

limity of which is equalled by a few places in Canada. No marks of civilization are in view, nothing but solitude and the grandeur of nature—to the left a blue expanse of water widens out, having some rocky islands in the distance—away to the right the same water narrows till only a few hundred feet wide; and behind you the shore contrasts widely with what is in front—it is irregular with bays, slopes gradually, and is covered with low bush and tall green and dead pines—while in front is the long unbroken stretch of rock towering majestically above everything else. How immense this rock seems! When you are some hundred feet from it, a feeling that some of it might topple over on you is not easily got rid of

The surroundings and rock were the haunts of the Red Men. A battle was fought on some part of the low shore—there might have been one on the rock, and as you look at its dizzy summit you cannot help but imagine an Indian battle is waging there:—Wild yells resound through the woods, arrows are flying, while scalping, shooting from behind trees, and other characteristics of an Indian engagement are going on vigorously; at last one party becomes weaker, are hard pressed, and sooner than be taken prisoners by their opponents they drop over the abrupt verge of the rock—their wild death-song echoing painfully against the rock as they fall with a fast increasing velocity, and with a loud splash sink in the deep blue water of the lake. And now we expect almost to hear one of those splashes.

The rock is one of the granite kind, having various coloured strata, which gives it a beautiful appearance, but what appears most prominent are the veins of white quartz running diagonally across the face of it. On the top of the rock there was once a green pinery, but the ravages of fire destroyed this, and now there are only black ramdikes, which deteriorate from the once verdant appearance of the rock's summit.