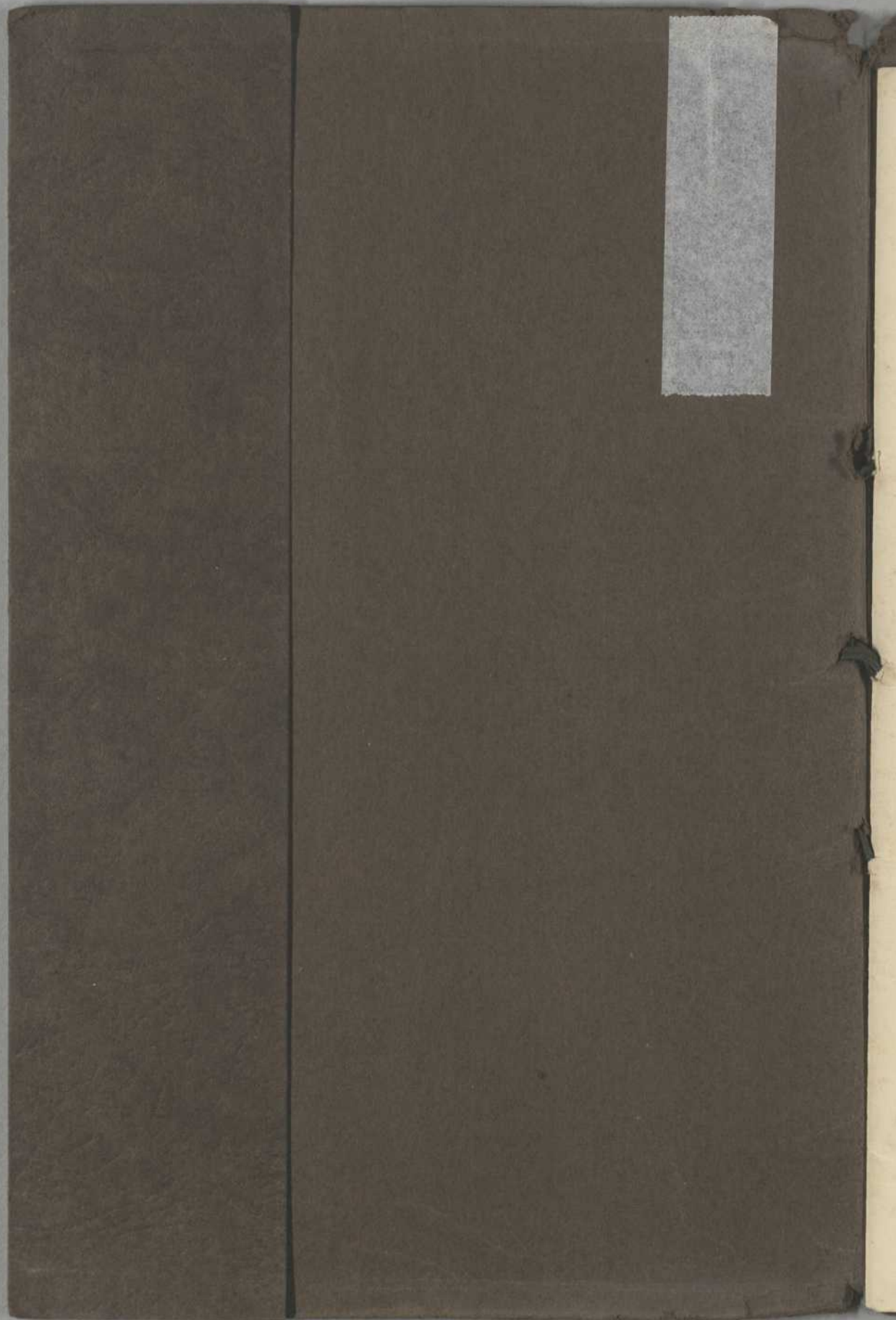


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# LEGENDS OF THE LAKES



By *BERTHA WESTON PRICE*



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# LEGENDS OF THE LAKES

A TRIBUTE TO THE LAKES OF  
THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

“THE GARDEN OF CANADA”



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# Legends of the Lakes

## FOREWORD

### CANADA-LEGENDARY

Long years ago a maiden dwelt in the Land of Forests and Waters. Her name was Canada, and, though timid and unassuming, she was fair to look upon, and her dowry was, oh, so precious!

The Red Man held her in reverence as his own. Had she not nurtured him within her bosom; his squaw also, and his papoose? Had she not given them meat and furs?

His people paid homage to her in weird chant and ceremony, and made their vows to the Great Manitou who smiled upon them'.

The maiden grew in beauty, strength and wealth. Brave and noble men of France dreamed of her; they came and saw and conquered. Then came those from Merrie England, who also desired her for their own, and, while she still nurtured her wild children of the forests, men fought for her.

Years passed. The fair young matron opened her arms to the peoples of many nations, and all the while her broad acres yielded wealth and her people became prosperous, though with intervening strife. She became famous in the history of the centuries for her forests, her mines, her fisheries, her grain fields, and her strong and fearless race of men and women.

It was not strange that she was coveted by many.

Years have rolled on and the world grows old, but Canada still retains her youthfulness, her charm and power over the hearts of her people.

In joyous spring, in glorious summer, in brilliant autumn, and in the crystal winter we, her people, sing from our loyal hearts,—

"O Canada we stand on guard for Thee!"

## Canada's Lakes

William Wilfred Campbell, in his ode "To the Lakes", says of them:

"Blue, limpid, mighty, restless lakes—  
God's mirrors underneath the sky;"

In no part of the Dominion are the lakes more beautiful than in the Eastern Townships, poetically named "The Garden of Canada." Lying, in all their allurements, between forest-crowned hills, rocky cliffs, or fertile fields, the lakes of south eastern Quebec have their share in the making of that garden, which is filled with Nature's richest gifts.

To the Indians who inhabited this section of country the lakes proved an heritage of wealth and contentment, and the early history of Canada is filled with weird tales—some sad, some glad—of the various tribes who lived and loved, toiled and fought, until the white man came.

In enumerating these lakes it is difficult to decide which shall be first—there are so many competitive points to be considered; beauty, size, situation, fishing and camping facilities. Therefore, in this humble eulogy, the lake nearest and dearest to the heart of the writer shall be first. Lake Massawippi, meaning in the Indian tongue, "Deep water", is nine miles in length. Its waters, pure and transparent, lie in Stanstead County. Its principal inlet is the Bacon river, (Tomifobia) and its outlet is the Massawippi river which joins the St. Francis river near Lennoxville. At the north end of the lake is North Hatley, and near the southern end is Ayers Cliff, two delightful summer resorts; while all along the shores, eastern and western, are charming summer cottages and camps, typical of the Canadian and American love for out-door life.

*L e g e n d s   o f   t h e   L a k e s*



The Silver Path, Lake Massawippi.

L e g e n d s   o f   t h e   L a k e s

FAIR MASSAWIPPI

The sun is sinking in the golden west,  
Behind the hills of shad'wy black and green;  
The birds are flitting homeward to their nests,  
And all around is peaceful and serene.  
Dear Massawippi Lake lies calm and still,  
Its waters gently catch the sunset rays,  
Which blend in quick succession from the gold  
To lucent crimson, pink and cloudy greys.

Boats softly glide upon her gentle breast,  
While echoes gaily flit from shore to shore;  
Laden with song and laughter, smiles and tears,  
Which tell of youth, of love and mystic lore.  
The shadows lengthen, and upon the shore  
The evening primrose lifts its dainty face  
To catch the moonbeams and the night-moth's kiss,  
While fireflies revel in their joy and grace.



