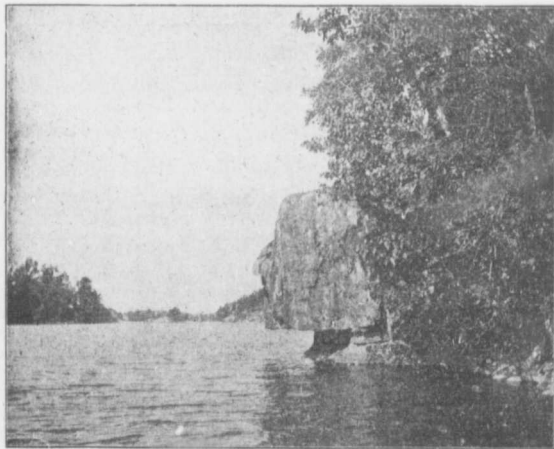


which they could direct their rifles in the event of Indians or unfriendly strangers threatening to impede navigation. But since the opening of navigation in 1829, no event has occurred. Soldiers and Indians have alike disappeared, and the only strangers who linger around the locks are admiring tourists, who do not desire to destroy aught save fin, fur and feathers.

So contiguous were the lakes that in the entire 126 miles it was only found necessary to have six miles of artificial construction, and as this is scattered along the whole route, it is almost impossible to decide where the natural course has been supplemented.

The next stretch of ten miles is formed by backing up the water of the Cataragui River. This construction, while it made the water deep enough for navigation and rendered excavation unnecessary, flooded considerable of the surrounding country, which now bears the name of "Drowned Lands," the home of different kinds of wild fowl.

A short cut connects the "Drowned Lands" with Washburn Lock, where there is a lift of about ten feet. A continuation of the same cut brings the boat to the Brewer's Mills Lock, at which place the lake navigation proper begins, and we leave the river and find ourselves in a bewildering maze of wood and water, shut in by hills, from which



PROFILE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

such a wealth of greenery overshadows us that sunlight only pierces through in fitful gleams, whilst beyond the lake glows like a sheet of liquid gold. So narrow is the rocky channel that leaves float down upon us as we pass under the green arcade, and so abrupt are the turnings amid the dense woodland, so full are the shores of delusive bays, inlets and promontories, that the prospect of finding a navigable course seems beyond all reasonable hope, but when no way of exit appears, a sharp turn to the right, and a beautiful stretch of water and some grand bluff scenery three-quarters of a mile long and 150 feet high are in view. Out of this