dark, he feel smaller an’ smaller till at las’ he say to heemself, ‘If I see dis beeg beas’, I shall ron lak de devil.’ But he walk on an’ on, between beeg trees in de beeg black boosh.

“All on de suddenly, w’at he should see but de unicorn rise heemself up from behin’ a rock, an’ point hees beeg horn jus’ lak one musket, an’ scratch de groun’ wit’ hees hoof. Ti-Jean he so scare he forget how to stop, an’ he walk right on. De unicorn watch heem out of hees beeg roun’ eyes, as beeg as my fis’. W’en Ti-Jean go by, too scare for ron, de unicorn fall in behin’; he t’ink Ti-Jean mus’ be purty strong man for walk lak dat an’ nevaire look back. Ti-Jean walk on an’ on, too scare for turn roun’ an’ unicorn he walk af’er. Dat was one walk, I tole you.

“W’en Ti-Jean reach de ole ruin church, he walk right roun’ an’ ron in at de door, w’ich he hide behin’. Unicorn he jomp af’er, bang! t’rough de door, so hard dat Ti-Jean he have tam jomp out again an’ close door fas’ before unicorn he can turn round’.

“So dere was de unicorn trap in de ole ruin church. Wit’ eyes beeg as my fis’, it beat on de wall wit’ hees head, an’ Ti-Jean he climb up outside, for look down in. W’at a noise dat ole unicorn mak’, wit’ hees hoofs an’ hees horn.

“‘You will nevaire get out of dat place,’ say Ti-Jean, an’ he go off for tole de King.

“‘You back!’ say de king. ‘Den w’ere is dis unicorn I tole you mus’ keell?’

“‘Wait a meenute,’ say Ti-Jean, ‘w’ile I tole you. I tak’ heem by de tail an’ t’row heem in de ole ruin church. Dat’s de place you fin’ heem right now.’

“But de King shak’ hees head. I don’t believe,’ he say.

“‘Come an’ see,’ say Ti-Jean; an’ de King go off for see himself.

“W’en dey come to de ole ruin church, dey hear a noise lak de unicorn beat hees head on de wall. So Ti-Jean he say firs’ of all, ‘I’ll open de door.’

“‘No, don’t,’ say de King.

“‘Ill tak’ heem by de tail.’

“‘Not at all,’ say de King. ‘Don’t do it. I tole you mus’ not to.’

“Ti-Jean he’s not a bit sorry, but he say, ‘At leas’ Your Majesty mus’ have a good look at.’ So dey climb up on de wall, an’ look at de unicorn down inside. Wit’ eyes as beeg as my fis’, he beat hees head on de wall.

“‘We mus’ go,’ say de King.

“An’ dey go off an’ leave de unicorn in de ole ruin church, w’ere he leeve till he die.”

“And then did Ti-Jean marry the King’s daughter?” asked the little boy, whose eyes were nearly as big as Baptiste represented the unicorn’s to be.

“How many stories you want me to tole in one night?” said Baptiste. “Dat’s anodder long one, dat. Not so easy marry a princess in dose days. One unicorn! Pah! You got to do more’n dat for a princess. You ron along now. Dat’s enough story for one leetle boy dis night.”

The little boy dodged the hand that reached for his collar, and fled through the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

TI-JEAN GETS THE MOON.

Next night, when Baptiste came in late from the fields, he found the little boy waiting for him in the kitchen. The lad roamed about the room patiently while Baptiste had his supper, and then, edging up to the habitant's elbow as he filled his pipe, coaxed for another tale.

“Still anodder story?” said Baptiste, lighting the pipe. “W’y for you don’t go on school an’ study dem hist’ry books, not bodder ole man lak me? W’at you say? You want to know w’at happen Ti-Jean af’er he put de unicorn in de church? Didn’t I tole you how Ti-Jean got de moon? All right, I mus’ tole you dat one, sure t’ing.

“Dis is it. Af’er Ti-Jean an’ de King dey go back home from look at de unicorn, de King he say purty nice t’ing about Ti-Jean, an’ geeve heem nice house to leeve in. Dat mak’ some folks mad. Dis worl’ she’s lak dat, you fin’ out some day, mebbe. Jus’ because Ti-Jean he keell a unicorn w’at dem odder fellers can’t do, it, dey get mad.

