

grandeur, flanked by other eminences of the same ridge. The long dorsal ridge of which it forms a part, with its graduated succession of notches, greatly contributes to the impression it conveys of a height beyond its actual dimensions. The crown of the rock covers but a small area, and quietly nestling in its hollow is a small lake, which, I am told, abounds with trout. The view from the top is exceedingly fine and varied, with its distant panorama of lakes and mountains. At noon we reached the village of Des Joachim, situated at the foot of the rapids of this name. It consists of several hotels, two churches, a collection of several neat dwellings, and, I am happy to say, a school-house. But the village being situated in the Province of Quebec, it lies outside of my jurisdiction. From this place we had to make a portage of two miles, when we reached the steamer *Kippewa*. The scenery which we enjoyed from the deck of this steamer is both fine and varied. The most exciting part of the trip on this steamer was enjoyed when we came to the Maribean Rapids. At the foot of the rapids the steamer was stopped under the lee of a small island, situated in the middle of the rapids. A small boat manned by four men, and having a long coil of rope on board, then put out from the steamer, and by dint of hard rowing, the use of poles, and pulling with a rope, managed to reach the smooth waters above the rapids. During the whole of this process it was very exciting to witness the men going into the rapids and in imminent danger of being swept away. They, however, succeeded in securing the rope to a pier situated above the rapids. The steamer once more faced the rapids, the rope was immediately caught and attached to the steamer's shaft, and we succeeded in getting above the rapids. After leaving this boat we had to make a portage of two miles to get to the steamer *Deux Rivières* which brought us as far as the rapids of this name.

On the following morning we crossed the portage—some four miles long—and found that the distance between this portage and the Mattawa had to be made in a row-boat, or, as it is generally called, a "fun." The distance from the portage at the head of the *Deux Rivières* Rapids to the Mattawa is only some twenty miles, and yet it occupied us from day-light in the morning until dark at night in making it. The river for nearly the whole of this distance is one continual succession of rapids, which have to be surmounted by hard rowing, the use of poles, and frequently by sending a man ashore to pull with a rope.

At last, tired and worn out with the fatigue of the day's work, we reached the Village of Mattawa. This village is situated on a point of land formed by the junction at the Mattawa with the Ottawa River, and was in the palmy days of the Hudson Bay Company a fort of considerable importance. As a depot for the lumbering operations which are being extensively carried on in the bush in all directions around this place it is of considerable importance. It consists of quite a collection of houses, two hotels, several stores, one Roman Catholic church and mission station, and a school-house. The school is taught by Miss Gunn, and is, I am happy to say, in a very flourishing condition. Here may be seen pupils with the pale, clear complexion of the Anglo-Saxon race, the darker hue of the French, and the many shades of the Indian half-breed, down to the darkest specimen of the Algonquin race. They were all neat and clean in person and dress, and, with their books in their hands, presented a very interesting scene. Their intelligence is of no mean order, and they passed a very creditable examination in reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic. The general language of conversation is either French or Indian, and with most of the pupils the English language has to be acquired. I am happy to be able to bear testimony to the great interest which the Trustees and parents generally take in educational matters. There are some sixty pupils of school age in the section, and on the day of inspection there were thirty-five present, most of whom were in the 1st and 2nd classes.

On my trip upwards I was joined by Messrs. H. Lloyd and C. Chapman, of Pembroke, who, when they found out that I was on my way to Lake Nipissing, determined to accompany me on my expedition. We arranged with an Indian of the name of Joe Langevin to take charge of our canoe, and also to act as guide; we secured a good serviceable 2½ fathom canoe from Mr. Gorman, a young merchant of Mattawa, to whose thoughtful consideration I am indebted for many courtesies, and left Mattawa on the morning of August 21st. To me there is an indescribable charm in this kind of travelling, which is in harmony with the scenes through which we passed. The rapid stroke of the paddles in perfect accord has a very pleasing effect, and the *voyageur* moves along as if in dreamland. We paddled our canoe for some miles up the Mattawa River, until we came to Bang's mills, where we had a short portage to make. When we reached the head of this portage we entered on the waters of Lake Champlain, which is six miles long. Its waters are very deep, and contain but few fish. The hills on both sides rise abruptly from the water, and are clothed from the margin of