## Legend of Rock Donda

### INTRODUCTION

Just as the rising sun in all the glory of a midsummer morn bursts upon us, our "Tippykanu" glides from the beach out on the rippling waters of fair Massawippi Lake. The soft dip of the paddle, the swaying motion of the frail craft gives a feeling of rest and contentment rivalling that produced by Orpheus with his lute, while our eyes are on the alert for new beauties as we glide along.

The hills stand in silent dignity guarding the distant shores where waves have frolicked for ages gone by, and will do so long after our little life has been lived. The tree-tops are a mass of feathery green, and

"Up on the hills, against the sky,  
Is a fir-tree rocking its lullaby."

Lower down the hillside the shadows deepen to black, with now and then a break in the coloring made by barren rocks which rear themselves from the water's edge.

Toward one of these we turn our canoe; the spirit of the lake waves its mantle over us, and the present, with all its coldness and commercialism, drops from us. We are back in the days when the Red Man roved, proud and free, in the forests, and paddled his little bark canoe over the waters of our lakes and rivers.

Rock Donda stands before us like a nut-brown maid, quietly holding herself aloof from the waters that have paid her homage all these years.

'Tis said that on this rock was once carved, in bold relief and with much skill, an Indian's head with a serpent encircling the neck. The Indian looked out across the waters like a

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sentinel, while the serpent held him in thrall; but the sculptor had not imparted any expression to the features that would give the beholder the conception of pain; only that of silent dignity.

What did it mean? Not even the oldest inhabitants of that rich and fertile section of country could tell. They only knew that this was Rock Donda, a relic of the early days. Time and the elements have effaced the strange symbol, only a bare rock remaining, but when we gazed upon it we seemed to be transported to the mystic past when the original from which the sculptured head was carved, actually walked among men.

"Hist!" I whisper. "Can't you hear him as he glides among the pines and white birches to see who comes his way?"

"No, no," the boy with the paddles answers, smilingly, "do you not remember that the Indian glides through the forest without giving out the sound of even a crackling leaf or twig?"

"Ah yes;" the gentle reproof is accepted with an answering smile; "but look, boy, there he comes, lithe and brown, from among the trees right to the edge of the cliff! His hand is shading his eyes and his lips move as if he were saying,

"Why does the pale face come this way? This is my heritage."

See, how straight he stands, his feather headdress and buckskins gleaming in the sun, while his bow is strung ready for use. Can't you see the look in his eyes that says to us,

"Why do you come to my country? The forests are mine, the deer and the caribou, the fish have been mine for many moons, and the Great Manitou has smiled upon us. Now in your little skiff you call an "Indian model" you come to our hunting grounds. Huh! You pale-faces, what do you know about a canoe?"

See, he turns with an air of disgust and hurries away. He knows we are intruders, but harmless. . . . .



Rock Donda on the Shore of Lake Massawippi.

## Legends of the Lakes

A dip of the paddles and our 'Indian model' turns across the lake and as we wave our hands in farewell to quaint Rock Donda, we wonder what scenes of Indian life it had witnessed; what stories of primitive love, of hero worship, of achievement, or disappointment it has listened to while Canada was young.

The writings of the ages fade from view. We, in our wealth and affluence, our arrogance and misjudged power, look back—when something makes us—to the days when this country was the rightful home of the noble savage, who yet retains in his features and bearing much of the true dignity and power of the North American Indian, the features of which were once carved on Rock Donda, along the shore of Lake Massawippi.

### THE LEGEND

Long years ago forests stretched on either side of Lake Massawippi, (discovered in 1793) and the world of men and money seemed far away. The hills in their silent, unrecorded past, full of mystery as though deep in their breasts lay the secret of the universe, were crowned with a noble growth of maples and birches, pines and cedars. Some stood like sturdy sentinels, while others were dipping their toes in the water that reflected back from mirrored depths the gracefully swaying branches.

These hills cradled within their silent, solid arms the rippling waters of Massawippi Lake.

When the Chieftain of the tribe of Indians that came down from the North beheld the beauty and natural wealth of this rugged section he gathered his warriors about him and together they descended the steep slope. There they beheld the lake lying before them in the shadow of the hills like a jewel in a jade setting. The rippling water was like the calm voice of eternity laughing at the short life of mankind and his self-importance, while the wooded shores were bathed in the glorious colors painted by the Big Mystery as the sun goes to sleep.

Here it was decreed should be built their wigwams, and their camp fires lighted.

## L e g e n d s   o f   t h e   L a k e s

The Chieftain had a daughter, the pretty Leeliwa, and she was beloved by Donda, the brave warrior whose eyes saw keenly through the forests and whose arrow was swift and sure. Among his Indian brothers Donda was famed as a mighty hunter, and the Chieftain decided that Leeliwa should become his bride.

With the capriciousness of her sex Leeliwa loved O-ne-ka, the handsome athlete, the agile swimmer, who could breast the waves when the wind and mist came down the lake and tossed the waters into white-capped Furies.

While the hunters were away in the forests Leeliwa loved to cross the lake with O-ne-ka. The wind, rustling through the maples, moaning among the pines, or shaking the white birches until they looked like fairy maidens dancing in the moonlight, was music to the lovers, who spent many happy evenings on the moonlit waters.

Donda, filled with jealous longing, was wont to go to the top of a high cliff, and crouching in the shadows, watch the lovers, who were unconscious of his sombre vigil.

One night, when the moon was partly hidden under fleecy clouds, Leeliwa and O-ne-ka were on the lake watching the revels of the Wind and the White Birches on the western shore. A fierce gust of wind came down the lake, caught their canoe and overturned it. O-ne-ka grasped Leeliwa firmly and together they fought the waves, but there seemed to be an evil eye upon them.

Where was O-ne-ka's strength and agility? He could not make the shore! Leeliwa looked into his eyes, her head drooped, and they both sank into the seething waters.

On the high rock Donda crouched. He saw the canoe capsize.

"Huh! Now let the brave athlete save his love-sick maid! Let him now show his daring and his skill!" Donda muttered, all the while burning with a desire to jump into the turbulent waters and snatch the maiden from the arms of his rival.

## L e g e n d s   o f   t h e   L a k e s

With a gasp of horror he saw them disappear! Then with a loud cry he sprang from the cliff into the white-capped waves.

He was too late! They were beyond his aid. He sorrowfully returned to shore and threw himself on the sandy beach; then springing to his feet he watched closely for some sign that would tell him they still battled for their lives.

Suddenly he saw a silver path stretching across the lake and leading up to the steep hillside. In this path he saw a white canoe making its way to the shore. As it grated the stony beach he saw Leeliwa spring from the canoe, and running up the hillside, disappear among the white birches, which seemed to be waving gently, as if to music of a requiem.

"She has gone to search for the Big Waters where she hopes to find O-ne-ka," Donda whispered,

"Leeliwa I come!"

He sprang into the lake and the waters closed over him.

The Medicine Man of the tribe through his weird art learned of the tragedy of Love's triangle and told the Chieftain, who deeply mourned for his daughter. On the rock where those lonely vigils had been kept, the Chieftain decreed that the face of Donda should be carved, and with a serpent, the symbol of jealousy, coiled about the neck.

The eyes of Donda gazed out across the waters, watching, always watching for his Leeliwa to come back to him from among the white birches along the silver pathway.

This was many years ago. The tears of heaven and the south winds have effaced his image from the rock, but on moonlight nights the silver pathway still stretches across the lake; the white birches still whisper in the wind, and with half-closed eyes one may perchance see Leeliwa's canoe making its way toward the Gateway to the Happy Land of Rest, the "hills of shad'wy black and green."

While the legend of Rock Donda has a tone of sadness, yet world-tired, nerve-racked people of today, who search for solace in Nature's secluded places, may find brief respite from their cares by letting their minds wander to the romantic past when Leeliwa was beloved by Donda and O-ne-ka.

