

SKETCHES IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—By E. J. RUSSELL.

LAKE EUTOPIA, N. B.

That portion of the county of Charlotte, N. B., that lies within a few miles of the Bay of Fundy is extremely rugged and broken. The hills in some parts rise nearly to the dignity of mountains. In many of the valleys formed by these upheaved masses of syenite are found beautiful lakes quietly reposing, protected on all sides by the grim fortresses of nature's handiwork. Within five miles of the Port of St. George, a thriving village at the mouth of the Magaguadavic, can be found the subject of our sketch, "Eutopia," the beautiful, and Queen of New Brunswick lakes, resting in majestic silence, guarded on the west by frowning precipices of red tinted syenite, and on the north, south and east by rolling hills capped with bald granitic heads. The wavelets of this lovely sheet of water break gently on a margin composed of a firm sand of silvery whiteness. Its bosom is decked with many pretty islets garnished with maple and birch. Eutopia is about nine miles in length, and in some places three in width. Its shores are indented with miniature bays and caves, which give wonderful variety of shapes to the lake when viewed from different points. In spring and fall it is a favourite resort for a few Waltonians who know the haunts of the beautiful speckled "three pounds," who lurk in quiet pools resting on gravelly beds. As a *tout ensemble*, no matter from where you view it, Lake Eutopia is charmingly romantic—alas! that there should be any drawback to such a beautiful piece of creation.

When night throws its dark mantle over land and lake and river, the red man cautiously paddles shorewards, he trusts not its witchery of beauty. He believes that fathoms down lurks a monster that may, without warning, suddenly appear and make a meal of Mic-Mac, paddles and canoe. Nor is this superstition confined to the aborigine. The dwellers by the lake nearly without exception firmly believe that a huge fish or serpent has a home in "Eutopia," for have they not seen it, basking sometimes full length of 100 feet or thereabouts, like a huge pine log on the surface of the waters? And does it not occasionally, when in a sportive mood, raise "Ned" generally at the bottom, sending up old logs, spruce edgings, and ancient deposits of various kinds and sorts, causing the water to boil and foam, as if a geyser had suddenly broke loose?

For many years a creature, real or imaginary, has kept up a lively time among people residing near the lake. It is not long since a joint stock company was formed in St. George, with a capital of \$200, for the purpose of procuring nets and apparatus for the capture of the monster. Nets were made and set, and a party of well-known gentlemen, among whom was an officer of the Fishery Department, went from St. John to assist at its capture. They were all armed to the teeth, but unfortunately about that time his "fishyness" became sulky, and the braves who tempted fate and the jaws of an angry monster returned to the metropolis of New Brunswick without bagging their game. The chief Medicine Man of the Mic-Macs swears that a fearful creature with head as large as a puncheon followed him and a brother Indian in their canoe some distance soon after the ice was cut this spring, snapping its bloody jaws in a most horrible manner. The sketch is a faithful representation of the Lake Monster as described by the Medicine Man.

About six years ago, below the red syenite bluffs that range along the western shores of the lake, was found an oval slab of red binary granite 2 ft. long by 18 in. in width, on which was chiselled the form of a human head in well preserved relief. The sketch is a correct copy. This singular piece of ancient sculpture has been the cause of much speculation as to its origin. The style of the head is decidedly Asiatic in character. Who cut it remains a mystery. The slab is in the custody of the Natural History Society of St. John. The mountain ranges of red granite found near the lake are likely to prove of commercial value, if the deposit on investigation is found to be free of faults and suitable for building and monumental purposes, as it rivals in beauty the famous Scottish Peterhead. Of this region a separate sketch will appear in a future number of the *Nxwa*. The Town of St. Andrews is now putting up a very fine Marine Hotel in full view of the beautiful Bay. It will be opened next spring, and will likely be



HEAD CARVED IN STONE, FOUND NEAR LAKE EUTOPIA.

much patronised by Montrealers. A short sail or three hours' drive from thence takes the visitor to "Eutopia," where he will find splendid fishing and perhaps get a chance of seeing the monster.

The lake obtained its name in this wise: When the country was first settled in 1783, the Government granted free lots to a number of disbanded soldiers. The surveyor merely laid out the fronts. After a little time some enterprising fellow endeavoured to explore his estate and found that after wandering a short distance the lake made up for many miles of imaginary property as per chart. The consequence was that the Government, when they were put in possession of the real geographical state of the matter, caused their lands to be extended on the other side of the broad waters of the Eutopian farms.

