

woo. At length some shrewd prince belonging to a distant tribe came and accomplished the fete. But the parent was unwilling to part with his child, and then the tragic moment came. The stranger caught her in his arms and fled to the top of the mountain. The angered father with his tomahawk took up the pursuit; but the stranger on the summit now proclaimed himself as Satan, stamped his foot on the earth, and the mountain clave asunder, and water flowed in which is now known as Devil's Lake. The Indians are said still to hold the place in dread, and will eat no fish which come out of these waters. But I must not weary you with legends as I suppose you deal only in scientific facts.

I believe this section of country is considered to be the oldest part of the American Continent. The rock is a sort of coarse, brown sandstone. It is quite soft and it is very curious to notice the peculiar shapes into which it has been worked by the rapid currents here. One small cove is called the Navy Yard, and the rocks are worn so as to give the appearance of the sterns of a number of ships. Another very peculiar projection has the unpoetic name of the Devil's Elbow. By the way that gentleman seems to have been in high favor here at some time, and the places which bear his name are legion.

All along the banks of the river here are names of youths who have sought to immortalize themselves by carving their names on the highest rocks. I should think the immortality would be somewhat transient as the rock is very easily corroded, and the names will not last much longer than the foot-prints on the sands of time. Nor are they only boys who do this, for at one place I read this inscription "Leroy Gates," Pilot on this river from 1844 to 1880." He was no boy.

Perhaps the most interesting places here are two deep gorges opening from the river up into the side of the bluff. They are known as Cold Water Canyon, and Witche's Gulch. They are merely wide enough in most places for one to walk up them. Indeed at some points you have scarcely room to go through. One such place has the suggestive name of Fat Man's Misery. These canyons have high walls from 40 to 90 feet in height. At the bottom of each flows a stream of clear, cold water which has evidently been the agent that in many centuries has done the work of wearing out these deep gorges. At some places where the gorge widens there are stands with fruit, pea-nuts and lunch for the tourists who are here by the dozen. At the head of one of these gorges I climbed up onto the top of the bluff and gathered some mountain tea-berries, and may-flower leaves, reminders of your old loved Scotia.

I might go on in this way to relate numerous legends, and tell of many sights but I must trespass no further. If any of your readers ever go to Wisconsin, they should visit the Dells themselves.

Yours very truly,

ABOQUERT.

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#### ENTOMOLOGY.

We are glad to observe that the hitherto meagre entomological collections exhibited at our Provincial Exhibition have been excelled at the late Exhibition at St. John. The newspaper reporters spoke highly of two collections, one from Pictou, Nova Scotia, containing twelve hundred and fifty specimens, beautifully mounted, and one from the Natural History Society of St. John, containing seven hundred specimens. We quote the following note of the Principal of the