## The Legend of the Sleeping Beauty

The general supposition is that there has been only one Sleeping Beauty—the fairy-maiden who was awakened from her slumbers by a kiss.

However, to this mythical tale there must be added an amendment. She had at one time a rival.

Fishing, a legitimate following, whether from a commercial view point, or as a pastime, has come down through the ages, and with few changes. You bait your hook and the fish bites—or does not.

The modern steel rod, the reel and fly, were not used in the days of the Apostles, but the nets were, and are still—in some waters. The inherent desire to net fish seems to have been so deeply imbedded in human nature that the laws of the land have not as yet entirely eliminated it. So the net is used stealthily, or openly as the case warrants, but there are many Izaak Waltons who prefer the time-honored, play-fair sport of angling.

It is the latter kind of fishermen who can really enjoy a good fish story, and to them is respectfully dedicated the story, or legend of the Sleeping Beauty.

In 1802 salmon frisked about in the translucent waters of Lake Massawippi. They gave their share to the fishing industry of the Eastern Townships during the pioneer days, but today they are as scarce as genuine, exciting fish stories.

It was in that year, when the hills were clad in their ever-changing greens and the waters reflected their gorgeous colors, that the "Sleeping Beauty" was awakened from her slumbers—but not by a kiss.

## L e g e n d s   o f   t h e   L a k e s

Mr. C.—was taking his family and their belongings to the newly acquired home, making part of the journey by boat. As they glided over the calm waters their eyes rested with contentment upon the scene around them, one of the finest in the Eastern Townships.

The pioneer was pulling with smooth, vigorous strokes, while the boat kept steadily on its way, leaving a wide swirl in its wake.

"Look!" exclaims Mrs. C.—"What's that object in the water?"

It moves and glistens in the sunlight!

Mr. C.—allows the boat to drift gently along, and drawing nearer the object he sees a black salmon basking in the sun. Without disturbing the 'Sleeping Beauty', he leans over the side of the boat and grasps her in his arms, tightly and determinedly. She is deposited in the bottom of the boat, and history relates that, as a captive, the Sleeping Beauty of 1802 would have done honor to the rôle of a sensational movie star, or a modern circus rider. Her antics on awakening were of the order that proved salmon to be a fish to be reckoned with, not jeered at.

Twelve pounds the 'beauty' weighed, and she was worth the trouble she made.

Whether another salmon has ever been caught napping since that beautiful summer morn in 1802 is not recorded; whether the artful catch has ever been duplicated is not known, but it is recognized that deep-water fishing is the only way to lure a salmon from the depths of Massawippi Lake. It is an assured fact that the lake has few salmon today, and those few are too wary to take their siestas on the surface of the waters.

Yet many memories of happy fishing days cling to the hearts of those who have found respite from the weighty cares of life in plying the rod and reel in the waters which still hold a most delectable addition to the camp menu in the form of pickerel, 'longe and black bass.

## Lake Memphremagog

(Meaning the lake of clear waters)

Lake Memphremagog lies in a semicircular shape between the counties of Stanstead and Brome. Its extreme is thirty-three miles, and its width is from one to three miles. In some places the water is shallow, in others it is sixty fathoms deep, while at the foot of Owl's Head Mountain the water is reported as being one hundred fathoms deep. The Magog river, often referred to as 'The Mighty Magog', owing to its wonderful power now harnessed for industrial purposes, is the only outlet.

The waters are limpid and clear, and all along the shores are to be found historic points and beautiful summer resorts; while the lake is dotted with islands, the largest being Province, now Howard's island, the charming summer estate of Mr. B. C. Howard, of Sherbrooke, Quebec.

This island, lying in the shadow of the majestic Owl's Head, comprises about one hundred acres and it is here that the United States and Canada meet; about two thirds of the lake lies in Canada.

The principal Canadian points are the factory town of Magog at the outlet of the lake; Knowlton Landing, the Hermitage club, Georgeville, Owl's Head Mountain, Skinner's Cave; while the town of Newport, Vermont, is at the terminal. Indian point, at West Derby, is noted in historical records as the home of Indian Joe, a figure of the early days.

Special historic interest centers in the fact that a Masonic Lodge meeting was held on the top of Owl's Head in 1857, at which date an inscription was made in the rock; that Skinner's Island, opposite Magoon's Point, was a refuge for smugglers in the days of the American War, and that Captain Copp, a native of Massachusetts, settled on the lake shore in 1797 and

built the first boat that ran on the lake. Since that time the boat trips between Copp's Ferry—now Georgeville—Magog and Newport have provided old and young, foreign and native pleasure-seekers, with many happy outings.

Captain Copp's successor was Captain Fogg, who ran the "Mountain Maid", and notwithstanding his name, he never ran her aground. He is spoken of by writers of the early days as "a fine captain and a courteous gentleman."

The "Lady of the Lake" was built in 1867, and plied between the Canadian and American points for years, and was succeeded by the steamer "Anthemus," quite a modern little craft.

Long Bay is the part of the lake where it is said that in 1848 Mr. S. from Vermont was robbed of \$3,000 and his body sunk in the water with weights; while The Narrows connecting Long Bay with Fitch Bay is often referred to in the data of pioneer days. Col. George Fitch was one of the early settlers of this section, and it is recorded that he once measured noses with Mr. Jos. Kilburn, and met his Waterloo; his nose fell short one half inch.

It is interesting to note that the first male child born in Stanstead was called George Fitch Copp, names worthy of being retained as representing those who did their duty as pioneers.

#### THE SMUGGLER OF LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

A bandit, a robber, a smuggler! What visions of excitement these names conjure in the mind of the average Canadian boy, though the ambition to become one or all of them is not so strong among the youth of the present day as in the days gone by.

In stories bandits of today are generally relegated to Mexico, or to some mountainous region of Spain; robbers hold forth principally in large cities, while smugglers are supposed to occupy the base near the boundary line between countries where goods are switched back and forth like the week's wash in the breeze, in defiance of the laws regarding duties and excise.



Looking out from Skinner's Cave.



Skinner's Cave on Skinner's Island, Lake Memphremagog.

## Legends of the Lakes

Whether there are as noted smugglers today as there were years ago can only be surmised, but one of the most noted in the early history of the Eastern Townships was Uriah Skinner, the smuggler of Lake Memphremagog.

It was because of this notorious person that a picturesque spot on the lake received its name—Skinner's Cave. It has been handed down as a reminder of the years 1812-15, the period of the American War, and perchance as a warning for the years to come.

That Uriah was bold and bad is a foregone conclusion, and that he was a typical bandit, robber and smuggler is also an assured fact.

In a piece of poetry written many years ago by one who, for some reason, did not sign his, or her name, and containing over one hundred lines, is told a weird story of the bandit and smuggler.

While more emphasis has been placed upon the facts than upon the metre, the description of Uriah, the bold and bad, has been strongly portrayed in the poetry.

The writer describes him as "brawny and brown" with black hair, black shaggy whiskers and fierce eyes that

"flashed like a cat's when it springs on a mouse;" a Roman nose; a mouth

"firm and compressed and much prone to a sneer,  
and a purple scar that stretched from chin to ear."

(side of face not designated.)

In modern writing detailed description of features and wearing apparel are considered passé, the writer of today preferring to lay stress upon the character and action of hero, or heroine; but in going so far back as the year 1812, delineation of the personal appearance of the noted smuggler seems inevitable. It is sincerely hoped that the poet's portrayal of Uriah will not bring to mind any present day resident of the Eastern Townships, whether inclined or disinclined toward smuggling.

## L e g e n d s   o f   t h e   L a k e s

Uriah's togs were stunning!