“One day de King was tole hees coachman dat Ti-Jean was ver’ strong man. ‘He tak’ it by de tail,’ he say.

“‘Oh yes,’ say de coachman. ‘W’at you t’ink? Dat feller he boas’ so much I t’ink some day he bus’ heemself. He tole ever’body now he can get de giant’s seven league boots, w’ich dey are chained onder hees bed wit’ an iron chain t’ree inches t’ick.’ You know beeg giant was leeve in dat fores’ behin’ de ole ruin church, far away.

“De King say, ‘I nevaire! If he say dat, he mus’ do it, you bet. Seven league boots, dey come in useful nex’ tam I go for a walk.’

“So de King he sen’ for Ti-Jean. ‘See here, Ti-Jean,’ he say, ‘have you tole ever’body you can get seven league boots from de giant?’

“‘No, Your Majesty,’ say Ti-Jean. ‘But if *nécessaire* I can go. Only I’ll want somet’ings to tak’ wit’.’

“‘W’at you want, eh?’

“‘I want firs’ an inveesible coat, an’ den a file w’at she cut one inch ever’ tam I scrape.’

“De King geeve heem dose t’ings, an’ say, ‘Now den, you go an’ get dose boots.’

“So Ti-Jean put on de coat, stick de file in hees pocket, an’ he tak’ de path in de fores’. Af’er w’ile he come on de giant’s house w’ile dat beeg feller have supper wit’ hees wife an’ one leetle girl—w’at she was so beeg a ladder won’t reach her de top of de head w’en she sit, an’ w’en she stan’ up she look lak church steeple.

“Ti-Jean he go in wit’out dey see heem, walk in de bedroom, an’ crawl onder de bed w’ere de boots are chain up. De beeg giant have a smoke in de keetchen, but soon he an’ hees wife dey go to bed an’ sleep.

“So soon dey begin to snore, Ti-Jean he say to heemself, ‘Now’s de tam for cut dis chain.’ So he tak’ out de file, an’ *groung!* he mak’ one beeg stroke.

“De giant jomp up, an’ shout jus’ lak t’onderstorm, ‘Hi! Hi! Somebody onder de bed!’

“But hees wife, she only say, ‘Oh, go an’ sleep, you beeg fool. You be dream, dat’s all.’

“But de giant, he not satisfies. ‘I mus’ look,’ he say.

“De ole woman, she hit heem a biff on de face, an’ say, ‘Go asleep, you beeg fool.’ So he lie down an’ sleep.

“Den w’at Ti-Jean he do? He put one boot on each foot, tak’ hees file, an’ *groung, groung!* he geeve it a scratch an’ de chain she break. Den he go queeck out de door, an’ ron to de King seven league ever’ step.

“De King, he more surprise an’ glad dan before, an’ Ti-Jean he feel purty good heemself.

“Nex’ morning de King he tole hees coachman all about. ‘Oh, yes,’ say de coachman, ‘but dat feller don’t do half so moch w’at he talk.’

“‘W’at you mean?’ say de King.

“‘Oh, he boas’ he can get de moon from de giant, for light up Your Majesty place on dark night, heem.’

“‘If he say dat, he mus’ do it, jus’ lak de boots. Dat giant he kip de moon all by heemself half de tam.’

“So de King he sen’ for Ti-Jean, an’ say, ‘W’at dis here? Was you tole ever’body you can fetch me de moon from de giant?’

“‘No,’ say Ti-Jean, ‘but if mus’ be I can. Only you mus’ geeve me some t’ings I ask for.’

“‘All right, w’at you want? Not moch, eh?’

“‘Only five pound bag of salt.’

“So de King geeve heem all de salt he want, an’ Ti-Jean put on hees inveesible coat, an’ go off wit’ de bag in hees pocket.

“W’en he reach home of de giant, he fin’ heem mak’ soup in a beeg pot hang in one of dose ole-fashion fire-place. Wit’out he be seen, Ti-Jean climb in de fire-place, an’ pour five poun’ of salt in de soup. W’en de soup she is boil, de giant he tak’ it off an’ put on de table, an’ sit down to eat wit’ hees wife an’ hees leetle girl. Firs’ t’ing he get de heecup.

“‘Look here,’ he say. ‘Heecup! W’at for you put too moch salt in de soup?’

