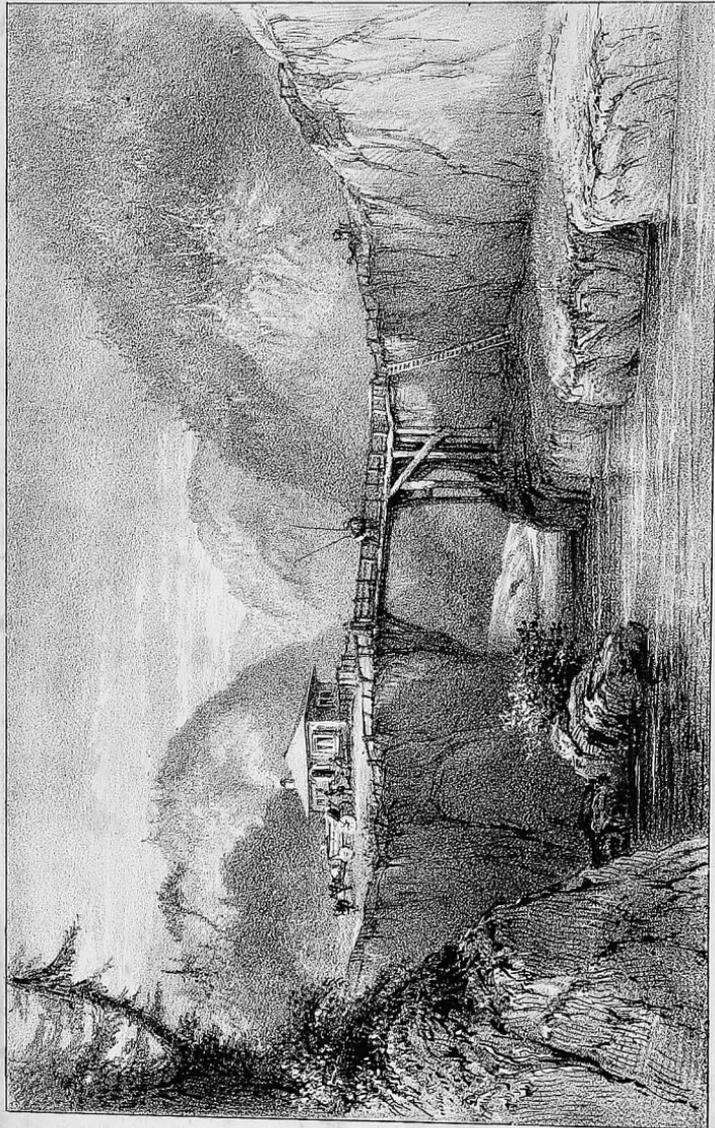


THE
SPORTSMAN IN CANADA.



R. J. Hamerton.

Chief, Tith to Her Majesty

THE TOLL-HOUSE, ON JACQUES CARTIER BRIDGE.

THE
SPORTSMAN IN CANADA.

BY

FREDERIC TOLFREY,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPORTSMAN IN FRANCE."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER ST., CAVENDISH Sq.

1845.

To those Friends and Companions,

To whose society in the mess-room or in the field—on the banks of the Jacques Cartier River, or in the snipe-bogs of Chateau Richer—in the garrison ball-room, or on the boards of the Quebec Amateur Theatre—he is so deeply indebted for the many happy hours he passed in Canada,

These two little volumes are dedicated

by their old chum

and brother Sportsman,

THE AUTHOR

P R E F A C E .

IN the early part of the year 1841, an unpretending little work of mine, having for its title "The Sportsman in France," was introduced to the notice of the public.

The transient success my Book met with has induced me to take a second plunge in the troubled sea of Authorship; and whether I sink or swim must depend upon those humane patrons of struggling scribblers—the public.

If a helping hand be stretched forth in aid of the attempt, I hope to float comfortably down the stream of popularity; if otherwise I must be content to be swamped in the waters of oblivion.

My undertaking, therefore, is a matter of life or death.

Acting under the advice of some kind and partial friends, I have put together a few loose leaves of an old journal, descriptive of some adventures with the Rod and Gun, which befel me some years ago in Canada.

Though the scenes described in the following pages are to be numbered with the things that were, they may still carry with them the impression of freshness and novelty to some of my untravelled readers—and even those who, in the course of human events, may have visited the spots which a long absence can never efface from my memory, will, I trust, peruse, with a feeling akin to interest, the feats by flood and field which I have here recorded.

If the reader look for high flown descriptions or poetical language in the following pages, he will be disappointed: but I can promise him he will find an honest and faithful account of the amusements to be derived from a sojourn in our North American possessions.

The two Provinces offer a wide field of enjoyment to the active and enthusiastic Sportsman ; and I hope in the course of the following narrative to hold out some additional inducement to the Half-pay Officer, the Settler, and the Emigrant, to make choice of this land of lake and mountain, wherein to pass the remainder of their days in peace, quietness, and contentment. A happier lot no man need desire ; and it has been my endeavour to point out to those, who may honor these pages by a perusal, that few beings are more to be envied than “ The Sportsman in Canada.”

London, April 12th 1845,

THE
SPORTSMAN IN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

Short petticoats, and clean ankles, the cause of the Author's leaving home — proceeds to Brussels, and, thence returns to England—Captain Dickenson, and the transport, La Lune—Instead of Quebec, the Author is shipped off to Caen, until the Spring—Departure for Canada—The Island of Madeira—Voyage out—Narrow Escape from a Shark—Banks of Newfoundland—It's Cod Fish—The River St. Lawrence—Arrival at Quebec.

It may be in the recollection of some respectable middle-aged gentlemen, that in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, the Ladies, God bless them, wore their petticoats most captivately

short, at least, all those who were blest with small feet, well turned ankles, and good legs ; and, it came to pass, that, being a susceptible youth, I fell deeply in love with as pretty a pair of extremities, as ever supported a lovely form, and a face to match. Fathers and sons, however, occasionally differ in these *affaires du cœur et des jambes*, and I was not exempt from paternal interference, inasmuch, as my excellent, and worthy governor, being proof against the attractions of shape and make, and clean legs to boot, disapproved of my choice, cut short my love-making and gentle dalliances—firstly, by certain threats of disinheritance, and, secondly, by depriving the War Office, of one of its idlest clerks—and, shipping me off to Brussels, there to think of my “ ladye love,” and be disposed of as the chances of war, or an ounce or so of lead might determine. As no friendly bullet put an end to my sufferings, I fed upon grief, (and Flanders beef) like a true love-sick swain, until the post brought me intelligence, one fine morn-

ing—some ten weeks after the Battle of Waterloo—that I was appointed to a staff situation in Canada ; and, that I was to make the best of my way to the paternal mansion, there to take possession of a liberal outfit, which had been prepared for me, and bid a long farewell to the best of mothers, and a host of sorrowing relatives. Within an hour of the arrival of the post, the old family butler, presented himself at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where I had taken up my quarters. It required no extraordinary penetration, or stretch of imagination, to guess at the motive, which induced my prudent sire, to send this trusty domestic on such an errand. It was feared, probably, that the lady with the legs, would be uppermost in my thoughts, on approaching the shores of England again ; in short, that love would take precedence of filial duty—for such reprobate thoughts will creep into the brain of hot-headed youths.

Whether such would have been my case, it behoveth me not to mention at this mo-

ment—here was a regular stopper to any stolen march, (had I been so undutifully inclined) in the person of the portly, wheezing, burly, butler. He was constituted a sort of respectable family spy ; and, as I knew the old fellow to be the most conscientious of cork-drawers, bribery was out of the question. Making a virtue of necessity, I appeared delighted to see the trusty guardian of my hospitable father's wine-cellar, and expressed—with much apparent sincerity—the satisfaction I felt, at having so respectable, and trust-worthy a guide, to lead me home again. I blush to own—even at this distant period—that I gave the old fellow as much trouble as possible, and chuckled with demoniacal glee, when that impartial invader of men's stomachs—sea-sickness — laid him flat on his back, on board the packet which carried us from Ostend to Dover. I allowed him, nevertheless, to hug his basin in peace, and left him to the tender mercies of the steward. Poor old Sadler! he lived for nearly half a century in my father's service,

and died, as all well-conditioned butlers ought to do, of gout in the stomach.

On being delivered up in a state of good preservation, morally, and physically, to those who were good enough to own me, I was—after having been duly lectured on the enormity of my crime, (that of betraying a partiality for a pretty woman)—informed that a passage had been provided for me by government, on board a transport, named *La Lune*, A. 1., copper-fastened, carrying a surgeon and other conveniences, usually enumerated in nautical phraseology, by those disinterested ship-owners, who advertise for passengers inclined by nature, or compelled by duty, to leave their native shores.

Within eight and forty hours of my arrival in London, I was posting down to Woolwich in the old family carriage, with the most affectionate, and solicitous of parents, a brother, and a sister. Was my symmetrical dulcinea forgotten during the journey? Forbid it, gratitude, gallantry, and true love knots!

and, if the truth were penned, it is probable, that more affectionate thoughts, and fond regrets, were bestowed upou the fair enslaver—the undoubted owner of the taper ankles—than on kindred and friends, at that moment.

To bring this little love episode to an end, I must observe, that, from the moment our tender passion was nipped in the bud, we have never met. I have sought in vain, for the legs that captivated my youthful fancy ; and, since the dowdy introduction of draggle-tail dresses—which effectually hide the understandings of our fair countrywomen—I despair of discovering my little “Venus de Medicis.” But, *revenons à nos moutons*. Arrived at the Ordance Wharf, at Woolwich, I was conveyed on board *The Laa Loon*, as the boatman christened the transport, with my kind relatives, who had supplied me with an equipment, which would have served for half a dozen more younger sons. Having been regularly installed in my floating cupboard—some twelve feet by eight—and

which, by the way, the captain dignified by the name of "state-room;" the mournful ceremony of leave-taking was got through—and, to those, who have been subjected to the same painful ordeal, I need not describe the agonizing moment.

In a most desolate mood, and disconsolate spirit, did I pass the night, of the 16th of September, 1815. On the following morning, as I was performing my ablutions in a bucket of muddy water, the steward's factotum, —a *beau idéal* of a cabin boy, redolent of grease and tar, with a chubby face, cork-screw curls hanging from beneath a low-crowned straw hat, jantily planted on one side of his head, a red flannel shirt, canvas trousers, and shoes to match—informed me, that Captain Dickenson, the Master-attendant of Woolwich Dock Yard, had sent his boat for me, with a request, that I would come on shore immediately and breakfast with him, as he had a communication of importance to make. I was sorely puzzled, to account for this unexpected summons—for,

until that moment, I was unacquainted with Captain Dickenson, even by name—and, was equally ignorant of the important and responsible office he filled, with so much credit to himself, and advantage to the government.

I addressed myself to the worthy skipper of the transport, in the hope of eliciting something like a clue to the proceeding, but he was equally mystified—although I could perceive, that I had risen considerably in his estimation, in consequence of the unknown interest exhibited towards me by the highly, and deservedly-respected, Master-attendant.

On shore I went, and was greeted most cordially, and kindly, by Captain Dickenson—who, after apologising for having sent for me so unceremoniously, without further preface, thus delivered himself—

“ You are the young gentleman, I believe, who came down last evening with his family, in a heavily laden carriage, and four posters ?”

I replied in the affirmative.

“Have you any interest at the Board of Ordnance?”

“I *think* I have,” was my answer.

“Do not deem me impertinent,” continued the benevolent interrogator, “in asking the nature and extent of that interest.”

Having satisfied the kind-hearted Master-attendant on this point—and, probably, rather beyond his expectations—I accompanied him to his well-appointed official residence, where a substantial and tempting breakfast awaited us. It was not, until the savoury meal was concluded, that I learnt the cause of my having been unshipped so unexpectedly.

As the last cup of fragrant hyson, was washing down the toast, the muffins, cold tongue, broiled ham, and new-laid eggs, my host taking me by the hand, and with a kindness of manner, I never can forget, said—

“The sight of your venerable parents, who accompanied you to the ship last even-

ing, interested me much : I knew her destination of course, and learnt that you were going out to Canada, in the service of government. I need not tell you, that you are proceeding to an inhospitable climate. The season is so far advanced, that I very much question, if you will reach your destination. This is the 17th of September, and the odds are, that the ship will either be blocked up in the ice, as she enters the St. Lawrence, or be compelled to run into Halifax Harbor, and there winter. It is *possible*, she may be lost ; and, as I think it a pity such good flesh and blood as yours, should be thrown away upon North American bears, I strongly advise your postponing your voyage until the spring. To be serious, my young friend, you must not go out in this ship. I am an old sailor, and, take my word for it, you would be shipwrecked ; and, perhaps, encounter hardships and misery, if not a lingering, torturing, death. I have sent for your luggage : return on board, pack up your light goods — come back to

me, and I will give you a letter to your relative and patron, Sir H—O— : tell him and your friends, that I sent you back to town ; and, depend upon it, before this time twelvemonth, I shall receive their thanks, for having taken upon myself to advise this course.”

I confess, I was somewhat startled at this sudden change of affairs ; but, acting under such good authority — and, having no very serious objection to remaining on full pay at home, until the month of April—I went on board *La Lune* for the last time, —collected all my valuables — came on shore—left my heavy baggage under Captain Dickenson’s charge in a warehouse, thanked him unfeignedly, for his disinterested advice —shook him cordially by the hand, and rattled up to town in a post-chaise—not without certain misgivings, as to my reception on arriving *chez mon père*.

To say the truth, I felt a little nervous ; and, fearing to occasion any alarm by re-appearing before my family so unexpectedly,

I drove to the residence of the Lieutenant-general of the Ordnance, and presented him Captain Dickenson's letter — which, to my great joy, he approved of.

All difficulties were thereby removed, so that, after a note had been despatched to my revered father, announcing my return, I began to indulge in the hope, that I might see "the legs" once more. Fate ruled it otherwise. I was received with open arms of course—and, never had son a warmer welcome under paternal roof ; but, (ominous words for lovers!) it was proposed—and, consequently, thought advisable, that I should make myself master of the French language, prior to embarking for Canada—for which purpose, it was decided, I should pass the winter on the Continent. Caen was the town fixed upon—and, to Caen I went, on the shortest possible notice.

The selection of this old Norman town, I attributed to the circumstance of some old friends of my family, having migrated thither, attracted, doubtless, by the excellent

society congregated within its walls at the period I write of. There were, in truth, some charming families—and of the best English blood too, who had been received with open arms by the *Ancienne Noblesse* of that aristocratic city. Where such good feeling prevailed, the intercourse between the English residents, and the native inhabitants, was frequent, and kept up with undisguised cordiality.

General St. Simon, the present ambassador from the Court of France to Stutgard, was the commandant of the garrison, and himself and his staff, did all in their power to promote gaiety and good feeling. Nor were the old nobles backward in hospitality, or in testifying the pleasure they derived from the society of the English. The winter of 1815 and 1816, was one of the gayest that had had been known in the good old town of Caen, for many years ; all was feasting, fiddling, fun, and frolic : six pleasanter months I never passed. I have in my little book, “The Sportsman in France,” adverted to the

excellence of the shooting in the neighbourhood of the town ; there are—or, perhaps, I ought rather to say were—plenty of birds ; and, the marshes, the whole of the way along the banks of the river to the sea, are full of snipes

My old friend, Archer Croft, of Greenham Lodge, in Berkshire, and myself, did our best towards thinning the coverts of partridges, as well as the swampy meadows of the snipes ; but, we did not succeed in exterminating the race of either, inasmuch, as a pretty sprinkling of both, is to be met with to this day. Caen, in short, has lost none of its attractions ; in proof of which, one-third of its best houses, is inhabited by respectable English families of moderate incomes, who, in addition to a most agreeable and intellectual *coterie* of their own, have the advantage of enjoying the best French society — into which, their acquirements, birth, and education, have insured them admission.

In the plenitude of my enjoyment, I received towards the end of April, an official letter, containing an unmistakable "notice to quit," and in obedience thereto, I bade adieu to my kind and hospitable friends, French and English, and turning my back upon the pleasantest of all Continental towns, once more steered for Old England.

The passage from Havre to Southampton was a much more serious affair in those days than at present ; at least, if not of greater moment, it was of longer duration ; for who can forget—that has ever undergone the infliction—the tacking, the pitching, the rolling and tossing of the sailing vessels, which carried the adventurous Continental travellers to and fro across the Channel, before the Watts's and the Maudesleys (blessings on their engineering heads!) gave us a fleet of steamers? Thanks to their perseverance and industry, we have Monarchs, British Queens, Harlequins, Columbines, Grand Turks, Magnets, Ariadnes, Firebrands, Fireflies, and a host of flyers, which will

whisk us from one port to another in less time, than a crawling cutter would be beating through the Needles. In the early part of the month of May 1816, however, slow coaches were the order of the day, and to keep up the charter at sea as well as on land, I had to endure some thirty hours of suffering, and a blessed relief it was when I found myself on the box of the Southampton coach, by the side of that most gentleman-like of antiquated Jehus, old Wise, or Vyse, for he answered both appellations.

On arriving in town, I found that my anatomy was destined to be borne across the Atlantic, on board of the good ship Diana, Captain Haig, who had also undertaken, for a certain consideration, to convey as many officers, ordered to Quebec, as the accommodations of a seven hundred ton vessel would admit of. At the Falcon Hotel, Gravesend, I took leave of my family for the second time, and on making myself known to the Commanding Officer, on arriving on board, I had the satisfaction of finding a

most gentlemanlike well-bred man, and that my fellow-passengers had all the outward and visible signs, of being congenial spirits of the right stamp.

Out of a London population of two millions, (I believe the last census amounted nearly to this number,) the odds are fearfully against any wanderer meeting with sixteen really good fellows, cooped up within the narrow compass of a free-trader ; but my good genius had so willed it, that our party was to be a remarkably pleasant one. It consisted of Colonel Wells of the 43rd, our Commanding Officer, who was going out to Canada as an Inspecting Field Officer of Militia, and his pretty little wife ; two Captains and one Subaltern of Artillery ; one Captain of the 99th ; one Sub. of the 100th ; another ditto of the 103rd ; one Cornet of the 19th Light Dragoons ; two officers of the Ordnance Department ; one Captain on the half-pay of the 56th ; two merchants ; one surgeon, and my unworthy self.

It was known that our Captain intended

to touch at Madeira for a cargo of wine, and I was fortunate in having some letters of introduction to one of the principal firms of that Island, forwarded to me down to Portsmouth. The inhabitants of this insular paradise, are as celebrated for their hospitality, as the soil is for the juice of the grape ; and the firm of Gordon and Murdoch, stands as pre-eminent for the exercise of this cardinal virtue, as their wines for quality and flavor.

On the evening of the ninth day, after leaving the Isle of Wight, the blue mountainous land of Madeira was descried from the mast-head, and before midnight the lights of the town of Funchal were discernible. The Portuguese authorities, having a horror of nocturnal invasion, forbid every vessel to enter their port after sunset, under pain of red-hot shot and other missives from the batteries, to the peril of the rigging, shipping, crews, &c. ; so that, not being inclined to hazard so warm a reception, we lay-to off the harbor all night. In the

morning, the chaste Diana floated past the batteries and anchored off the town. Like a parcel of school-boys rushing out of school on a half-holiday, did we scramble into the boats in our anxiety to get on shore.

On presenting my letter of introduction, and announcing my name to Mr. Webster Gordon, his first question was,—

“Where is your baggage?”

Having replied that it was on board our ship, I was most kindly rebuked for not having brought it on shore, as a matter of course, and forthwith directed to return and bring my portmanteau and carpet-bag, and make that house my home during my stay. Having complied with these hospitable instructions, my kind host asked, if amongst my fellow passengers, I affectioned one or two more than the rest. Upon my hinting that my chum the dragoon, who shared my cabin, and Captain F. of the Artillery, were those to whom I had *cottoned* more especially, I was desired to invite them also to pass the few days we remained on the Island, beneath

his roof. Horses and carriages were at our command during the day, so that what with riding and driving about the beautiful country, and living *en Prince*, we passed a fortnight most agreeably.

Ours Commanding Officer, Colonel Wells, had taken up his quarters at the residence of Mr. Blackburn, whose house is *renommée* for good cheer and good wine.

Mr. Veitch, the Consul, gave us a splendid entertainment, as did our host, who paid the gallant colonel the compliment of inviting him and his better half to his house. In short, we had a very merry time of it ; and with a feeling akin to regret, we perceived the Blue Peter at the fore-top-gallant-mast-head one fine morning, as a warning to us to retpair on board, as well as to announce that the Caledonian Schipper had concluded his commercial arrangements, and was about to sail.

Before we leave Madeira, one word about its wine, for we know nothing about it in this country. The stuff sold in this metro-

polis as East India London Particular, is as unlike the generous juice bearing the name of Madeira as Hunt's blacking is to genuine port wine. The East India Madeira is a thin acid potation, a second growth wine in fact and is sold to the captains of trading vessels *en route* to the Eastern hemisphere, at a much less price than that asked for the first quality wine shipped to the West Indies. At the time I write of, several free traders were in the port, taking out wine to the several Presidencies of Madras, Bombay and Calcutta; the price paid by the captains, averaged from £38 to £40 the pipe, while every drop consigned to the West India Islands, was charged at the rate of fifty guineas and upwards. My host informed me that the planters were the best judges in the world of Madeira, and as the run to the West Indies occupied little more than three weeks, the wine was returned on the shipper's hands, if not of the very first quality. It is true that the Nabobs of the far East, as well as Governors General, have as fine

Madeira as can be drunk, but they pay the best price and obtain good stuff; but the wine consigned on commission to the Indian market, or taken on speculation by the captains of ships, is of very inferior quality. The good people of England imagine, because an enterprising commander has stowed away divers pipes of Madeira in the hold of his vessel, and sailed about with them in warm latitudes, that the contents must be superlatively good, little thinking, that all the voyages round the world, from the time of Captain Cook to the present day, will never give to an originally thin and meagre wine, the body and flavor which essentially belong to Madeiras of the first class of excellence.

Having expressed our sincere and heartfelt thanks to our hospitable host, who had entertained us from the moment of our landing, in the most liberal and sumptuous manner, we repaired on board our floating barrack. As the ship was getting under weigh, a boat came alongside, and one of the

crew having inquired for me, presented a note from Mr. Gordon, who, not having forgotten my unqualified admiration of some splendid claret and sauterne, from the celebrated cellars of Mr. Adamson, the London wine-merchant, took this method of begging my acceptance of a three dozen case of each, to drink on our voyage to Quebec. The gift was duly appreciated, and the manner in which it was conferred made it not the less acceptable. This welcome addition to my sea stock, was gratefully acknowledged in a hasty note, and our thanks were reiterated over many a bumper, while drinking the health of the donor on the deep waters. On taking our seats at the dinner-table, as we left the Island, I observed a large cask slung in the after-part of the cuddy (*Anglicè*, dining-room,) and the cause of the intrusion was explained by the kind-hearted captain on the cloth being removed. He prefaced his speech in broad Scotch, by saying, that we were a set of drunken "loons"—a graceless body of "ne'er-do-weels:" that we had

nearly drunk all his Port wine, and considerably diminished his stock of Sherry; but that as the De'il always took care of his ain, the firm at Madeira, from whom he had purchased his cargo of wine for the market of Quebec, had, according to invariable custom, presented him with a hogshead of choice old stuff. The jolly old fellow went on to say, that he had conveyed soldier officers from one quarter of the globe to another, for upwards of thirty years, but that he had never carried such a joyous living cargo as ourselves; and that, as he was convinced he should never meet again with such a batch of merry mad-caps, he had determined upon tapping the present, and the first glass he should take out of the "*wie stoup*," (as he called the hogshead behind the President's chair) would be to the health and prosperity of the friends around him, and a safe voyage to the ship Diana. As may be easily imagined, this well-meant harangue was received with shouts of applause, and I am ashamed to record the number of times our decanters

were replenished on the evening from the "wie stoop." We did ample honor to the "wine offering," I can assure the reader, and when our noble Commander "turned in" for the night, he was somewhat "fou," or, in nautical phraseology, "three sheets in the wind."

On the fourth day after leaving Madeira, we were becalmed, and as we were lounging listlessly on deck sighing for a breeze, a man from the cross-trees sung out to the mate on deck that he saw several turtle taking a snooze on the surface of the water.

"Hey, sirs! but it's good eating is the turtle," said our captain; and in order to afford us a practical proof of the soundness of his judgment, he ordered the jolly-boat to be lowered, and directed the oars to be muffled with sheep skins, that the amphibious delicacy might be approached with the greater certainty. The Cornet, Captain F., a Lieutenant of Artillery, and myself were permitted to go in the boat; and our coxswain

who was an old hand at the fun, sculled us noiselessly towards a dark-looking nob, peering above the unruffled surface of the blue water; most cautiously did we approach the object; we hardly dared to breathe; and to us youngsters it was a moment of intense anxiety. The turtle was now distinctly visible, and as our boat glided up to the "Alderman's Idol," our pilot, with a scientific and practiced grip, secured the prize, which was soon floundering at the bottom of the boat. About a mile from this spot we caught another, and, well content with our morning's work, we're returning on board. A hotter day I never remember, and being heated with exertion and excitement, I proposed a swim when we were within about a hundred yards of the ship. Captain F. and the Dragoon seconded the motion, and we were soon enjoying a most refreshing bath under a broiling sun.

Being rather an expert swimmer I was performing all kinds of ridiculous antics at some distance from my companions, when a

man from the main-top of the ship called out to me most lustily,—“ For God’s sake, make haste to the boat, Sir, there’s a shark after you ” I lost no time in following his advice, as may be imagined, and struck out at the top of my speed, and on reaching the gunwale was dragged in most unceremoniously at the expense of grazed ribs. It was well for me that this haste was observed, for the seaman who had watched the whole proceeding, with no little anxiety, assured me that the shark was turning under me as my legs were pulled out of the water. I was not a little thankful for a deliverance from one of the most horrible deaths it is possible to conceive, and was congratulated by my fellow passengers on my escape as soon as we reached the ship.

We had not been on board more than five minutes ere a hook, most knowingly baited with a huge piece of salt pork, was lowered over the stern by our Captain, and it had scarcely descended a yard below the surface of the water before the shark was

seen making towards it; after one or two preliminary sniffs he turned on his back, most leisurely swallowed the pork, and was making off, when a vigorous jerk from the brawny Scotchman astonished the jaws of the monster most transcendently: he pulled and struggled, slashed away with his tail, but fast he was as we could possibly wish him. A bowline knot was run down the line to which the hook was attached, and, slipping over the shark's head, was pulled tight by one of the men immediately under the fins; here was a double purchase, and no quarter was shewn: we soon had the gentleman on deck, where his tail was chopped off in a workmanlike manner by the carpenter; the ship's cook disembowelled the sea-lawyer, and in his craw, or maw, or whatever repository sharks have for their food, some halves of lemons were found. It was evident the brute had followed our ship for more than four-and-twenty hours, for some of our party had indulged in a bowl of punch the night before, and had thrown

overboard the lemons as soon as the juice had been expressed from them : he would, doubtless, have found one of my legs a more savoury *morceau* than the rind of the lemons, and, as he was evidently on short commons, would perhaps have helped himself to a second. This shark measured eleven feet and a half in length, and when the jawbone was dissected it passed without touching my coat over my shoulders and body, so that in life, when the powers of distension are much increased, a couple of slender youths like myself would have afforded him a pretty morning's picking.

Having despatched the shark, we did not forget our turtle, which proved excellent. We had a West India Nigger on board, who was well versed in the art and mystery of turtle-dressing ; our soup was perfect, and the callipee and callipash worthy of Birch's best days.

I have said that our party was a pleasant one, and a real blessing it proved, for our passage was an unusually long one ; the

weather was too fine, and we got on but slowly. We contrived, however, to amuse ourselves by playing at chess and backgammon during the day, and with a rubber at night. We could muster four or five first-rate whist players, a talent not much appreciated or liked by the steward, who was frequently kept up beyond the small hours mixing our grog, while we were deep in the study of Matthews and of Hoyle, and our thoughts on the odd trick rather than our beds.

We had been for some days busily employed in preparing our lines and tackle for a crusade against the cod fish on the banks of Newfoundland, and we had almost begun to despair of tasting one, when, on a foggy morning as ever ushered in a Lord Mayor's day, the mate ran down the companion ladder to announce the joyful intelligence of having made soundings on the Green Bank. In less time than I can write the words, we were all on deck, and the anxiety to get the first line out and to catch the first fish

caused no little scrambling, confusion, and merriment. Our chief mate, who was a sort of salt-water Walton, had the honor of hooking and pulling on deck the first cod. It was a fine fish, but did not appear to me to be in particularly good season. His example was followed by nearly half a dozen of us at the same time, and in less than half an hour I suppose the passengers and crew had taken nearly seventy fish. One of them was cut in slices and fried for breakfast, but we one and all pronounced it woolly. Another of the finest was well cleansed and rubbed with salt preparatory to being dressed for dinner. This was an improvement, and the fish was eatable, but still immeasurably inferior to the Doggerbank cod we are accustomed to see in London. We found them better on the second and third day than on the first, but no process will ever give the flavor to a Newfoundland fish that distinguishes those caught off the Dutch coast.