"A huge dagger he stuck in a belt at his waist.  
And five or six pistols beside it he placed."

These lines prove that the bandit was extravagant in the way of defensive weapons at least.

He is accredited with having a cutlass, heavy boots and a heavy purse; and always had on hand

"Plenty of articles contraband."

The poet writes:—

"Of all the smugglers who plied the lake,  
Uriah Skinner was hardest to take.  
The officers hunted him often, and yet  
Uriah Skinner they never could get.  
For if his boat they e'er chanced to get sight of,  
He vanished as 'twere, and was speedily right off.  
Like the Flying Dutchman, he seemed to melt  
Into mist, so that some who pursued him, felt  
Inclined to believe he had something to do  
With a certain dark gentleman; you know who."

Bandits, robbers and highwaymen sometimes get caught; ah yes, smugglers, too, and though Uriah was not caught and placed in durance vile he came to a bad end—a very bad end.

A poetical touch is added to the story of the attempted capture of the famous smuggler in these lines,

"Night on the lake so clear and calm,  
The night breeze sings in the pines its psalm;  
Stars shine bright in the dark blue sky,  
And the crescent moon sails in her glory on high."

The men are ambushed in the shadow of Owl's Head with ears and eyes on the alert for a glimpse of Uriah.

"Look, dont you see him? That's Skinner!"

The officers rush to their boats and

"They're off the next minute,  
They see the boat and Uriah's in it!  
Now the chase grows eager and hot,  
And Skinner himself thinks so too, I wot;  
For his boat speeds over the waters blue  
Swiftly as flies an Indian's canoe.  
Now they are near him; now they are on  
His heels as it were, and now he is gone!"

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His pursuers make a clean search, finding nothing but an empty boat. They search the cave, the entire island of ten acres, but Uriah has escaped them; the fruitless search is over.

Six years had passed when one day a fisherman caught in a storm spied the opening in the rocks, and in a few minutes was inside the cave. The storm over, the fisherman looked about him.

Gadzooks, what's this!

"A skull, some bones of arms and thighs,  
And a vertebrae column of great size!"

He knew nothing of the notorious Skinner, nor of his home in the rocky cave, but on his return from the fishing trip he told of his experience and what he had seen; and the writer concludes the thrilling tale with these lines:

"All I have to say is,—the bones in a grave  
Were placed, and the cavern was called Skinner's Cave."

Cut in a ledge of granite sixty feet deep, eight feet high, and of the same width, the cavern is one of the many interesting points on the lake; but from its somewhat eerie history is not so popular as other places with which are connected pleasant memories. It stands, however, as a proof that the Eastern Townships had a smuggler, bold and bad, who plied his trade for many moons before he was driven from his haunts by the officers who were working for the price put upon his head as a law-breaker.

The general supposition is that Uriah concealed himself from the officers for the time, but on account of his boat having been taken he was unable to get supplies and had died in the place which had been a storehouse of stolen or contraband goods for several years.

### THE BARREL OF RUM

Many a strange, weird happening which took place along the shores of the lake lying partly in Canada, partly in the United States, has been recorded, and among them is the story, or legend, of the barrel of rum.

## Legends of the Lakes

It was not the fault of the old Owl's Head that once a barrel of rum remained in the deep water near that part of the lake for a period of three years before being fished up.

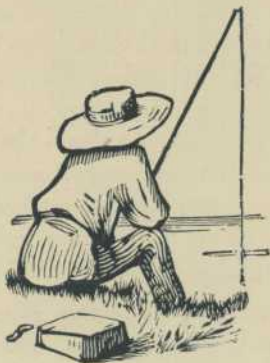
In the winter of 1798, it is said that C. H.—went to Montreal with a pair of horses and a large sleigh for building materials, family groceries and a barrel of rum, which was at that time considered a necessity by many settlers.

On the return trip the horses broke through the ice near the foot of Owl's Head. The harness was cut and the driver and horses, after a strenuous struggle, escaped death in the icy waters; but the load sank.

Three years later the water-soaked sleigh and its contents, with the exception of a few bags of salt, were fished up. The barrel of rum was unharmed! A well behaved barrel, and well behaved contents forsooth.

It has been suggested by some that the expression—"Here's a rummy go", originated from the incident, and it may be allowed to stand until further evidence should prove otherwise.

History records that the fishermen considered their catch very good payment for the expense and labor involved in rescuing the barrel of rum from its watery stronghold.



## Lake Megantic

Quebec Province is verily a fairyland of lakes and rivers, and nowhere within its precinct can be found a more beautiful body of water than Megantic, the

"Gem of opal waters  
Put there by God's command."

The lake, which lies partly in Quebec and partly in the State of Maine, is noted for its magnificent mountain scenery and gorgeous sunsets, as well as for the part it has played in the lumber industry; while for many years this section has been hailed as the "sportsmen's paradise."

In the Indian tongue Megantic means 'abundance of fish' and the name was most fittingly applied.

Twelve miles long, and varying in width from one to two-and-a-half miles, with dense forests, rugged mountains and low marshlands—the latter the home of the bear and lynx, and the famous blueberry fields—with its satellites the smaller lakes, ponds, bogs and rivers, Megantic has, indeed, proved itself the business men's Mecca.

The Megantic Fish and Game Club, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine and the Province of Quebec in 1887, is one of the oldest organizations of its kind in the country. About two hundred and fifty square miles of territory are controlled by the corporation, the larger part being in Maine. Great care has always been taken to keep the waters well stocked with fish, while the American and Canadian game wardens have looked after the interests of the extensive preserve. Here men from the two sister countries have met in a comradeship to which there is no equal except it be that of the battlefield.

A feature in connection with this organization deserving of record is the protection of fish and game, which the club insists upon to the letter.



Chain of Ponds (lower portion) from Mt. Pisgah, near Lake Megantic.

## Legends of the Lakes

The Chain of Ponds have held the best fishing record of any place in Canada or the United States for trout and salmon, and "The Spider" (also fittingly named, especially as viewed from the heights) has long been a part of the preserve beloved by nimrods. This little lake was originally called Macannamac, while the Lodge by that name is among the most pretentious buildings owned by the club.

Other noted places are Snow Mountain, which towers to a height of two thousand feet above the lake and from which can be seen thirty-two sheets of water; the L Pond; the old buckboard trail; the Dead River; Arnold Pond, which was the scene of part of the famous march of invasion by General Arnold and his men in 1775; the long trail leading to the Chain of Ponds; the old Indian burial ground, where relics have been excavated; the Big Northwest camp where, in the cozy dining-room, the club's popular dish, fish chowder, has been served many times.

Among the picturesque points is beautiful Victoria Bay of which Mrs. Anna Jones, an old resident now living in Selkirk, Alta., has written:

"Oh, the sunshine falls so brightly  
On Megantic Lake today;  
The gentle breeze blows lightly  
From out Victoria Bay."

### THE HERMIT

The course of true love never has run smoothly and probably never will. It is one reason why there are so many cynical men and sad-eyed women in the world today. It has also been accredited the chief reason for the existence of hermits, who, though the sex is not designated in the definition of the word, are in most cases men.

Was there ever a hermit without a love story either real or mythical? Lovers of romance have ever been wont to endow him with an "affaire de coeur" whether he deserved it or not, while to prosaic people the idea seems feasible because of the many known cases where a victim of unrequited love has sought solace in seclusion.

## L e g e n d s   o f   t h e   L a k e s

Many men, and women, too, have smothered sorrow and disappointment in the daily grind of a hustling, bustling life, either business or social, while others have turned their backs to the world and all it offered them and found peace amid Nature's kindly offerings.

It is a noticeable fact that a man who makes the latter decision almost invariably goes to a lake-shore retreat. There he finds the solitide his wounded spirit craves and at the same time an allurements that tends to hold him to his decision.