“‘W’at you talk?’ say hees wife. ‘You beeg fool, I put no salt in de soup.’

“But de giant he get up an’ stan’ half a mile on de air. ‘I can’t eat soup lak dat one,’ he say. ‘Heecup! Here, you girl, you go an’ get some water from de spring.’

“De girl she say, ‘It’s too dark for get water from de spring dis night.’

“‘Dat’s all right,’ he say. ‘Tak’ de moon from hees box an’ set up on hees en’.’

“So de girl tak’ de moon from its box an’ set up on hees en’. So soon she go off on de spring, Ti-Jean put de moon in hees pocket an’ tak’ de road back for home. You bet he was go purty queeck, dat feller, an’ geeve de moon up on de King, so soon he was get dere.”

Baptiste scraped out his pipe, and blew through the stem.

“What did the King do with the moon?” asked the little boy. “Did he keep it out all the time, every night?”

Baptiste rose and put the pipe into his pocket. “W’en you leeve so ole w’at I am, you fin’ out ever’body has somet’ing he don’t know. You tole me now how beeg is de sturgeon I catch on de reever las’ Fall—You don’t know, eh?—an’ mebbe I tole you w’at de King he do wit’ de moon.”

The old man opened the door and thumped heavily upstairs to bed, while the little boy ran out on to the grass to look up at the half moon in the sky.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TI-JEAN AND THE BLACK BAG.

“I don’t like the coachman,” said the little boy to Baptiste the next evening.

“Dat coachman was a bad feller,” agreed Baptiste. “But I not tole you de wors’ t’ing of all. One day de coachman say to de King, ‘Sure t’ing, dat Ti-Jean purty smart feller. He say he can pull down your castle in one night, jus’ wave hees han’, lak dat, an’ say “Bing!”’

“‘I mus’ tole heem not to,’ say de King.

“‘Mebbe he do it anyway,’ say de coachman.

“Dat mak’ de King mad. ‘All right,’ he say, ‘I feex dat feller.’

“So de King say Ti-Jean mus’ be put in a bag an’ t’rown in de sea. Dat night, two servants dey come to get heem. Dey put heem in a black bag, an’ go off for de sea.

“‘I don’t want to go, I don’t want to go,’ Ti-Jean he cry all de way on de road.

“W’en dey come to an inn, dose feller dey go in for a glass, an’ leave de bag outside on de porch. Ti-Jean kip on cry, ‘I don’t want to go.’

“A beggar he pass, an’ he hear Ti-Jean cry in de bag, ‘I don’t want to go.’

“De beggar he come up an’ hol’ down hees head close, an’ say, ‘W’ere don’t you want to go, eh?’

“‘Dey tak’ me to marry de princess,’ cry Ti-Jean; ‘but I don’t want to go, I don’t want to go.’

“‘I’ll tak’ your place,’ say de beggar.

“‘All right,’ say Ti-Jean. ‘Ontie de bag queeck, an’ you jomp in my place.’

“So Ti-Jean come out an’ de beggar go in. So soon Ti-Jean be gone, de servants dey come back, an’ pick up de bag. As dey walk, de beggar he kip on cry jus’ lak Ti-Jean, ‘I don’t want to go, I don’t want to go.’

“W’en dey come on de sea-shore, dey put down de bag, spit on han’, an’ say, ‘We’ll geeve heem a good swing, you bet, so he’ll fall far out deep.’

“W’en he hear dey be going t’row heem in de water, de beggar he cry, ‘No, no! I don’t want to go, me.’

“‘You don’t want to or not, we don’t care,’ say de King’s servants. ‘You go far out deep.’

“So dey tak’ de bag at bot’ en’s, an’ swing one, two, t’ree, zip! Dey let go de bag, an’ it fall far out deep.

“Nex’ day de coachman say to King’s servants, ‘Did you t’row heem out deep?’

“Dey say, ‘Dat feller Ti-Jean he not talk so beeg now. He nevaire come back out of deep place lak dat.’

“De coachman he ver’ please, an’ t’ink he got rid of Ti-Jean ver’ nice. Af’er dinner he see some cattle come up de road, an’ closer dey come, de driver look lak Ti-Jean. De coachman call de King’s servants. ‘Look at dose cattle,’ he say, ‘an’ see dere behin’ dem. W’at you t’ink? Dat look lak Ti-Jean.’