After having laid-to until the afternoon,

we filled and made sail, passing through a fleet of small vessels from St. John's, Newfoundland, and the coast of Labrador. These sloops and schooners are called "Bankers," from their remaining at anchor for some weeks on the fishing-ground. They incur considerable risk of being run down in the night by ships proceeding to the American ports, as well as Halifax, Prince Edward's Island, and the St. Lawrence. Several fatal accidents have occurred, and not a year passes without a considerable loss of life.

In a week from the time of our making the Banks, the Island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence, was seen from the mast-head, and here our voyage may be said to have ended, although we had from three to four hundred miles of river to run up. On the following morning we were boarded by a Canadian pilot, and as we were passing by a barren, rocky, and inhospitable-looking Island, some thirty miles above Anticosti, I perceived the wreck of a large ship on a formidable reef of rocks.

Little dreaming of the reply I should receive, I asked the pilot when and how the vessel had been lost. To my astonishment he informed me, that the wreck we were passing was that of *La Lune* transport, bound to Quebec with Government stores ; that she had arrived out rather late in the season, was blocked up in the ice, and had stranded on the desolate spot where we saw her ; that the master and crew, with the exception of one man, had perished ; that the fortunate individual who had escaped, had suffered indescribable hardships ; and that all on board had suffered miseries and privations too horrible to commit to paper. Thus was I rescued from a lingering, torturing death by Captain Dickenson, of whom I have made mention, and but for his benevolence and soundness of judgment I might have been converted into a pot of bear's grease, for the survivor of the doomed beings on board this ill-fated ship reported that his messmates furnished many a meal for the

famished bears, who attacked them in organized gangs for many nights in succession.

Our sail up the St. Lawrence was none of the quickest, but I could scarcely regret the delay, for the scenery on either side of the river is supremely beautiful, the south shore, which we hugged (as the sailors term it), especially so. It is impossible to conceive a more splendid or varied panorama than that presented to the gaze of the European traveller on first entering this Queen of Rivers, the St. Lawrence. It is in truth a magnificent water, and its countless islands, straggling villages, picturesque churches, and whitewashed cottages afford a *coup d'œil* very difficult to describe.

On the fourth day of our fresh-water voyage, not having sufficient wind to stem the ebb-tide, we were compelled to anchor about twelve miles below the city of Quebec. My chum the Cornet and myself, becoming rather impatient at the repeated stoppages, landed at the village of St. Nicholas, and hired a cabriolet, which conveyed us to a

point of land facing the town on the south side of the magnificent basin. The view of Quebec from this spot is perfectly enchanting. We crossed over in the ferry-boat, and were soon welcomed by those families to whom we had brought letters.

Behold me now at my journey's end. I cannot, however, conclude this chapter without stating, that as our voyage had been prolonged to nearly twice the expected period, and as we were convinced that Captain Haig must have been considerably out of pocket by his contract, we, at a meeting of the passengers which was convened at our Hotel, subscribed ten guineas each without his being aware of our intention ; and having invited him to a *dejeuner à la fourchette* a bag containing one hundred and sixty guineas was presented to him, accompanied by an address, in token of the sense we entertained of his kindness, liberality, and gentlemanlike conduct towards us.

CHAPTER II.

THE Author lands a few miles below the City of Quebec—and proceeds to Malhiot's Hotel, where the Cornet and himself make all due preparation for the reception of their fellow passengers. A jolly night on their meeting. Major Browne and his fishing tackle. Breakfast given to the Captain of the Diana, accompanied by a subscription purse and a long speech. A parting dinner and dispersion of the guests. Preparations for a piscatorial trip.

THE good ship Diana, freighted with our fellow-passengers, did not reach the Basin of Quebec until a late hour in the evening, long after the Cornet and myself had discussed our claret at Malhiot's Hotel. We had not been unmindful of the comforts of our friends even in the plenitude of our own enjoyment, having commanded a substantial supper to

be prepared for them ; for to those who have endured the misery of being “ cabin’d, cribb’d and confined ” on ship-board for some six or eight weeks, a change of diet is not the least of the enjoyments to be met with on reaching *terra firma*. The bowels of the seafarer yearn for beef, fresh butter, eggs, and cream ; for it is engrafted in our nature to crave after that which is unattainable ; and for this reason do gastronomic passengers, for lack of better conversation, talk of fried soles, rump-steaks and oyster-sauce, sirloins of beef, and broiled bones. I blush to own that towards the end of our voyage this had been our favorite theme ; and in order to satisfy the cravings of our epicurean friends, an appetising repast was prepared for them. Having requested that intimation might be given to us as soon as our ship rounded the Point preparatory to anchoring in the Basin, we went down to the wharf to welcome our brothers-in-arms on reaching their destination. We had not waited long before a boat-load of our messmates were shaking us by

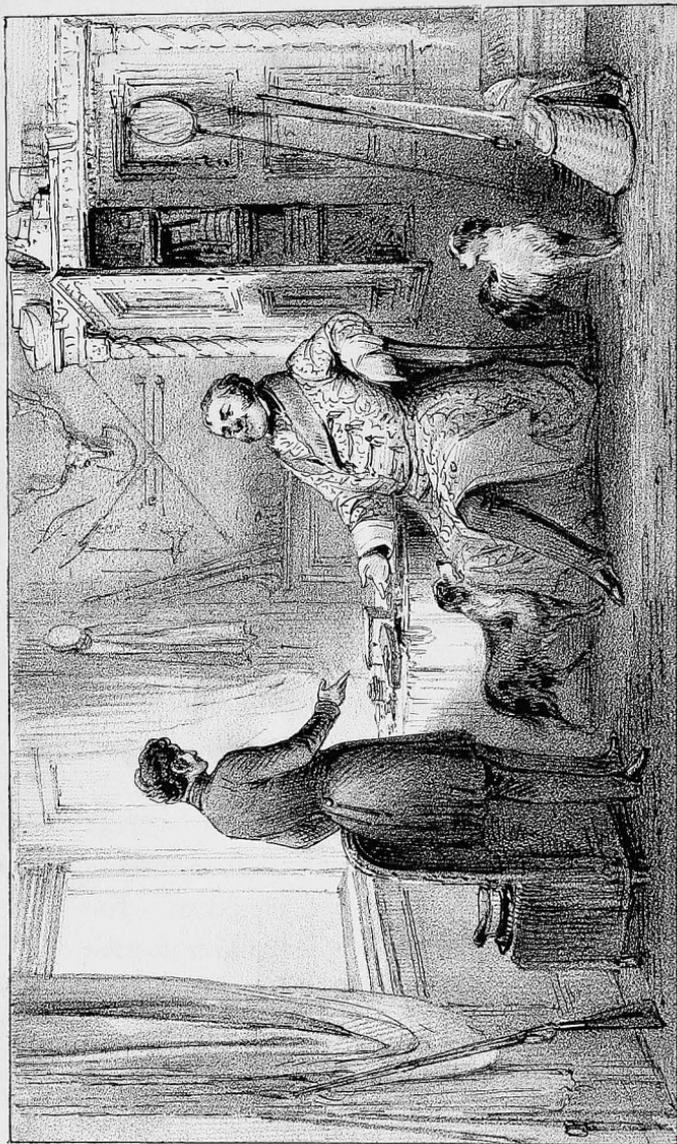
the hand, and we forthwith piloted them to the caravansary where the good cheer was awaiting them.

Some of my readers may, in the course of human events, have visited the Eastern Hemisphere; and to those whose impatience may have induced them to land at Deal or Dover, instead of remaining on board until the ship reached the River, I need scarcely say what their first dinner on shore consisted of: but to those who may not have experienced the delights of a voyage home from Bombay, Calcutta, Ceylon, or Madras, I may be permitted to say that the first thing ordered by the bilious, parchment-looking passenger on touching British ground is a fried sole and a rump-steak. Acting therefore upon this proverbial propensity, we had directed the worthy proprietor of the Hotel, Monsieur Malhiot himself, to cater as best he could in order to satisfy the palates of his new customers; and in compliance with our wishes he had (lacking soles and rump-steaks) prepared some salmon-cutlets, roasted ribs of

beef (cold), lobsters, salad, and broiled bones. Our party did ample justice to the fare, which was washed down by copious libations of intoxicating fluids of every denomination "from humble Port to Imperial Tokay." Teetotalism was unknown in those days ; but even in this water-drinking age I am prone to believe that Father Mathew himself would not scruple to pledge a fellow-passenger in a bumper of sparkling wine when seated at a convivial board after a long voyage, the perils of which, when over, are forgotten in the moment of hilarity and good fellowship on that shore whither destiny may have consigned a knot of good fellows. Out upon the cynic, say I, who would not unbend and run out of the course a little on such an occasion ! Be this as it may, right or wrong, we were all a little *consarned in liquor* before we went to roost ; but this I *will* say, that a pleasanter or a jollier night I never passed.

On the following morning I had the honor of being presented to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Sherbroke, to whom I had

carried out letters of introduction, as well as to the Adjutant-General, Quarter-Master-General, and some of the Commanding officers of regiments in the garrison. To the ceremonies of introduction succeeded a round of dinners and parties, and as soon as these very pleasant and conventional forms had been gone through, I began to look about me for a congenial spirit in the shape of a brother Sportsman ; and I was not long in discovering one of the right sort in the person of Major Browne, of the 103rd Regiment, to whom I had the good fortune to be especially commended. My kind old friend the Major (I may call him so now,) was the best shot and the best fisherman that ever pulled a trigger or wetted a line : at least I never saw his equal. He had served a long apprenticeship in the North American rivers, and was as well acquainted with the habits and peculiarities of the Yankee salmon as if he had amphibiously been born amongst them. On my first visit to the Major, I found him busily engaged in preparing for



R. J. Hamerton.

THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE MAJOR'S SANCTUM.

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his piscatory campaign. He was in his *sanctum sanctorum*, a perfect snugery, set apart exclusively as the receptacle for guns, rods, and all the paraphernalia appertaining to a Sportsman. At this my first introduction I discovered the kind-hearted Major seated at a table which was strewed with wings, feathers, pig's down, dubbing, furs, and silk of every denomination and hue ; and to these might be added gut of every size, twisted and untwisted. It was evident that the owner of these treasures was in his glory, and he received me with more complacency than I could have anticipated, seeing, as I did, that I interrupted him in his principal amusement. The greeting and welcome I experienced were unaffectedly cordial, and in five minutes I was on as friendly a footing with my new acquaintance as if I had known him as many years. The Major had heard of my predilection for the rod and gun, which circumstance may have prepossessed him in my favor, for a similarity of tastes and habits is the sure precursor of

intimacy ; and to this only can I attribute the marked kindness of my reception. As a token of especial favor, the Major's valuable store of tackle was exhibited to me ; and if I was surprised at the quantity, I had no less cause for astonishment at the quality of the materials, the salmon gear being essentially different from everything of the kind I had been accustomed to see on this side of the Atlantic. While I was taking a brief survey of the contents of the *studio*, I could perceive that the kind-hearted Major was chuckling under the rose at my undisguised astonishment, and having enjoyed for some minutes the bewilderment I exhibited, he thus addressed me.

“It's right, glad I am to hear that you're fond of fishing and shooting, Mr. Tolfrey, and 'by the piper that played before Moses'—(a favorite expletive of the Major's)—I'll shew you some sport. I like to see a tight lad like yourself fond o' these divarsions ; but I'll be letting you into a bit of a *sacret* : you'll be wanting some *experiance* in the

Canadian rivers; for if you're going to fish for salmon with us, you'll smash your fine London tackle all to *smithereens* as sure as my names's James (or *Jemes* as he pronounced it) Browne of New Town Barry.—How old may you be, Mr. Tolfrey?—'Twenty-two,' was my reply.—And when you've twenty-two more years clapt on to the back o' that, you'll be after using the same sort o' tackle I do. I *mane* you to be one o' my own boys, and by the powers I'll make a *rale* fisherman of ye. Just come with me now, and I'll shew you my rods."

Whereupon the kind-hearted Major inducted me to a *grenier* at the top of his domicile, a long and lofty apartment—three garrets rolled into one in fact—and here did I behold what in the plenitude of my ignorance I conceived to be some mis-shapened hop-poles, but which the Major dignified by the name of "salmon rods." He took one down from its exalted position, and placed it in my hands. To say the truth, it was an unsightly tool, but all doubts as to its

excellence were soon dissipated the moment I poised and tried it; and from the hasty opinion I was enabled to form by a cursory handling of this gigantic pole, I was convinced it was a rod of great power, yet so perfect were the proportions that it appeared to be under perfect command, and to possess all the qualifications of a smaller and a lighter one.

Some rods do too much, and run away with you, if I may be allowed the expression. Although but a young hand at the time, I was certain that this rough looking article had many hidden merits, of which the Major alone was in the secret. The gratified owner appeared much flattered at the attention I bestowed upon his treasures, and was evidently amused at the undisguised astonishment I exhibited. Having allowed me due time for examination, the worthy Major first broke silence:—"That rod, M. Tolfrey, is the *na plus ultra* of salmon-rods. I made it myself, and a better never threw a line: you will perceive that there are only two

joints (barring the whalebone top) in it, and they are spliced in the middle. This is the rale sacret for making a rod throw a fly dacently. Your dandy London rods, with their four or five joints and brass sockets and ferules, are of no use here : they are mighty pretty to look at, but you will find that they snap like a reed with a lively salmon at the end of 'em in the Jacques Cartier River."

"And where may be the Jacques Cartier River?" I inquired.

"About six-and-thirty miles above this," was the Major's reply, "and some eight or nine to the right of the St. Lawrence, into which it runs. Oh, but it's a beautiful strame is the Jacques Cartier, Mr. Tolfrey ! and it's soon you'll have an oppportunity of judging of it, for I mane to take you with me on my first expedition to the Bridge, together with a couple of my boys, and you'll find that the widow will make us all right and comfortable."

The Bridge and the widow were riddles to

me at the time. The inanimate and animate objects, however, were soon made known to me.....But I must not anticipate.

Having examined all the rods, for they numbered nearly a dozen, I returned with the Major to his piscatory boudoir, where his store of lines and flies was exhibited for my inspection. I have said that I was astonished at the rods : the rest of the tackle afforded no less cause for wonderment. The Major's salmon lines were composed of..... laugh not, good reader, although smile you must I fear.....whipcord!!—at least so he told me ; and I had afterwards knowledge of the fact, for I used nothing else myself. But the original fabric was in no way distinguishable ; so much so, that I, in the innocence of my heart, conceived the supple sample before me to have been a kind of round and pliant weed.

The delighted Major soon explained the mystery, and imparted to me the secret : it was this—Having provided himself with

some sixty yards of the finest and best-manufactured whipcord (which he invariably imported from a noted twine and net warehouse in the City—I forget the name of the firm, but the establishment is still thriving, and has been removed to a corner shop in King William Street, near London Bridge, and which leads down to the Monument), he steeped it in twice-boiled linseed oil for some six or eight months during the winter. By reason of this immersion the fibre in the line was completely hidden, and it came out after this process as smooth and as pliable as a weed. It gained also infinite lightness, for when it was thrown on the water it fell like a single hair on the stream. The foot-lines, bottoms, and collars—these names signify one and the same thing—were made in proportion to the line to which they were to be attached: they had been twisted by the Major himself, commencing with three fibres of gut of proportionate stoutness, and tapering gradually down to the loop, where two strands finished this

very perfect specimen of private manufacture.

I observed that the gut was dyed of a peculiar brown color ; the reason for which was to match the water ; and, from the circumstance of its flowing over a substratum of ferruginous ore, this cocoa-like tinge was imparted to the stream : the gut, being soaked in chocolate for a day and a night, became of the same hue. In short, I could see during this my first visit that this military Walton had left no means untried to ensure success in the Canadian rivers.

The Major, with a national partiality truly pardonable, was an ardent advocate for the Limerick hook. All his flies for salmon, trout, and bass were tied on them : in fact, he would use no other. He made me in time a convert to his system, for to this day I give the preference to the *rale O'Shaughnessy*. The Major's flies differed materially from those I had been accustomed to gaze upon as a youth in the several London shops : they were not so

gaudy, for he abominated everything in the shape of gold or silver twist. I believe all good and true salmon and trout-fishers will concur with me in opinion, that the generality of trout and salmon flies exhibited in the windows of fishing-tackle shops, are miserable abortions, and as unlike that which they are intended to represent as a cart-horse is to a race-horse. I know of but one firm in London that can be quoted as an exception to this sweeping censure, and that is Mr. Bowness, sen. of Bell Yard, Temple Bar. M. Bowness *père*, in the plenitude of his paternity, has a son and daughter, both of whom are most efficient coadjutors to their excellent sire. The taper fingers of the latter are put in requisition for the fly department of this renowned establishment, and most ably and scientifically is her branch of the business performed. Miss Bowness comes nearer to, if she do not equal the best amateur fly-makers in the kingdom. All married piscators know that the ladies excel in fly-making; and if, as all good wives

ought to do, they take pleasure in the amusements of their husbands, why they will tie their flies for them. There is a neatness, an elegance, a lightness, an indescribable finish in female fly-making, that we Lords of the Creation cannot achieve or even aspire to : hence it is that the flies in Mr. Bowness's establishment are superior to all others submitted for sale in the metropolis.

But *revenons à nos moutons*.—The Major did me the kindness to shew me his flies also : they were all of his own make of course, and were the *ne plus ultra* of verisimilitude. The one he found most taking in the Jacques Cartier water, and which he pointed out to me, may be thus described : the extreme end of the body was tipped with bright yellow, the centre, of a reddish brown, about the color of bear's fur ; the shoulder, dark purple ; the wings, from the pinion of a hen-pheasant ; and the tail, of two fibres from the downy feather of the mallard. This I afterwards found a most

efficient, general fly. I quitted my newly formed acquaintance with some reluctance, for I could have passed the whole day with him in listening to his humorously-told adventures by flood and field. I was not permitted to take leave of my gallant friend without receiving a cordial assurance of being taken under his wing, and initiated on an early day in the art and mystery of killing salmon in Canadian rivers.

I found that during my absence my *compagnons de voyage* at the hotel, had organised two entertainments, which were to come off with the least possible delay—one being a breakfast, a regular *dejeuner à la fourchette*, in honor of Captain Haig, our worthy Caledonian schipper, on which occasion the purse, we had subscribed by unanimous consent, was to be presented to him. The other, not a whit the less gratifying, was not free from melancholy associations, for it was intended that all the passengers should dine together prior to the departure of the majority for the Upper

Province, where they were to be stationed. This was to be a parting *réunion*: and when and where we might meet again was, to say the least, very uncertain.

As I had been nominated to the honorable post of caterer to the Mess on board the *Diana*, I was deputed to invite our Commander in the name of my fellow-passengers. The following Saturday was the day appointed, and at eleven o'clock we sat down to as good a breakfast as our host, Monsieur Malhiot, could provide, and as the city of Quebec could afford. This breakfast was in point of fact a tiffin, which, being interpreted, means a luncheon, for little of tea or coffee was drunk. The refectation concluded, I was deputed to address our guest in the name of the body corporate who had invited him to the table, and I believe, if the *Quebec Gazette* of that day be still in the archives of the printing-office, it will testify as to the correctness of the following oration, which I was called upon to deliver on the occasion ;—

“ Captain Haig, I am deputed by my fellow-passengers to convey to you the sense they entertain of the kindness, liberality, and gentlemanlike feeling you have exhibited towards them from the commencement to the termination of our voyage on board of the ship under your command ; and I know that I express the feeling of every one present, when I assure you how pleased they are to receive you as their guest on this occasion. I have the gratifying task of making known to you their sentiments ; and if anything can possibly add to the pleasure I experience individually, it is in the fact that I am authorised to place in your hands a more substantial, though I am convinced not a more welcome acknowledgment, of the generosity and unexampled hospitality which have characterised your conduct from the day we left the Thames to the hour we entered the St. Lawrence.

“ We are one and all aware of the very inadequate sum paid you by Government

for our passage, and we are equally convinced that the trifling demand you made upon our private purses for the mess-table cannot have remunerated you for the bountiful stock of good things with which you have supplied us from first to last. It does not in short require a 'Cocker' to tell us that you must be a loser, for our voyage has been an unusually long one ; and I believe your steward can testify as to our being blessed with good appetites and thirsty throattles.

“ Had you not mixed with us as a friend—had you not encouraged our conviviality, we should have felt bound to have ensured you from positive loss. It is needless, I trust, for me to assure you by how much our sense of justice is magnified into a pleasurable duty, when we spontaneously offer you this little contribution which we have levied upon one another, and which we hope you will accept in token of the high regard and esteem in which we hold you. We cannot allow you to be out of pocket ; and I hope, in conjunction with my companions around

you, that the sum of one hundred and sixty guineas, which I have the pleasure of placing in your hands, will reimburse you for your prodigality.

“ My task is done : but I cannot resume my seat without proposing your health in a bumper of champagne, and I but express the feeling of every one present in wishing health and prosperity to you and yours on your return to your native country.”

Having said my say, I sate down. Eloquence was never my *forte*, but whatever I lacked in this accomplishment was made up for in sincerity. I liked the old fellow—a better creature never breathed ; and if, as some gourmands have asserted, the way to the heart is through the stomach, our jolly schipper succeeded to admiration, for he fed us like fighting-cocks.

Captains of merchantmen are not the best orators in the world, and I could see that our guest was, to use a nautical phrase, completely “ taken aback ” at this unexpected address, and still more unexpected

addition to his exchequer. He was evidently struggling with his feelings ; but, screwing his courage to the sticking place, he got upon his legs, and thus addressed the party. His speech was not inserted in the *Quebec Gazette* but, as far as my memory serves me, it was as nearly as possible in the following words :—

“ You’ll ken, Gentlemen, that I have no got the gift o’ the gab like my vary gude friend, who has just been holding forth at my expense : in fact, I don’t know what to say to you, or how to thank you, for I am so taken by surprise at this mark of your goodness, that I am well nigh fou. When you asked me to come and eat a wee bit with you, I never thought what you were going to do. I’ll no deny that we’ve nearly cleaned out the old ship of her provisions, but we’ve had a merry time of it, and I am sorry to lose you. I can only say, you’ve been too liberal, and far beyond what I could expect, or you’d any right to do. It’ll no go into my pocket ; but I’ll buy a piece o’

silver plate, and give it to Mistress Haig, and I'll have an inscription of all your names on it ; and when I brew some good toddy in it, I'll think o' the many happy days we passed together in the old ship, and it'll be my pride to shew that you've been pleased with her old Commander. Gi' me the bottle—(this was said to me aside)—I'll fill a bumper to all your healths, and here's God bless you all, you noisy troublesome ne'er-do-weels !”

The latter part of this speech was scarcely audible ; his feelings were evidently getting the mastery, and he endeavoured, by jocularly alluding to our fun and nonsense, to check the rising emotion : but it was in vain : the tears came in his eyes, and he sate down while giving utterance to an hysterical laugh that told more powerfully than any rhetoric could have done how deeply he felt the compliment we had paid him. Poor old Haig ! he returned to the house of his old friend Davie Gowdie, the ship-builder, at Quebec, brim full of champagne, and with a heart as full as his pockets.

The major part of my fellow-passengers were destined to be sent to the Upper Province—some to Kingston, some to York (now called Toronto), and others to different forts and out-stations within the frontiers. We had all been as one family on board the *Diana*; for fate had so willed it that our tempers, habits, minds, and dispositions—albeit “there were no two alike and every one different,” as the keeper at Exeter Change was formerly wont to remark of the spots on the leopard—chimed in most harmoniously with one another. The odds were fearfully against this unanimity; and it will be admitted as an unusual as well as a fortunate occurrence for sixteen strangers to be thrown *promiscuously* together, as *Lord Duberly* says, and to cross the Atlantic without a wrangle, an angry word, or an unpleasant feeling.

To the curious in human frailties I would recommend a long sea-voyage with a score or so of their fellow-men, and if the real dispositions of the party be not discovered before the expiration of a month, there is no

virtue in salt-water. A man's true character *must* develop itself on ship-board: the good or the evil propensities will betray themselves; and a quiet but shrewd observer will acquire a greater knowledge of human nature in one week afloat than during a twelvemonth on *terra firma*. My *compagnons d'armes* and myself had been thus thrown in juxtaposition for nearly nine weeks: we knew each other *well*; and I believe the friendships that were formed in this short space have been as lasting as they were sincere at the time. Some, alas! have been taken away, and one or two of those who remain I regard as brothers to this day. Well might Captain Haig say that he never had so pleasant a party: a jollier set never crossed the Atlantic.

On the evening of the second day after the vinous breakfast I have recorded, we were assembled together at Malhiot's Hotel, and at six o'clock we sat down to dinner preparatory to our final separation. The steam-boat was to start for Montreal at midnight, so that we

had but little time for the enjoyment of each other's society. I would fain hope and believe that there are but few of us who can look upon our friends and companions for the last time without a feeling akin to regret and sorrow ; and when a knot of good fellows are met together at the convivial board, who can pledge a bumper with his comrade on the eve of departure without a pang, and the painful conviction that in draining the goblet to his health, he looks on him for the last time ? Such thoughts will arise at such moments, and in spite of the forced laugh and the effort to assume a gaiety the heart but ill responds to, a tinge of melancholy will cast its gloom over the minds of all assembled at similar meetings—glass after glass may be swallowed, but the load will not be removed. I need scarcely add, that many were the bumpers quaffed on this occasion, and cordial and sincere were the wishes expressed for the welfare and happiness of those who were on the point of departure. I am afraid to state the number of bottles of

claret and champagne which were emptied on this evening—the quantity was enormous. Captain Haig came to shake his old mess-mates by the hand ere they started, and he told me in confidence the following morning that he observed a good deal of *lateral motion* as we escorted our friends down to the steam-boat. Thanks to Bacchus, we none of us slipped off the plank which led from the wharf to the deck of the vessel! We saw the good fellows all safely on board, and got back to our Hotel without any mishap—at least so I inferred from finding myself very snug between the sheets the following morning.

An overpowering thirst and a splitting headache, to say nothing of a most confused recollection of the previous night's proceedings, gave me to understand most unequivocally that in drinking the health of my friends I had not thought of my own. A tumbler of lemonade, a basin of green tea, and a splendid shower-bath, cooled me inside and out, and by eleven o'clock I was discussing deviled

kidneys with as much gusto as ever. I was enjoying the savoury meal, when a note was brought me by Major Browne's servant, inviting me to hold myself in readiness for a trip to Jacques Cartier on the following morning at five o'clock. In addition to this welcome intelligence, the Major had sent one of his rods, a line, and a liberal supply of flies and foot-lines, accounting for his kindness by stating that he did not like to see any of his pupils lose a fish by using London tackle and jim-crack rods; that he did not look upon me as a Cockney Sportsman; and that he had consequently ventured to supply me with proper materials, which he was sure I should not disgrace. Here was I most unexpectedly set up with every requisite for the water I was about to explore, and I was busily employed the whole day in making arrangements for the expedition. I called on the Mayor in the evening to thank him for his attention and kindness, as well as to request he would let me know what eatables and drinkables I was to provide as my share

of the pic-nic. This with some reluctance he did ; and having desired my servant to procure from our mess-man the necessary comforts, I betook myself to roost betimes, and was up with the lark as fresh as a four-year-old.

CHAPTER III.

The Author starts for Jacques Cartier, accompanied by Major Browne, Captain Griffiths, and Mr. Hamilton—The Journey—Breakfast at the Post-House of Old Lorette—Arrival at Jacques Cartier—The Bridge—The Toll-House—The Widow—Capital Luncheon—A savoury Cosmetic—The Hospital—Killing the first Salmon—The Major's skill, who lands a splendid fish—Return to the Toll-House—The Major's Fiddle, and a rustic ball in the evening.