A quiet life, outwardly, but who can tell how long it takes to heal the bruised heart and to quell the power of remembrance in a man who gives all and receives nothing?

A coldly worded letter, a few hasty words, a broken troth, and Hollis Grant left the city of Quebec where he had lived since childhood.

A young man of exemplary character, belonging to a highly esteemed family, he rightfully held a position enviable to many less fortunate men. Yet he turned his back upon his native city, his home and friends, his career, and went to the lonely shore of Lake Megantic where upwards of fifty years were spent in solitude.

Fifty years a hermit, a recluse, without the touch of a woman's hand or the loving solicitude of mother, sister, wife, yet through it all there shone a kindly, genial presence, its only defect being a noticeable aversion toward women. Then, after a quiet, hardy life, as clean and transparent as the waters of regal Megantic, Hollis Grant lay down beside the boat he loved, his "lady of the tides", looked up into the blue canopy of heaven; closed his eyes—and a star fell.

The site known as the home of the hermit shows little today of that fifty years sojourn during which time the man, who is still remembered by many as tall, thin, grey-haired, of gentle mien, and in every way one of Nature's gentlemen, toiled, studied, communed with the "little wild life around him" before he passed along the Last Trail.

## Legends of the Lakes

The shacks, built of stones and driftwood, resembled the nests of some gigantic bird; and in records made by local people emphasis is laid upon the love he always showed for his boat beside which he lay when found cold in death.

Tourists seeking souvenirs, people searching for money supposed to be hidden in or near the shacks, have done their part in effacing the signs of the abode of Lake Megantic's hermit, while the elements have cleared from the spot signs of human life. Yet in the hearts of many residents of Megantic there will ever remain a loyal remembrance of one who lived on the lake shore for fifty years.

(Author's note—The name of the hermit is fictitious.

In the history of Lake Megantic by Mr. J. P. Jones of that place, which was deposited in the Dominion Archives at Ottawa in 1922, a record of this man's life is to be found.)

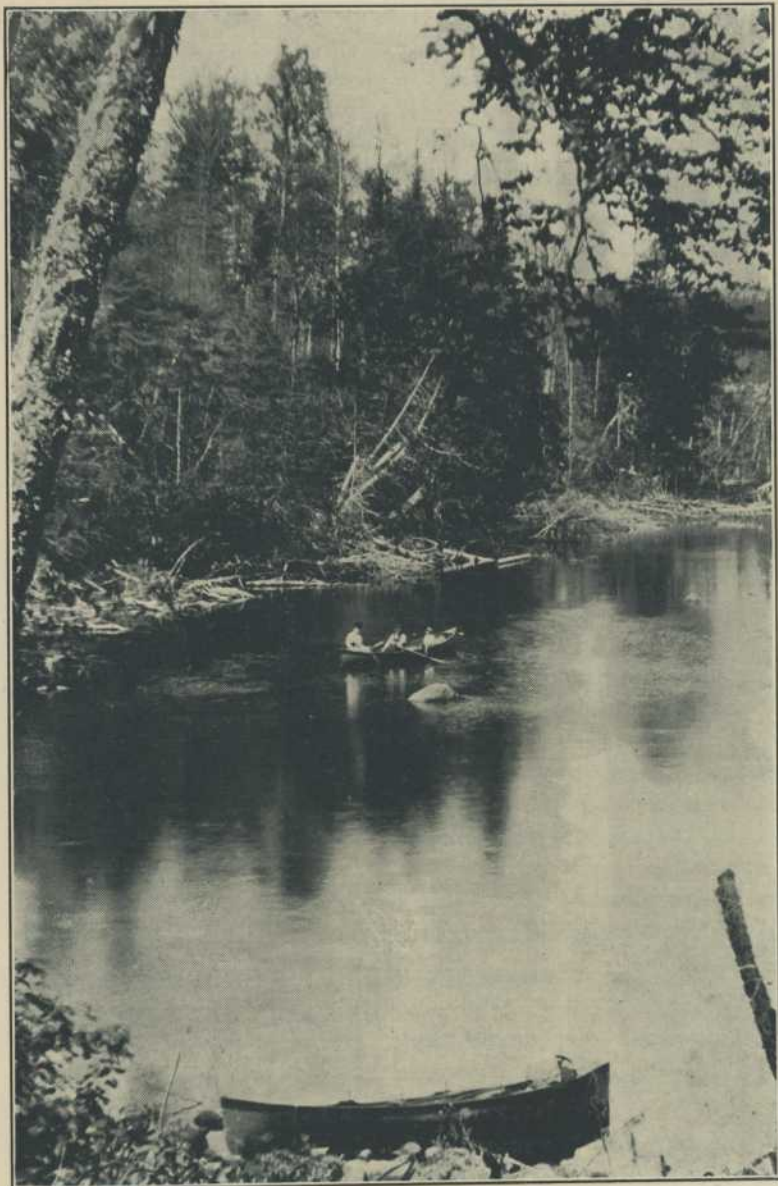
### DONALD OF MEGANTIC

In the heart of every loyal Scotsman living within a wide radius of Lake Megantic there still remains a memory of the days when the "Canadian Outlaw" was hunted, trapped, captured and brought before the Bar of Justice at Sherbrooke. It is safe to say that in those hearts there is still a vivid memory of that long fight for fair play toward one of their "ain folk", who was perhaps more sinned against than sinning.

Donald Morrison, a descendant of a "hardy race whom all the world admires", was born at Gould in the county of Compton, Province of Quebec, a section settled by the Scotch people long before the iron trail passed through that county.

He was one of the many young men who "went West" to try his fortunes, leaving behind him a mother and a sweet-heart. A law suit over property, after his return east, in which it is alleged Donald did not receive fair play, turned him from a man of promise to an outlaw. Older residents of the townships remember that after Donald lost his property the buildings thereon were burned and suspicion fell upon the unfortunate young man. Neighborly interest centered in the trials of "Don",

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Outlet of Lake Macannamac, commonly called Spider Lake.

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of his aged mother, in the devotion of Marion his sweetheart, and subsequently many residents stood ready to defend him during his long hiding from the officers of the law, while their antipathy toward Warren, the officer who came from across the border to capture Donald and boasted that he could get him, was of the true Scotch order.

The climax of the tragedy was reached when Donald was through a ruse, placed in Sherbrooke jail and later condemned to prison. The long struggle, the harrowing stories form a chapter in the history of that section of less than a half century ago, and often provide an engrossing topic for those who are wont to recall the old days.

In song and story, verse and prose, the tragic happenings in "Marsden's lonely glades", at Galson's Swamp, and in the woods of Compton County have been put before the eyes of readers, among the writers the name of "Oscar Dhu" figuring prominently.

### WILD CAT OR GLOW WORM?

While eating scones and drinking coffee, both piping hot, in what was oftentimes affectionately called "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the east shore of Lake Megantic, four men thrilled their hearers with a story of some wild animal they had seen, or that had been reported seen in a certain section. They had decided to capture the animal which one declared "would measure ten feet from nose to tail", and they felt assured that the creature lurked in the shadowy woods somewhere between "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Three Lakes.

Before the hunters had finished their repast, another resident, Mr. J. R.—, came across the lake from Victoria Bay and joined the men at the table. He, too, had heard of the wild creature, but had little to say about it.

A few evenings later a party of three or four people decided to take a stroll. It was a beautiful October night, not far from the mystical night of Hallowe'en, and the story of the strange animal still at large was fresh in their minds.