“But de servants say, ‘Oh no, mus’ not be. We t’row heem out deep.’

“‘Dat’s all right, look again,’ say de coachman. ‘Dat look lak Ti-Jean.’

“Sure t’ing, it’s Ti-Jean, wit’ stick on hees han’, was drive some cow he steal from de King’s barn, an’ shout, ‘Gittap, gittap!’

“W’en Ti-Jean come up, he say, ‘Good af’ernoon. Nice day, eh?’

“‘Is dat really you, Ti-Jean?’ say de coachman.

“‘Yes, coachman, dat’s me, I t’ink so.’

“‘But w’ere you get all dem nice cow, eh? Somew’ere?’

“‘Oh, dat was too bad,’ say Ti-Jean. ‘If de King’s servants dey only t’row me ten feet farder out, I would bring you de fines’ black horses ever was see in dis country. But dey only t’row me in dese here cattle w’ich I bring back to de King for a present.’

“De coachman, he fall right in dat trap. ‘W’at you t’ink, Ti-Jean, if I go myself? You know jus’ how far?’

“‘Jus’ how far, you bet. I won’t mak’ any mistak’, me. You get de King’s servants will help me dis night, an’ I’ll t’row you right slam in de

middle of dose fine black horses. You will see.'

"So de coachman sen' for de King's servants, an' Ti-Jean help heem in de bag an' tie it tight. Dey carry heem off to de sea-shore.

"'T'row heem far out deep,' say Ti-Jean. An' zip! De coachman he go af'er de beggar at bottom of de sea."

CHAPTER XXIV.

TI-JEAN AND THE WHITE CAT.

“Was Ti-Jean all right after that?” said the little boy.

“W’at you call all right?” replied Baptiste, staring at him sternly. “Dere is no ones all right in dis worl’, excep’ de ones w’at dey don’t want not’ing at all.”

“W’at did Ti-Jean want?” said the little boy.

“W’at de nex’ t’ing any man want af’er he get de moon, eh? Can’t you t’ink, you?”

“The princess?” hazarded the youngster.

“Dat’s de one. Ti-Jean he want de princess. But now you listen to me. He can’t fin’ one. Dis King he was get ole man, an’ hees wife she’s ole woman too, bot’ of dem; an’ dey have no children, no prince an’ no princess. W’at you t’ink, eh? Course de King he want to geeve hees crown to somebody, so he ask all de bes’ yo’ng men come roun’ some morning for look dem over an’ see w’ich is de mos’ bes’ one of all. But w’en dey come, de King he fin’ t’ree w’at suit heem ver’ nice, an’ he can’t choose between. Dere was Cordon-vert, an’ Cordon-bleu, all spicky span, an’ behin’ dem dat feller Ti-Jean.

“De King he scratch heemself on de face an’ say, ‘You go off, you t’ree feller, an’ de one w’at bring me back de mos’ nice-looking horse, he have my crown.’

“So dose t’ree feller get all ready, an’ go off on foot. W’en dey come on de fork of t’ree roads, Cordon-vert he say, ‘I’ll tak’ dis road’; Cordon-bleu, ‘I’ll tak’ dis one’; an’ Ti-Jean say, ‘I’ll tak’ de odder.’ An’ dey say dey will all meet togedder nex’ day at dose t’ree fork again.

“Ti-Jean he walk on an’ walk on till he come to de en’ of dat road. Den he tak’ leetle path in de fores’. W’en he come on a cottage wit’ straw on de roof, he see beeg w’ite cat an’ four toads carry water. De cat she fill a tub, put in de four toads, an’ *rrnyao, rrnyao*, pop in herself. Den out of de tub come soch a fine, nice-looking princess w’at Ti-Jean he nevaire see.

“She say to heem, ‘W’at for you look?’

“He say, ‘A horse, dat’s it. Me an’ two fellers, de King he say he geeve hees crown away to w’ich who shall bring back de mos’ fines’ horse.’

“De princess she say: ‘To-morrow I be beeg w’ite cat again. Dat tam you go in my stable an’ tak’ de uglies’ toad you can fin’ dere. W’en you go back to de King, lock up dis toad in de night. Nex’ morning you fin’ heem de fines’ horse on de worl’.’

“So nex’ morning Ti-Jean tak’ hees toad an’ gallop on hees back, *patati, patata*. At de fork of t’ree road he fin’ dose two wit’ ver’ fine horses.