By half-past four I had performed my ablutions, and was dressed ready to start. An American waggon (a light vehicle on springs), which had been chartered to convey our servants, canteens, and provender, drove up to the door of the Hotel shortly afterwards, in which I packed my man Friday and a plentiful supply of prog. The cargo of

eatables was scarcely out of sight ere *Il Gran' Maestro*, the Major himself, made his appearance in a kind of cabriolet, known in Canada by the name of a *calèche*, which was followed by a well appointed buggy, containing Captain Griffiths, of the 103rd Regiment, and Mr. Hamilton, a West India merchant, both pupils of the Major. I was greeted with a most harmonious yell, something between an Indian war-whoop and a Leicestershire view-halloo, and "Jacques Cartier for ever!" was the cry, as my brother anglers drove up. The Major's rod, which had been unspliced, as well as my new acquisition, were soon properly secured to our vehicle, our friends in the rear having under our commanding officer's direction done ditto; but even in this dismantled condition the four rods presented a formidable appearance, and any passer-by might, with good reason, have imagined that our crusade against the salmon was one of extermination, and that not a fish would be left by us in the river. In truth, we were bent upon

mischief ; and in order that we might commence operations as speedily as possible, the Major gave the word *en avant* to our Canadian driver, who was perched in front of us on a most inconvenient seat of triangular construction, but who bore the bumping like a martyr as we jolted over the rough pavement of the Rue St. Jean towards the suburbs. We were now fairly *en route* : the weather was everything that could be desired, and the whole party in the highest possible glee. It had been arranged that we were to breakfast at the post-house beyond old Lorette, a distance of eighteen miles, and where fresh horses had been commanded to be in readiness for us. The scenery between Quebec and this village, presents but little variety ; indeed, had there been a Stowe or a Blenheim to relieve the eye of the traveller after gazing on the monotonous track of a beaten high-road, I much question if we should have paid much attention to park, mansion, wood, water, hill, or dale, so completely absorbed were we by

the object we had in view and the anticipated sport. Visions of salmon at the end of our lines were floating before us ; flies, lines, and landing-nets were present to our imagination ; and every hill we ascended in accomplishing our journey seemed but so many impediments to the immediate accomplishment of our wishes. The longest day—even the 21st of June—will have an end, and so have eighteen-mile stages, albeit performed by one Canadian horse in a crazy cabriolet. Our waggon, with a pair of American clippers, which had been hired at the livery stable, (the owner of which was landlord of the post-house where we were to break our fast) had completely distanced our “ *von os shays*,” at which we had no reason to repine, for our “ helps,” as the Yankees term English serving-men, had anticipated our wishes in making preparations for our morning meal. We reached the post-house by half-past seven, and on entering the kitchen of the caravansery, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of certain

savoury edibles in the shape of ham, eggs, cutlets, and sausages, while the odour which came forth from the frying-pan, independently of gratifying our olfactories, gave promise of something substantial for our craving appetites. A morning drive of eighteen miles or so is an admirable preparative, and we set to in right good earnest upon the fare provided for us. A most excellent breakfast we had, and as soon as our servants had stuffed in like manner to their hearts' content, we once more resumed our journey with fresh horses, and, if possible, increased spirits. Our steeds did not quite come up to our impatient notions of progressive motion, for as we approached the goal of our wishes, our anxiety to commence operations called forth a few hearty anathemas on sandy hilly roads in general and Canadian horses in particular. For the hundredth time I believe I inquired of my companion if we were near Jacques Cartier, when the Major, pointing to a belt of huge fir-trees, said, "Do you see that ridge of dark pines extending from South to

North?—(for he invariably reversed the order of things)—they are on the summit of the West bank of the river, and, by the Powers! we'll be there presently!" Our driver, who rejoiced in the name of Michel Gauvin, received another gentle hint to quicken his pace, and forthwith the charioteer bellowed forth the well-known *marche done*, which had the effect of producing a momentary increase of speed. The impetus, however, was but of short duration, the shuffling canter which had succeeded the ambling trot quickly subsiding into the drawling gait which had kept us on tenter-hooks for the last four miles of our journey. To my infinite joy, I thought I could distinguish the sound of running water, and my hopes were confirmed by an exclamation from the Major, couched in the following words—"Aisey, lads! we're here, you grumbling divils: get out at the corner of the road." We here pulled up, and on looking up a path to the right, I could perceive some three or four straggling cottages, which I subsequently

learned belonged to some fishermen, who rented several miles of the river : but more of this anon.

Having followed my companion's example in alighting, I perceived a road not twenty paces from us, which appeared to lead into a wood. The Major followed the direction of my eye, and, as if to repress my curiosity, said, *sotto voce*, " Be aisey, can't you, a minute ! you'll be after seeing the river directly." I was wondering how our vehicles were to be disposed of, when our servants suddenly presented themselves, having emerged from this hidden road which had excited my attention. Our companions having alighted from their vehicle, the buggy and horse were consigned to the care of their " *bât-men*," and the Major having taken our rods from the *calèche*, I shouldered mine in obedience to the word of command, and Captain Griffiths, Mr. Hamilton, and myself followed the veteran Waltonian, who led the way, singing an Irish planxty with a richness of humor, style, and effect that none but a native of the Emerald Isle

can achieve. To my surprise, on reaching the road, I found it the summit of a winding, sandy declivity, which led down to the river. We could not see the water from the top of this precipice, nor was it until we were half way down the road that the transcendent beauty of the scenery was disclosed to us. A sudden bend of this frightfully steep hill presented such a splendid view, bursting as it did suddenly upon me, that I was positively riveted to the spot as if by enchantment: as that most erudite and eloquent of auctioneers, Mr. George Robins, would say, it must be seen to be appreciated, for no description from my feeble pen can convey any idea of the grandeur and sublimity of this part of the Jacques Cartier River. This magnificent stream runs from North to South, and discharges itself into the St. Lawrence, about nine miles from the toll-house at the foot of the bridge we were about to cross.

After feasting my eyes on the romantic scenery by which I was surrounded, I followed my companions to the foot of the hill, where

the Major had halted, as he had made up his mind to conduct me himself to the toll-house on the other side of the river. The bridge of Jacques Cartier, which connects the straggling cottages scattered on the summits of the precipitous banks on either side of the river, is of most primitive construction, but picturesque in the extreme. I have said that the banks of the river are precipitous—I should not be far wrong if I were to state that this impetuous stream flowed through perpendicular precipices of solid granite. Although we had descended a tremendously long hill, we were still some thirty feet above the river, which at this point is from ninety to a hundred feet wide.

Having joined the Major, and taken a cursory survey of the rustic bridge, he took me by the arm and led me to the centre of it, and having desired me to look right and left, dragged me to the railing, and told me to take a peep into the water under a shelving projection of rock. I obeyed the instructions, although I was for some time sorely

puzzled to account for my Mentor's anxiety that I should turn myself into a hydrometer. "Do you see nothing?" he rather impatiently observed. I replied that I certainly did observe a mass of objects beneath the surface of the water, but I could not distinguish them.—"They're salmon then, I tell ye," was the rejoinder. And so they were, good reader. Such a sight I never before had seen, and *certes* I shall never behold again. The fish were positively in layers, and hundreds upon hundreds were congregated in this deep pool: but, alas! for all the salmon-fishers who visited this spot, the king of the waters was out of the reach of rods, lines, nets, snares, spears, and trimmers. The sight of so many salmon heaped together in one little nook, however tantalizing, was excessively interesting and worth crossing the Atlantic to behold. Other attractions, however, awaited us, of which fact the Major lost no time in informing me. "The luncheon and the widow will be waiting for us, and, by the Powers! we must not lose any more time

before we visit the hospital," was the gentle hint I received to leave off salmon-gazing. Leaving therefore the finny inhabitants of this beautiful river in the plenitude of their safety and enjoyment, we traversed the bridge, and, as we approached the toll-gate, a buxom-looking lady in black, accompanied by two children and some half dozen followers, issued forth from the adjoining neat little cottage, and greeted the whole party most cordially. It was evident that this fascinating widow stood very high in the Major's estimation, and *vice versa*, for his reception by our fair hostess was as cordial and as gratifying as any son of Erin need have desired. The salutations, compliments, and other conventionalities over, we took possession of our apartments in the toll-house, than which nothing could be more clean and comfortable. Our sitting-room, which looked on to the water, was a perfect snuggerly—the nucleus of enjoyment to a professed angler—a perfect piscatory boudoir, where a man could make up his mind to live for ever.

A small double-bedded room, which adjoined this little *salon*, was devoted to the Major and myself, and another on the other side of the kitchen was appropriated to our companions. These arrangements having been concluded to the satisfaction of all parties, orders were given for luncheon, and while our domestics were unpacking our canteens and eatables, we occupied ourselves in putting our rods together, as it was the Major's intention to visit the principal stands before dinner. While we were on the bridge, he had talked of visting the hospital, as well as the widow, but what the widow had to do with the hospital, or the hospital with the widow, I was at a loss to conjecture. While we were splicing our rods at the widow's door, I ventured to inquire of our leader whether he was about to visit the sick, as he had expressed an intention of going to the hospital? The Major smiled at the question, and gave me to understand it was a nickname of his own for the first sheet of smooth water—the first salmon-stand in fact below the bridge, where the fish reposed

themselves after their fatigue of ascending the numerous scours and rapids between Jacques Cartier and the St. Lawrence ; adding, " Oh ! it's a beautiful place is the hospital, as you'll see presently ! but we'll not find any sick fish there, for they'll be in *finseason*."

Having done ample justice to some cold ribs of roasted beef and a pigeon-pie, washed down by some of Hodgson's pale ale and a glass of cold-without, we began to think of starting for the field of action, and I was busily engaged in filling my pockets with the requisite paraphernalia, when my attention was arrested by seeing the Major employed in stirring up some hog's lard and turpentine in a little pewter bowl. I found upon enquiry that this savoury mixture was being concocted for the purpose of anointing our faces and hands to ward off the attacks of musquitoes and a little blood-thirsty black fly which assail with their infernal probosces the inexperienced Johnny Newcome, who, on his first excursion to the banks of a Canadian river, is sucked nearly

dry by these merciless invaders on the comfort and repose of man.

The Major, ever alive to his own peaceful enjoyment and the happiness of his friends, had discovered the virtues of the nostrum he was preparing for us. It must be admitted that a thick layer of hog's-lard and turpentine is not the sweetest cosmetic to apply to the countenance, and many of my readers would doubtless prefer an application of Rowland's Kalydor or Warren's Milk of Roses ; but even this villanous admixture was preferable to the evil consequences that would inevitably have ensued had not the precaution been used.

I speak FEELINGLY : for very early in the year following this memorable excursion, I accompanied a friend, the present Barrack Master at Quebec, in the month of May to reconnoitre the best haunts in the river, and to ascertain if the salmon and trout had revisited their old quarters ; I did not carry a supply of the antidote with me, conceiving that these venomous insects could not have

made their appearance. Sorely did I repent of my rashness. I went up the river with my trout-rod, and, meeting with unusually good sport, pursued my favorite amusement until nearly dark ; and what with slapping my face and landing my fish, I had pretty sharp work of it. The excitement of the sport over, I began to feel rather queer about the nose and eyes, and by the time I rejoined my fellow-traveller at the toll-house, there were unequivocal demonstrations of an enlargement of the features. Vinegar and brandy were applied, and I went to roost in a high fever. In the morning not a feature could be discerned, the eyes and nose being completely hidden by the frightful swelling. I was in utter darkness, and in this unenviable state was I conducted back to my quarters in the garrison. One of my facetious friends was kind enough to say that my face was an ugly representation of a badly-mixed under-done plum-pudding. I was in a pitiable state for a week ; but, thanks to Dr. Lloyd, of the Royal Artillery, who fed his leeches at my

expense, the application of goulard and other cooling lotions, the inflammation was speedily subdued. Let my unhappy fate be a warning to all brethren of the angle who may hereafter visit a Canadian salmon river.— But to resume.

The cosmetic having been skilfully prepared, our faces, necks, and hands, even above the wrists, were bountifully anointed; and over the head, ears, and throat, a handkerchief cunningly tied to prevent the merciless attacks of our winged foes. This operation created no little fun and merriment, and I am certain four such Guys never sallied forth on a fishing expedition. The Major's trusty man-servant, the faithful Dan, brought up the rear, with the fishing-basket, gaff, and landing net. At the further end of the bridge over which we had passed, on the coping of the wall into which the wooden frame-work was fixed, a ladder was placed, by means of which we descended on to the stratum of granite, which constituted in fact the bank of the river. Having descended in

safety to this solid foundation, we followed the Major for nearly half a mile down the stream, through brake and briar, until we reached a fine broad sheet of still water where our leader called a halt.—“Get out your flies, boys! Here’s the hospital, and good luck to us!” In this manner did our kind-hearted guide and master cheer us. As may be imagined, we were not long in obeying orders. Captain Griffiths was the first in the field, and commenced business a few yards below the spot where the Major and myself were standing. At the third or fourth cast he hooked a fish, but he broke away, much to the annoyance of the angler. “Aisey, there!” cried our Mentor; “don’t be after checking ’em too much. Let the boys go on,” whispered my veteran companion, “and I’ll engage you’ll have a rise in less time than you’d swallow a tumbler of whiskey punch.” I was not sorry to have so able and experienced an instructor at my elbow, for I knew well I should stand in need of his assistance as well as advice in the event

of my having the good fortune to hook a fish. To say the truth, I was apprehensive of bungling with so large a rod and such stout tackle, for the whole of the apparatus was so very much heavier than I had been accustomed to use, or rather to see, that I despaired of doing any execution. I therefore suggested to the Major the expediency of taking a few preliminary casts some hundred yards higher up, for the purpose of getting my hand in, preparatory to commencing in his favorite pool. I did so, and was most agreeably surprised at finding my rod much more handy than I could have had any idea of: in fact, I was quite astonished at the ease, lightness, and precision with which I could throw my fly. Having regained a little confidence, I joined the Major, who had been watching most complacently my movements, and with an encouraging nod pointed to a particular spot just above the hospital, where he wished me to begin. Cautiously and tremblingly did I make my first essay. "That'll do it!—that's a fine cast! by the

Powers, that's well thrown for a youngster!" and twenty similar commendations were bestowed on my endeavours.

At last—never shall I forget that moment—in a sweeping eddy, almost under a rock, I had a splendid rise—hooked my fish, and away he went at railroad speed down the broad water: he had run me out about five-and-twenty yards of line, when he leaped out of the water, and tried all sorts of manoeuvres to disengage himself; but as good luck would have it, he was too firmly hooked to get away, and as I knew my tackle to be good, I could afford to be a little resolute. "If he jumps again," said the Major, give him his head; for he'll try and break your line with a flip of his tail." We had a regular battle for it; but I had an old hand at my elbow to check my impatience, and owing to his masterly directions, I succeeded in killing my fish, which he landed for me. It weighed nearly ten pounds, and, as may be imagined, I was not a little elated at my success. I know not of

any excitement, attended with such unqualified delight, equal to killing a salmon ; and to a youngster as I then was, and passionately fond of fishing withal, the sensation I experienced on taking my first fish is scarcely to be defined, if expressed. I was nearly suffocated with joy, if I may so express myself, and never to my latest breath shall I cease to remember this eventful day. The Major was kind enough to compliment me on my skill, patience, and steadiness of hand : in short, he was pleased to say he was proud of his pupil, and by flattery and encouragement, if so enthusiastic a disciple as myself wanted encouragement, made me a confirmed angler from that hour.

It was long ere I completely recovered my self-possession ; and as I was anxious to take a lesson by witnessing a display of the Major's piscatorial powers, I begged of him to leave me to my own reflections, and set to work on his own account. Instead of proceeding to another stand down the stream, *Ill Gran' Maestro* commenced operations

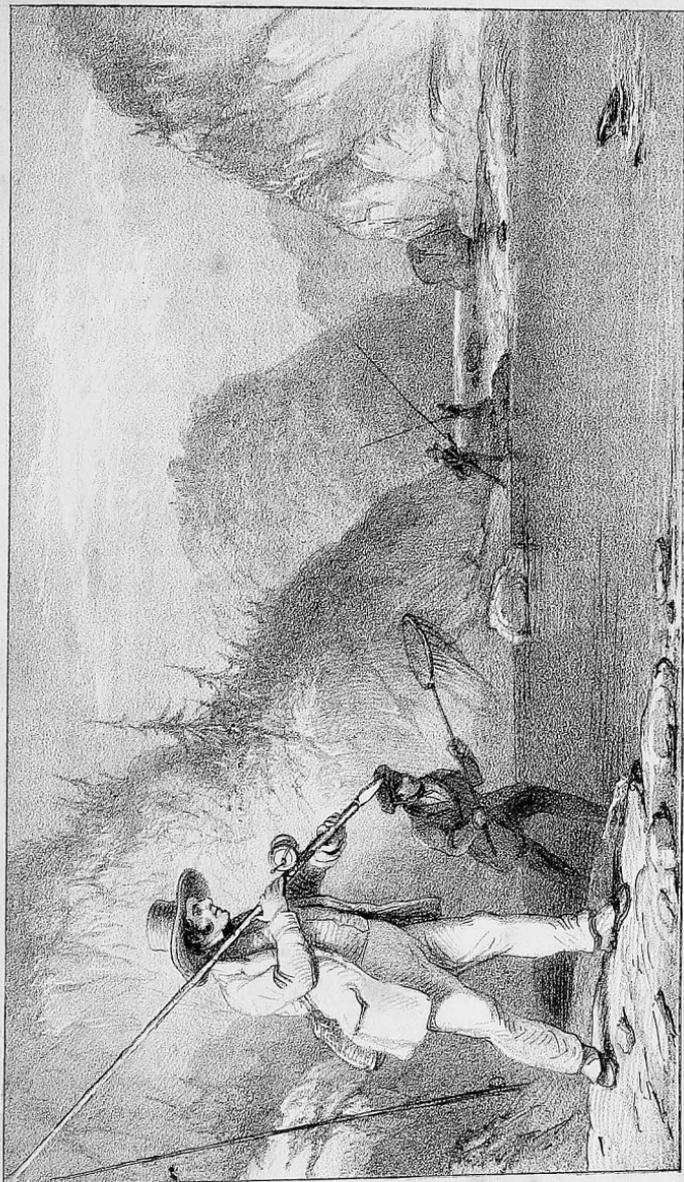
a yard or two above the spot where I had hooked my fish ; but instead of hugging the left bank as I had done, the Major threw across the river under the high and projecting rocks. The cast was an extraordinary one, almost incredible as to distance ; yet the fly fell with a lightness and precision I never yet saw equalled ; in fact, it dropped on the surface of the water as gently as thistle-down. At the third cast, a huge mass rose to the fly, and in an instant whirr-r-r-r went the reel, the Major following the captured fish at the top of his speed : he presently pulled up, for the salmon, in a fit of sulks, had taken to the bottom, for the purpose of rubbing his nose in the gravel or against the rocks to rid himself of the hook. The Major called to me to come to his aid, and to collect all the stones I could, and throw them into the water in the direction of his line. I lost no time in doing as he wished, and most industriously did I work. This manœuvre had the desired effect of dislodging the salmon from his quarters, for he

made another desperate rush down the water, as the Yankees say, like "a flash o' lighting." "Aisey, lad," said the Major; can't you be quiet, you *divil*!" But the fish was deaf to these amiable expostulations, for he shewed fight in a most determined manner. "By Jasus! you're a troublesome customer anyhow, and I'll be after losing you if you get to the fall below; so here goes." Whereupon, having delivered himself of this soliloquy, the Major waded nearly up to his middle in a shallow by the side of the river, and played his fish in a most masterly manner. It was in truth a sight worth beholding—the skill, coolness, and steadiness with which the wary angler baffled the attempts of his prey to escape.

Our companions, who had been pursuing their sport some distance lower down, left their rods to run and be present at the capture. "It's a thumping fish, boys, and as strong as a jack-ass," said the Major; "and he'll lead us a dance yet:" and so he did, and I began to fear that we should lose him. My heart was in my mouth twenty times as he darted,

leaped, and floundered in the rushing stream ; but there was an old soldier at the but end of the rod and he won the fight in something less than three quarters of an hour. When exhausted and powerless, our prince of fishermen drew the salmon to the shelving bank, where Captain Griffiths landed him, much to the joy of the whole party, It was a splendid fish, and weighed three ounces over sixteen pounds, and in the finest possible season. Three hearty cheers were given, which were wound up by "Jimmy Browne and Jacques Cartier for ever !"

We all betook ourselves to our rods with increased spirits and energy. I had the misfortune to lose a nice little fish in the course of the afternoon, which I believe was to be attributed to over anxiety. The Major killed two small fish, Captain Griffiths one, and Mr. Hamilton a large one : so that on the whole our sport was far from indifferent—better indeed than we had any right to expect, as the day was a very bright one. Towards sunset the fish left off rising, and as our



R. J. Hamerton.

FIRST SALMON OF THE SEASON IN THE HOSPITAL POOL.

C. Crawford, Lith. to E. W. Mayall.

Commander-in-Chief had ordered dinner to be ready by seven, we shouldered our rods and beat a retreat. It was with some reluctance I turned my back upon the hospital, for if there be one spot on the face of the earth more lovely and romantic than another, it is this.

There is a solemn grandeur, a sublimity, in Canadian and North American scenery not to be met with in any other quarter of the globe ; and of all the spots I ever saw in that part of the world Jacques Cartier is beyond compare the most enchanting. Our attentive and provident hostess had prepared a couple of roasted capons for us : the smallest of our salmon, the one I had caught, was cleaned in a trice, popped in a cauldron of boiling water, and by the time we had finished a hasty toilette our dinner was ready. We had brought with us an enormous boiled Yorkshire ham and a couple of tongues, cold meat pies, and ample store of fish-sauces and cayenne. It will be seen we did not fare badly. The liquids were worthy of the

solids; for we had undeniable pale ale, madeira, and brandy.

As we were sipping our wine after dinner our landlady presented herself all smiles and curtsies, bearing in her hand a violin, which she handed to the Major with an earnest request that he would play one of his favorite airs. This was the first intimation I had received of the Major's musical talent. I soon discovered, however, that he was no mean proficient on the instrument, and he gave us some Irish jigs with an Hibernian gusto that made our toes tingle again. I found that this said violin belonged to our military Paganini, who permitted the widow to hang it up in her boudoir in readiness for an impromptu hop during his frequent visits in the salmon season. "By the piper that played before Moses! we'll have a hop to night—what say you, lads, to a dance with the Jacques Cartier girls?"

A ready affirmative having been given to the tempting proposal, the widow, after having partaken of a bumper of maderia, was

deputed to invite the village belles and their families to "shake a toe" in the kitchen of the toll-house. The Major despatched his factotum "Dan" to the cabaret for some of the *eau-de-vie* and rum of the country wherewith to brew a bowl of punch for his rustic visitors, wisely remarking that the good stuff we had brought with us would be wasted on the Canadian peasants.

In less than half an hour several couples of lads and lasses, with some old folks bringing up the rear, were seen wending their way down the hill to the toll-house. The Major tuned his fiddle, pledged us all in a bumper, planted himself on a table in the kitchen, and struck up "Huisht the Cat," a favorite planxty of his. The votaries of Terpsichore rushed into the house at the well-known sound of the inspiriting air, and the ball commenced. If the ladies danced with more agility than grace, there was no lack of good humor : perfect decorum and good order were observed, and I retired to rest, not a little pleased with my first day's sport on the Jacques Cartier River.

CHAPTER IV.

A morning's sport, sweetened by a little Rum and Milk—A day's amusement after breakfast—A jolly dinner and an uproarious evening—The Major's poetical effusion, his fiddle, and another impromptu ball—Melancholy fate of an Officer of Engineers—A splendid evening's fishing and extraordinary success—Return to the Garrison.

OUR rustic ball concluded before midnight, and notwithstanding our Terpsichorean exercise, which knew of no intermission from the moment the inspiring strains from the Major's fiddle had first set our legs in motion, we, or rather I should say our Commander-in-Chief and myself (for our companions could not be persuaded to quit

their downy couches), were up betimes, and having swallowed the contents of a jorum filled with new milk, into which a gentle dash of rum had been insinuated, together with a sprinkling of nutmeg and a luscious proportion of sugar, we betook ourselves once more to the "Hospital."

It is a wholesome, matin beverage is this rum and milk judiciously seasoned, and in defiance of the canting denunciations of the whole tribe of snivelling, humbugging teetotallers, I pronounce it especially comforting to the inward man, and I recommend it confidently to all those who, like myself, are up with the dawn, and who, if they betake themselves to the river's side, must necessarily inhale and swallow a quart or so of fog and mist before breaking their fast. Thus fortified, we set to work with a good heart and in the joyful anticipation of glorious sport. Our success, however, did not on this occasion realize our expectations : for the first hour and a half we had not a rise, but just as we were about to put up

our tackle and return in doleful dumps to our snoring comrades, a shout of exultation from the Major announced the long wished for intelligence of his having hooked a fish. I ran to his aid, but the prize was a diminutive one, did not give us much trouble, and was soon landed. I had the good fortune to hook and kill a juvenile salmon, and the Major caught another.

Here our operations terminated, for a violent storm of rain, accompanied by tremendous peals of thunder, drove us from the river side, and we returned completely drenched to our snugery at the foot of the Bridge. We were greeted with shouts of laughter by our brother anglers, who, in the plenitude of their slumbers, had somniferously imagined that all we had taken by our motion was a good ducking, and peradventure a cold to boot; but as an erudite Knight of the Whip once remarked to me, "they was preciously *took'd* in," for the Major, with an exulting chuckle—and be it known the Major's chuckle was the *ne plus*

ultra of comicality—exhibited the three fresh-run fish we had taken, and he thus rebuked the scoffers :—

“ Aisey there, lads ! don’t be after poking your fun at us, as Jonathan says ; bad luck to your eye-lids ! Look at this, you sleepy headed villains ! did ye ever catch a salmon in a blanket ? Why didn’t ye turn out like *rale* fishermen and earn your breakfast ?”

These were a few, a very few of the amiable interrogatories put by the delighted Major to his lazy pupils, who, it must be confessed, looked somewhat chagrined at not having participated in our sport.

Having had a bath *au naturel* out-of-doors, we tried the effects of a second one under shelter, while our breakfast was being prepared ; and let me advise my readers to follow our example whenever they have the misfortune to be drenched to the skin. Believe me there is no such effectual preventive against cold, ague, and rheumatism as a shower-bath or a good sluice in a tub of cold water after a soaking *à la fraîche*. It

brings on a reaction, as the Doctors say, produces a glow, invigorates the system, and superinduces appetite—the most satisfactory of all incentives—especially before breakfast. This matinal meal is but little understood in this country. With very few exceptions the English know nothing about breakfast. In the general acceptance of the term it is a miserable, starving, wishy-washy repast, made up of tea, bread-and-butter or toast. This may suit the tastes of antiquated spinsters and love-sick-swains; but a man blessed with health and appetite requires something more substantial than this meagre fare. Commend me to the man who gives a good breakfast. I hold him in the highest veneration; and the man who eats a good breakfast is equally entitled to respect, for it bespeaks a clear conscience.

In the East and West Indies the art of breakfast-giving is studied and practised to a laudable extent, an example well worthy of imitation in the Mother Country. Our neighbours the Scotch beat us in this respect;

their hospitality not being confined to formal dinners, their breakfasts are worth partaking of, and if they have a fault it is giving their guests too much. The universal wind-up of marmalade might well be dispensed with: no Christian should permit himself to chew orange-peel smothered in sugar-candy after partaking of ham or tongue, cutlets, and broiled haddock. So much for gastronomy.

Our breakfasts at Jacques Cartier were invariably good, and amongst the salacious condiments broiled salmon took the lead, the succulent slices being swaddled in oiled paper and cooked *au petit feu* over wood embers. These, with broiled wood-pigeons shot during the day by ourselves, or, lacking these, a pet chicken or two of the Widow's, and ham and eggs, composed our morning fare.

Having on the occasion I am recording done ample justice to the good cheer set before us, we amused ourselves during the morning with tying flies under the Major's

able directions and twisting gut for collars. The rain descended in torrents the whole of the forenoon, but we heeded it not, for our Commander-in-Chief had his talking breeches on, and kept us in a roar for some hours with anecdote, jibe, jest, and story, the effect of which was heightened in no small degree by as deliciously mellifluous a brogue as ever glided off the voluble tongue of a kind-hearted Irishman.

We had been so agreeably occupied in listening to the Major's fun that we could scarcely credit our factotum when he announced, plate and table-linen in hand, that it was time to lay the cloth for dinner. In an instant, feathers, dubbing, pig's-down, cobbler's-wax, and silk were safely deposited in their respective places, and by the time we had achieved a hasty *toilette*, our dinner was smoking on our walnut-tree table. I will pass over the excellence of our fare: otherwise I could have extolled the flavor and flakiness of our salmon, the tenderness and juiciness of our roasted ducks, and the

surpassing *haut-goutt* of a scientific "devil," consisting of the legs of a couple of cold fowls. This appetizing wind-up to our repast begat a desire for an extra allowance of liquid. The inclination chimed in miraculously with the occasion: indeed I very much question, if, without the incentive, we should not have voted for "t'other bottle," for the Major had given the key-note for jollity, and we were in the best possible humor for keeping up the ball. As the glass circulated, our spirits rose; and if anything could have given additional zest to our hilarious fun, it was in the announcement by the Major that he had that morning composed a song in praise of Jacques Cartier; and turning towards myself, he added, "and isn't it a beautiful *strame*, Mr. Tolfrey?" Upon my replying unhesitatingly, I might say enthusiastically, in the affirmative, our jovial President caroled forth the following:

Long life to Jacques Cartier, the primest of rivers
 For salmon and trout as they rise to our flies ;
 Sure it *bates* other *strames* most *complately* to shivers,
 It's the first of all waters, at *laste* in my eyes.