E. J. R.

DOGS AS BEASTS OF DRAUGHT.

A correspondent of *Land and Water* writes as follows on the practicability of employing dogs as beasts of burden:

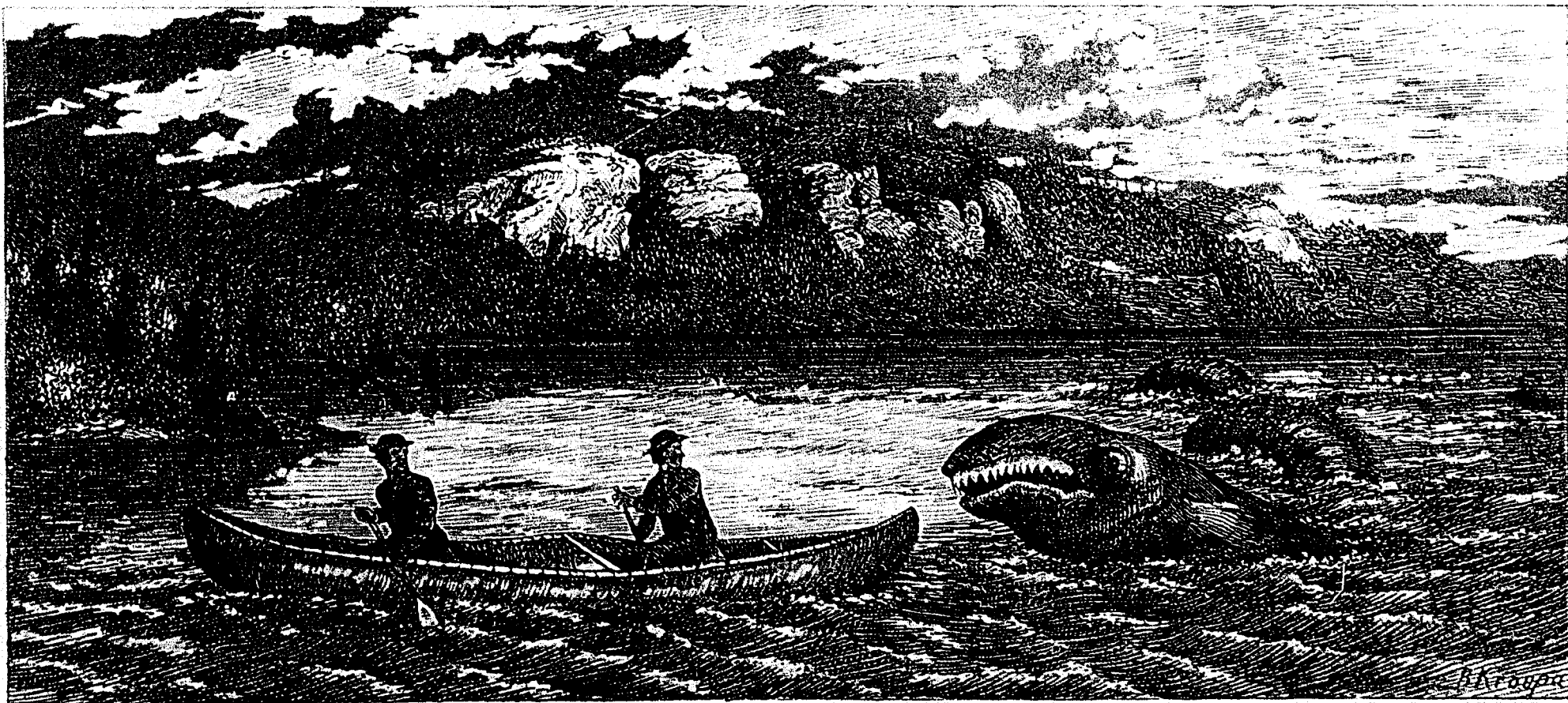
Mr. Helps, in his recently published most excellent work, eulogises a so-called "paternal government," as indicating a love for, and tender interest in, the general body of the governed. Unfortunately the paternal instinct does not always point out the best means of securing the desired benefit and happiness. The existing law, prohibiting the employment of dogs as beasts of draught, we hold to be a case in point. No legislative measures have commended themselves more entirely to the good feeling and sense of the country than those passed for the protection of the so-called dumb animals. Martin will live for ever as the originator of the Act which bears his name. The late sea and land bird protection acts, slightly modified as they probably will be, redound to the credit of their authors, and the dog-stealing bill, introduced through the exertions of our late revered friend, the "Bishop of Bond Street," adds to the regard in which his memory is held by his friends. The enactment above referred to was passed with the most humane intent, but has always struck me as a palpable and mischievous mistake. I do not hesitate to say, that of all animals used to assist man in drawing loads the only one that does its work willingly, that really enjoys the task committed to him, is the dog. With him "labour that he loves physics pain." Compare this willing and efficient friend to man with other beasts of draught or burden. The camel groans and bites, and works sulkily, reluctantly, and