“W’en dey see Ti-Jean on hees toad, dey go bus’ demself laugh, an’ say, ‘Don’t let de ole King see. You get yourself keell.’

“But Ti-Jean he go along af’er, *patati, patata*, an’ w’ip up hees racer wit’ leetle piece of string.

“‘Don’t foller,’ dey say; ‘you mak’ us look fool.’

“‘I don’t care,’ say Ti-Jean, ‘how beeg fool you look.’

“At night dey come to de palace, an’ put deir horse in de stable. Ti-Jean he rub down hees toad wit’ a comb, *perarrar*. An’ dose odder feller say, ‘You go bus’ de King’s comb.’

“Ti-Jean only say, ‘He got money for more, heem.’

“Nex’ day Cordon-vert an’ Cordon-bleu get up all spicky span, an’ show deir fine horses to de King.

“He say, ‘W’ere is Ti-Jean an’ hees horse, eh?’

“‘W’at you t’ink? He only got a beeg toad.’

“‘A toad!’ say de King. ‘Dat’s fonna. I mus’ see it.’

“W’en Ti-Jean get up af’er dem odder fellers, he fin’ hees toad de mos’ fines’ horse dat ever was see, wit’ silver mane an’ bot’ hees four feet shod wit’ gold.

“‘Oh!’ de King shout. ‘Ti-Jean he win. Dat’s de bes’ horse I ever, you bet. But I forgot to tole you, a king he always geeve t’ree t’ings to do. W’ich one of you he bring me de mos’ bes’ homespun, dat’s de one I geeve my crown.’

“So dey go off on deir horses. W’en dey come to de fork of t’ree road, Cordon-vert he say, ‘I tak’ de sam’ road again’; Cordon-bleu, he tak’ hees one; an’ Ti-Jean he say, ‘I tak’ de odder, jus’ lak before.’

“Ti-Jean gallop an’ gallop till he come on de leetle path an’ leetle cottage wit’ straw on de roof. De beeg w’ite cat she still carry water wit’ her toads. Ti-Jean he sit down an’ watch dem. W’en de tub she is full, *rrnyao*, *rrnyao*, de w’ite cat she pop in it, an’ out come a fine, nice-looking princess lak’ she come before.

“She say, ‘Ti-Jean, w’at you look for?’

“He say, ‘Homespun, dat’s de one; de mos’ bes’ de King ever see.’

“‘To-morrow,’ she say, ‘I be beeg w’ite cat again. Den you look in my ches’ an’ tak’ out de uglies’ walnut you fin’ dere, an’ put in your pocket. W’en you get back to de King, break it wit’ a knife, an’ out of it will come t’irty yards of de mos’ bes’ homespun you ever can see.’

“Dose feller Cordon-bleu an’ Cordon-vert, dey meet at de t’ree roads. My! W’at fine homespun dey have, you be surely. But Ti-Jean, wit’ only de nut in hees pocket, have not’ings to show dem.

“Cordon-vert, he say, ‘Ti-Jean, I bet you got not’ings to show, eh?’

“An’ Ti-Jean he say, ‘Mebbe you got enough for de ole King yourself.’

“At de palace nex’ morning, dey get up an’ show. It is fine; Cordon-vert have some lak you nevaire see. ‘Dat feller Ti-Jean,’ he say, ‘I t’ink he not got any.’

“But Ti-Jean he come up, geeve de nut in de King’s han’, an’ say to heem, ‘Bus’ it open wit’ a knife; you will see.’

“De King he bus’ it open wit’ a knife, an’ pull out t’irty yards de mos’ bes’ homespun lak you nevaire can beat. Den he say, ‘Ti-Jean win again. But you know a king always geeve t’ree t’ings to do. Dere is one more t’ing.’

“‘W’at is it?’ dey say.

“‘W’ich one he fin’ de mos’ nice-looking girl for princess, he get my crown. Dis de las’ one of all.’

“So dey go off again, Cordon-vert an’ Cordon-bleu on deir horses, an’ Ti-Jean he go on hees toad.

“Cordon-vert, he say, ‘I’ll tak’ my road again’; Cordon-bleu, ‘I’ll tak’ mine;’ an’ Ti-Jean he say, ‘I’ll tak’ mine too, dat’s de odder one.’