CHORUS.

When with Hamilton, Tolfrey, and Griffiths beside me,
 What else should I care for, though Dame Fortune
 frown ?

With the Widow and whiskey no ill can betide me,
 Jacques Cartier for ever ! so sings Jemmy Browne.

Oh ! it's sweet of a morning, while others are snoring
 To see the bright fish rise at feather and silk,
 With one's rod in one's hand Nature's beauties explo-
 ring,
 And the spirits revived by some sweet rum-and-
 milk.

When with Hamilton, Tolfrey, &c.

But sweeter by far, when you've hook'd a fine salmon,
 Is to feel the sly rogue pull with might and with main,
 Then land him gen-teely. Oeh ! Jupiter Ammon !
 It's the first of all pastimes. I say it again.

When with Hamilton, Tolfrey, &c.

Then here's to Jacques Cartier, that fast-flowing river !
 And here's to the boys that I love to bring here !
 Long, long may they live to see the fish quiver,
 As they die on their hooks in the "Hospital" weir !

When with Hamilton, Tolfrey, &c.

The cheers, the acclamations, and plaudits with which this unexpected effusion was received were loud and hearty enough to have roused all the salmon from the bed of the river. Even the fair Widow was galvanised at our uproarious mirth. As soon as the applause had partially subsided so as to admit of the Major's stentorian voice being heard, he inquired, "Well, lads! and how d'ye like the song?" But one opinion was given, one and all pronouncing this *impromptu* the *ne plus ultra* of excellence. I am certain we all thought so at the time, and under the circumstances of its having been called forth, our enthusiasm might have been pronounced pardonable, although perhaps a month later our cooler judgment may have led to a different conclusion. Be this as it may, the Major's poetical talents were lauded to the skies by his partial and admiring auditory on the occasion I am recording.

The attempt at versification was well-timed at all events, and whatever it lacked

in measure, learning, or skill was amply compensated for by the heartiness and good feeling which prompted the attempt, and with which it was also delivered. I was fortunate enough to persuade our good-natured friend to allow me to write down the words, and I have kept them as a memento of one of the happiest convivial meetings I ever was permitted to enjoy, or had the good fortune to make one of. *Nunc est bibendum* was our motto for the evening, and I blush to own, even at this distant period, that the salmon and fishing shared but little of our thoughts.

The Widow, with true feminine foresight, suspecting how the night would end, sent a messenger to collect all the village Taglionis, and just as we were holding a council of war as to the expediency of brewing a bowl of nectar by way of a wind-up, some half dozen of smiling, sun-burnt faces were peeping through the windows at us, and as well as eyes could speak were imploring our military Paganini for a *Da capo* of the Irish

jigs with which he had delighted the fair ones on the previous evening. The appeal was irresistible to the amateur "Scraper," and in the shortest possible time bottles, bowls, glasses, and decanters were cleared from the table, which, with the help of the smiling Widow herself, vanished as quickly. Our joyous President, with equal pantomimical quickness, was discovered, Cremona in hand, tuning his instrument prior to doing a bit of orchestra all alone by himself for the gratification of his saltatory visitors.

During these preliminary arrangements, Mr. Hamilton, Captain Griffiths, and myself had stolen out of the room for the purpose of selecting our partners from the group of Hebes congregated in the kitchen. This manœuvre was but half accomplished, when our leader, in every sense of the word, the *chef d'orchestre*, called us into his presence and thus rebuked us:—

"And where's the punch for the girls, lads? You drunken spalpeens, do ye think they can dance to Paddy O'Raffety without

some drink? Brew a bowl for them directly, or by the Powers the divil a scrape from me you'll get on the fiddle."

Whereupon the Widow was commissioned to brew a Canadian mixture after the most approved Jacques Cartier fashion. The compound was highly relished by the Native visitors, so I will say nothing about the maple sugar, peach brandy, and adulterated rum. The Major, like an old soldier, had a little private mixture of his own in the corner, to which he did homage by frequent libations. Heaven knows the number of jigs played or dances achieved on this occasion! Such a bout at toe and heel never was seen. All the villagers, young and old, were down at the toll-house, and even those who were not active participators in the amusement provided for them appeared to enjoy the festive scene. As for the Major, he was in his glory: never was cat-gut scraped so vigorously or with such mirth-inspiring effect.

All things have an end—even Canadian

hops on Jacques Cartier Bridge. By ten o'clock the toll-house was cleared of its male and female visitors, when we, the legitimate occupiers for the time being, sat down to a quiet supper after our saltatory labors. We washed down our cold collation with a glass of "hot with" by way of a night-cap, and by eleven were stretched in forgetfulness on our rustic couches.

Soundly did we sleep until an hour after daylight, when our Major Domo, with his never-tiring fiddle, awoke us with a favorite Irish planxty rejoicing in the euphonious title of "Huisht the Cat." On first opening my eyes, or "unbuttoning my eyelids," as Jemmy Browne termed it, I wished him and his four-stringed instrument at the bottom of the river ; but the momentary wrath soon subsided, and ere many minutes was softened down into satisfaction on our tormentor prognosticating unusually good sport after the late heavy rain of the preceding day. "If ye want to kill fish, boys, now's your time after the fresh : get out o' your beds, you

sleepy-headed bolster-huggers ; it's half a dozen young salmon you'll be catching, I tell you this morning. Creep out o' your blankets, will ye?" It will readily be imagined that sleep, or even an imitation bordering on repose, was out of the question, so, making a virtue of necessity, we (for my companions twain were fain compelled to do ditto) sprang from our *lits de sangle*, and equipped ourselves for the river's side as speedily as possible. The Major's impatience would not admit of a lengthened toilette, scarcely even of our customary ablutions. "Don't be after polishing your faces like a dress boot for evening parade, but come along and catch the salmon, and wash afterwards."

Acting upon these gentle hints we were soon in piscatorial trim, and, rod in hand, trotted after the Major, who, at a postman's pace, was making for his favorite stand. We found the river considerably swollen, and the water sufficiently cloudy to give promise of excellent sport.

The Major was the first in the field, and at the very first cast rose a fish, but not expecting that his fly would so soon have attracted a customer, he struck short and missed the chance. "May the divil fly away with ye, ye hungry baste!" was the venerable piscator's hasty exclamation. His wrath, however, was but of short duration, for at the very next cast he hooked a young'un, and as lively a specimen of juvenile salmon as an angler need have desired. My companions and myself left the Major alone in his glory as soon as he had landed his prize, which proved to be a fine young salmon of about seven or eight pounds in splendid season and beautiful condition. We took up our stations below our leader, and found to our joy plenty of work cut out for us. To use a hackney'd phrase, the river was "alive with fish." Our sport was consequently "better as good," as the worthy Israelites observe when offering a bargain. The pool below the "Hospital," where the Major was exercising his craft, was full of

salmon, peel, sea and river trout, and there was no lack of fun. I had the good fortune to kill three salmon and five peel, and my companions, each of them did nearly the same execution.

About nine o'clock the sun's rays sent the finny tribe to some shady corners, for they left off rising, and we shouldered our rods and returned to the Major, whom we found seated on a rock watching the banks, or rather over-hanging cliffs on the other side of the river. Our first question on joining him was, "Well, Major, what sport?"

"Just look at that, boys," was the answer; and following the index of his right hand, we beheld a goodly pile of salmon and peel covered over with fern. Five salmon and seven peel gave proof that he had not been idle. Upon our observing that the fish were no longer in a humor for taking the fly, the Major said, "the devil a rise will I get here till the evening: but look at the rogues playing about there under the bank on the opposite side. I was looking at them as ye

came, and thinking of a melancholy catastrophe which occurred close to that very spot about this time last year ;” and turning to Captain Griffiths and Mr. Hamilton, added, “ you know to what I allude, but our young friend Tolfrey is ignorant of the mournful fate of our brother fisherman, and as I have adverted to the subject, I will tell you how poor Holburton lost his life.”

Addressing me, the Major continued :— You may have noticed yesterday evening that I never once proposed coming down to the river. I saw you were more for dipping your beaks, *all* of ye, into the punch-bowl than for wetting a line ; and the scene I witnessed but twelve months since will for ever be a warning to me never to allow any mad-brained divils like yourselves to take rod in hand—I will not say after dinner, but after taking a drop more of the *cratur* than sober-minded fishermen ought to do. On the occasion I am about to mention, poor Holburton, of the Engineers, an Officer of the Ordnance Commissariat, and myself, drove

down, or rather up, to this spot for the purpose of salmon-fishing. The day was oppressively hot, and on arriving at the Toll-house, rather more cold brandy-and-water was swallowed than prudence warranted. At dinner this doomed young man drank his wine freely, and large quantities of bottled ale and porter. We came to this spot with our rods in the evening, and fished the Hospital, and the pool, and stands below it; but our success was indifferent only one fish was taken, and that one by myself.

Holburton had been flogging the water below, near the spot where you have met with such good success this morning, but, not succeeding in getting a rise, rejoined me here, as he was aware I had taken a fish. As I was describing to him the how and whereabouts of the capture of my salmon, his eye was attracted by a splendid rise under the opposite bank, beyond that rock before us. The curl on the surface had scarcely subsided ere another and another large fish rose to the natural flies as they

were swept down the current, or drawn within the influence of the strong eddy. With a wistful eye he watched the playing of the fish: at length he exclaimed—“What would I not give to be on the other side with my rod? There’s another rise, Major. D—n me if I don’t swim across to that rock with my rod, and I shall be sure of a salmon or two!”

“You’ll do no such thing,” I replied, “for, independently of the rapidity of the stream, the under-current is so strong that the best swimmer that ever lived could never contend against it.” The only answer I received was—

“Never you mind me; I have swum across the Thames many a time, and the St. Lawrence as well, and the devil’s in it if I can’t get across here.”

He now commenced stripping, at least taking off his jacket, waistcoat, and boots. Seeing that he was seriously bent upon this hazardous experiment, I tried every persuasive means and every argument to dis-

suade him from his purpose ; but the more I reasoned the more unreasonable he became. We almost came to high words, and, putting himself in a menacing attitude, inquired if I meant to prevent him by *force*. All further remonstrance was, of course, out of the question. I therefore merely observed that as he was bent on his own destruction, he must do as he pleased, but that the attempt was worse than madness. During this altercation we were joined by our remaining companion, who, upon being informed of the nature of the misunderstanding, added his entreaties to mine to dissuade this self-willed young man from risking his life. All to no purpose. The more we urged the folly of the experiment, the more determined he appeared to put it into execution. Taking his watch from his fob, he gave it to Mr. Smith to hold, and nodding to me, he said—

“ I'll soon hook you a salmon, Major ; so here goes.”

He plunged into the stream, which for a moment carried him down at a fearful rate,

but he soon recovered himself, and struck out well for the goal of promise, and appeared to be swimming with perfect ease, although encumbered by the salmon-rod which he held in his left hand. He was now within a few yards of the rock, from which he could throw over the spot where the rising of the fish had attracted his attention, and I began to entertain hopes that he would land in safety. Alas! those hopes were doomed never to be realized! As he neared the rock, he appeared to be struggling with some hidden difficulty, for it was evident he was making some extraordinary exertion. Suddenly he turned towards us, and, as far as we could judge, the act was involuntary. The rod, which up to this moment had been firmly grasped, fell suddenly on the surface of the troubled water and disappeared.

Our infatuated friend was now in imminent danger: we called to him to make for the rock; a convulsive effort shewed that our appeal was heard, but it was the strug-

gle of a dying and exhausted victim. In another moment he was whirled round with frightful rapidity, having been drawn within the influence of a devouring vortex. His hands were uplifted as if imploring for aid, and he then sank beneath the dark and turbid water, never to rise again with life.

The Major was here almost overcome by his feelings. Recovering his self-possession, he continued the mournful narrative.

You may just picture to yourselves what I must have felt at that moment. I was horror-struck : I ran as fast my legs could carry me towards the waterfall below the stands, which are half a mile from this. Why I adopted this plan I can hardly say. for of course I could render no assistance to a corpse, for that he must have been before I could have reached the spot. Probably, on the impulse of the moment, I conceived I might recover the body in the shallows before it was hurried down the rapids. Be this as it may, on reaching the top of the

falling water I could see nothing of my unfortunate friend.

On retracing my steps, I met Mr. Smith, who had, on witnessing the awful scene, run up to the Toll-house for assistance, and to apprise the native fishermen of what had occurred. He was scarcely less agitated than myself; he informed me that the villagers were hastening down to the river with nets and poles, and every available implement for finding the body. They soon appeared, and made towards me for the purpose of receiving instructions. These I gave to the best of my ability, and promised a hundred dollars to any of them who would bring the corpse to the Toll-house. I returned with the men to the foot of the fall, but our search was fruitless. I left them for the night, as it was then growing dark, and returned with Mr. Smith to the Bridge, in a state of nervous excitement impossible to describe. I slept but little that night, as you may suppose; and, as soon as it was light, I sent off three or four young messengers to the

fishermen and laborers to ascertain if they had succeeded in recovering poor Holburton's body. One of the boys returned about ten o'clock, and from him I learnt that the men had been at work all night, and were proceeding gradually down the river towards its confluence with the St. Lawrence, but that up to the time of his leaving them, they had discovered no traces of the corpse. Mr. Smith and myself, as soon as we had breakfasted, followed the course of the river towards its mouth, in the hope of hearing that the body had been found. We came up with the men about noon, and found them dragging the water slowly and carefully, and they assured us that every spot had been thoroughly drawn on their way down. We remained with the men and encouraged them in their laborious undertaking, but it was not until past two o'clock in the afternoon that the mutilated remains of this ill-fated young man were found. They were discovered under an overhanging branch or rather trunk of a tree which dipped in the water, and in

the branches of which they had become entangled. The corpse was frightfully bruised and distended—the features were so swollen as scarcely to be recognised. It was brought to land, and, as soon as a rude hurdle could be constructed, we carried it to the Bridge-house, whence we conveyed it to Quebec the same night in a rude shell made by a native carpenter in the village. Poor Holburton was followed to the grave by his brother officers, those of the Artillery, and many others in the garrison with whom he was acquainted, as well as myself.

This (continued the Major) is rather a melancholy tale to be telling before breakfast, boys; but let it be a warning to you never to fish after a drinking bout, for when the wine's in the wit's out they say, and you might meet with a fate similar to the one I have told you of; and if any one had proposed coming down to the river last night, after bothering my whisky as ye did, I should have prevented you, and stopped your fun by recounting this sad disaster.

But come along, lads! shoulder your fish, and let's be off to the Widow and our breakfast. I am beginning to feel mighty peckish, and a slice or two of broiled salmon, some pullet's eggs, and a broiled bone will do us no harm after our sport."

Thus ended the Major's harrowing tale, which made a deep impression on me at the time; and although I frequently, during the four succeeding years I was in Canada, visited the scene of the catastrophe, I never looked upon that dark and troubled pool without a feeling of melancholy awe and shuddering at the idea of a fellow-creature having met an untimely death in the prime of life while following the gentle craft. To our infinite satisfaction we found our breakfast ready for us on our arrival at the provident Widow's and we did ample justice to the excellent cheer.

It had been agreed that we should dine early, and pay another visit to the Hospital in the afternoon. Between our repasts, I put my trout-tackle in order, and, under the

Major's direction, selected such flies as suited the tastes of the Jacques Cartier trout. I had seen many speckled beauties in the morning, and observed several sea-trout of heavy dimensions; I therefore determined on trying my skill on the small fry, while my companions were coquetting with the salmon. The most killing trout-flies in this water, and indeed most of the Canadian rivers, are, red and brown Palmers, blue dun, hare's flax, a large description of March brown, the iron blue (when the water is fine and the wind cold), the alder fly, yellow upright in the smaller streams, and another (a particular favorite with the Major) made thus—body of the reddish fur of the bear, two fibres of hare's whisker for tail, a red hackle on the shoulder, and fieldfare wings. This is a slaughtering fly on a dark day from one end of the Canadas to the other.

About four o'clock, as sober as tee-totalers, we repaired to the Hospital, and as we approached the spot, we were gladdened by seeing the fish on the feed. As the Major

was putting his tackle together, he amused us by chanting snatches from his national ditty, the "Groves of Blarney," laying peculiar emphasis on the following distich :—

"The trout and the salmon

Were playing backgammon,

And the eels they roll'd in the vardant mud."

"Oh! by the Powers, they're in a merry mood! Now, boys, for a salmon!" Scarcely had the fly touched the water ere the Major's reel was "discoursing sweet music," and a fine fish running out his line at railroad speed. The salmon's race, however, was soon run, and he was landed *secundem artem* in a few minutes. The fish were rising in all directions, and, could they have tuned their musical voices from the bubbling stream, might have aptly replied to the Major's ditty by a quotation from that soul subduing composition, the imperishable—"Tow-row-row," and thus could they have held forth—

"Tow-row-row, *Paddy*, will ye now

Take us while we're in the humor?

For that's *now*."

It *was* now and no mistake. Travellers tell strange things, and have been accused of drawing "the long bow" occasionally. As I have no wish to be classed with these migratory Munchausens, I will not state the number of salmon peel, and trout taken by our party on this eventful evening. Suffice it to say, the quantity was enormous—I might add incredible. I have never seen anything like it since. Of trout I killed a prodigious number—nearly twenty brace, and some of them fine fish from two to three pounds. Even the Major himself admitted that he had never caught the "sly rogues," as he termed them, in such a voracious humor. Our fun lasted till dusk, when we reluctantly returned to our quarters on the Bridge.

We remained at Jacques Cartier for three more days, but did not do anything like the execution I have stated on this evening. We sent by that night's mail-cart a huge basket of fish, to be distributed amongst our friends at Quebec, and on our return to the garrison

received the thanks of the gourmands who had partaken of them.

Of the society in the capital of Lower Canada I shall speak in the next chapter, when I shall also record some adventures which befel a snipe-shooting party to Green, Island, *quorum pars MINIMA fuit*.

CHAPTER V.

Quebec the pleasantest of Military Quarters.—Excellent Society.—Pic-nics.—Arrival of the Snipes.—Trip to Green Island.—Wonderful sport. Mr. Grant kills a Decoy Duck by mistake. Rage of the Landlord. Peace restored by a timely bribe.—Return to Quebec.

Of all Military Quarters in "foreign parts," I should say that Lower Canada is assuredly the pleasantest, and Quebec the gayest of Garrisons, at least it was so at the time I write of; and if report speak truly, the Guards, who have lately returned, will bear me out in asserting that it has lost none of its attractions to this day. The society was

of the very first order, and some of the families resident in the capital of Lower Canada would have shed a lustre on any "*reunion*" in the kingdom. At the age of one or two-and-twenty, one is apt to view everything *couleur de rose*; but where all that makes life desirable was placed within my reach, without one *iota* of alloy to detract from unqualified enjoyment, it is not to be wondered at if I passed my time agreeably. The Heads of the Military Departments were all happy Benedicts, and their amiable and fascinating *sposas* made their houses our homes whenever we chose to present ourselves; and those petticoat-loving youngsters, who preferred intellectual female society to the *full-dress* conversation of a regimental mess-table and swallowing black-strap, were sure of a cordial welcome within their hospitable *salons*. Dinners, balls, evening parties (stigmatised by the *sobriquet* of "tea and turn out"), were frequently the prelude to a pleasant impromptu dance, much to the detriment of Brussels and Kidderminster

carpets, but which the hostesses as little heeded as their obliging good-natured daughters did the fatiguing duty of playing country-dances and quadrilles for their Terpsichorean guests. The dancing beaux were in great request ; so much so, that I was seldom disengaged for six days, or rather evenings, out of the seven. In the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and sixteen, those most independent as well as sociable parties termed "pic-nics" were in great force at Quebec, and two or three times in a week these unceremonious meetings occurred. There is not any spot that I am acquainted with which presents so many attractions to the connoisseur in magnificent scenery, as well as the amateurs of pigeon-pies and cold lamb and salad *al fresco*, as the environs of the city of Quebec. Here the "grass-squatter," with knife and fork in hand, will be in his element ; and whether the point of attraction be the beautiful falls of the Chaudière (which have been justly styled

Niagara in miniature), the imposing cascade of Montmorenci, the picturesque Island of Orleans, or the romantic villages of "Indian," or "Old Lorette," the eye (if the rambling votary of pic-nic fare be a lover and admirer of nature) will be gratified, while the inward man is being comforted by the ample cheer provided on such occasions.

These out-of-door feeds are in truth very pleasant affairs if the party be judiciously arranged ; and as there was no lack of discriminating caterers, as well as organizers of our rural *fêtes*, they invariably passed off to the unequivocal enjoyment of all. On the Island of Orleans, and at the villages of Old and Indian Lorette, we usually repaired to the house of the principal resident, where we were sure of a cordial reception and every facility being afforded for making us comfortable. On these occasions, a Canadian "Paganini," or one or two scientific scrapers of cat-gut selected from out of the regimental bands, were in attendance, and on the tables

being cleared at the conclusion of the Salmagundi repast, the day's diversions were wound up by a merry roundelay.

During one of these excursions to the Island of Orleans about the middle of August, as I was doing the amiable with one of our fair friends during a stroll on the borders of the river, we put up several snipes, some of which were in wisps. Upon my mentioning the circumstance to one of my brother Sportsmen on returning to our rendezvous at dinner, the landlord of the house gave us to understand that these delicate migratories had arrived for the season in considerable numbers, and that we might anticipate much sport. On returning to the Garrison that evening, I lost no time in apprising the Major of the circumstance, and I also communicated the joyful intelligence to my other allies, Captain Griffiths and Mr. Hamilton. To my regret I found that neither Major Browne nor Captain Griffiths could absent themselves from the Garrison for some days to come, as their regiment (the 103d) was about to be in-

spected by the Commander-in-Chief, and their time would be fully occupied in preparing their well-disciplined corps for the grand field-day. Having failed with my military friends, I tried the civilian, and proceeded forthwith to Mr. Hamilton, who being a man of peace, and consequently not under martial law, I hoped to find prepared to join me in a crusade to the marshes. Alas! I was again doomed to disappointment, for my brother Sportsman was *hors de combat*, as he was laboring under a severe attack of liver, and was laid flat on his back by the prostrating effects of those irresistible floorers of bilious subjects, calomed and blue pill. This was damper No. 2, and I returned to my lodgings in a most disconsolate mood, sorely discomfited at losing the opportunity of being escorted to the snipe-ground by one or more of the above-named experienced Knights of the Trigger, for I had hoped to have opened the campaign under their auspices.

As I was sitting in my dressing-gown and

slippers discussing a glass of "cold-without" preparatory to going to roost, my mournful reverie was broken in upon by the sudden entrance of Mr. Wood, a jolly Lieutenant of Artillery, who had been one of our party at the pic-nic in the morning, and who, on our return to the Garrison, had gone post-haste to the dwelling of a Mr. Grant, one of the most wealthy, influential, and popular merchants in the city of Quebec.

In addition to his proverbial hospitality, he was justly renowned for conviviality and good fellowship, and, as a climax to these good and rare qualities, was a capital sportsman and first-rate snipe-shot. Having had the pleasure of being introduced to this gentleman, I had on more than one occasion partaken of his good cheer, and he had deputed Mr. Wood as his ambassador to wait upon me, and request I would accompany them both on the morrow down the River as far as Green Island, some sixty miles below the Island of Orleans. I need scarcely say with what glee I accepted this tempting in-

vation ; neither need I describe the pleasing transition from doleful dumps to joyful anticipation. I took a second tumbler of " cold-without " on the strength of the good news, in which I was joined by the welcome messenger.

Mr. Wood informed me that Mr. Grant had arranged that we were to take an early dinner with him, and start in his boat with the ebb tide for the insular swamp, where I was assured we should find snipes in abundance. Before we parted for the night, Mr. Wood and myself made our arrangements as to the quality and quantity of the prog we should carry, and, late as it was, a message was sent forthwith to our mess-man (for the Officers of the Royal Artillery had paid me the compliment of admitting me as an honorary member of their well appointed mess) to prepare with the least possible delay a veal pie, a rump-steak ditto, a ham, and a couple of tongues ; to which were to be superadded a proportionate allowance of bottled stout, Hodgson's pale ale, sherry, and

brandy. These creature-comforts were in readiness at the appointed hour; and sent to Mr. Grant's counting-house in the Lower Town, as from the wharf adjoining his mercantile premises we were to embark at five o'clock.

At three we were seated at his hospitable board, by appointment, in his snug Bachelor's Cottage in the Upper Town, and Mr. Wood and myself having done ample justice to the good cheer, we accompanied our liberal host to the water-side, and were soon comfortably seated in Mr. Grant's pleasure boat.

The tide, as I have before said, was in our favor, but scarcely a breath of wind, so that we were fain compelled to enlist a stout Canadian to assist Mr. Grant's boatman, as it did not require a "Murphy" to prophesy that the oars would be in requisition.

It was a beautiful evening, and we glided down the magnificent stream at a very satisfactory pace, enjoying the splendid scenery

as we lay in the boat puffing a mild havannah, and picturing to ourselves the havoc we should commit in the swamp on the morrow. Our trip by water was a more tedious affair than I had bargained for ; but we contrived to while away the hours with conversation, singing, smoking cigars, and tipping brandy-and-water.

As the night set in, a breeze sprang up, but unfortunately right in our teeth. We consequently did not reach our destination until one o'clock in the morning—that is to say, our boat stuck fast, by no means high and dry, in a long mudbank, forming the extreme point of Green Island. From this narrow neck of filth to the farm-house where we were to take up our quarters was an uneven surface of morass and bog of above a mile—a very pleasant prospect at such an hour. By dint of a trifling pecuniary bribe, and the promise of a bottle of rum, the brawny Canadian who had accompanied us undertook to wade through the ooze, carrying us in turns on his back from the boat to

terra firma. This with some difficulty he accomplished, although he nearly spilt the Artillery man more than once, seeing that he weighed as much as Mr. Grant and myself put together, for Mr. Wood stood somewhat about six feet one or two in his stockings, and was stout in proportion—rather a ponderous *log* to carry over a slimy surface, or rather through slippery mud.

This operation caused no little mirth ; but the laborious task was ably performed, and as soon as we were safe on our legs, our sure-footed biped was sent back to the boat for our guns, which having obtained, Mr. Grant led the way to the farm-house, the proprietor of which owned nearly half the Island, and under whose roof Mr. Grant, invariably lodged whenever he paid this spot a visit, which was generally two or three times in the season. Our “Cicerone” led the way, if way it could be called, for neither road nor path was there to guide our steps ; but as the Island ran from East to West, we could not very well

go wrong in walking in a direct line from our boat.

This said mile appeared to me the longest I had ever trotted over, for what with hillocks, holes, long grass, reeds, rushes, and other impediments, our progression towards the goal of promise was none of the pleasantest. To my unfeigned delight, "the watch-dog's honest bark" gave token of our approach to some habitation, and in a few minutes afterwards the white-washed walls of an extensive building gave promise of shelter and repose. Nor was I mistaken. We were at the farm of Pierre Larosse, whom we incontinently aroused from his slumbers, as well as his *cara sposa* and two fusby daughters. The uxorious landholder tore himself from the arms of his larger half, and quitting his warm and comfortable bed, poked his head, surmounted by half a yard of white cotton night-cap, out of his window, and in most delicious *patois* inquired "Qu'est la ?"

"*C'est moi,*" replied Mr. Grant.

"*Mais qu'est vous donc ?*" continued the interrogator.

"*Monsieur Grant et deux amis,*" rejoined our master of the ceremonies.

"*Hah ! hah ! Monsieur Gran ! pardi ! bien aise vous voir, Monsieur. Dis donc, ma femme* (turning himself half round from the window), *lève toi donc. Voici des chasseurs ! Monsieur Gran est arrivé : dépêche toi donc. Appelle Lolotte et Josephine, qu'on allume du feu : vite donc—et dis donc ma femme—donne moi mon cor* (an ominous article to ask of a wife, but it was hoped this was the only one she helped him to), *que j'éveille François.*"

Whereupon our complaisant host, in embryo, thrust his head, shoulders, and night-cap out of the window, and blew a lusty tantarum from his cowhorn, and a villanous blast it was. This horrible discord, however, possessed one merit—that of effecting the object which called it forth, viz. rousing the slumbering youth of all-work, the slavey of

the farm. Young François having responded, in a state of semi-somnolency, to the inharmonious call, the worthy owner of the mansion withdrew his portly person as soon as he had assured us that we should be instantly admitted within his domicile ; and we could hear him repeating to himself *sotto voce*, “*attendez, attendez un p'tit moment; vous entrerez de suite.*” We were not long kept in suspense, the undoubted proprietor of the voluminous white cotton night-cap appearing almost immediately at the door, which having thrown open, he invited us most cordially to enter and warm ourselves in his *cuisine*. Here we found “*ma femme*,” *Lolotte* and *Josephine*, all three *en demie-toilette*, but cheerfully and zealously exerting themselves to make us comfortable and give us a warm reception. One of the daughters was piling some fagots on the hearth, while the other, having succeeded in striking a light, and damaging her knuckles under the operation (lucifer matches were unknown in those days), was

on her knees puffing most vigorously in the laudable endeavour to kindle a flame. Her exertions were crowned with success: the logs and brush-wood were speedily in a blaze, and we seated ourselves round the cheerful open chimney, while *la bonne femme* was dislodging from a huge *armoire* some snow-white sheets and pillow-cases for the beds about to be prepared for us.

