

Not a sound disturbs the unbroken solitude, and the lake itself is sleeping as if it never meant to wake again:

‘ So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away.’

Anxious to explore the mysteries of these lovely shores, we instituted enquiries as to the means of accomplishing this object by water, but, alas, no vessel that would swim was obtainable—not even a log-canoe. We were shown, indeed, some once excellent boats in a neighbouring shed, though the disappointing fact was all too patent, that they were utterly useless—sad relics of bygone years, whose mouldering sails and rotting keels spoke to us strangely of other and different conditions, and almost persuaded us that the now silent and deserted lake possessed a history we knew not of, while imagination led us back through a long vista of years, painting, as it strayed, such a picture of the past, that we were fain to believe

—should the stranger ask what lore
Of bygone days this winding shore
Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps could tell,
If vocal made by Fancy’s spell,—
The varying legend might rehearse,
Fit themes for high romantic verse.’

But the wild and lonely shores of beautiful Etchemin were never settled in olden times by the ‘pale-faces,’ and if any history hangs about them, we must look for it amongst the traditions of the ‘red-man,’ in the days when he roamed, free and fearless, by the sparkling rivers, and through the massive forests, which still—in the rich exuberance of nature—lend a glory to the scene, as grand as it is impressive.

We are now about four miles from the ford across the Etche-