“Ti-Jean travel an’ travel till he come to de cottage wit’ straw on de roof, an’ see de beeg w’ite cat was carry water wit’ her toads. *Rrnyao*, *rrnyao*, de cat she jomp in de tub an’ come out nice-looking princess.

“Ti-Jean he fall in love wit’ her, blip! right at once, she look so nice.

“ ‘W’at for you come, Ti-Jean?’ she say. ‘Dis is t’ree tam.’

“He say, ‘De King, he geeve t’ree t’ings you mus’ do. He say, “W’ich of de one bring de mos’ nice-looking girl—dis de las’ t’ing of all—he get my crown”.’ An’ Ti-Jean he say for heemself, ‘You’re de mos’ nice-looking girl, I nevaire see anyt’ing to beat.’

“She say, ‘I get turn into cat ever’ day, an’ nevaire stay princess again unless a king he marry me.’

“Ti-Jean say, ‘Dat’s all right. You come wit’ me.’

“ ‘To-morrow,’ she say, ‘I be beeg w’ite cat. You mus’ hitch up four toads to my ole coach in de stable, an’ we go togedder.’

“Nex’ day Ti-Jean get up an’ see de princess she’s de w’ite cat again. So he hitch up four toads to de coach an’ sit down on de leetle seat in front, wit’ de beeg w’ite cat beside heem. She frisk about, climb on hees knee, an’ rub on hees leg, *rrnyao, rrnyao*.

“W’en dose odder fellers come to de fork of t’ree roads, my! dey have nice-looking girls. Dey look on Ti-Jean wit’ hees w’ite cat an’ four toads, an’ say: ‘Dat’s de en’ of dat feller. He will get heemself keell.’ An’ dey laugh. ‘Goodness sak’, don’t foller lak dat in ole coach an’ four toads. Stay behin’.’

“But away dat feller he go af’er, *patati, patata*, w’ip up hees toads wit’ a leetle piece of string, w’ile de w’ite cat she rub on hees cheek, purring *rrnyao, rrnyao*.

“W’en dose t’ree feller come on de palace, Ti-Jean tak’ de w’ite cat to hees room, an’ go on rub down hees toads wit’ a comb, *bring, brang, bring*. An’ dose fellers dey say to heem, ‘Ti-Jean, you go bus’ de King’s comb.’

“Ti-Jean only say, ‘P’r’aps it’s my comb purty soon, I can do w’at I lak wit’.’

“Nex’ morning, de King see Cordon-vert an’ Cordon-bleu, dey bring ver’ nice-looking girl, an’ he ask for Ti-Jean.

“ ‘Ti-Jean,’ dey say, ‘oh, he have a beeg w’ite cat.’

“ ‘All right, I mus’ see it.’

“An’ Ti-Jean come af’er, bring de princess wit’ hees han’. De King he’s surprise. He can’t tak’ hees eye off. He nevaire see on hees life so nice-

looking girl. Ti-Jean go off hitch up hees toads, an' he come back wit' four nices' looking horse an' de bes' coach you ever.

“‘Ti-Jean, he win!’ say de King. Den he tak' de crown off hees head, an' bang! he put it on de head of Ti-Jean.

“Cordon-vert an' Cordon-bleu an' Ti-Jean, dey all go off for marry dose nice-looking girl.

“My! dat was a wedding. I was dere. But since den I nevaire see dose peop' any more, an' I don' know how dey get along, only Ti-Jean heemself.”

CHAPTER XXV.

TI-JEAN GOES TO HEAVEN.

Evening brought the farmhouse a drizzle of rain and a little boy with wet clothes.

“W’at for you come over night lak dis, eh?” demanded Baptiste. “You sit right dere in front of de fire an’ nevaire stir till you be dry, or I cook you lak Ti-Jean cook de devil dat tam he call.”

“When was that, Ba’tiste? Tell me about it,” said the lad eagerly.

“Don’t I tole you how Ti-Jean he come die? Well, mebbe I mus’.”

“Did Ti-Jean die?” said the little boy, crestfallen.

“Oh yes, he die, dat feller, but not lak you an’ me. He purty smart man, Ti-Jean. Listen w’ile I tole you. An’ stick up your feet on de stove. Dat’s de way.

“Ti-Jean he leeve great many year. But af’er w’ile de devil he come for heem.”