Francois (I did not envy him the trudge) was sent by our host down to the boat to assist the two men in bringing her up the creek, which ran very near the house at high water. Lacking our well-stored hampers we pitched into some fried eggs and rancid salt pork, washed down with a most flatulent frothy beverage, which the worthy farmer in the innocence of his heart conceived to be beer. As this effervescing liquid was by no means to my taste, I asked for some brandy. A stone flagon of very fiery spirit was placed before me, and the gentle *Lolotte* having at my desire boiled

some water in a tin shaving-pot, I brewed a glass of toddy, and my companions having followed my example, we began to think of our beds.

Before we turned in for the night, we ascertained from our host that the snipes were on the Island in great numbers, and that we were certain of excellent sport. This was a consolatory reflection to go to sleep upon, and we sought our couches in high spirits, looking forward to the morrow with no little anxiety.

Our beds, as indeed they are throughout the Canadas, were excellent. This is one of the many French customs religiously observed; for, as in France, every farm-house—indeed I might say every peasant's hut—is admirably supplied with this luxury. A thoroughly good French mattress is worth all the featherbeds that England ever produced; and it is an undeniable fact, that they have the knack, or as they term it the *chiqué*, of amalgamating wool and horse-

hair so scientifically as to render their *matelas* soft and elastic to an enviable degree.

Upon such a bed was it my good fortune to seek repose on the night I am recording ; and I had scarcely ensconced myself between the home-spun linen sheets ere I discovered that my comfortable couch had been well aired, for a certain unmistakable animal warmth assured me that the elastic mattress on which I was enjoying horizontal reflection had been lately pressed by real flesh and blood. Thus had the gentle *Lolotte* or the fascinating *Josephine* done duty for the warming-pan during our nocturnal excursion down the St. Lawrence. One or other of the chubby daughters of my host had unwittingly contributed to my comfort ; and I am not quite certain, before slumber steeped my senses in forgetfulness, that I was not profane enough to wish for a closer proximity to the animated bed-warmer. Be this as it may (for at two-and-twenty unhallowed ideas will intrude themselves on the brains of hot-

headed youths), I hugged my bolster in single blessedness, and slept soundly until six o'clock, when a thorough English "view-haloo" from the lungs potential of the Lieutenant of Artillery disturbed my dreams, and, instead of the plump and luscious *Lolotte*, lo! I beheld six feet and upwards of animated *Wood* discoursing of swamps, marshes, snipe, and wild ducks.

The visions which had been conjured up during sleep having been thus unceremoniously dispelled, I jumped from between the sheets, and, after divers sluicings and immersion in a tub of cold water, soon recovered my equanimity, and was fresh and eager for the fray by the time I had joined my companions in the capacious farm-house kitchen, where I also found Mr. Grant's boatman and our volunteer oarsman. They had on the flow of the tide run up the creek as François had desired them to do, and, better than all, our well-filled baskets were paraded in due form, and were being emptied of their savoury contents as I made my appearance.

Our breakfast was soon spread before us, and, having done justice to the provender, we prepared to put our threats in execution of annihilating the snipes. As I was a stranger in the land, and having the fear of moveable bogs and quicksands before my eyes, I determined upon enlisting the intelligent François in my service as a guide. Mr. Grant was *en pays de connaissance*, and knew the *terrain* well, and Mr. Wood was also tolerably well acquainted with the localities, this not being his first visit to the Island. I adopted this plan, as I was and always have been of opinion that the farther snipe-shooters are apart the better. With this understanding, it was agreed that Mr. Grant should beat down one side, myself the other, while the jolly Lieutenant should march down the centre.

In virtue of this arrangement, I set off with young François rather before my brother Sportsmen, and having presented the juvenile Canadian with a quarter-dollar by way of encouragement, he went to work with right

good will, and with a significant grin gave me to understand that he would shew me the best spots to be met with during our walk. I learnt from my talkative guide that there were one or two ponds or lagoons, by the side of which his master had erected, or perhaps I should have been nearer the mark if I said sunk, *huttes* (*Anglicè*, huts), for the purpose of "circumventing" the wild ducks, teal, widgeon, &c. ; and that it was possible we might put up a stray bird or so. The communicative François informed me also that this was a new hobby of his master, who had incurred some expense to entice the flocks of wild fowl to these sheets of water. He had been tempted to risk this outlay in consequence of an incredible number of birds having congregated at this spot for the last two or three years, or rather seasons.

I have omitted to make mention of three dumb companions who had left Quebec with us, and who contributed in no slight degree to our sport—a leash of excellent pointers. Mr. Grant's was a capital old bitch for the

swamp ; heavy, slow, but sure, one of the old-fashioned clumsy double-nosed Spanish breed, admirably adapted for snipe-shooting. She was a crafty old lady, and a prodigious favorite with her master, and no wonder, for old "Belle" was a useful ally in a marsh. Mr. Wood's dog "Sancho" was a more "spicy" animal, but steady withal, although perhaps possessing rather more dash than was necessary for a bog-trotter. He came out of Kent, and was purchased by his owner from old Wells, the late Lord Darnley's keeper, at Cobham Hall. And last, though not least, I must introduce the reader to my own quadruped, or rather to the one I had taken down with me, for he at that moment was the undoubted property of my kind friend Major Browne, who had been good enough to lend me his favorite dog for the occasion.

As this highly-gifted animal will be made honorable mention of in the course of this narrative more than once, I may here state that he was shortly after this expedition

given to me by his generous master. He (the dog, not Jemmy Browne) rejoiced in the name of *Slack-back*, from the circumstance of his never backing another dog in the field. His courage was so indomitable that all the flogging in the world could never correct this fault : he would never *head* a dog at his point, but he could not resist creeping up to his fellow quadruped to share the gratification of sniffing his game. Barring this failure, he was the most perfect animal that ever man owned, and, as a *single-handed* dog, was invaluable. He had a very strong cross of the fox-hound, was not particularly handsome, but for speed, nose, sagacity, and courage was unrivalled. Poor old "Slack-back !" he was my companion in the field, covert, and swamp for many a-year, and a more faithful one I never owned.—But *revenons à nous moutons*, which, being interpreted, means let us get on with our story.

My attendant garçon's gabble did not prevent "Slack-back !" from going to work, and we had scarcely passed through three in-

closures after leaving the house, before he got a point, and his stern was as stiff as the tail of the lion over the gateway of Northumberland House. I had the good fortune to kill my first shot, and this was the prelude to I dare not say how many more. It were bootless in fact to record the number of snipes I put up during the morning, for no one who has not visited a Canadian swamp can form the remotest idea of the myriads that are to be found in every bog towards the fall of the year. As I was but a tyro at the sport in those days, I missed more birds than I knocked over. In spite, however, of my bungling, I contrived to kill upwards of thirty couple before the day's work was over.

As I had a few minutes start of my companions, and being fleet of foot withal, I had walked over the strip of land assigned to me by the time my fellow *chasseurs* had performed but half of their work. Before I edged towards them, I was desirous of inspecting the ponds and "huttes," indulging

in a hope at the same time of flooring a duck. Having exchanged my No. 10 for No. 2 shot, we crept stealthily along for the sheet of water. All my precautions were vain, however: a mallard and a couple of ducks, having their wits about them, made their *exit* from the pool before I could get within shot. They flew in the direction of my friends, over their heads, towards the South bank of the St. Lawrence, but out of reach of their barrels. Before I proceeded to join my companions, I inspected the two ponds in both of which I found decoy-ducks tethered to stakes about fifteen or twenty yards in front of the "huttes," and so admirably did these gay deceivers act their parts, that I confess, for the moment, I was nearly taken in, and was in the act of putting my gun to my shoulder, when young François screamed out, "*Ne tirez pas Monsieur ! ils sont des canards privés, les canards-d'appel de Monsieur Larosse mon maître.*"

"*Diable !*" said I ; "a pretty kettle of fish

I should have made of it had I pulled the trigger."

Thankful for having escaped the snare, I made my way across the Island, and, on coming within speaking distance of Mr. Grant and Mr. Wood, I was besieged with questions concerning the ducks, where I had found them, &c., to all of which I answered becomingly, and pointed out the spot to the inquirers. I found that my brother Sportsmen had not seen so many birds as myself, and Mr. Wood proposed that I should beat my road home on his side of the Island while Mr. Grant and himself went to explore the duck-ponds, and return by the route I had followed in the morning. I of course assented immediately to the proposal, and, wishing them all sorts of luck, I posted onwards in the direction of the extreme end of the Island, where the faithful François predicted I should find a few straggling birds.

The land hereabouts was tolerably well cultivated, and in passing through one of the

meadows I fell in with our jolly landlord, "*Père Larosse*." He was busily occupied with his agricultural pursuits, but left his workmen to inquire if I had met with good sport. He was pleased—at all events he expressed himself so—to find that I had been so successful, and, wishing me once more a *bonne chasse*, he left me to pursue my sport, while he returned to the superintendence of his laborers.

I had not left the worthy farmer a quarter of an hour—I should say not more than ten minutes—when François, almost convulsed with laughter, or rather by his efforts to restrain the cachinnation, pointed towards my countrymen, and then and there I saw a sight which would, of a verity, have excited the risibility of the "Crying Philosopher" himself. It appeared that both Mr. Grant and Mr. Wood, on approaching the ponds, being on somewhat of an eminence, had descried the decoy-ducks of which I have made mention. The highly-respected merchant was a little in advance of his military companion, and by

the most emphatic gestures, such as lifting up his hand in dumb show, and suddenly dropping it, and divers other pantomimic antics which to the initiated are understood to enjoin silence and caution, was instilling into the mind of his attentive follower the necessity of approaching the enemy as stealthily and as noiselessly as possible.

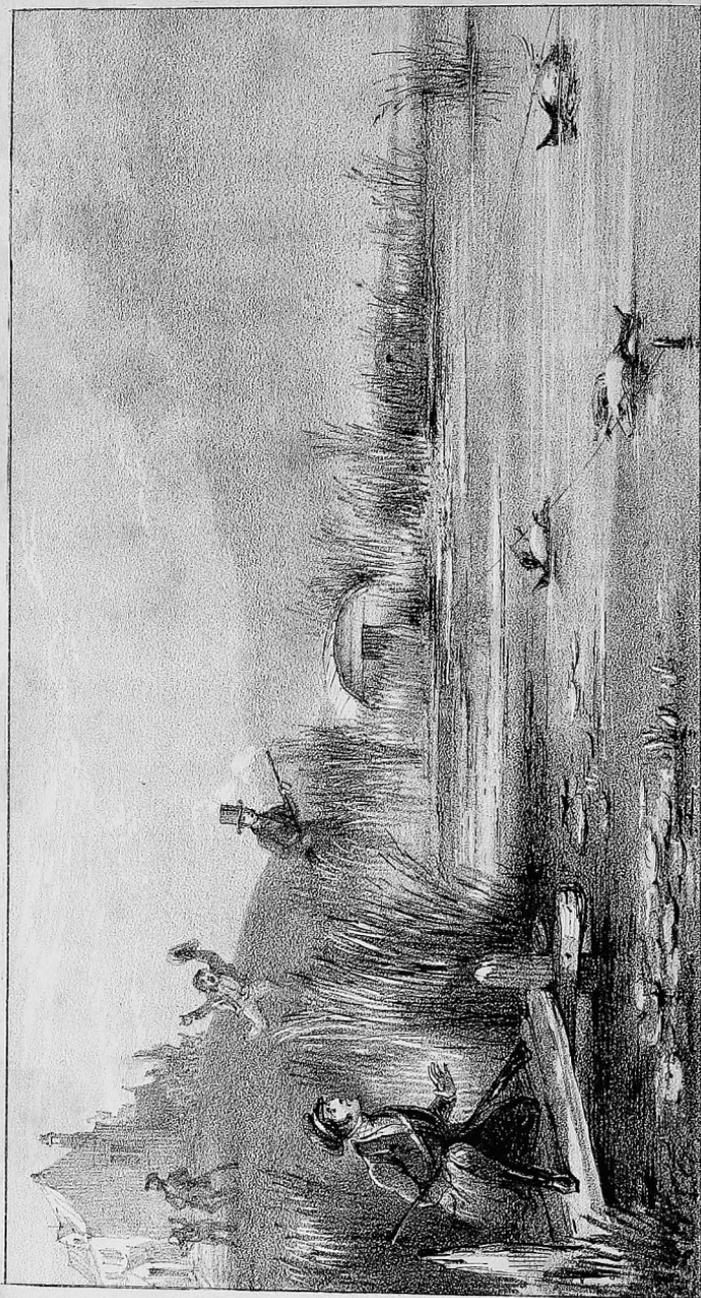
No Red Indian in his endeavours to entrap a foe and secure his scalp could have gone to work more systematically. It was the richest scene I ever witnessed in my life, and to this day I never think of it without chuckling. The reader may give me credit for sincerity when I say that I enjoyed the fun; and my innate propensity for mischief forbade the thought of apprising the perpetrators of the inevitable slaughter of the hobble they were sure to get into. All I could, and did, do was to hold my sides and watch their movements.

When the duck-blazers were within about fifty yards of their unconscious victims (who were swimming about and sending forth

notes of blandishment to their free and roving web-footed brethren, little thinking of the quietus in store for them), down flopped Messrs. Wood and Grant on their knees, and with one hand in the mud, while the other poised their double-barrels in mid-air, they sneaked along in this position, much after the fashion of a crawling infant after a toy, until they opined they were sure of their shots.

During the whole of this wary proceeding, my companion *François* was exclaiming at intervals, in most delectable *patois* "*Mais, mon Dieu! qu'est qu'il dira-t-on che maitre s'ils tuent les canards privés! Mais regardez donc!—ils vont tirez sur ces pauvres bêtes.*"

All my fear was that Monsieur Larosse himself should have been aware of the intended havoc before the catastrophe was consummated. Luckily for my amusement, no interruption occurred. Gradually raising themselves to the perpendicular, the unfortunate wights brought their guns to their shoulders, took an unerring aim at the



R. J. Hamerton.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE - DEATH TO DECOY DUCKS.

C. Grant, Ladb. to Her Majesty.

luckless decoy birds—another second, and “bang bang” resounded over the peaceful pool, where, oh, horror of horrors! lay floundering the mutilated and dying ducks fast tied by the leg. Three of these ill-fated pets fell before the barrels of the crest-fallen Sportsmen, for Mr. Grant’s experienced eye soon enabled him to discover the ludicrous error he had fallen into.

Having laughed my fill, and recovered from the effects of keeping my almost uncontrollable mirth within bounds until my sides fairly ached, I made for the scene of the exploit. I was hardly *en route* ere I saw our host, the farmer, pulling foot at the top of his speed towards my companions. The truth had burst upon him, and he looked like one demented. What little breath he could spare during his frantic rush towards the pond was vented in French-Canadian anathemas portending no good towards the offenders. Fearful of an angry encounter, and that the farmer might exceed the bounds

of decorum in his remonstrance, if indeed he did not proceed to actual violence, I trotted up in double-quick time, and reached the spot in time to hear the first outpouring of wrath ; and thus old *Larosse* began :—

“*Mais, sacré nom de Dieu, Monsieur Grant ! vous avez tuez mes canards-d'appel, mes canards privés, savez vous ? Nom de Dieu ! vous m'avez ruiné.—Ils m'ont couté une somme enorme—il-y-en-a pas de pareils dans tout le pays. Dites donc—eh ? Messieurs,*”—Here he put himself in a most imposing attitude of attack—“*peut-être vous les avez tué exprés—eh — Nom de Dieu ! est-ce-vrai ? Sapristie ! Je vous assommerai tous, tous, tous !*”—Here he jumped about pretending to pull his hair out by the roots, and stamping the ground like a mad bull.—“*Je suis brave, moi ! je vous batterai tous !*”

At this period of the harangue old *Larosse* was evidently short of wind, and Mr. Grant, taking advantage of the pause, took the opportunity of assuring the ex-

asperated farmer that the slaughter of his favorite decoys was purely accidental ; that he regretted his misadventure most sincerely, and was willing to make any reparation demanded for the unintentional calamity ; and, as far as money would go, any sum asked for would be cheerfully paid. There is not a being under the sun so alive to his own interest as a French-Canadian : he will do anything for gain. Mr. Grant, as an old stager, was doubtless aware of the ruling passion, and having dexterously struck the chord of his affections, it was miraculous to behold the change which operated upon the farmer. The very mention of money worked like a charm. The froth and effervescence of his ire having been allowed to evaporate, peace and good-will took possession of his bosom : he grinned applause, and, turning to the cause of his wo, said—“ *Pardi, Monsieur Gran ! Je vous connais depuis long-temps—vous êtes un brave homme—vous vous êtes trompé—et Sapristie ! puisque vous me paie-*

rez pour ces canards, enfin que j'achete des autres—(mais ils sont très chers, savez vous) —(this in a parenthesis). *Diable ! n'importe ! retournons à la maison, et nous boirons la goutte, comme des vrais amis !*"

Thus was harmony restored much more speedily than I anticipated ; but before we beat our retreat homewards a mournful ceremony had to be performed, that of collecting the slain and wounded, for one of the doomed decoys had not quite given up the ghost, and I feared that the removal of these very *chère* treasures might give rise to another torrent of expletives and exclamations. Not so however : *François* was left behind to paddle a canoe to the prostrate birds, bring them to land, and up to the house.

By the time we reached the farm, old *Larosse* had so far forgotten his disaster as to join me in laughing at my countrymen for their *mal-adresse*, and a few glasses of old cognac from one of our bottles of good stuff completely restored our host's good humor.

The three decoys turned out rather expensive shooting to Messrs. Grant and Wood, as they had to pay at the rate of five dollars a-head for them, making a total of fifteen dollars for what did not, I am certain cost the crafty Canadian a fifth of that sum. A good dinner, good wine, good grog, and, more than all, good temper, soon caused my companions to forget the misadventure of the morning : in short, we made a jolly night of it ; in consequence of which our hands were not so steady, neither were our heads so cool as they ought to have been on the following morning. We none of us saw or shot particularly straight until after luncheon. We then did some execution, and had capital sport : we shot until dark, as we had decided upon returning to Quebec the next morning.

It was agreed, at the suggestion of Mr. Grant, that on our return to the Garrison not a word should be said touching the untimely death of the decoy-ducks : an embargo was also laid on the tongues of our boatmen. But, alas ! *Fama volat*, and the story got

wind ; for some Officers of the 103rd, having heard of the prodigious number of snipes we had killed, hired a boat, and went down to Green Island a few days after our return, and I presume learnt from the chattering *François* a full, true, and particular account of the mishap. Poor Grant and Wood were sorely badgered by their friends, and many were the jibes and jokes levelled at the Artilleryman when a couple of roasted ducks graced our mess-table.

As it is time this Chapter was concluded, I will not obtrude longer upon the patience of the reader, save to observe that the three double-barrelled guns in the two days produced nearly one hundred and seventy couples of snipe, an incredible number to the European shooter : but this sum total, great as it must appear, falls far short of what was done a little later in the season at *Chateau Richer*, an account of which will appear in the next Chapter.

We started early in the morning with the flood-tide, and arrived in the Basin of

Quebec before three o'clock, highly delighted with our trip, and when separating for our respective domiciles, on reaching the Upper Town, the parting caution whispered to me was, *not a word about the ducks!*

CHAPTER VI.

The Author steals a march accompanied by Major Browne to the "*Rivière Chaude*," above Jacques Cartier.—Anecdotes of the Commander-in-Chief.—The Commissary and the Adjutant.—A visit to the *Rivière Chaude* with the Indian Guides.—Extraordinary success.—Spearing Salmon.—An excellent recipe for dressing this fish after the Indian fashion.—Comfort of a Wig-wam,—Return to the Garrison.

As might have been anticipated, the news of our success down the River was soon circulated throughout the Garrison, and our sport on Green Island begat an emulative spirit amongst the body corporate of military and civilians within the walls of Quebec.

Every person of high and low degree who was fortunate enough to possess a gun was employed in rubbing up rusty barrels and polishing flint locks preparatory to expending his ammunition in the marshes. As soon as Mr. Wood and myself had recounted all our adventures (save and except that of the decoy-ducks) to our brother *convives* at the artillery mess, I betook myself, after having discussed a *quantum suff* of very palatable Port, to the quarters of my kind old friend Major Browne, *the Major par excellence*, who was delighted to hear how well and how profitably we had passed our time.

“ If you're pleased at your sport on this Green Island, Master Tolfrey, I'll be after shewing you something at Chateau Richer that'll bate your squibbing down there all to smithereens. I'll engage you shall have four times as many shots in one day. But I'm going on a *sacret* expedition after the trout a few miles above Jacques Cartier as soon as our inspection is over—and good

luck to us! that's the day after to-morrow —and as soon as we have expended our blank cartridges and shewn the Commander-in-Chief (and it's no small matter that'll please him) what the ould 103rd can do, I'm off for the Bridge as soon as you can cry *pase*. Now, you spalpeen, if you can keep a secret, and not be after saying a word, or even talk in your sleep about what I'm about to tell you, why you shall go with me, for I'd like to shew you the *Rivière Chaude*."

After this fashion did the Major deliver himself, and I was not a little flattered at this mark of confidence as well as preference ; and having thanked him for affording me an opportunity of visiting this trout-stream under his immediate auspices, I left him to return to my own rooms, and there to indulge in all sorts of pleasing anticipations, and to select and prepare my trout tackle.

The day succeeding this interview was passed in making arrangements for the trip, and our messman (the discreetest of cater-

ers) undertook to furnish a basket of edibles without letting any one know for whom or for what purpose they were required. On the following morning, the 103rd were on the Plains of Abraham (the scene of General Wolfe's signal victory) by day-light, and shortly afterwards Sir John Sherbrooke and his Staff arrived on the ground. The General, being in a good humor—rather an unusual occurrence by the way—was pleased to express his approbation of the appearance, the discipline, and soldier-like bearing of the men. The manœuvres and evolutions were executed with neatness, steadiness, and precision: in short, the Field Officers of the corps had every reason to be gratified at the conclusion of this field-day: everything went well, and we returned to the Garrison in high spirits.

The Major had invited me to a *tête-à-tête* breakfast, and, prior to the riding out to the Plains, I had desired my servant to bring the prog, rods, lines, basket, as well as my fishing costume, up to the Major's quarters.

Having dismounted at his door, I proceeded to take off my harness, and equip myself for the journey as became a brother of the angle. We were not long in discussing our meal, and ere his brother officers had half finished their breakfast in the mess-room, we were jogging along in a hired *calèche* for the Jacques Cartier River.

We reached the goal of promise about three o'clock in the afternoon, and having refreshed ourselves with some of the good things we had brought with us, we walked down to the River, not without being duly anointed with the Major's specific, and which was applied by the Widow's delicate hand.

The water was very low, and, to use the Major's own phrase, "as clear as a bell." He rose a fish in the Hospital pool, but that was the only ghost of a salmon we saw. After trying every turn, scour, and eddy in the River without success, we turned moodily homewards to the Bridge to console ourselves with a cigar and some "cold without."

We were soon seated at the little table in our snuggerly overlooking the River, and to atone for any disappointment I might have felt at our want of success, the Major was in a right merry mood, in a communicative vein withal, and had evidently got his "sitting breeches" on.

Having remarked to my companion that His excellency the Governor appeared much pleased at the creditable manner in which the 103rd had acquitted themselves in the morning, he replied, "Faith, Master Tolfrey, we were in luck, for it's not always that the *General's* pleased. He's a terrible *ould* Turk to deal with, and it's the toss up of a half-penny whether he blackguards you or not. By Jasus, he made the Commissaries keep their eyes open when he commanded in the Peninsula, and he astonished the natives in Halifax (Nova Scotia) before he came to Quebec. I'll tell you a few stories about him which will make you stare a bit.

Our peppery Commander-in-Chief, who is now Colonel of the 33rd, entered that regi-

ment at an early age, and served in that distinguished corps for many years—and it numbered amongst its officers the late Sir John Moore, the present Duke of Wellington, Sir Hildebrand Oakes, and many other ornaments of our service. He commanded a division of the army under the late lamented Hero of Corunna: but Lord Wellington, who was Sir John Sherbrooke's junior in the service, having been sent out from home as Commander-in-Chief of our Forces in Spain, our Governor wrote to the Horse Guards in a fit of spleen to be recalled, which request was ultimately complied with. You may be sure that the officers and men of Sir John's division had the devil's own time of it after he was compelled to play second fiddle. By the Powers, it was a word and a blow with the *ould* boy then, and sometimes the blow came first. Oh, the thundering passion he'd be in if the Commissary hadn't the rations ready for his men after a day's march! It is related, and I've no doubt it's gospel truth, that he actually perpetrated a

nice little bit of Lynch law, by hanging a commissariat clerk on a branch of a tree by the road-side for disobedience of orders, in not having his provisions at a given spot and at a given time on the arrival of the division after a long and harassing forced march.

One circumstance I *can* vouch for, and which came under the observation of a brother officer. I told you just now that the Giniral kept a sharp eye upon the Commissaries, and it came to pass one day, as Sir John's division was about to join the head-quarters of the army, that on arriving within a day's march of Wellington's camp, where they were to halt for the night, the Commissary attached to the division was behind his time, and the rations were not forthcoming. Nearly two hours elapsed before the prog made its appearance, during which interval the Commander was raging and fuming like a mad bull, and, as you may imagine, the Commissary's reception, when he waited on the Giniral to apologize

as well as account for the delay, was none of the politest or pleasantest, and the stormy interview ended thus : Sir John Sherbrooke *loquitur* : ‘ Get out of the houth, thir, or I’ll kick you down stairs !’ Whereupon the indignant Commissary retired in high dudgeon, and on reaching his billet, mounted his horse, and galloped over to headquarters to report the circumstance to Lord Wellington, as well as to complain of the extraordinary treatment and abusive language he had received at the hands of the Second-in-command. An interview with the Great Captain of the Age having been obtained, the ill-used purveyor of bread, beef, and mutton, having fully exculpated himself from all blame regarding the alleged unreasonable delay in the supply of the provisions for the troops, proceeded to relate how *warmly* he had been received by the Giniral commanding the division, and wound up his remonstrance by stating that Sir John Sherbrooke had actually threatened to kick him down stairs.

“ ‘ Lord Wellington : He threatened to kick you down stairs, did he ?’

“ ‘ Commissary : Yes, my Lord.’

“ ‘ Lord Wellington : And did he not carry his threat into execution ?’

“ ‘ Commissary : No, my Lord.’

“ ‘ Lord Wellington : Then, Sir, allow me to congratulate you upon being a very fortunate individual ; for ever since I have known General Sherbrooke, which is now upwards of a quarter of a century, he has always been a man of his word, and my only astonishment is *that he did not kick you down stairs.*’ !!!

“ This was all the satisfaction the Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General received, and may serve as a sample of the manner in which His Excellency our Governor carried on the war in the Peninsula. His constitutional irritability, however, would not admit of his remaining in juxtaposition with a junior Officer, placed by the Authorities at home over his head, and soon after this skirmish with the Commissary he returned

to England, and by dint of growling and complaining incessantly at the Horse-Guards, he succeeded in obtaining the command in Nova Scotia, a preliminary step to the important post he at this moment fills. You may have heard that the Generalissimo of the Canadas is a very nervous as well as irritable person, and his greatest horror and aversion is a fidgetty, fractious, capering horse coming near his own charger when he is mounted. While he commanded in Halifax, Sir John frequently attended the evening parade of the regiments in garrison, and he was to be seen on horseback by the side of the Commandant of the garrison watching the manœuvres of the several corps. It so happened that the Adjutant of one of those regiments had become possessed of a capering, prancing divil of a quadruped, that would hop and skip about like a parched pea on a drum-head, and which was never known to stand upon two legs at any one time.