## Legends of the Lakes

Returning to the house, which route led the strollers up a steep hill, they were forcibly reminded of the creature at large when one of the ladies suddenly saw two shinning eyes peering at her from the bushes! Then came an unearthly shriek! (One man reported that his hair rose so quickly his hat came off.) Three times was that noise repeated; Lady Macbeth's mad scream was nothing compared to its thrilling penetration. Then silence.

The lady who remembers the evening's adventure of fifty years ago states that a boot race followed without any investigation as to the cause of the unearthly noise or the two shinning eyes, and that after reaching the house in safety the strollers had decided that perhaps the thought of Hallowe'en had preyed upon the senses with the result that fright was caused over the hoot of an owl and glow worms in the woods.

"The story floated down the hill," recounts Mrs. J.—, "was wafted across to Marsboro, on to Piopolis and Woburn, across to Three Lakes and "The Spider" like a snowball growing as it travelled, until the lynx, or whatever it was, and the story had both reached immense proportions."

A little later Mr. A.—saw a fresh skin nailed to the wall of a barn in that section. It was the skin of a lynx, the size of a collie dog!

The above is just a little incident in the lives of a few residents of that locality where at that time the lynx was almost as common as the chipmunk of today, and it will be recalled with a smile—now that the danger is over. It is proof, however, that people of fifty years ago had "nerves" and that some allowed them to get the upperhand.



## The Moffatt Lake Monster

Standing at the gate, a beautiful structure of wrought iron and stone pillars, I fully realized the lapse of years since I last visited this wild, rugged spot in one of Nature's fair gardens.

Thirty years ago, it was, that we used to come to the forested tract where strength and agility were needed to get down to the shore of pretty Moffatt Lake, hidden away amid Canadian hills of evergreens and maples; yet the effort was forgotten in the pleasure of a day spent in the midst of such natural beauty.

Lord Byron said,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;"

and these words found echo in our hearts as in merry groups we played "follow your leader" after we had left the road leading from the picturesque village of Scotstown.

Many lakes at some period of their history have had their monsters, either mythical or real. Childish hearts have been thrilled by the tales of horrible reality; the immense proportions of these nameless monsters, whose forms were supposed to be engulfed by the waters, and who reigned as monarchs when they came to the surface of the lakes.

Such was the Monster of Moffatt Lake. Yet we were never afraid, though thrilling tales were told by visitors to the lake, who may have been endowed with a tendency to see the "things that are not." Be it as it may there were those who believed in the terrible monster which rose to the surface of the lake, took a look around him, churned the waters until they gave the placid lake the appearance of a seething cauldron; then disappeared.

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"There's them as believes it, an' them as doan't", was the loquacious reasoning of an old resident, the twinkle in his eyes giving evidence of his inclination toward the latter opinion.

Nevertheless many happy outings were enjoyed; fishermen had camped, caught fish, told tales in the old days, and all without being thrilled by sight or sound of the monster.

As I stood at the gate today I remembered the story of the man of millions who came, saw, and desired to possess this beautiful tract of land. Lake Moffatt, lying in graceful indolence between sloping hills, wood-crowned; its gleaming waters the home of the trout and 'longe; its shores the home of the deer and caribou; its acres covered with a noble growth of firs, maples and cedars, was attractive to the city magnate. Hundreds of acres were purchased, some at fabulous prices, that he might have the entire stretch of land for his own. Men were set to work clearing the forest of its undergrowth, but all with an eye to retaining its natural beauty and allowing enough forest to shelter the game with which it abounded.

From the gateway where I paused, looking closely for the "No Trespassing" sign, I could see a wide, gracefully curving roadway leading into the green woodland. Nowhere could be seen the warning that trespassers would be 'punished to the full extent,' etc., so I passed through the gate which yielded to my touch, and followed the long grey trail winding around the edge of the hill, and gradually dipping deeper into the woods.

The rustling leaves of the maples and birches whispered of days gone by—of days that could never be lived again—and the pines seemed to murmur, "It isn't the same, it never will be the same." The roadway enticed me to the shore where a charming summer home, beautiful in its simplicity, stood in readiness for its master when he should choose to come this way.

The primitive beauty, as I had remembered it, had disappeared. It was not now the people's playground; it was a summer estate. I won from the keeper the story of the making-over of the rugged tract of land into the charming summer land where very few were allowed to wander.

## Legends of the Lakes

"At least, when the master's here," he added.

How glad I was that the time of my visit was so well planned!

In the autumn when the maples put on their gay gowns and the birches shed their golden radiance through the woods, darkened by the stately evergreens, he came to live near nature, to lure the fish from the waters, and to bring the deer to earth; while the villagers mourned the loss of their beloved camping grounds.

I slowly retraced my steps until I came within sight of the gateway; then threw myself on the ground spiced with the needles of the pines and carpeted with the first offerings of autumn and, clasping my hands behind my head, I looked up into the same blue heavens that had looked down on me in the dear old days.

A stranger within the gates! Uninvited, forsooth! The master was not there to enjoy the ideal autumn day; I was.

A bird fluttered from a secluded branch of a maple to another just as secluded spot in a birch; the bur-r-r of a little brown body near me told of the presence of a partridge and her family which she was rearing for the master's table. The breeze, with just a hint of the cooler ones to come, whispered through the trees. . . . . Millions expended in making it more beautiful. . . . . The Moffatt Lake Monster. . . . . My eyes closed. . . . .

Beautiful maidens and stalwart youths, clothed in garments of brilliant colors and bearing golden branches, are standing in a large enclosure outlined on three sides by stately trees, and on the fourth by the glistening waters of a lake. Everything is gay except the maids and youths, whose heads droop and whose steps lag as they slowly wend their way toward a temple which glistens in the sun because it is made of gold and silver.

A herald appears on the back of a graceful antelope, who tosses his head as he bounds into the enclosure. The herald waves a branch of golden-leaved birch and the maidens and

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youths kneel in mock humility to welcome the Monster of Moffatt Lake.

My curiosity is aroused. I go forward to join the strange company when some one whispers, "No trespassing here," and I drop back into the shadows. A graceful doe comes to me and with sad eyes beckons me toward the deeper wood; I find myself in a secluded grove where her young is hidden.

"For the master's table," she says, mournfully.

I hear a terrible roar and the Monster appears! Everything is swept before him; the beauteous maidens and stalwart youths are engulfed in his immense proportions, which seem to fill the entire enclosure. With a snort that causes the earth to tremble the huge creature plunges toward me shutting out the sunlight. . . . .

I open my eyes to be greeted by the jovial voice of the man at the wheel who cries, derisively.

"Get up, you sleepy head!" emphasising his words with another toot of the auto horn.

Moffatt Lake Monster, forsooth! 'There's them as believes, and them as doan't.' The daze leaves my eyes and, as I take my place in the car, I soliloquise,—Well, I've slept on it and have decided that though some may grumble, and money may talk, there are still to be found in this fair land many of Nature's most gracious offerings. Perhaps it is well that the rich man's purse should overflow into such places as these. Some may be withheld from the enjoyment of its beauties, but other eyes will brighten at its loveliness, other hearts will beat more quickly and in rhythm with its simple grandeur, and perhaps some life will be made purer by a sojourn amid such restful surroundings.

"You took my world-sick body in your arms;  
You taught to me the magic of the woods."



## Yamaska Lake

(BROME)

Beautiful Yamaska, better known today as Brome Lake, set amid scenery that casts a spell over the hearts of city-tired people who visit its shores, is one of the notable summer resorts of the Eastern Townships.

Centuries ago it was known among the Indians and the early French settlers as Yamaska Lake. It is the head waters of the Yamaska River, and Rev. Ernest Taylor, M.A. of Knowlton says,

"The survey of the townships, of which I hold the original copy, contains a map of the lake and it is there called Yamaska Lake. It is because it chanced to lie in the territory which in 1794 received the name of Brome Township that it became familiarly known as Brome Lake".