“Was he very bad man, then?” interrupted the boy.

“Yes, jus’ lak you an’ me. So de devil he come, an’ say, ‘Hello, Ti-Jean.’

“‘Hello yourself,’ say Ti-Jean.

“‘I’m de devil,’ dat feller say, ‘an’ I come to get you.’

“Ti-Jean he get excite. ‘W’at’s dat you say? But I should have been tole! I’m not ready yet; I’ve not change my clo’es or shave or not’ings at all. Here, you sit down in dis chair w’ile I feex myself up.’ An’ Ti-Jean he pull up hees beeg easy chair.

“Devil he sit in, w’ile Ti-Jean get some good dry wood, w’ich he pile on de fire for mak’ de beeg flame. Devil, he sit back; dis fire she burn heem. ‘Lemme out, Ti-Jean,’ he say. ‘I get burn. Lemme out.’

“But Ti-Jean, w’at he do, eh? He shove de chair closer. De fire burn high, de spark jomp, an’ it’s so hot for devil hees toes get red. ‘Lemme out,’ he cry. ‘Lemme out!’

“‘I let you out,’ say Ti-Jean, ‘if you mak’ me one promise.’

“ ‘I promise it. Queeck, lemme out!’

“ ‘Geeve me a pack of cards w’ich always mus’ win.’

“Devil geeve heem de cards, an’ Ti-Jean let heem out. Dat’s de las’ he see dat feller for ver’ long tam.

“Ti-Jean, he leeve ver’ ole, so ole he can’t count hees birt’day. At las’ one day he call hees family, geeve dem all he’s got, an’ he have heemself bury alive. Once he go in de groun’, he was dead; an’ once dead, he pass on de gate of Heaven.

“ ‘Saint Peter, open de gate,’ he say.

“ ‘Who’s dat?’ say St. Peter.

“ ‘It’s me, Ti-Jean.’

“ ‘Dis de wrong place for you. You go on devil.’

“So Ti-Jean he go down stairs. ‘Open de door,’ he say to de devil.

“ ‘Go away, Ti-Jean. No place for you in dis hell of mine. You burn me too bad.’

“So Ti-Jean he go back up to Heaven. ‘Look here,’ he say, ‘I mus’ sleep somew’ere, an’ devil he won’t have me. Saint Peter, open de gate.’

“ ‘You know it ver’ well dis not your place,’ say Saint Peter.

“ ‘Jus’ lemme hide behin’ de door,’ say Ti-Jean. ‘I mus’ go somew’ere.’

“So Saint Peter let Ti-Jean come jus’ inside, an’ he sit on de groun’ right behin’ de door an’ nevaire stir heemself for a long tam.

“But af’er w’ile Ti-Jean pull out hees cards, an’ he say to a speerit was sit nex’ to heem on a leetle log, ‘Will you play cards wit’ me?’

“ ‘W’at!’ say de speerit. ‘Play cards?’

“ ‘Yes,’ say Ti-Jean. ‘Play your seat for mine.’

“Dey play t’ree games, an’ Ti-Jean he win. So dere he was, sit on de log. Anodder speerit was sit close beside on a chair.

“ ‘Will you play cards wit’ me?’ say Ti-Jean.

“ ‘W’at! Play cards?’

“ ‘Yes,’ say Ti-Jean. ‘Play your seat for mine.’

“Dey play t’ree games. Ti-Jean win again, an’ sit on hees chair. Af’er dat, Ti-Jean spen’ all hees tam play cards.

“At las’ he say to de speerit was sit nex’ to God, ‘Will you play cards wit’ me?’

“ ‘W’at! Play cards?’

“ ‘Yes,’ say Ti-Jean. ‘Play your seat for mine.’

“Dey play cards, seat for seat, an’ Ti-Jean win again. So dere he was sit nex’ to *le bon Dieu*.

“ ‘*Bon Dieu, bon Dieu*, will you play cards wit’ me?’

“ ‘See here, Ti-Jean, you come far ’nough already. You stay dere.’

“An’ dey sen’ me down for tole it you. Dat’s de las’ I hear of Ti-Jean.”

THE END

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

When nested quoting was encountered, nested double quotes were changed to single quotes.

[The end of *Baptiste Larocque: Legends of French Canada* by Paul A. W. Wallace]