“ The unsuspecting Adjutant, little dream-

ing of the annoyance these curvetings caused the sensitive Governor, used to shew off the dancing qualities of his nag, much to the delight of the spectators, while reporting the state of his men to the Colonel of his corps. I believe, to do poor Sir John justice, he had submitted to the torture thus unwittingly inflicted upon him as many as three times : at length his impatient spirit could brook the infliction no longer, and on the fourth occasion of the annoyance he called out in a stentorian voice, and with his never failing lisp, ' If you come on parade with that horth to-morrow, thir, I'll shoot him.' This extraordinary threat was deemed merely as a little outporing under the influence of excitement, and was, unfortunately, unheeded. Another reason may have operated towards the disobedience of this command, and that was the inability of the Adjutant by reason of straightened means, to comply with the order. Be this as it may, the ill-fated Adjutant did appear on parade the following evening, bestriding in all his glory

the identical Bucephalus, which, unconscious of impending danger, cut as many capers as two opera dancers rolled into one.

But lo! the Commander-in-Chief was also on the ground, looking on with a scowling eye from the back of his well-trained, steady chesnut charger, and gazing with astonishment at the prancing steed as its rider advanced towards the conclave of Field Officers assembled in front of the ranks.

“ The Adjutant had scarcely dropped his sword and tendered his report ere Sir John presented himself before this officer, and, drawing a pistol from one of his own holsters, shot the horse through the head on the spot, which fell dead and rolled over its bewildered and astonished owner on the esplanade.

“ The Governor, as soon as the astounded young man had regained his legs, thus addressed him : ‘ I told you yetherday, thir, that if you came on parade thith evenin with that horth, I’d thoot him. You thee I’m a man of my word, and I hope I have taught

you a lethon for the future.' This summary, not to say arbitrary proceeding took every one by surprise, and, in the midst of the confusion consequent upon so unusual an act, the author of it rode off to Government House, where it is to be hoped he repented of the injustice his violence of temper had caused him to commit.

“You will doubtless think this the *ne plus ultra* of tyranny and oppression, and it is in truth unjustifiable; but with this lamentable failing and such uncontrollable passions, Sir John Sherbrooke is a kind-hearted, generous, humane, and brave fellow. He is the victim of impulse, and whether that impulse be good or bad, it is sure to get the upper hand of his judgment, and to give the Devil his due, he is as ready to confer an act of kindness as to offer an insult. On the occasion I have recorded he made the *amende honorable* as far as laid in his power, by sending the unhorsed Adjutant a valuable charger from his own stables. You'll hear and know plenty of our Governor *Giniral*

when you've been amongst us a few months longer, and I think the specimens I have related of his fiery disposition will suffice for a while, and I am sure you will admit that I have reason to rejoice that we got through our field-day so quietly this morning. St. Patrick's day in the morning was nothing to it ; so now for another cigar and the last taste in life of the cognac and cold water."

Thus ended the Major's lively anecdotes of our irascible Governor : but during their narration I could not refrain from interrupting him by frequent expressions of surprise that Gentlemen could be found who would tamely submit to such indignities, and, I believe, I did go so far as to say, upon hearing the outrage of shooting the unoffending Aujutant's horse, that had it been my own case, I should have shot the man who could have committed so barbarous an act. Little should I have heeded military discipline, the articles of war, or the law of manslaughter. Thank God, however, my patience and self-command were never put to the test during

the brief term that I was under the command of this military pepper-pod. That Sir John Sherbrooke was a warm-hearted man, and benevolent by fits and starts, I firmly believe ; but he was no more fitted to rule and govern his fellow-men either in a civil or military capacity than an inmate of Bedlam. His antipathy to the commissariat service was that of a Scotch terrier to a rat ; and whenever he could give these semi-military officers a bite and a shake, he never omitted availing himself of the opportunity. One or two circumstances which came under my own observation may not be out of place here as a tag to the Major's anecdotes, before we proceed to the River Chaude in search of the trout.

It came to pass that one fine morning the Commissary-General waited on the Governor to state officially that some one had made free with the military chest, and that some five or six hundred pounds were missing ; and wound up his report by requesting that His excellency would be pleased to order an

investigation and inquiry into the circumstance. The following was the quaint and characteristic reply :—"There ith not the thlightht occathion for invethtigation or inquiry, thir ! Whenever there ith a robbery in your department it ith amonght your-thelves, tho go back to your offith, and find the money ath quick ath potthible !" Strange to say, the abstracted cash *was* eventually found : but for obvious reasons I suppress the names of the parties implicated in the transaction.

Upon a newly-imported Deputy-Commissary-General waiting on the Governor General of the Canadas to pay his respects after his arrival, Sir John said to him, " I believe, thir, you are the relathion of a gentleman of your department upon whom I was compelled to inflict thummary punithment—(*only hanging, good Reader !*)—in the Peninthula ; I hope I thall never have occathion to path a thimilar thentence on any other member of hith family"—a pleasant reception this for a new-comer !!

But turn we to a more amusing subject than a relation of tyranny and oppression, and resume the thread of our narrative, which the Major's loquacity had well nigh cut short. As we were sipping our grog and puffing off our cares in the cool of the evening, the Widow announced the arrival of a brace of copper-colored Indians, who came true to an appointment made with the Major during a recent visit of these wandering people to the city of Quebec. I now learned for the first time that the Prince of piscators had gleaned from these celebrated hunters and salmon-spearers the exact locality of a remarkable little stream tributary to the Jacques Cartier River some few miles above the Bridge, and which, as they described it, was full of delicious little trout. As the information was so authentic, and these friendly savages were such excellent judges of the quality of the finny inhabitants of every lake and river in the country, the Major had resolved upon exploring this *strame* in secret, in order that he might be the first to announce the im-

portant discovery. His permitting me, therefore, to accompany him on the expedition was doubly kind, and I appreciated the favor accordingly. One thing was certain, not a European had ever wetted a line in this little river—called by the natives the *Rivière Chaude*, from the circumstance of its being the last running-water in the province to yield to the rigor of the climate; indeed some of the superstitious and over-believing inhabitants of the neighbourhood went so far as to say that it never would freeze in the winter. This assertion, however, must have been fabulous, for a Canadian frost would congeal all the waters of that steam-shrouded, city Bath in less than a quarter of an hour by any stop-watch in the kingdom.

Our friends the pilot Indians having been accommodated with a corner of the kitchen, a bottle of rum, and a pouch of strong-smoking tobacco, the Major, before we went to roost, gave me to understand we should not only have capital sport, but that the scene we should witness on the morrow would be

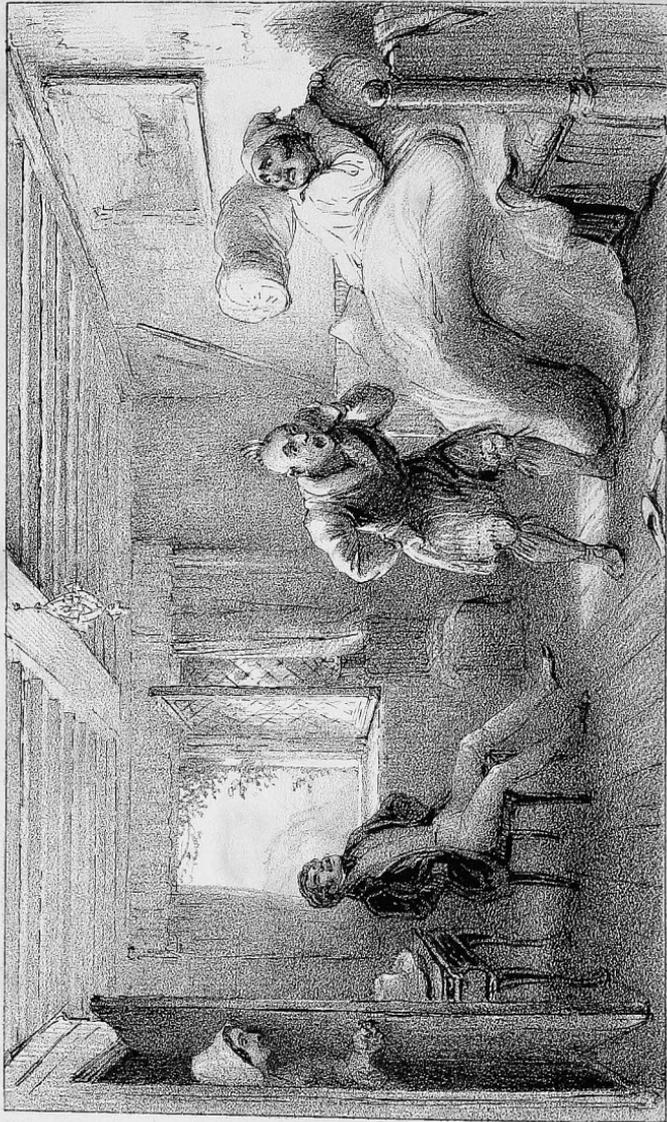
novel and interesting, as he had engaged the services of these two Indians for the purpose of witnessing their extraordinary quickness of sight and their dexterity in spearing salmon and trout.

“You’ve heard of a wigwam I’ve no doubt, my lad, and you’ll see one by this time to-morrow,” said the Major; “for I intend to bivouac with my dark-complexioned guides on the bank of the River Chaude: and as they tell me there are some deep-pools and stands in the Jacques Cartier water just below this hot *strame*, I intend that you and I shall go with them in their canoes and see them spear the salmon, and I’ll go bail we have some excellent sport.”

After this cheering assurance, I ventured to hint at the expediency of discussing one of our cold pies, and mixing a tumbler of toddy preparatory to retiring for the night. It was waxing late, and it had been arranged that we were to start with our dusky pilots immediately after an early breakfast on the following morning. With some difficulty I

succeeded in persuading the Major to get between the sheets, for he was in a talkative humor, and would willingly have sat up till daylight if I had been disposed to listen to his long yarns, and started on our excursion without indulging even in a forty-wink dose. Luckily I carried my point, and after a sound and refreshing sleep, I was aroused by one of the Indians, who had crept to my bedside soon after day-light, and with a gentle pat on the cheek gave me to understand it was time to be up and stirring. The Major was still snoring, and by way of revenge for his having abridged my quantum of sleep by keeping me up to a late hour on the previous night, I whispered to the Indian in French a wish that he would indulge me with the war-whoop of his country, stating that I had never heard it, and as I was anxious for a genuine specimen I begged he would not spare his lungs.

He pointed to the Major, who at the moment was sending forth the most discordant nasal sounds and in a most enviable



Chief, Look to Her Majesty.

AN INDIAN RECIPE FOR EARLY RISING.

E. J. Hanington.

state of somniferous forgetfulness. To ease the considerate Indian's conscience, I assured him that nothing would afford the Major so much pleasure as a well-delivered war-whoop, in fact that he rather preferred being awakened by any harmonious noise, as the trumpeter of his own regiment had orders to play under his window to warn him of morning drill. Thus assured, the unsuspecting Indian put his fingers to his ears, and bellowed forth such an unearthly screeching yell that all but split my tympanum. The effect on the prostrate Field Officer was no less sudden and astounding. He sprang from his pillow with a bound that threatened destruction to the Widow's bedstead, and staring with bewilderment, cried out in *veritable* Milesian, "Blood and thunder! what's that? Get out o' this, you ill-looking thief! what do you mane by this infarnal whooping? Is that the way to wake a Christian soul, you murdering villain?"

Seeing the Major was waxing wrath, the Indian pointed to me as the author or rather

the cause of this sudden interruption to his slumbers ; and when, on turning to me for an explanation, he saw I could hardly suppress a hearty fit of laughing at his surprise and the comical figure he cut, the truth burst upon him, and, giving himself a shake, laughed as heartily as I then permitted myself to do ; and having shy'd his bolster at me, and desired the Indian to leave the room, I followed the scalper's example, fearing some more substantial article of bed-room furniture than the ticking and feathers might follow the bolster. A tub of water and a promise of breakfast restored my kind-hearted Hibernian friend to good humor, and by the time we were seated at the breakfast table the Major had completely recovered from the sudden shock occasioned by the Indian war-whoop.

“ By the Powers, Master Tolfrey, that's a short way of waking a man out of a sound sleep you hit upon this morning, and I shall recommend our Colonel to hire this screaming fellow to rouse our Subs out of bed in the

mornings, for they don't mind the regimental bugles a bit. That was a murderous screech anyhow he gave us ; and I think I'd rather be scalped first, than hear that d—d noise before they took my crown off. He's got a tight pair of lungs that chap ; and as we walk through the woods to the River Chaude, we'll ask him to give us another yell or two to keep him in wind."

Having despatched our breakfast, we set forth with our pilots, and had no little difficulty in keeping up with the fleet-footed Indians. The pace these people walk at through brake and briar is perfectly astonishing : there is not the slightest effort at exertion, and they creep along noiselessly and with an ease perfectly marvellous, but which long habit, if not nature, has made familiar to them. After three hours' smart walking—or I might say, as far as the Major and myself were concerned, running—we reached a narrow clay-coloured rivulet, which discharged itself in the Jacques Cartier. We had occasionally during our walk had a peep

at the *ould* river, as the Major termed it, but at the termination of our journey we came upon a magnificent bend or rather basin of this beautiful stream, into which the *Rivière Chaude* emptied itself. It was in truth an enchanting spot ; and after having seated ourselves on a most tempting turf bank, we remained gazing for several minutes on the beautiful scenery by which we were surrounded. Of course we had not forgotten our trout-rods, and as soon as we had indulged our love of the picturesque, we began to think of going to work. The Major had tied some flies for the occasion ; and with his usual forethought, having ascertained the peculiar color of the water we were about to try, had dyed his collars and foot-lines in onion-water, which had given them the exact hue we wanted. I commenced operations with a red palmer, a blue dun, and the Major's pet brown fly, the body of which was composed of bear's fur, but, as my worthy companion observed, it was of little consequence what flies I used, for the trout would take

anything. And so they did : and I need scarcely add that our sport was most extraordinary. The fish were none of them large, seldom reaching a pound in weight, but they rose to our flies with aldermanic voracity, and we had soon a most goodly show of these delicate fish.

While we were employed so pleasantly, the Indians were occupied in constructing a wigwam, and making preparations for our shelter and comfort at night. By two o'clock in the afternoon a most comfortable wind and water tight cabin was erected, and while the Major and myself were partaking of some cold provender we had brought with us, our guides went in quest of their canoe, which they had left in a creek higher up the river prior to their coming down to us at Jacques Cartier Bridge.

Having refreshed ourselves, the Major and myself took to our rods again, and by his advice I fished with only two flies ; for, strange as it must appear, I had frequently, during the morning, hooked three fish at a

time, or rather had three fish on my line before I could land the first I had caught. This little Rivière Chaude is beyond compare, the most prolific stream in the two Canadas ; and, at the time I write of, had never been fished by a European. It is situated about eight or nine miles above Jacques Cartier Bridge, and runs through a wild and uncultivated woody territory seldom invaded by the foot of man. The water is at every season of the year discolored, as if it were impregnated with a blueish clay : it is decidedly warmer to the touch than any running water I ever met with, and a stretch of the imagination might lead to the supposition that it is tepid. Be this as it may, the fish are of a superlatively fine flavor, excessively rich and delicate, and in appearance very handsome, the colors being more brilliant and distinctly defined than those taken in the Jacques Cartier itself. We caught more of them at the confluence of the two rivers than up the stream, although I might say, without exaggeration, that from its source

to its mouth the Rivière Chaude is alive with trout.

We were enjoying a quiet snooze on some dried fern leaves, under the shelter of our newly constructed wigwam, when the Indians returned with their canoe, which they had contrived to steer safely down the impetuous river. We gave them some rum and tobacco, and proceeded to blow a cloud ourselves to keep them in countenance. We found our sable friends very amusing companions, and we listened with real pleasure to their narratives, all of which were on topics interesting to us, seeing that fishing and hunting were the themes. Shortly after dusk, these useful attendants kindled fires around our little hut, especially in front of the rude entrance, to keep off those unpleasant intruders the mosquitoes; for in spite of the unctuous preparation of hog's lard and turpentine, with which every come-at-able inch of our skins was anointed, they would have molested us while napping but for this precaution.

It having become sufficiently dark soon after ten o'clock, to visit the deep pools and still water on the Jacques Cartier, the Indians lighted their torches, and we embarked in their canoe. A more interesting sight I never witnessed than the spearing of salmon by these adept professors. I have, in a little work published by Mr. Colburn, the great Biblioplist. of Great Marlborough Street, intitled "The Sportsman in France," described this scene, and I must, therefore, refer the reader to these unpretending volumes. I may, however, permit myself to state, that the adroitness of the spearers, their wonderful quickness and acuteness of vision, and the novelty of the scene altogether, made an impression on me that time can never obliterate.

After passing two or three hours most pleasantly, we returned to our rude habitation, and partook of a supper cooked by the Indians after the most rural fashion. Having washed and gutted one of the salmon they had taken, it was swaddled in

leaves with the scales on, tied to wooden spits with fibres, and roasted on the embers at our feet. In half an hour it was ready, the scales peeled off, and the juicy, flaky *morceaux* which fell to our share were the most delicious I ever partook of. No fish-dinner at Blackwall or Greenwich ever produced such appetizing samples of piscatorial excellence as did these juicy pieces of Jacques Cartier salmon, cooked by the hands of the rude Indian in a North American wood.

We slept soundly that night on our heathy bed, and after catching ten or fifteen brace of trout at the morning's dawn, we trudged back to the Bridge, and arrived in time for a late breakfast. The Major was tied to time, as he was the Field Officer on duty for the following day. We therefore paid one more visit to the Hospital after breakfast, caught a brace of fine salmon for our friends in the Garrison, and started from the Toll-house for Quebec about two in the afternoon. We reached our quarters between seven and eight in the evening, but during

our ride we had organised an expedition to *Chateau Richer*, where we determined on dealing death and destruction amongst the snipes. The following Monday was the day fixed upon ; and on the following Monday we *did* go, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton and Captain Griffiths—a full, true, and particular account of which will be found in the following Chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

A Divan held at Malhiot's Hotel after dinner on the day of returning from Jacques Cartier.—A trip to Chateau Richer, determined upon by Major Browne, Captain Griffiths, Mr. Hamilton, and the Author.—The party proceed by water in Mr. Hamilton's boat.—Beauty of the Scenery.—Arrive at Chateau Richer.—Marvellous sport and capital cheer.—Return to Quebec *after a week's* unqualified enjoyment.

OUR arrival in the Garrison soon became known amongst our friends, for the Major and myself had scarcely shaken off our sporting gear ere our quarters were besieged by a host of inquisitive idlers, anxious to learn where he had been, what we had done,

&c. ; and before their curiosity was half gratified, we learnt from them that our brother Sportsmen had been greatly mystified by our sudden disappearance. Not a word was said about the *Rivière Chaude*—our answer to all inquiries being couched in the following laconic terms :—“Jacques Cartier—water very low—bad sport—only three salmon.”

As we reached Quebec some two or three hours after the usual dinner hour of our respective messes, the Major and myself had agreed to discuss our cutlet and bottle of Claret at Malhiot's Hotel, and by the time we had completed our toilettes, the *chef* of this very excellent caravansery had prepared a most appetising repast for us. A celebrated *bon-vivant* of my acquaintance has asserted that the period devoted to the duties of the dinner-table is the pleasantest part of the day, and, according to this epicurean maxim, I may say, that while we were thus *agreeably* occupied in doing justice to the culinary skill of the *Coquus Magnus* of the establish-

ment, one of our servants was deputed to the mess-room of the 103rd Regiment for Captain Griffiths and to Mr. Hamilton's residence, for the purpose of inviting both those thorough-bred Sportsmen to take their wine with us, as we intended, while paying due homage to Monsieur Malhiot's fragrant Chateau Margaux, to broach our plan of operations concerning the trip to *Chateau Richer*, and to make all preliminary and conclusive arrangements for a war of extermination against the snipes.

We were in the act of sipping our first bumper of Bordeaux at the conclusion of our savoury and satisfactory repast, when our companions twain made their appearance. From that moment the cork-screw had no sinecure : the long corks were drawn in rapid succession, and as the generous juice was being quaffed, our projected excursion to the marshes of *Chateau Richer* was duly discussed and the *modus operandi* finally determined upon. As I make it a point never to tell tales, the Reader must remain in ignorance

of the sum total of bottles emptied on this occasion, and my innate discretion also forbids me to recount the adventures which befel us after our council broke up, otherwise I might have related how the sign indicative of the calling of the Garrison washerwoman, which carried with it the equivocal announcement that she added "mangling" to her other accomplishments, was discovered on the following morning fastened to the door of our Staff-Surgeon: how an overgrown portrait (painted by the Major himself) of Charley Harvicker, the little German tobaccoist, adorned the Bishop's portal:—how a colossal Turk's head, weighing some ten score or so, was abstracted from the sadler's shop-door, and carried in triumph to the quarters of Captain Ord of the Engineers, to whom its grim visage bore a striking resemblance:—how three golden balls were dexterously removed from the usurious pawnbroker's, and tastefully hung in front of the windows of our friend of the Artillery, Mr. Wood, as a *pledge* of our regard for him, as well as to

indicate his vocation, for we in the plenitude of our wisdom conceived the *balls* to be more in his line than that of the snoring silver-smith :—how we disturbed from their slumbers some half dozen cock-and-hen midwives, whom we despatched in different quarters of the city to Ladies...who did *not* require their attendance : with many more mischievous pranks “too numerous to mention in this here advertizement,” as Lord Duberly says. In fact, a nice sense of propriety bids me draw a veil over our concluding frolics. Suffice it to say, we did not seek our respective homes until nearly daylight, neither did we separate until we had jointly and severally undertaken to have everything in readiness by the following Monday, it having been agreed upon that we were to start for *Chateau Richer* on that day. That we made a jolly night of it cannot be doubted. We were sorely rated by Captain Griffiths and Mr. Hamilton for having stolen a march upon them, and as the wine did its duty, and the Major’s heart opened, the im-

portant secret of the discovery of the *Rivière Chaude* was disclosed, but under a solemn promise that the existence of this wonderful *strame* should not be revealed to any one else. A ready assent was given, and the pledge washed down in a bumper of ruby wine.

The celebrated marsh of *Chateau Richer*—for celebrated it ever will be so long as snipes are sent to regale us here on earth—is situated about sixteen miles below Quebec on the North shore, and some nine or ten beyond the Falls of Montmorency. The drive from the Garrison to this magnificent cascade is extremely beautiful, though beyond the village from which the roaring cataract takes its name the road has not much to boast of in point of scenery; but the enthusiastic snipe-shooter cares little for the picturesque when a swamp full of his favorite game is at the end of his journey. The hamlet of Chateau Richer skirts the high road, between which and the river lies the marsh, extending along its banks for a dis-

tance of six or seven miles. Of the inconceivable number of birds found in this chosen spot I shall speak anon : Munchausen himself could never have done it justice ; for even the fertile imagination of this far-famed traveller could scarcely have conceived anything equal to the sport to be met with in the season on this swampy strip of land.

Having gone to church on Sunday like repentant sinners to atone for our misdeeds of the previous Friday, we repaired after Divine Service to Mr. Hamilton's snug little bachelor's habitation facing the Government gardens, and at a convocation then and there holden it was decided, contrary to our original plan, that we should run down to Chateau Richer in his boat, and not per American waggon. This arrangement, originating with Mr. Hamilton, had for its object the safe and undisturbed conveyance of our provender, especially the liquid portion of it ; and as our hospitable friend proposed adding some of his superlatively fine old Port

to the joint contributions of good things to be consumed during our trip, he wisely and considerately bethought him of his pleasure-boat, for the jolting over Canadian ruts will turn the very best of old Port into a thick *black draught*, to say nothing of endangering the bottles which contain the good stuff. These and other weighty considerations led to the change in our mode of transit, which I for one did not regret, inasmuch as I prefer the comparative ease and comfort of floating in "a well-trimmed wherry" on the surface of a beautiful river, to bumping over uneven roads in an indifferently hung vehicle on unyielding springs. Of all the bumps, phrenological or otherwise, defend me from the bump of *dislocativeness* !

About half-past nine the following morning, a well-poised truck might have been seen wending its way to one of the wharves in the Lower Town, freighted with hampers "of sizes," and which contained pasties "of sorts," to say nothing of cold joints, poultry, ham, and tongues. The Madeira, bottled stout,

Hodgson's pale ale, and some excellent brandy were not forgotten, and the whole of these much-loved treasures were under the care of the faithful "Dan," the Major's *Leporello*. Our rendezvous in the morning was at Mr. Hamilton's, who, in order to ensure punctuality, had invited us to break our fast beneath his roof; and the result of this tempting provoke was our being seated at his hospitable table as the clock struck ten, where we regaled ourselves with such a breakfast as a thorough-bred West Indian alone knows how to give; and to those of my Readers who are ignorant of this very commendable and never-to-be-sufficiently-extolled accomplishment, I recommend a voyage to the "Antilles," and there will they be initiated in the art and mystery of giving a matutinal meal in perfection.

All sublunary pleasures have their termination: even the fleeting enjoyments of broiled fish, deviled chickens, stewed kidneys, maintenon cutlets, and omelettes, are wound up by satiety after an hour's unin-

errupted devotion to their several merits, for by eleven we were ungrateful enough to prepare to quit the scene of recent gastronomic indulgence, and proceed to the Lower Town, where our little bark was moored to the quay, well laden with the stores we had sent for the occasion.

Our worthy host, with proverbial Occidental hospitality, had not been unmindful of the creature comforts, for as we left his house a well-drilled domestic preceded us with a steady hand and as motionless a gait carrying a wine basket, from the sides of which protruded, like bristling cannon from the port-holes of a frigate, half-a-dozen necks, bearing a certain green seal, known by the owner's intimate acquaintances to confine the most genuine juice that ever was shipped from the shores of Portugal; while in the other hand was poised a goodly shaped basket wherein were deposited three bottles of Jamaica rum some thirty years old, a dozen of limes, coffee, tea, sugar, and some Havannah cigars.

On arriving at the wharf, we found our servants with our guns, dogs, powder, shot, &c. : the only domestic, however, who was permitted to accompany us was Dan, the most useful of campaigners, for to his other numerous good qualities he added that of being a tolerable *impromptu* cook. As we were to journey by water, and not on *terra firma*, the Major had ordered his travelling canteen to be sent down to the boat, for he knew by experience that knives, forks (silver ones at least), fish-sauces, cayenne pepper and other indispensable luxuries, were rather scarce in Canadian farm-houses, and Madame Françoise, to whose accommodating tenement we were hurrying, although the most obliging and civil of hostesses, was but ill supplied with these aristocratic appliances.

Mr. Hamilton's boat had been constructed for use as well as show and amusement : she was a roomy little craft, broad in the beam, and as stiff under canvas as a three-decker in Plymouth Sound. It was high

water when we reached the wharf, and by the time all our cargo living and dead were comfortably stowed away, the ebb-tide was running down merrily. We were soon under weigh (or way, which is it, kind nautical Reader ?), and sailing with a light as well as a fair wind between the beautiful Island of Orleans and the magnificent scenery on the North shore of the main land. The view from the water on every side is positively enchanting, and when we were abreast of the Falls of Montmorency, I thought I had never seen anything so lovely and at the same time so grand as the *coup-d'œil* which presented itself ; and not the least imposing part of this splendid picture, or the least important feature in this unrivalled panorama, was the city of Quebec itself.

Its elevated position and glittering house-tops—for every public building and many private dwellings are roofed with tin, which, strange to say, never rusts—added in no slight degree to the extraordinarily picturesque and (to me) novel effect.

We passed as near to the bottom of the Fall as prudence would admit of, and my companions were kind enough to allow the boat to be hove to, that I might for a few minutes enjoy the unequalled loveliness and grandeur of the scenery we were passing through. Having gratified my taste for the picturesque, our coxswain rounded the boat's head towards the spot we were bound to, and having hauled aft the sheet, we were once more swiftly gliding down the noble River St. Lawrence under the influence of a delicious breeze and a favorable tide.

The sixteen miles were soon accomplished, and having landed opposite the village—if jumping up to one's knees in slimy mud can admit of such an interpretation—we waded towards the swamp with our quartet of quadrupeds—for we were each provided with a pointer—leaving the boatmen and the factotum Dan to haul the boat up a yawning creek as best they might, and (which feat accomplished) to convey our

baskets of provender up to the farm-house of the fascinating Madame Françoise.

At the Major's particular request we followed him straightway to the rustic dwelling, without diverging to the right or left, as we had proposed doing, in the hope of knocking over a few snipes *in transitu*; but his well-known "be aisey, boys, can't you!" had the effect of restraining in some degree our anxiety, although it did not prevent Captain Griffiths and myself taking a snap-shot each as we flushed two or three couples while following in the Major's wake.

It was with some difficulty that our dogs could be made to comprehend the motive for such a manœuvre, or rather to obey the (to them) strange mandate.

My recent acquisition, "Slack-back," the Major's kind gift, was greatly mystified, for, according to his invariable rule when there was game "a-foot," having taken the lead, he would, although trudging in a line with us, occasionally make a dead point, leaving

his companions to back him, and the good old dog was sorely discomfitted at being whistled off, and no notice being taken of his powers of scent.

