

we threw the gurgling element behind us, creating swells which might rival those of a screw-propeller's paddle-wheel. Mirsdale, in the bow, was to commence the attack, and one of our voyageurs was to secure him, while the rest should manage the canoe, and keep her slight exterior out of reach of the animal's feet, which deer are said to use very dexterously in such cases. It is almost unnecessary to say, that a chase must end by reaching the object. 'Twas not so in our case; for when we neared the supposed animal, indulging in the hope of supping off a haunch of fresh venison, what a burst of laughable disappointment did we indulge in.

"By the beard of Muhomet! and that must be a frizzly oath," coolly muttered Textall, "tis a stump."

"True, by jingo!" echoed Mirsdale, "we are stumped in sooth."

A large "bottom," as it is called, had got afloat, and the earth clinging to the roots caused it to stand erect in the water, and two lopped stakes added horns, which, seen in the middle of the lake, gave it the appearance of a horned animal crossing to the opposite shore, as frequently happens. A hearty burst of laughter brought relief for our disappointment, and we pursued our course.

After crossing the first lake we had to make a small portage at the entrance of the second; the lakes being divided by short rapids, which are sometimes run through by canoes on the downward passage. After we crossed the portage the view of the second lake was opened to our vision:

"Half of our way is past, for I descry
Deauteous scenes just rising to the eye."

This lake far surpasses the first in splendour of scenery, and variety of rich and natural beauty. The settlements are more extended, and the inhabitants seem to be more enterprising and wealthy. The Allumette island, which, from its size, forms the north side of this lake, is also thickly inhabited. But the works of Nature are my theme, and on this favorite spot she seems to have exerted in a peculiar manner her powers. This pretty lake is studded here and there with small islands, in fact equalling, if not excelling, in simple outline, the vicinity of the "Thousand Isles" in the great St. Lawrence. These islands are inhabited (if I except the "haunted isle," whereby hangs a tale which hereafter may be unfolded) by Indians, when they return after the hunting season, and being in the vicinity of Fort William, are both convenient and useful. In the summer season they are covered with berries of many kinds, among which may be

mentioned the celebrated cranberry—they form a *tasteful* feature in the beauties of the spot. To the literary dremmer the scene reminds him of Sir Walter Scott's famous description in the *Lady of the Lake*:

"In all the length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

On the north side, the main shore is flat, and the soil excellent. The Muskrat and Pattawawa rivers empty into this lake—the one a pretty, smooth and even stream—the other, famous for its awful cataracts and falls. At the head of this lake is a passage, called the Narrows, which separates it from the third or upper lake of the same name. At the head of the large island previously spoken of, and opposite the Narrows, are the Kilbute Rapids. This tremendous cataract may be justly styled a twin sister of the Calumette rapids, spoken of in a previous chapter. The vast Ottawa dashes and roars o'er its rocky face, and its echo may be heard at no inconsiderable distance.

"Its bounding crystal frolics in the ray,
And gushes from crag to crag with saltless spray."

It is about one mile in length, and the portage in ascending the river is made across the head of the island. Some of the more hardy venture to run down in canoes; and, although upon view this would seem impossible, very few have been lost in attempting it. The light formation of the bark canoe, and its peculiar build, seems to have been invented for such dangerous navigation.

The immortal Byron has deemed the subject worthy of his notice. In his detail of the adventures of "Christian and his Comrades," (the Island,) he throws his imagination on the matter with splendid effect:

"On the surf their skimming paddles play,
Buoyant as wings, and flitting through the spray;
Now perching on the wave's high curl, and now
Dash'd downward in the thundering foam below,
Which flings its broad and boiling sheet on sheet,
And slings its high flakes, shiver'd into sleet:
But floating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
The banks, like small birds through a lowering sky.
Their art seemed nature—such the skill to sweep
The wave of these born playmates of the deep."

Our crew propose to run the rapid as we return; if so we shall prove the truth of the assertion that it is not dangerous. When agreed upon, Morton remarked that he would like to know how the "Seniors" would feel if they knew our intentions. Mirsdale inquired what the conversation