Mr. Taylor also states that Eliphalet Perrin, a British Army Pensioner, was the first English settler on the shore of the lake. He lived alone in a small hut where is now the town of Knowlton, and his name appears among the forty loyal associates with Col. Asa Porter to whom George the Third issued letters patent as owners of the township of Brome.

In those days the St. Francis, or Abenaki Indians camped at the place which later became the homestead of the late Judge Lynch, and where Mrs. Lynch now resides. It is the birthplace of Dr. W. W. Lynch of Sherbrooke. Thirty years ago Judge Lynch, during some excavation on his property, found the half of a stone Indian war club neatly fashioned; also a stone axe. Both these relics are to be seen in the Museum of the Brome County Historical Society at Knowlton.

As the white people began to settle in this section the Indians disappeared with the exception of occasional visits to the lake. When Col. Knowlton settled near the lake in 1815



Sunset on Brome Lake (Yamaska)

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there was an encampment at the northeast inlet within three miles of the present village of Knowlton, which the Colonel founded by building saw and grist mills on the Cold Brook, or Knowlton River.

The lake has two islands; the larger Eagle Island, and a small rocky ledge is named Rock Island. From the mainland to Eagle Island there stretches a sand bar, called Perrin's Bar. It is always under water and is one of the favorite fishing places on the lake.

Brome Lake probably holds the record for the "biggest fishing story" of any lake in the townships—according to the statement accredited to the late Mr. Tiffney, an old resident and fisherman.

It is said that when asked the size of his largest catch he replied,

"Waal, when it was hauled into the boat, the water of the lake had lowered about four feet".

### THE EMPIRE OF EAGLE ISLAND

Many years ago when the Red Men hunted and fished, built their campfires and sang their weird chants on the shores of Yamaska Lake, there dwelt upon an island in the lake the King of the Place of Barren Trees, the mighty eagle.

As noble representative of the great family of Nature's winged huntsmen and king of the family of falcons, the eagle held dominion over the island. Fierce and hungry as the animals of the prairie and the jungle, the loyal subjects of the island monarch lived and hunted and reared their young. They built their nests in the high rocky places far from the haunts of men where they nurtured their eaglets with the most tender devotion. In the clefts of rocks were placed the captured birds and rabbits for their hungry families, and woe to anything that interfered with these larders.

Along the sand bar many fish were found, while around them were the rugged hills and gently sloping fields of Shefford



Looking through the Pines across Brome Lake (Yamaska)

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County, and when they tired of their daily food from the waters they swooped down upon the game birds, the timid hares and does of the forest.

In turn the Indians hunted the eagles for their feathers with which to adorn themselves, and thus the battles raged--one more example of "the survival of the fittest."

The kingdom of the winged huntsmen also attracted the settlers and as the years passed the eagles fell, victims to the hunter's gun. (It is recorded that in one season nine eagles were shot by hunters.)

Today the tall trees wave in the breeze; the barren rocks rest secure, but the eagle, winged representative of strength and freedom, has paid his toll. His monarchy, like others, has fallen through strife. The name of the island is still retained and may it always be.



## The Old Pine

Many years ago a bird on its sky-journey, or a frolicsome breeze dropped a seed on a barren spot along the shore of Breeches Lake. On this spot now stands the "old pine tree", a landmark familiar to many residents of Sherbrooke, Cookshire, and other places who are members of the club having the fishing and camping privileges of that pretty lake.

In passing it might be said that this body of water is shaped like a huge pair of trousers, the legs very short; and that the "left leg camps" are widely known as ideal summer outing places.

Whether touched with the silver frost, the icy blast of winter, the gentle zephyrs of spring, or the scorching rays of a summer sun, the old pine stands at its post by the waters of the lake. Its roots are firmly imbedded in the soil; it stands straight and slim, a true scion of an ancient race of trees.

It has long been acknowledged that trees have tongues, and in the whisperings of the old pine tree one may perchance hear it say:

"Since I came here I have steadily grown until now I can look down on some of my relatives, the cedars and fir-trees. In spring the tiny violets blossom near me, but not close at my feet; my needles forbid that. In summer the children come to visit me and to gather the cones I have dropped to earth. They throw them on the blazing fire and laugh with delight to see them hiss and burn, while older ones smile and revel in their glow.

"Across the lake I see the merry campers, old and young, in gay bathing suits, men in sporting-togs and armed with fishing-rods, who often pass the old pine on their routes.

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"They remind me that my costume dates back many centuries; yet I am content. We pines wrap ourselves in our green mantles in utter disregard of the dictates of Dame Fashion, for do we not represent the trees which were the contemporaries of those plants who went to sleep during the Denovian age in the coal bed?

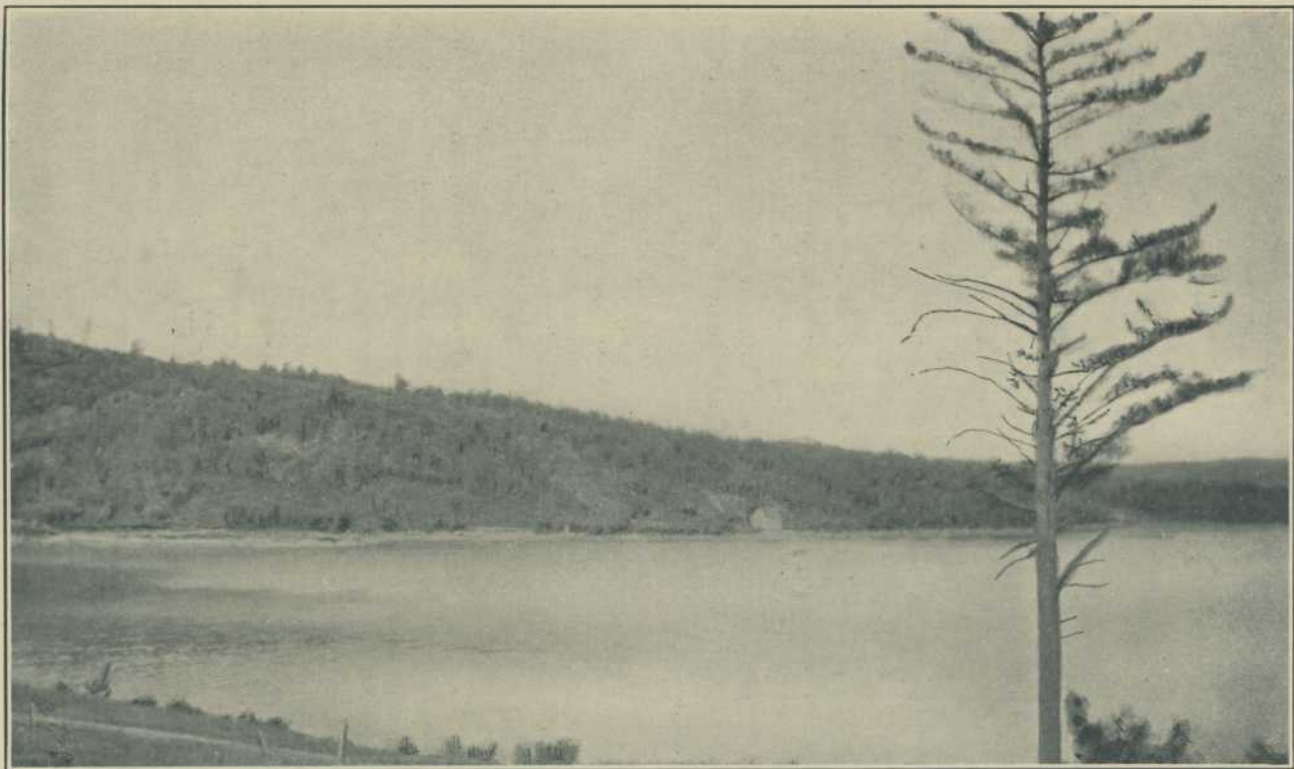
"I am a musical tree. Though I cannot provide such alluring music as the victrola in yonder cottage, my needles are like the strings of an aeolian harp and, vibrating in the passing wind, whisper of the ages gone by and of those to come.