I believe I was the first to disobey the Major's orders, by flooring one of a couple of snipes which rose within five yards of me. "Quiet, you devil, can't you?" roared the Major; "wait till we've secured our rooms at Mother Françoise's I tell you, for fear some of the boys in the town should come the ould soldier over us, and drive down and get there before us. There are two or three other houses in the village to put up at, but none so comfortable as hers."

As our leader was delivering himself of this very sensible speech, which, as a precautionary measure, was highly to be commended, "bang, bang,!" went both the barrels of Captain Griffiths's gun. "Aisey there, Master Tom," roared the Major; "don't be after wasting your powder: we'll have plenty of fun yet before dinner,

for I can see with half an eye that the birds are here. So come along boys."

This put a stop to any further disobedience, and we were soon beneath the threshold of the worthy landlady.

On entering the kitchen, Madame Françoise greeted us most cordially : my three companions were well-known guests, and were welcomed accordingly. The room and beds were disengaged, and we became the tenants thereof at a stipulated price for the time being.

We were now ushered into a spacious *salle*, which was to serve for sitting-room, dining-room, and bed-room to boot for half our party, for two corners of the apartment were occupied by a couple of most comfortable-looking beds. One side of this very useful *salle* had been partitioned off for the purpose of converting the enclosed space into a couple of "cabinets," which had each a diminutive window looking on to the high road : these little snuggeries contained each

a bed, so that we were *pour ainsi dire*, all lodged in oneroom, and as comfortably housed as four sportsmen need to be.

Our useful ally, Dan, was equally well provided for, Madame Françoise, with whom he was an especial favorite, having assigned him a comfortable cupboard off the kitchen, into which a liberal supply of mattresses had been piled.

Our quadrupeds were billeted on the stables, where a bountiful quantity of straw left them nothing to wish for after the toils of the day, save and except a savory meal which the provident Dan was sure to gratify them with.

Having secured good quarters, and given our hostess instructions to make certain preparations by the time we returned from the swamp, we set off in quest of the snipes, much to the delight of Slack-back, who, with his companions, "Don" (another capital dog of the Major's), "Belle," and "Juno," (the property of Messrs. Hamilton and Griffiths,) were yelping a mellifluous chorus

as we crossed the farm-yard in our way to the marsh.

It was now past three o'clock, and as dinner had been ordered for half-past six, we had not much time to spare. "This'll be only a small taste for you, Master Tolfrey," said the Major ; for I don't intend we should go far from the house this afternoon ; but you'll be after seeing more birds in the short time we'll be out than you'd fall in with in a week in ould Ireland or England either : so now set to work, boys." We soon separated, each *chasseur* taking a beat of his own, and right glad was I that the Major was not at my elbow, for during the first half hour I am certain I did not kill more than one shot out of five. The anxiety, excitement, and the novelty of the scene all combined, I believe to make me shoot any way but the right. The fact is, there were *too many* birds for a novice like myself, and as they were getting up in every direction around me, I was so bewildered and nervous that the trigger was almost invariably pulled

at the wrong moment. I had contrived, however, to kill five or six couple by five o'clock, and having swallowed a "wee drop" of brandy by way of bracing up the nerves, I rallied after the dose, and acquitted myself rather more creditably during the rest of the afternoon. My companions had been blazing away with scarcely any intermission, and had done great execution, especially the Major, than whom a better snipe-shot I have not seen from that hour to this. I worked, and toiled, and kept on firing, missing and killing, until a "who-whoop" from the lungs potential of our Commander-in-Chief gave us warning that it was time to return to our quarters.

On meeting at the gate which led to our rural lodging, we stopped to compare notes when I found, to my confusion and shame, that I was in an awful minority as far as the return of killed went.

If I remember rightly, the "bulletin" ran thus :—the Major (for he was ever the "top-sawyer" with gun or rod) had floored one-

and thirty couple ; Mr. Hamilton, twenty-three or twenty-four couple ; Captain Griffiths, nineteen couple ; and my bungling self, ten-and-a-half couple, and as far as the number of shots went I ought to have beaten the Major himself. I submitted to the "roasting" bestowed upon me from my lack of coolness and skill with as good a grace as a disappointed youngster can be imagined to have done, and being moreover ravenously hungry at the moment, I forgot my temporary disgrace in the joyful anticipation of a good dinner. In the full determination of retrieving my character as a shot on the morrow, I followed my companions to the house, where we found that Dan and the landlady had not been idle.

To a hungry and tired Sportsman I know not a more cheering sight than a well-spread and well covered board on arriving at his home after the fatigues of the day are over, and this soothing consolation had we in every sense of the word.

On entering our *salle à manger* we

beheld the cloth laid as symmetrically and with as much taste as the limited quantity of plate and glass would admit of: the cold joints were fancifully decorated with parsley, an herbaceous embellishment Dan had seen employed by the mess-man of the regiment, and we learnt from this zealous serving-man that a couple of our pies were undergoing a fiery ordeal for the second time, he having availed himself of the opportunity of the landlady's baking to surprise us with "summut hot" (as he termed it) out of the oven after wetting our feet in the bog.

Upon the principle of *seniores priores*, the Major and Mr. Hamilton had the choice of beds, and these Gentlemen having selected the well-furnished couches in the "common room," or room "in common," Captain Griffiths and myself took possession of the *cabinets*.

"I've got the tubs and the hot water, Sir," said Dan to the Major, "if the Gentlemen would be after *cleaning* themselves before dinner;" and in good truth we did require a trifle

of cleansing after our walk, for the heat and mud rendered such an operation a matter of necessity as well as comfort. A good scrubbing and a change of under-garments caused us to sit down to dinner with an additional *gusto*, and no four Knights of the Trigger ever did more justice to good cheer than we did on this day. Our pasties were none the worse for having been *réchauffé'd*, and as our appetites were somewhat of the keenest, the cold and hot condiments were highly relished. --“By the Powers! the ating and the drinking's not the worst part of our *divarsions*,” chimed in the convivial Major, as he smacked his lips after swallowing a jorum of Hodgson's pale ale; “so jist be after giving me the smallest taste in life of that tongue, for it's an elegant tit bit to wind up with is that same.” As this request was addressed to myself, I sent him a couple of slices of true gastronomic proportions, for I was even so far back as six-and-twenty years ago, of the opinion expressed to me at a later period by my old and lamented friend

poor Theodore Hook, that a man who cut tongue *thin* and ham *thick* should be "cut" himself by all his acquaintances.

After we had sipped a few glasses of old Madeira, Mr. Hamilton suspected that Captain Griffiths and myself were looking out for a little of his good port, from one or two glances that were interchanged between us, and, not to keep us longer in suspense, told us that he would not do his wine such injustice as to draw a cork that evening; that we must wait patiently until the following night, when he hoped it would be in good order; but to atone for any disappointment as to the bee's-wing, he proposed brewing a bowl of punch after the fashion of the West India planters; and that, as he knew his materials to be unimpeachable, he was convinced we should not object to the substitute. "By the Powers!" said the Major, "and a very pretty substitute you'll find it, boys: only don't drink too much of it, for it's as mild as mother's milk, and if you let it steal down your throats too often,

the devil a snipe will you hit in the morning. I *spake* from experience, for I found myself in somebody else's bed after sucking a quart of it."

While Dan was prevailing upon some water to boil in a huge vessel in the kitchen, we discussed one more bottle of Madeira, and by the time the last glass was tossed off, he made his appearance with a respectably-sized bowl, an enormous jug of boiling water, and a large paper-bag filled with sugar. Our punch-maker then commenced operations, and having extracted from his secret store a bottle of his matchless rum, his limes, and a small pot of Guava-jelly, he brewed about a pint of green tea, or, as he termed it, caught the aroma of two ounces of best gunpowder, and the infusion finished, the sugar, or rather two-thirds of the proportion required, was dissolved in it. After the tea-leaves had been thrown aside, the remainder of the sugar was rubbed on the rind of the limes, Mr. Hamilton observing, that the essential oil which conveyed the exquisite

flavor was more equally distributed throughout the compound than when the skin was peeled ; then the delicious acid of the fruit was added to the already-impregnated sugar, and as soon as the several lumps had imbibed the proportion required, the Guava-jelly (and without this Occidental confection no punch can be pronounced perfect) was dissolved in a pint or so of boiling water.

This done, the tea, the sweets and acid were commingled, and the foundation, or sherbet, tested by the experienced palate of the "grand compounder :—" six glasses of cognac, two of Maderia, and the bottle of old rum were added, and over all about a quart more of boiling water, and, as a finishing touch, the slightest possible sprinkling of nutmeg. Here was the punch ; and, oh ye gods, what punch ! it out-nectared nectar ! Such tipples never before had passed my lips. I have in the West Indies, since the period I am recording, drunk some very luscious and fascinating mixtures very nearly resembling it ; but I never knew it surpassed, if equalled, even

in the tropical region of yellow fever and land-crabs ; for my old friend Hamilton was the best, the very best concoctor of punch I ever met with. Whether it was the tea, the limes, or the Guava-jelly, I will not pretend to say ; but the truth must be told : Captain Griffiths and myself were very curiously ‘bosky’ by ten o’clock ; and, as we were informed the following morning by the Major and Mr. Hamilton, poor Dan had a troublesome job of it in tucking us up for the night. Our companions were old stagers, and knew the danger that lurked beneath the concealed strength of this insinuating mixture ; and I believe we, the victims of this deceptive stuff, afforded them no little amusement as its effect worked on our inexperienced heads ; for, if our tormentors spoke truly, we uttered and committed numberless extravagances, and were sent to bed with a splendid pair of moustâches each—at least so my own looking-glass and Captain Griffith’s Seraskier-looking visage assured me in the morning.

We were aroused from our slumbers at

eight o'clock, and having but a very indistinct recollection of the previous night's proceeding, I was for the moment rather puzzled to account for my being packed in so small a room. The Major's good-humored face soon dispelled all doubt, and I jumped from my couch without the slightest head-ache, but as thirsty as a crocodile in a dry ditch. The Major brought me a tumbler of rum-and-milk brewed after his own fashion, and a wonderful restorative I found it; and by the time I had performed my ablutions and the sluicings, I was as ready to attack the breakfast as my more prudent elders.

Dan had been up with the lark and washed our guns, so that everything was in order for our day's work. The Major had proposed beating down the swamp, for he was led to believe we should find a greater number of birds about two miles below the village, a spot seldom beaten by the generality of Sportsmen from Quebec, and where he had two seasons before met with extraordinary success. While we were sleeping off the

effects of our little debauch, he had walked into the village, and having found out one of the *habitants*, upon whose information he could depend, he had gleaned from the communicative Canadian that the *bécassines* were down below *en masse*. Having obtained this desirable information, he returned to us, and as soon as we had despatched our morning meal we put our guns together and set off in high glee.

The only drawback upon unqualified enjoyment in the swamp of Chateau Richer is the number of gulleys and dykes by which it is intersected. The wading through and jumping over these infernal trenches is annoying in the extreme to the sanguine shooter ; but in spite of these impediments we shot our way downwards, and as much in line as circumstances would admit of. Captain Griffiths and myself felt the ill effects of the insidious draughts of which we had so heedlessly partaken on the previous night, but we in time overcame all nervous feeling and trepidation, and shot very respectably.

As we left the village behind us, the birds increased in number, and by the time we had traversed a mile of the marsh they were literally and truly *swarming* around us. It so happened that we were the first Sportsmen who had come down for the season, and as consequently not a gun had been fired amongst the new arrivals we had the cream of the fun, and fun it was, as far as the shooting went. I had but one fault to find with it, and that was the birds being too plentiful, for in truth there were sufficient even scattered over the short distance I had traversed to have stocked the Lincolnshire fens for a century to come.

In sober earnest, the quantity of snipes congregated in this said marsh of Chateau Richer was, *dans toute la force du terme*, marvellous. It so far exceeded my most sanguine expectation at the time, and what I have seen since in all the marshes I have visited in different parts of the world, that I am rather apprehensive, in giving an account of the prodigious slaughter committed by

our party, of being classed with those highly imaginative archers who are proverbial for using long bows—or rather setting up as a target the credulity of their friends, and drawing upon it with their powers of invention. But as I am not the only snipe-shooter by many hundreds who have dealt death and destruction amongst the Canadian snipes in this unrivalled swamp, and as I can conscientiously refer the Reader to one and all of my fellow-countrymen who have had the good fortune to sail up the St. Lawrence, I stand not in awe of the hackneyed sarcasm, “travellers tell strange things;” and as an honest chronicler I will state facts, startling though they be, as they fell under my own personal observation.

To resume then. Before twelve o'clock I had expended my ammunition; not a charge of powder or shot had I left: and, as a signal of distress, I held up my empty powder-flask to the Major after giving him a view-halloo to direct his attention to my forlorn situation. He pointed to a large tree

about a couple of hundred yards from the spot where I stood, and which appeared to be close to the high road. I was not mistaken, for on reaching it, I found the estimable Dan, with a basket containing canisters of powder, a bag of shot, a huge bundle of tow, and lots of wadding.—“Maybe your gun’s foul, Sir,” said the civil fellow : “the Major always makes this tree his *randy-vow*, and I wash his gun when he’s down here at this spot, while he takes a small sup and rests himself : there’s a nice little spring quite handy, and I’ll have your barrels as clane as new in no time.” Whereupon he set to work *instanter*, and by the time my companions joined me, my little “Nock” (one of old Henry’s, and the best little double for covert I ever owned during the dynasty of the flints) was ready for action again. All the other guns stood in need of a similar restorative, and while Dan was pumping the filth out of the soiled barrels, we sat down and compared notes, The Major had killed close upon forty couple ; Mr. Hamilton

nearly as many ; I had managed to knock over twenty-eight and a half ; and Captain Griffiths some three or four birds short of this number : and this was the work of very little more than three hours. Having refreshed ourselves with a small drop of the "cratur" diluted with some deliciously cool water from the neighbouring rill, we betook ourselves once more to the bog, as Dan would persist in calling it ; but before he took his leave of us, or rather we of him, he informed his master, that, in obedience to his instructions, he had forwarded to Quebec by one of the market-carts the snipes we had killed the night before, the larger proportion to the messman of the 103d. Regiment, and the rest to the caterer for the mess of the Royal Artillery.

After thanking the provident Major for thinking of my brother *convives* in the Garrison, I followed the example of my comrades, and went to work right merrily, by no means sorry to have emptied my pockets : indeed we had all of us loaded Dan with our birds,

which would scarcely have been eatable had they remained in our pockets, jammed to a mummy, and under so warm a sun as we were out in ; for upon more than one occasion, while shooting in Canada early in the autumn, I have brought home snipes in a state of putrefaction although not shot above a few hours. Our afternoon's sport was fully equivalent to that of the morning, and although exceedingly tired and exhausted by our exertions, we returned home by five o'clock in high glee at our success. My pockets were crammed full of birds ; and even at this distant period I can well remember the feeling of exultation with which I displayed the proofs of my skill on the dresser in the kitchen of Madame Françoise. The sums total of the day's work ran as follows :—Major Browne, 89 couple ; Mr. Hamilton, $76\frac{1}{2}$ couple ; myself, 59 couple ; and Captain Griffiths, $51\frac{1}{2}$ couple. This must to the European Reader appear extraordinary, if not incredible : the statement, however, is strictly and to the letter true ; and in

corroboration of it I have only to add, that in the early part of the following season, Major Browne and Mr. Hale, the Paymaster General to the forces, did much more than this—the former killing 116½ couple, and the latter 111 couple ; but they were both first-rate shots, and fell in with the birds as they arrived in the swarms we found them.

Having washed off our mud and *cleaned* ourselves, as Dan would have it, we fell to at the prog like so many famished aldermen ; and oh, joy of joys ! after dinner the long wished-for green seal made its appearance : the verdant wax was shaved off with a skill that long practice alone renders perfect ; the yielding, velvety cork was scientifically abstracted, and the purple, bright, and fragrant juice was soon transferred by the masterly hand of its owner into an old narrow-necked French decanter, which bore more resemblance to an antique water-bottle than anything else, but which I will be sworn never before held such exquisite stuff : only three bottles of this nectar did we drink ; but the unspeak-

able comfort the contents afforded us is not to be described.

We went to bed as sober as Father Mathew himself, and repeated our visit to the swamp on the following day. The birds were more scattered, and not so numerous ; but our sport was still excellent, as our messmates in the Garrison could testify, for we supplied them with snipes during our stay, reserving only a few for our own consumption. We remained until the Saturday, when, having consumed everything eatable and drinkable, and thinned this portion of the swamp very perceptibly, we took boat with the flood-tide after breakfast, and reached Quebec safe and sound after six days of unqualified enjoyment in the swamp of Chateau Richer.

CHAPTER VIII.

A few observations on guns.—The merits of Flint and Percussion compared and discussed.—Joe Manton and other makers alluded to.—One more visit to Jacques Cartier.—Extraordinary capture of a magnificent salmon by a youth, with a bit of rag and scarlet cloth on a rusty hook.—Dogs in Canada—Mr. Brailsford's breed at Melton Mowbray, and his plan for ensuring a stud of good dogs.

AND now for a word about Guns. Some respectable, middle-aged sportsmen,—the "Quidnuncs" of what is termed the Old School, are pleased to affirm that the flint-guns of their day—I presume their retrospections carry them as far back as thirty

years since—shot stronger and consequently killed at greater distances than the copper-cap doubles of the present enlightened age. With all due submission to these venerable bigots, who wear cotton-shirts and put their drawers on in bed, I take leave to state that I cannot admit the justice, and I might go the length of adding, the truth, of the observation. I am getting into the “sear and yellow leaf” myself, seeing that I was ushered into this sinful world towards the latter end of the year 1794, and having served my apprenticeship under the flint-and-steel dynasty, and when out of my time made myself master of the copper-cap system, I may be permitted, by reason of the experience acquired in the ardent pursuit of a favorite amusement, to give an opinion on the relative merits of the two systems, if such a term as “relative merits” can be applied where comparison is out of the question.

When one hears a sexagenarian disciple of the Old School make the startling assertion

that the flint-lock is superior to the percussion principle, one naturally asks oneself a few questions, and the first of these would be, upon what basis does the old gentleman found his opinion? Here is the question; but where is the answer? This I suspect would be rather difficult to find. We all know that a flint-lock is manufactured with an encumbrance termed a pan, which, to those of my more juvenile Readers who have never shot with any other than a percussion-gun, may be compared in appearance to the paddle-boxes of a steam-boat. This pan is or *was* the receptacle for the priming, which being ignited (every now and then) by means of intermittent sparks from the flint, communicated through the touch-hole with the charge of powder in the chamber of the barrel. But where was this said perforation termed touch-hole? Why, in every gun that was turned out of hand thirty years ago, exactly where it should not have been—introduced into the *centre* of the charge of powder. What was the consequence?

Simply this: from half the charge lying *before* the orifice through which the ignition was communicated, and the other half *behind* it, the powder on exploding had a two-fold office to perform—a struggle for escape right and left, at the back and front door; and by this double action, if I may so term it, and not finding egress at the breach, an extra degree of recoil was the result, and because the gun kicked, as the phrase goes, the idea was doubtless entertained that it shot stronger. Now it is notorious that the weakest shooting guns recoil or kick more than any others. I can readily imagine that a man who had been accustomed for the first fifteen or twenty years of his shooting existence to use the flint-and-steel would find himself marvellously puzzled on taking the field with a gun mounted on the copper-cap principle. The distance he had been accustomed to allow himself in firing before his birds would infallibly cause him to miss every feather he aimed at; and as disappointment, if not disgust, would as infallibly ensue, it is pos-

sible, that, without giving the new system a fair and patient trial, the old family slow-coach double-barrel has been resumed. The veteran sportsman, therefore, because he has missed shots with an implement of superior and quicker power—which shots would have told with unerring effect with his old trusty, rusty, fusty fowling-piece—stigmatizes the novel invention, of the merits of which he has not made himself master, by roundly asserting that a flint-gun will carry further than a percussion. In nineteen cases out of twenty this is idle prejudice. As far as reason and common sense can guide us, I am of opinion that of the two the copper-cap *ought* to be the harder-hitting and the better-carrying gun. I have paid some attention to and bestowed some pains upon this subject, and my experience has enabled me to come to the conclusion, that a thoroughly well-made double by a first-rate workman on the percussion principle *does* carry further and *will* kill longer shots *if held straight* than any gun on the old flint-

and-steel plan. I have owned, from the year 1812 up to the present time, eight guns in all.

The first was a little single by Grierson of Bond Street (flint) ; the second, a double by Sykes of Oxford (ditto) ; the third, a little double covert-gun, by Smith, now of Princes Street, then of Lisle Street ; the fourth a little double by H. Nock, the fifth, a double, by old Joe Manton, then of Edwards Street, Portman Square, made in 1817, with two sets of locks, flint-and-steel and percussion ; the sixth, by Staudenmeyer of Cockspur Street (altered to copper-cap) ; the sixth, by John Manton of Dover Street (copper-cap) ; and the eighth, by Westley Richards (copper-cap and his patent primer).

It will be seen that I have afforded myself ample opportunity for trying both systems ; and I can unhesitatingly assert that not one of the flint-guns (and they were top-sawyers in their day) shot a yard further, if so far as the copper-caps ; and of the whole eight, the last, by Westley Richards, is the strongest and quickest-shooting gun by many

degrees, and I will back it against any flint-and-steel double of old Joe Manton's palmy days that ever was turned out of his justly-celebrated establishment.

The grand "*desideratum*," as far as my humble judgment goes, is so to construct barrels as that the orifice communicating ignition may be placed at the extreme end of the breach or chamber ; for the nearer the inflammable material which causes explosion is introduced to the hinder grains of powder, the greater will be the impetus given to the discharge, as it will not only acquire additional strength, but the force will be more equable as well as sudden. This I suspect to be the principal secret of Westley Richards's guns shooting stronger and sharper than any others ; and if any of my readers will take the trouble of paying a visit to that worthy and honest prelate, the "Bishop" of Bond Street, who is the appointed and approved agent for the sale of Mr. Richards's guns, they will have an opportunity of seeing some of the most

perfect specimens of workmanship, and of examining the manner in which the nipple is inserted in the breach.

It is as far back as is consistent with safety, and (if anything) BEHIND the last grain of powder in the chamber; so that the whole charge is propelled forward instead of the powder being permitted to struggle for vent by becoming ignited in the *centre* of the compressed mass.

The advocates of the ancient system admit that a copper-cap gun shoots sharper than the flint-and-steel. As this is a self-evident axiom, may we not fairly ask, "and why should they not shoot stronger also?" I will appeal to any sportsman of fair and honourable repute, and whose word is unquestionable, if he have not fairly killed his birds at greater distances and with greater certainty since the introduction of copper-caps than before; and I anticipate from the impartial Reader a ready affirmative.

The gun No. 7, which I have alluded

to, and made by Mr. John Manton of Dover Street, was an excellent one, and I was sure of killing longer shots with it than I ever could reckon upon with any of its five predecessors. I had it with me in Brittany, and its powers of throwing a ball with unerring precision were extraordinary.

It made sad havoc amongst the wild boar ; it was almost equal to a rifle in this respect : but the Dover Street guns are renowned for this qualification.

I am bound, however, in justice to Mr. Westley Richards, to say, that for fur and feather (I have never tried it at bristles) the last on my list, No. 8, the gun I now possess, is the very best I certainly ever owned or ever saw. In point of workmanship and finish it never was surpassed, if equalled, and its powers of throwing shot are wonderful—strength, concentration, and that rare quality, an equi-distant distribution of the pellets, being all combined in this invaluable weapon.

The Reader may form some idea of its

extraordinary excellence when I state that I have killed hares and rabbits at sixty-five and seventy yards, partridges at seventy-six, seventy-seven, and *seventy-nine yards*, the distances *all measured*, and last season I killed a jack-snipe at the almost incredible distance of eighty-five yards, *measured also*; but it was with one of Eley's wire-cartridges; the others were loose shot.

On one occasion, about two years since, during a private pigeon-match which was being shot off in Mr. Croft's Park at Greenham Lodge, near Newbury, as I was amusing myself by playing the part of an outskirter and having a pop at the missed birds, I brought one down, stone dead, at *fifty-seven yards* with No. 6 shot; and it will be admitted that a double-barrelled gun must be a clipper that will do this, as my Readers do not require to be told that a pigeon, a good stout blue rock, takes a stinging dose of shot, with plenty of impetus to boot, to bring him down.

I never knew a flint-gun to come near this in point of execution ; but should any stubborn sceptic be found who would wish to try the experiment, I shall be happy to make a match with him in the field or from a trap at any distance he may name and for any sum he pleases.

Before I conclude this (I fear) rather prosy prelude on guns, I must be permitted to say that Mr. Westley Richards is entitled to the thanks as well as the good opinion of every Knight of the Trigger, not only for supplying them with unmatchable doubles, but for having set an example well worthy of imitation by his competitors in the craft—that of charging a reasonable price for a first-rate article. Mr. Westley Richards is satisfied with a fair remunerating profit : the consequence is that he has more customers than any one in the trade, and amongst them the most influential sportsmen of the present day.

Mr. Richards is a theoretical as well as practical artist, and from the earliest period

of his acquiring an insight into the art and mystery of gun-making, his whole aim and study have been the bringing to perfection the double-barrelled fowling-piece; and I should not be far wrong in asserting that not a day passes without his devising some plan or alteration whereby an improvement may be effected.

The new patent primer may be cited as an example; and I deem it so perfect and at the same time so simple an invention, that it must in the end supersede the copper-cap. It is *nearly* as much quicker than the copper-cap as the copper-cap is to the flint. I have neither time nor space at this moment to recapitulate its surpassing merits, or to enter into an elaborate description of the principle, I will therefore merely refer the Reader to that most urbane, intelligent and gentlemanlike dignitary, the honest "Bishop" of Bond Street, who will not only readily and comprehensively explain the nature of this ingenious and efficacious invention, but will deliver a sound and practical orthodox

as well as eloquent discourse on the superior merits of Mr. Westley Richards's supernaculums ; and to quote the Reverend Bishop's emphatic words, "*it's a pleasure to be killed by one of his guns.*"

But it is time to hop across the Atlantic once more, and learn how the war was carried on in the Garrison of Quebec during the year 1816.

Before, however, I resume the thread of my narrative, I may here state, that one evening after our return from Chateau Richer, as Major Brown and myself were discussing some of Mr. Hamilton's exquisite Port wine at his hospitable table, the subject of guns was introduced, and the merits of the several masters of that day duly canvassed.

The result of this learned disquisition by "The Council of Three" was my being deputed to order as many guns from the celebrated Joe Manton, at that period living in Edwards Street Portman Square.

There was not any restriction as to price,

and as a near and kind relative had placed a hundred pounds at my disposal for the purchase of a good double, my letter to Mr. Manton gave him *carte blanche*, and he was requested to send out by the earliest of the spring ships three guns of his best make, and with every improvement that he had recently introduced to the notice of the sportsman.

On the 8th of May of the following spring it came to pass, oddly enough, that Major Browne and myself were dining with Mr. Hamilton when the "Eweretta," generally the first ship of the season, rounded the Point and groped her way through the fragments of broken ice into the Basin of Quebec, Ere the second course was commenced, a servant was despatched to the Lower Town with directions to take boat and proceed on board to inquire if a case had been shipped. directed to myself. As we were sipping our second bottle of nectar, the messenger returned, followed by a cart, in which, to our great joy, was a most respectable-looking

deal package superscribed with my patronymic. The welcome box was forthwith brought into the dining-room, and by aid of hammer and chisel the lid removed.

The ancient custom of *seniores priores* was here acted upon. The Major took the first gun-case, Mr. Hamilton the second, and myself the third and last; and, strange to say, they were so parcelled out by Mr. Manton; for, on opening the brass-bound mahogany, the names of each of us were legibly written on one of the wrappers.

The price charged by Joe Manton in those days for one of his doubles was *seventy guineas, without extras*; and we found, by an interesting memorandum in one of the compartments of our gun-cases, that we were to pay ten guineas for an extra set of detonating locks, and a like sum for a little kickshaw appended to the lock-plate, having for its title "the gravitating stop," and for its object the prevention of suicide while loading one barrel with the other cocked.

It was a pretty bauble to look at, and certainly answered the purpose for which it was intended ; and as far as the preservation of the lives of children and cockneys went, it was an exceedingly humane adoption : but for a sportsman, and the man who knew how to handle a gun in the field, it was a superfluous if not a useless appendage, and adding an unnecessary expense to an already-overcharged (*pecuniarily* speaking) gun.