only under compulsion. The ox, the picture of patient endurance, plods slowly and wearily along, submitting, indeed, under the infliction of goad or lash, but protesting in every member against the unfairness of man in both working and eating him. The ass hates the work imposed upon him, and makes no secret of his feelings. Even the horse, about whose "noble nature" more nonsense is talked, and more lies uttered, than about any other animal, will not work except upon compulsion, and only after being "broken" to it. The most so-called generous and high-spirited of the tribe will, if unrestrained, run directly back to the stall or field he has just been taken from to be put to his daily work, *otium quisquis*. Now the dog, the real friend of man, in fact among beasts, the only one he has, absolutely revels in the act of drawing a load, he dashes at his work in a joyous, hearty spirit, and proclaims, by loud exulting barks, how much he joys in aiding and assisting his beloved master. The work a large dog will do is something very considerable, and of great value. I remember two which drew a heavy load from Charley, in Sussex, to Brighton, a distance of fifteen miles, and back in the day, and that at least three times a week, no doubt earning, by the carriage of parcels one way and of fish the other, a good livelihood for themselves and master. I have seen these animals when let out in the morning, rush barking to their carriage, and struggle to get into their simple harness. I once taught a mastiff to assist in towing a skiff on the Thames, and excepting that he was inclined to run away with his load, he did it capitally, and with evident delight. But dogs, it may be said, were sometimes cruelly treated. No doubt they were; so we grieve to know are horses, donkeys, camels, and oxen. It is the use, not the abuse, of the animal I advocate, and although it could hardly be held as an argument, if the act were justified, as two wrongs do not make a right, we might point to the case of these miserable goats, which may be seen at Brighton, and other watering-places, harnessed to a filthy flea-invested carriage, beaten, bullied, and cruelly used by children, nurses, and the boys who drive them. I have often wondered at the idiotic stupidity of the well-meaning persons who, straining at a gnat, were responsible for preventing the really useful and willing dog from doing what he dearly loves to do, and permit creatures like the goat to be tortured by work alike repugnant to their nature and conformation.

HEMLOCK AS A POISON.

No poison claims a higher antiquity or a greater historical interest than hemlock. To the physician there is none that surpasses it in physiological interest. The bare mention of the plant carries one back to the days of the Grecian republic, and recalls the undying name of Socrates, Theraemenes, and Phocion—men who have submitted to the baneful influence of hemlock rather than betray the liberty of their country. If we would learn the effect of the Athenian State poison, we may have Plato for our teacher, and for a subject him of whom Cicero justly said "that he was the first who called down philosophy from heaven to earth, and introduced her into the public walks and domestic retirements of men, that she might instruct them concerning life and manners." "Socrates," says Plato, "received the fatal cup without change of countenance or the least perturbation. His executioner directed him to walk about until he should feel his legs becoming heavy. He did so until the chilling operation compelled him to lie down; then it seized upon the more vital parts. The executioner approached him, said to his friends that when the effects of the poison would reach his heart Socrates would depart. Then, uncovering him he found that the lower portion of the body was cold. At this time Socrates spoke these last words to his friend Critto: 'Critto we owe Esculapius a cock; pay the debt, and do not forget it,' and in a short time was convulsed. The man then uncovered him; his eyes were fixed, and when Critto observed this, he closed his eye-lids and his mouth."

In this account we have ample proof of the action of hemlock. The legs grow heavy, and the chilling effects creep on. The victim no longer able to stand, lies down; at last the respiration ceases, accompanied, as is usual in such cases, by a slight convulsive tremor, the mind remaining clear and tranquil to the last.



THE MONSTER OF LAKE EUTOPIA.