"What use am I? The iron rails have never yet passed over my timbers, nor have my branches been severed and cast into the campfire, but many of my cousins, the majestic white pines of Maine, and the sugar pines of the western coast have taken their part in the industrial world. Unbending still I stand on the shore of Breeches Lake awaiting the blast that will lay me low, or the sharp blade of which Isabella Valancey Crawford says:

'Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree. . .  
For ev'ry silver ringing blow  
Cities and palaces shall grow.'

"I am ready to take my place under the iron rail, or in the making of cities and palaces, but while I wait I hope the children will come to play at my feet, to gather cones and carry them to the campfire, and that world-tired people who come to this heaven of rest and contentment will always remember "the old pine."





The Old Pine on the shore of Breches Lake.

## Lakes in Wolfe County

Lake Nicolet, which is to be found in a rugged section of Wolfe County, provides an ideal camping and fishing place for the residents of the surrounding district. It is a rough triangle in shape, about three miles in length, and the waters are very deep and clear. There is practically no inlet, the lake being fed by springs; its outlet is the Nicolet river.

In the lake are five islands, one of these, Crépeau Island, being about eight acres in extent. It is undoubtedly of volcanic origin as the island is composed of gigantic rocks and rugged cliffs, except a part covered with blueberry bushes. The whole forms a picturesque spot and the island is known far and wide as a most productive and enticing berrying ground.

Although in a French-Canadian settlement it does not appear that Nicolet Lake has been endowed with the quaint, weird stories or legends so much liked by the French people, who have done their part in retaining and handing down traditions and folk lore.

Some residents claim that, during the winter months, there is often heard a soft, wailing sound which seems to come from the depths of the lake. Perchance the spirit of some Indian Princess is held within the waters' bounds; perchance the indomitable will of a habitant has been imprisoned in the waters, or prosaic people of today may reason thus; that the springs feeding the lake would cause the air underneath the ice to make these weird sounds.

Other pretty lakes in Wolfe County are Aylmer, shaped like a calumet, Weedon, Breeches, Sunday, Crystal, (Lovering Pond) Silver, (near Marbleton) and numerous small bodies of water dotting the landscape and adding beauty to the rural scenery.

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In Sherbrooke County there are Brompton and Orford lakes and the "Little Lake", (Magog) the last being an enlargement of the river Magog after it leaves Lake Memphremagog.

Black Laké, in Megantic County, is in the mining section of Thetford Mines and Coleraine, while in the same county are William, Trout and St. Joseph lakes. (Lake Megantic is a considerable distance from the county by the same name).

Lake St. Francis, famous in early Canadian history, is just beyond the borders of Wolfe County. It is the headwaters of the St. Francis River which journeys through a long stretch of beautiful and fertile country on its way to the St. Lawrence.

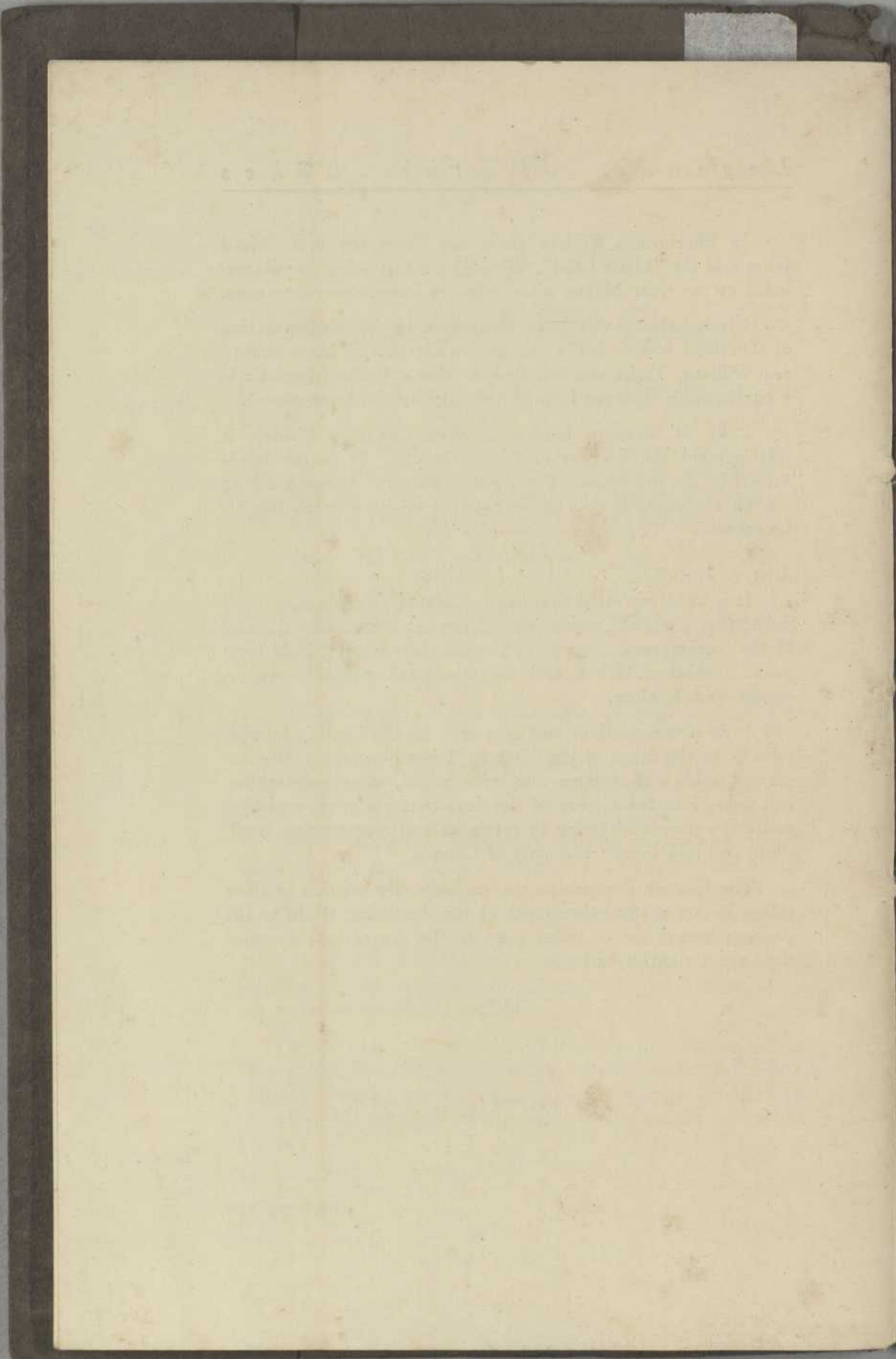
### FINALE

It is to be regretted that in the Eastern Townships, as well as in other parts of Canada, there have not been retained many of the "whims and fancies" of the old days when people were prone to think of, talk of, and to pass on to their children quaint stories and folklore.

It is never too late to begin and, in closing this humble tribute to the lakes of the Eastern Townships, the writer expresses a hope that some one more gifted, more painstaking, will delve into the history of the days that are gone, and thus assist the people of today in retaining and encouraging traditions and folk lore in this part of Canada.

The Eastern Townships are, undoubtedly as rich in these things as are many other parts of the dominion, while to the younger generation of today, and to the generations to come they are a rightful heritage.

### FINIS



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