the lake to their very summit with a very fine growth of pine, birch, poplar and maple, and present a remarkably fine scene. Joe, our Indian guide, who was constantly plied with all sorts of questions, greatly edified us by telling that this lake was called after a man of the name of Champlain who, many years ago, was drowned in its waters. But Joe's knowledge was here slightly at fault. For we find that the great Champlain, in his explorations up the Ottawa River, followed the tributary waters of the Mattawa under the impression that he would reach China and Japan by way of the Hudson Bay. Winter coming on earlier than he expected, he was frozen in, and compelled to camp on the point of land on the north shore. It made this lake all the more interesting to us to know that some 260 years ago the great Champlain with his dusky Indian allies, pursued his voyage on its waters, and that this beautiful lake, as a memorial of his discoveries, still bears his name.

At the head of Lake Champlain we came to another portage, which having crossed we came to the river again, and after paddling for quite a distance we came to another portage, where we camped for dinner.

We once more took our canoe, and pursued our way across a lake called by the North-West *voyageurs* Lake of the Needles, whose waters abound with lotus or water-lilies. It is a shallow lake, and is dotted with a number of rocky and wood-clad islets. From this lake we pursued our way through a narrow passage in the gorge of the mountains, and, after considerable exertion and a few bumps on the rocks, forced our way up swift rapids and entered what is called Deep River Lake. This lake is four miles long, and in no place is it more than a quarter of a mile wide. Its waters are very dark and deep, and make a clear sweep off the shore. It is surrounded with high ridges of perpendicular rocks, which towered aloft at an immense height, obscuring the sun from our view, and casting a sombre shadow over the lake. The stillness and solemnity of the whole scene was almost oppressive. It seemed like a voyage in drearland, with our canoe moving along on a windless sea, and the *voyageur*—

"Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood,
In wild and dreamy solitude,
Silence herself here seems to sleep,
Wrapped in a slumber long and deep."

On both sides of the lake there are continuous ridges of jagged spires and battlements, reminding one of the towers of some ancient castle or temple. The north shore presented the curious phenomenon of a huge natural cave, apparently cut out in the face of the rock, and which, Joe informed us, penetrated under the rocks for a considerable distance.

Having traversed this lake, and having made several portages, the next lake of any importance we came to was Pemessee Lake. This lake on the north shore is magnificently wooded, but on the south shore is shut in by prodigious bristling crags, rocky, rugged, and precipitous. At the head of this lake we had to make another portage, which having crossed we came to Lac du Talon. This lake is six miles long, and abounds in trout, white fish and herring. It is so called in honour of the French Intendant of this name, who, in 1670, organized several expeditions to secure the fur trade of the Hudson Bay Indians and of the Nipissing. The expedition sent out to the country of the Nipissing camped on the shores of this lake on a point of land, where Mr. Shields, an enterprising settler, has since built his house. A cup bearing date of Paris, 1616, was found on the shore some few years ago by Mr. Shields, but is now in the possession of Dr. McConnell, of Ottawa. This cup had been probably dropped by the Du Talon expedition or by the earlier expedition under Champlain. We stayed at night at Mr. Shields' house, where we were most hospitably entertained.

On the following morning we were once more in our canoe, pursuing our way to the head of Lake Talon. At the head of the lake we had a long and difficult portage to make. Our chief difficulty in making the portage arose from the necessity of going round the prostrate giants of the forest and the huge rocks and boulders which lay in our path. We had nothing for it, however, but to fight our way through as best we could. At the head of the portage we came to Point Lake. Its waters are very shallow, and dotted with a number of islands, some of them tiny, others large, but all of them clothed with picturesqueness and glory. Having crossed this lake we came to another portage, and then entered a muddy creek, abounding in water-lilies, through which, with considerable difficulty we had to push our canoe. This creek brought us to Tortue or Turtle Lake. This lake is about five miles long, and seemed literally alive with fish, principally black bass. In the morning, when we set out from Mr. Shields', the day was beautiful and calm, and the waters of the lake seemed to have forgotten their undulations. But this unbroken and almost supernatural tranquillity did not continue long after we had paddled some distance on Tortue lake, for over the summit of a mountain about a mile away we could see the