

mysterious and almost unexplored forest; gem-like lakes and foaming water-falls; all here unite to form a matchless panorama, in which the various elements are grouped together in scenes of wondrous beauty.

We reached this village a few minutes since, after a most charming drive through a delightful and lovely country, with pleasant-looking farms, and clean, bright cottages scattered over its surface. The road, too, was macadamized and most excellent, approaching as nearly to perfection as any I ever travelled over. The soil, judging from its appearance, and the thriving look of the farms, should be very good. St. Henry de Lauzon is in the Seigniory of that name, which occupies the whole county of Dorchester. It was granted, according to Bouchette, to Monsieur Simon Lemaitre, on the 15th January 1636.

Trees are, unfortunately, not abundant, so that the natural beauty of the country is rather impaired; and the eye, although recognising its many attractions, still longs for some forest or woodland scenery to relieve the monotony of such a long stretch of grain-fields and gardens.

At this place, we got our first view of the River Etchemin, a wild and lovely stream, with craggy banks and brilliantly clear water: but so shallow, at this season, as to be only navigable for canoes, and, in some places, not even suitable for those. Its breadth does not appear to average much more than twenty yards, so far as we have seen, and, indeed, the presumption is that, as we approach its source, we shall find it narrower still.

5.30 P.M. We are stopping for a few minutes at a mill, where