

about fifteen families, the half being R. Catholics, and about one-fourth Presbyterians. The Catholics have a fine church here, and it is the intention of the Protestants to have one at no distant day.

Above this point there are very few settlers on the Ottawa, so that you will leave it and ascend the Mattawa. This river, running about due east, abounds with small rapids and short portages, making steamers and stages, waggons, boats and hotels of no use. Henceforth you will, on bended knee, have to paddle your own or your neighbor's canoe. They are made from 1½ to 5 or 6 fathoms in length, and there is nothing but birch bark between you and a watery grave. Certainly a more frail uncertain conveyance cannot well be imagined, or a more troublesome burden across a portage be carried. Leaving Mattawa village you will be initiated into the mysteries of paddling, and after agonizing for some hours, will no doubt succeed at last. A weary day's work will bring you to lake Talon, where you will remain all night. You will have crossed some 4 or 5 portages, and helped to carry either the canoe or luggage, and also ascended about as many rapids. On this lake there are about 7 Protestant families, whilst the other lakes are entirely uninhabited. Next day you will pass through Talon, Pine, Turtle and Trout lakes, with portages of nearly a mile in length, between each, except the last. You have now been going about due west, and have reached the head of the Mattawa, whilst your location is about due north of Toronto. The scenery has been one of continued beauty.—Fancy mountain after mountain rising as far back on either side as the eye can reach, clothed but sparsely with vegetation, whilst their rugged sides and craggy heads give to all a sterile and barren appearance. On the other hand the lakes are exceedingly enchanting as they appear with numberless little islets of every conceivable shape and form resting on their calm and placid bosoms. An artist could enjoy a lifetime amongst such scenes as these, unsurpassed we believe by any in Ontario. After portaging a mile, you cross the watershed between the Mattawa and Des Vaux rivers. This last stream running about due south, is exceedingly trying to the temper. The overhanging bushes impede your progress, whilst it is ever running to the right or left. It seldom flows in one direction for any distance, and sunken logs or rocks often injure the bark of the canoe. However after descending it about 4 miles or more, you will be recompensed for your toil and trouble by a sight of that magnificent sheet of water lake Nipissangué. It stretches from where you have entered on its eastern extremity fully 80 miles due west, and about 12 in width. A settler lives here alone, ready to entertain strangers. Late in the afternoon when the wind and long heavy swells have fallen you will steer in a south-west direction for the mouth of South River which empties into the lake about 15 miles from its eastern point.

Towards sunset you will land on some little island and take rest and tea, admiring the glory of the Western horizon as it is lit up with the departing light of day and watching too as you paddle along the advancing darkness fading it all into the gloom of night. There is a strange enchantment thrown around you by the scenery, and the deep almost painful silence that prevades all. After the river is reached, and three miles further paddled you will reach the Nipissangué settlement and Nipissangan P. O. This settlement numbers about 8 or 9 families all Protestant and mostly Church of England.

The land for miles around is good covered with hardwood, and very un-