

the lake, said to be about twelve miles further on.

For about a fourth of the distance the road is very tolerable, and the country, in its immediate vicinity, cleared and thinly settled; but, thenceforward, our path lay entirely through the unshorn woods, over a rough, mountainous, and rocky track, impassable for any vehicle of more delicate constitution than a common cart. The land between Gosselin's and the forest seemed better than that we passed over yesterday, but it became worse as we advanced, and, for a considerable distance, was as bad as it well could be: there was literally no soil, and the naked rock was seen cropping out everywhere.

In a short time we came to the wild and beautiful Rivière des Fleurs, spanned by a rude, wooden bridge, and not long afterwards, about eight miles from Gosselin's, found ourselves once more on the banks of the Etchemin, there separating the townships of Standon and Cranbourne. The bridge over this river was swept away in the great floods some years ago, but, as the water was very low, we forded the stream without difficulty.

After crossing the Etchemin, the road, which is the separation-line between the townships of Ware and Cranbourne, improved slightly; though it still continued ascending and rough: the land, however, was decidedly better than that in either Standon or Frampton, and, as we advanced, some beautiful bits of luxuriant hard-wood forest gave token of the fertile soil beneath. Here we quitted the cart, and, discarding our coats, as the day was very warm, trudged on towards the lake, leaving the horse and driver, with the heavy vehicle, to follow us