No three school-boys with a new toy could have exhibited more anxiety to inspect its construction than we did in the examination of our newly-imported doubles. Nothing was wanting to please the eye : the guns were finished and turned out of hand in the best possible style, and the fitting-up of the cases and all the concomitant furniture and appurtenances were complete in every respect. The price, however, was somewhat startling : for *ninety guineas* one has a right to look for something out of the common way. Having amused ourselves by a minute in-

spection of our splendid acquisitions, we sat down to our Port, and in honor of the occasion tapped a magnum, and, while quaffing the generous juice, resolved upon paying a visit to the corn-fields above the village of Beauport, on the Montmorency-road, about three miles from the Garrison, for the purpose of trying our Joe Manton's. In the spring of the year the snipes are generally found in the higher grounds, at least in Canada; and by ten o'clock the following morning we were at the appointed spot. We found a very fair sprinkling of birds, and Major Browne and Mr. Hamilton floored the long-bills right and left: in fact, they made some extraordinary shots, particularly the Major, who was in ecstasies with the performance of his new purchase. But how shall I describe my own mortification! Not a feather could I touch. The first four or five shots which I missed I attributed to an over-dose of the good stuff from the magnum of which I had partaken on the previous night; but when some ten or dozen snipes

got away unscathed, I began to suspect that a screw must be loose somewhere.

The gun had the same mount as my little double (No. 3) made by Smith : it came up handily and well, and to all appearance suited me admirably. The Major and Mr. Hamilton, having pretty well thinned the fields of snipe, proposed an adjournment to the banks of the River Charles in the marshes near the town. Before we did so, I was resolved upon trying my own gun by firing at a sheet of paper, for, as may readily be imagined, I was by no means satisfied with the result of the morning's experiment. "Wait a bit," and the Major, 'until we have put a sandwich or two under our belts, and then may be I'll be after lending you a newspaper to blaze at, for I've some pretty slices of tongue, consaled in some bread-and-butter, and when we've finished them you shall drill some holes through its advertising page." Having partaken of the provident Major's luncheon, half a sheet of the journal was fastened to a tree, and having stationed

myself at thirty yards distance I fired a respectable dose of No. 8 at it, but *not a pellet struck the paper!* I then decreased the distance to five-and-twenty yards, and at the second trial some two or three shot perforated the paper, but so widely that it was evident the gun scattered to an unusual degree, and from repeated experiments I subsequently made, I found the gun was next to useless—one could hardly make sure of hitting a barn-door at ten paces. Of one thing I am quite positive, that so perfectly harmless a weapon was never made: it scattered to an extent perfectly incredible. This may be quoted as one of the very many slices of ill-luck which have befallen me through life. In justice, however, to Mr. Manton, it is but fair to say that the guns which fell to the share of Major Browne and Mr. Hamilton were superlatively good, especially the Major's, which was a clipper in every sense of the word.

I have seen him make some wonderful shots with it, and if it had a fault it was

that of carrying its shot *too* closely. The gun was returned to Mr. Manton, who, I am sorry to say, only allowed *thirty* pounds for it when exchanged for another, and I think the reader will agree with me that *sixty* guineas was rather too much to lose. Such, however, was the case. This anecdote of my Joe Manton gun has carried me into the year 1817 rather before the time, so, with the reader's permission, we will skip back to the month of September 1816, when my companions and myself had returned from Chateau Richer after our successful trip to the marshes.

The season for salmon-fishing was drawing to a close, and as I was anxious for another trial on the Jacques Cartier River, I started for the Widow's cottage at the foot of the Bridge with Mr. Coultman of the 76th Regt., a capital fisherman, inferior only to the Major, and a youth of sixteen, the son of Captain Barrington of the 60th Rifles, brother to the celebrated Sir Jonah of that name. A light, four-wheeled American waggon held

us and our prog, and the Widow accommodated us in her usual comfortable manner. Having arrived late in the evening, we did not commence operations until the following morning. We were by the river's side soon after day-light, but we did nothing: our young companion killed a few small trout below the Fall, but neither Mr. Coultman nor myself rose a salmon.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we returned to the Hospital pool, but for the first hour we did not get a rise. Soon after three, however, I hooked a fine fish, which made for the bottom, and, as ill-luck would have it, he ensconced himself beneath a projecting shelving of rock which was as sharp as an oyster-shell. My foot-line became fastened in some crevice, from which it was impossible to extricate it. The salmon, however, which we had most industriously pelted, having recovered from his fit of the sulks, made a rush for the centre of the stream, and in his struggle snapped my twisted-gut, and went jumping and capering off with one

of my best flies in his jaws ; and to add to my mortification, I lost nearly all my foot length before I could extricate my line from its stronghold. Nothing daunted, however, I set to work again, but the salmon would not notice our flies, although Mr. Coultman and myself had as goodly and likely a collection as any pair of piscators need have desired. Young Barrington, having watched us for some time, came laughingly up to me, and said,

“ Look here, Mr. Tolfrey, my little sister (a chubby rosy-cheeked urchin of ten years old) heard me say the night before last that I was coming up to Jacques Cartier with you to catch salmon, and she tied me a fly on one of my father’s hooks : here it is, and I will have a try now, since you can’t catch any.” Now this said fly was neither more nor less than some strips of white rag wrapped round a large unwieldy hook, and by way of a tail the little minx had tied a piece of scarlet cloth. Young Barrington’s rod was little better than a hazel twig, but

his line (composed of packthread principally) was honored by a winch-reel fastened in the most uncouth manner possible to the but-end. Well, the boy went to the head of the pool, and made a surprisingly good cast : I could not help watching him, for he set about his task in the most good-humored manner possible, and with all the fun and *insouciance* which are inseparable from the thorough-bred Irishman. At the second cast, up came a splendid fish, took the white and red rag, and went down the stream at a racing pace. The boy ran on with him shouting and screaming, and calling for me to come to his assistance. I went to his side, and told him to take it coolly ; but the youngster trembled so from anxiety and excitement that I took the rod from his hand, and did my best to secure his magnificent prize.

I had my misgivings as to the tackle ; but, strange to say, by dint of great caution and manœuvring, we succeeded in landing one of the finest salmon I *ever* saw taken in the

Jacques Cartier River : it weighed sixteen pounds and an ounce or two, and was in splendid condition. As good-luck would have it, the packthread, by twisting and unravelling, had by some accident taken a turn or two round the head of the fish, and had thus materially assisted in the capture. Our young companion had fairly the laugh against us ; for there were we, with a choice collection of splendid flies, tied expressly for the water, unable to rise a fish, while he, with literally a piece of rag, had captured a beautiful salmon. I mention this fact—and it occurred precisely as I have related it—to shew how capricious and fanciful the finny tribe are occasionally ; and I am certain that neither before nor since has a salmon been taken with so unsightly a bait or with such extraordinary tackle. If my old friends Captain Barrington and Captain Coultman be in the land of the living, and should happen to honor my book by a perusal, they will not fail to recollect the circumstance.

I have the pleasure of being acquainted

with a first-rate trout-fisher, who, unlike the generality of his brethren in the gentle art, pays no attention to the description of fly which may be on the water, but for the most part selects from his book those of a totally opposite character and color ; and I am bound to admit he fills his creel as speedily, if not more so, than others who endeavor to copy nature. As far as contrast goes, there cannot be a better example quoted than the one I have given ; for young Charles Barrington's achievement would tend to confirm the old adage that "variety is charming." We remained at Jacques Cartier for one more day. Mr. Coultman and myself did succeed in killing a small salmon each and a few trout, but on the whole we were disappointed in our sport. I must not omit to mention that my young friend Charley, like a dutiful son and affectionate brother, sent his lucky capture up to Quebec the same evening by the mail-cart, with a letter to his ingenious little sister, thanking her for having tied him so captivating a fly.

This was my last excursion to Jacques Cartier for the year 1816, but I found plenty of practice for the trout-rod in the River Charles, about two or three miles above Quebec, as well as in the River Chaudière, above and below the Falls on the South side of the River St. Lawrence. This beautiful stream runs into the St. Lawrence about two miles above Quebec, nearly opposite Wolfe's Cove, and works the extensive saw-mills the property of the late Sir John Caldwell, then the Receiver-General of the Province, which are situated on its bank. At the tail of the dam I have frequently met with excellent sport, as well as immediately under the beautiful Fall of the Chaudière, about three miles up the stream. If any of my brother fishermen should perchance visit the capital of Lower Canada, and heed not a walk of two miles and upwards through a swamp and thick brushwood, I can assure them that they will be amply rewarded for their labor by going as far as they can penetrate *above* the Falls.

I discovered the secret accidentally, in consequence of having accompanied an intimate friend on a pedestrian expedition up this river, which he was engaged to survey as an Officer of Engineers by the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada. Captain Catty and myself set out on this exploring tour, accompanied by Indian and Canadian guides, bivouacking in the woods and living *al fresco*. While he was employed in taking bearings, levels, sights, distances, and other little trigonometrical and geometrical observations, I amused myself with my trout-rod, and it is more than probable that an artificial fly had never been thrown on that water before.

My talented companion had no reason to regret my having armed myself with my fishing-tackle, for during the week we were out in the woods I supplied the whole party with trout, which were dressed by our followers in the most primeval manner imaginable. The fish were particularly well-flavored and delicate; so that, with cold ham, tongues, biscuits, and plenty of cognac and

cigars, we contrived to pass our evenings in the wigwam very cheerfully ; and I know not when I passed six days more agreeably than with this well-informed and gentleman-like companion.

Captain Catty subsequently completed his survey of the Chaudiere, having ascended nearly to its source, and he was complimented by the House of Assembly for the able manner in which the arduous and difficult task had been performed. Poor fellow ! he is one of the very many of my old Canadian friends who have been taken away ; and but few remain of those kindred spirits with whom I was on the most intimate terms and in daily and hourly intercourse. But a truce to melancholy reflections ! Let us “return to our muttons,” as the French schoolmaster says.

There is very good trout-fishing in the neighbourhood of Quebec. In the Montmorency River the fish are numerous, but never run to a large size, seldom exceeding half a pound, and but few even up to that

weight : small dark flies are the best for this river. In the Chaudière, a showy red palmer, brown drake, red ant, and yellow dun will be found the most taking. In the Charles, dark flies must be used also : brown palmers, spiders, blue duns, hawthorn and willow flies, all dressed on larger hooks, will command success. In the upper part of the Charles, towards Old Lorette, there is very capital pike-fishing at the bend of the river in the still-water. In this, as well as all the smaller rivers in Lower Canada, will be found a voracious and very delicate fish called the *Poisson Doré*. It affords capital sport, and is taken either with a live-bait or by trolling. I have killed as many as a dozen and a half during a morning's fishing : they average from a pound and a half to three or four in weight, and afford very pretty picking.

The Major, Captain Griffiths, Mr. Hamilton, and myself, made three or four trips to Chateau Richer during the latter part of September and the month of October, and great was the slaughter we committed.

Those of my brother bog-trotters who may have had the good fortune to wade through a Canadian swamp will bear me out in the assertion that the snipes are finer and fatter in North America than in any other quarter of the globe: they are in truth splendid birds, and superior in flavour to the European or Asiatic migratories. The woodcocks, however, are very much smaller, and inferior as a luxury for the table to our birds at home: they differ materially in colour also: their plumage has a light reddish tinge, which to the covert-shooter on his first essay in a North American wood, is apt to take him by surprise; so much so that a friend of mine, on bringing down one of these birds for the first time, called out to me and swore he had killed *a double robin red-breast*. A Canadian partridge, or at least the thing so called, for it is a libel on our plump and juicy bird to designate it as a partridge, is a dry, stringy, tasteless (no not tasteless, for it is a mass of turpentine) morsel; it partakes (in appearance at least) more of the

ptarmigan : it is never found in stubble or field, but it perches on the pine tree, and from feeding on the berry, mast, and gum, its flesh is so strongly impregnated with the turpentine which exudes from the bark, that the only chewable substance to which I can compare it is a piece of deal board—phaugh ! the very recollection of this pitch-pine abomination makes me shudder to this very day ! To make up for field-shooting, however, the swamps afford the finest sport it is possible to conceive : the snipe-shooter of Europe can form no idea of it ; and the enthusiast in this exciting sport would be amply repaid by a visit to the marsh of Chateau Richer ; and he would moreover have an opportunity of seeing the finest country in the world. The trip to New York, in these days of steam navigation, is performed in a fortnight. From the States let him proceed to Upper Canada, visit the Falls of Niagara, cross Lake Erie to Kingston, come down the Ottawa, and “hi presto !” he will find himself at Montreal,

only one hundred and eighty miles from Quebec.

In the days I write of, good dogs were scarce in the capital of Lower Canada ; but there have doubtless been many excellent sportsmen there of late years, who have left a good breed of setters and pointers behind them. The Guards, the Seventh Hussars, and the Royals, I have no doubt took out some high-bred ones with them. In the year 1816, however, so much attention was not paid to the breeding and judicious crossing of these valuable and useful animals as in the present day : and even in this enlightened age much remains to be done ; for while cups and prizes are held out as rewards to the breeders and runners of greyhounds, and enormous sums are given for pet-spaniels with pug-noses—(why not cross them with a Coast-of-Guinea Nigger, and make them *quite flat* ?) those noble animals, the setter and the pointer, are comparatively neglected. It is strange that no one of our aristocracy should have originated

the idea of encouraging the improvement in the breed of these useful allies in the field ; but a suggestion *has* been made, and that too by a practical man, and one well qualified to carry out the idea, which he has with praiseworthy zeal given publicity to. This individual is Mr. Brailsford, the celebrated dog-breeder and breaker of Melton Mowbray. He has addressed an admirable letter to the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*, dated, I think, on the 19th of February 1843. In this manly, straightforward communication he stands forward as the champion of our four footed-companions in the field. Mr. Brailsford proposes, as an encouragement to dog-breeders, that a cup, prize, or sweepstakes should be contended for in the field before competent judges, and that the dog which behaves the best and gets the greatest number of points should reward his owner, breeder, and breaker, by winning for him the purse or cup. Mr. Brailsford's reputation as a breeder of setters and pointers is well established. There is no man in Eng-

land who possesses so fine a stud of high-bred dogs, and *certes* no man has sent such splendid specimens from his kennels. All our influential sportsmen and crack shots of the day have been supplied by him, and those matchless animals which Lord Chestersfield lately disposed of were all bred by Mr. Brailsford. I trust and hope that some public-spirited individual will second this admirably conceived idea, and that some of our nobleman and landed proprietors, all of whom shine conspicuously in the field, will afford him the benefit of their countenance and support, not so much for his individual advantage, as with a view to the melioration and perfection of the breed of those noble and most intelligent animals which contribute so largely to our amusement.

Half the dogs miscalled setters and pointers are mongrels; and it is only by public exhibition, as well as competition, that the true merits of a really thoroughbred dog can be tested. There are more curs shot over during a season than people

are aware of ; and I for one hope to see the day when the breeding of setters and pointers will occupy the attention of my brother sportsmen, which I am convinced has only to be awakened to induce them to fall in with Mr. Brailsford's suggestion, who deserves the thanks of every true lover of the dog and gun for having started the idea, and I wish him every success in his projected enterprise.

Here I am digressing again from Canada to Melton Mowbray ; but as our shooting season at Quebec was drawing to a close, I ventured to say a word or two about a good dog, without which the sportsman in Canada would be out of his element. Our winter commenced on the seventh of November ; but a Canadian winter is a winter *per se*, and is deserving of a separate chapter to do it justice.

CHAPTER IX.

Canadian Winter.—The “Pont.”—Sleighbing.—Canadian Houses.—Cahôts.—The Habitans.—Dress for Cold Weather.—Emigrants and Settlers.—Distress of the Impoverished Farmer and Labourer.—Relief afforded by Private Theatricals, and the Military Amateurs.—Wild Turkey and Black Duck.—The Canadas, a Pleasant Country for Half-pay-officers.

THOSE of my Readers who have never left the firesides of their family mansions, or migrated from the shores of Old England, can form no idea of a Canadian winter. The contrast presented to the eye of the new comer is as extraordinary as it is striking ; and yet this consists not so much

in the extreme cold—intense though it be—as in the startling appearance of the face of the country ; to say nothing of driving over hedges and ditches (for the face of the earth is not seen from the first week in November to the first week in May), the various vehicles of high and low degree, the sleighs, the sledges, the carriages, and *traineaux*—the dresses of the drivers, the costume of the *Habitans*—the buffalo-hides and bear-skins hung over the carriages—the furs, thein short, I could fill a chapter, if not a volume, in attempting a description of a Canadian climate and a Canadian carriage.

The climate of Canada rejoices in the two extremes of heat and cold—an Oriental *maximum* in the summer, and a Russian *minimum* in the winter.

The heat in the months of July and August is oppressive beyond conception ; and in the winter—odds fingers and toes ! we tarnation “Brittainers,” as the Yankees call us, can form no idea of the intensity of the cold : but in spite of this chilling draw-

back it is a most delightful season ; and the snow once on the ground, the atmosphere is cleared, a bright and cloudless sky sheds a gladdening ray over the glittering surface on which you walk or drive, while a fine, dry, elastic air cheers and exhilarates the spirits. The houses are of course adapted to the climate—double windows hermetically sealed ; while the interiors are kept at an even temperature by stoves and flues running through the apartment.

The sojourner in Canada should be well armed against the cold in the way of clothing. All the great-coats, box-coats, pilot-coats, cloaks, Taglionis, and wrappers of every kind that man ever wore, will avail not unless there be an undercasing of chamois leather. An invisible waistcoat with continuations to match of this impervious material are worth all the woollen materials that ever came from Manchester. A leathern-casing worn over the under-drapery will bid defiance to the keenest blast that ever chilled the North American traveller ; and the

usual winter-garments of our own climate will suffice with the hidden precaution I have made mention of.

The Canadians of high and low degree invariably adopt a fur or seal-skin cap for winter-wear ; but a stout beaver hat of an extra size, to admit of a strong lining throughout of the aforesaid chamois leather, will be found a more comfortable covering for the head-piece.

To proceed to extremities—a word about the feet : the Indian moccasin is the lightest, warmest, and best protection ; a large boot made of cloth with a sole of felt is a favorite adoption with some ; but a moccasin over an easy boot is the best of all.

But methinks I hear the impatient Reader exclaim, “ This is all very well ; but the nose—what is to become of the nose ? ” Ay ! there’s the *rub*, as I shall presently show.

A Canadian Frost is no respecter of persons ; his rude, uncouth hand twitches the prominent feature of all : and well do I

remember, in the first week of my campaign, when a private of one of the Regiments came to up me, and saluting me with his right hand, rubbed my nose most unceremoniously with his left. To draw back, with a clenched fist preparatory to knocking the fellow down, was the work of a moment ; but ere I had carried into effect this pugnacious resolution, the man had retreated, and respectfully announced that the most remarkable feature in my countenance was frost-bitten, and that unless I submitted to instant friction with a bountiful application of snow, I should in all probability rue the consequences, and carry with me, to say the least, very equivocal symptoms of having been deprived of my nasal proportions in a less glorious cause. I gave the fellow a trifling reward for his timely assistance, and have frequently tendered a similar service to the greenhorns. The sensation attendant upon returning circulation in the proboscis is painful in the extreme ; and but for pulling one another's noses occasionally,

some of my Canadian friends would have cut but sorry figures at the present day.

One of the principal amusements during a Canadian winter is the sleighing, and a most delightful one it is. Some of the equipages are fitted up with great taste and at a considerable expense. The Canadian gentlemen decorate their vehicles with costly furs, some of them being lined throughout with this handsome material.

The ordinary sleigh or carriole, as used by the inhabitants, is on low runners or sledges; and from the body of the carriage being so near the ground, the driver is so much below his horse as to have but little command over him.

The common country *traineau*, as used by the *Habitans*, is open to the same objection; and from the floor of the vehicle, if I may so express myself, being so close to the surface over which it passes, the loose snow is driven before it in heaps, and the hillocks so formed are termed by the Natives *cahôts*. Of all the afflictions under Heaven, the

driving over these dislocating unevennesses is beyond compare the greatest ; the undulatory motion caused by these frozen, national nuisances can be compared to nothing but a badly-steered ship in the Bay of Biscay against a head-wind, with the additional misery of being mercilessly bumped and shaken to the excruciating pitch of losing every tooth in your head.

This abomination, however, is only to be met with on the high and much-frequented roads, or where the snow has not become sufficiently hardened before the traffic becomes general.

On the rivers the driving is remarkably pleasant : the draft to the horse is nothing ; in fact, he has little else to do than to get out of the way of the carriage.

All my fellow-countrymen, especially those who at home had imbibed a taste for coaching, invariably adopted the high-runner ; and if the Legislature were to enact a law prohibiting the use of the *traineau* and low sledge throughout the country, much incon-

venience would be avoided, and considerable good would result to every class in the community ; but the French Canadian is a bigot, and could no more be induced to adopt an innovation (although he might be compelled doggedly to admit the ulterior benefit to himself) than Mr. Joseph Hume to forego his parliamentary calculations.

The motion of a sleigh when driven over a smooth surface is remarkably pleasant ; and the velocity with which you travel, and with such apparent ease to the horse, adds much to the enjoyment.

It was my good fortune in this my first winter to see what is termed by the Natives the *Pont*—that is, the River St. Lawrence frozen over from the town across the basin to Point Levi, a distance of one mile and a quarter. This happens but once in every four or five years, and then only when the season happens to be an unusually severe one. The winter of 1816-17 was a pinching one *dans toute la force du terme*, and for a Johnny Newcome a better specimen of

a Canadian climate could not have been afforded me.

By the month of January, I had, by dint of observation as well as unremitting practice, acquired some little knowledge in the art and mystery of sleigh-driving ; and having also gained a few wrinkles from my more experienced brother-dragsmen, I started from Quebec to Montreal, a distance of two hundred miles, on a visit to my old friend and fellow-passenger the Cornet, whose regiment (the 19th Dragoons) was quartered at Chambly, a cavalry station on the South side of the St. Lawrence opposite Montreal, and distant from that town—I beg its pardon—city—some eight or nine miles. I drove the whole of the way on the ice, and as but little snow had fallen after the *Pont* had taken, the travelling was particularly pleasant. I returned by the *grande route*, and was jolted to a mummy by the time I reached my journey's end—I shudder to this day at the bare mention of the word *cahôt*, I am told, that, in spite of all remonstrance,

the *Habitans* with a bigoted resolution adhere even up to the present time to the low-runner system of their forefathers, and bump over their snow hillocks as unconcernedly as ever. I marvel much that they do not break their stubborn necks ; for they one and all drive at a reckless pace, and on returning to their farm-houses at the conclusion of the market day, brim-full of *eau-de-vie*, they stick at nothing, and would rather drive over you than otherwise.

The stiff little ponies of the country are most serviceable hardy animals, and shuffle over the ground at an astonishingly quick pace : the gait, however to an English eye is an unganily one—a kind of amble, between a trot and a canter. A *Habitant's* pony is out in all weathers, and is inured to hardships and rough usage from the day it is foaled : the countrymen who drive to market will leave their horses exposed to the biting atmosphere for hours in the streets, while they, the aforesaid countrymen, are drinking their poisonous drams in the public-houses.

As the hour for returning home approaches they are to be seen in large parties of ten or twenty at a time rushing with one consent, to their rudely-constructed vehicles, into which they jump, flourish their whips, and start off at full speed across the squares, round corners, and down streets to the imminent jeopardy of the limbs and lives of the pedestrians.

The major part of these villagers are drunk at the close of the market hour, and no magisterial interference can check their propensity for furious driving.

The Officers of one of the regiments in Garrison entertained the romantic idea that remonstrance would have the desired effect ; this, however, they soon found out was of no avail ; and they at length hit upon the expedient of personal annoyance, which was effected by removing a little wooden bolt by which the shafts of the *traineau* are fastened to the body of it. The unsuspecting *Habitans*, according to their invariable rule, jumped into their seats, and grasping the reins

previously twisted round their fingerless gloves, as usual belabored their half-frozen quadrupeds to ensure a good start. The animals, in obedience to the well-known signal, and too happy to be off, galloped merrily down the market-place, dragging after them the astonished drivers instead of the *traineaux*, which, as a matter of course, were left behind. Even this practical reproof did not stop the nuisance, and the consequence was that many similar tricks were played off upon them. But a Canadian is not to be diverted from his purpose by any such means.

The peasantry, however, generally speaking are a harmless inoffensive race; I saw a good deal of them during my fishing and shooting excursion in both Provinces; but when a French Canadian is under the influence of strong drink, he is as great a savage as the wildest Indian of the back settlements.

House-rent, lodgings, and fuel are exorbitantly high at Quebec; but of course the

military resident is exempt from this outlay, as they are provided for him. Not so the civilian, or cursory visitor ; the expence to them will be found considerable ; but by way of a set-off to this outlay, provisions of all kinds are cheap, and wines are drunk free of duty. The necessaries of life will be found in great abundance, and all excellent of their kind—beef and poultry exceedingly good, and reasonable withal. The more wealthy of the Canadian farmers, when the winter sets in, kill their stock for the season, and bring their meat to market in a frozen state. To the eye of the stranger, a Canadian market presents a scene as extraordinary as novel : if he covet a rump steak, the slice will be severed with a *saw* ; if peradventure he *lacketh* milk, a pound or less will be chopped off from the congealed mass with a hatchet ; butter, ditto ; and the eggs will be found to resemble those marvellous imitations we are occasionally favored with from the Spas in Derbyshire.

It was in the fall of the year 1815 that emigration to the Canadas took place to a great extent ; and it would appear that about that period the humbler classes of laborers were inoculated with the mania for " trying their luck," as they termed it, on a foreign soil ; and hundreds, I should not be very far wrong if I said thousands, of the deluded and dissatisfied beings left their homes and their native country without the means of commanding the common necessaries of life ; yet, in the expectation of finding a land flowing with milk and honey, in the years 1817, 18, and 19, ship-load after ship-load of pennyless husbandmen were landed at Quebec ; and on presenting themselves to the Head of the Military department, who was deputed to allot the several tracts of land to the applicants, they found to their dismay that their several *locations*, or lots, were many miles up the country, and, worse than all, that they themselves had to fell the timber and clear the land ere it could be prepared for cultivation.

The exaggerated accounts forwarded by designing speculators who had purchased tracts of land in the back settlements had induced hundreds of these misguided men to emigrate to the Canadas : the consequence was, that these poor people, with large, helpless families, reached Quebec, but had not even the means of proceeding up the country to take possession of the land which might have been granted to them by Government.

The middling farmer, with a few hundred pounds at his command, who was fortunate enough to obtain an allotment of acres, did very well, as he had sufficient means to support himself and his family through the winter until the little property was cleared of timber and brushwood and ready for cultivation in the spring : with the pauper it was different ; and many were the privations and miseries endured by the lower order of emigrants during the winter of 1816-17.

Amongst the pastimes in which we idlers

were wont to indulge were private theatricals, and at the time of which I write the Garrison of Quebec could boast of as talented and efficient a company of amateurs as ever trod the boards. The lower orders in this country are the first to run down, and cry out against, the military, but they ought to know that every Officer in the service is always ready to assist a fellow-countryman in distress; and in the instance I am recording, a convincing proof of their kind and generous conduct was afforded in the fact of a Garrison Theatrical club having been formed for the purpose of relieving the unfortunate emigrants who were swarming in the city and suburbs of Quebec, without the means of proceeding to the different townships, and who were reduced to the verge of destitution.

Luckily for these poor people, chance had in this instance thrown together some first-rate actors. I never yet saw any amateurs equal to them; and I have seen some of our standard comedies performed in our Garrison

Theatre of Quebec in a style that would not have disgraced the patent theatres. By this faint praise, I do not mean, as the phrase goes, "respectably by amateurs," but really and truly well-gotten up and well acted, and which would have reflected credit on Covent Garden or Drury Lane Theatres. The First Part of Henry the Fourth—the Castle Spectre—the Honeymoon—The School for Scandal—Speed the Plough—She Stoops to Conquer—The Heir at Law—The Poor Gentleman—John Bull—Who wants a Guinea?—and the farces of High Life below stairs—Who's the Dupe?—Raising the Wind—Miss in her Teens, and others of the same stamp were amongst the entertainments given.

The theatre was invariably crowded on the nights of performance, and this occurred twice in every month, and occasionally once a week in *very severe weather*. This, at the first reading, may appear an extraordinary reason; but it will cease to excite surprise when I state, that, when the weather

was unusually severe, the major part of the settlers had neither food nor fuel, and that the receipts were appropriated to the purchase of wood, blankets, meat, and vegetables. The pit and gallery were converted into boxes—or rather, I should say, the seats were fitted up conveniently and elegantly, and box prices charged. The price of admission was a dollar, and our house would yield between seventy and eighty pounds on an average. The expences were trifling, the rent was low, and the lighting cost but little. The officers found their own dresses, and after paying the salaries to two very talented actresses who had been engaged by us for the season from New York, the proceeds were handed over to the Garrison Chaplain for the distressed settlers and emigrants who had been improvident enough to leave their native shores to pass the remainder of their days in an inhospitable clime—leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, or perhaps I should not be far wrong if I reversed the case, and said an uncertainty

for a certainty—that is, an uncertain subsistence for certain starvation. Our Manager was the Lieutenant-Colonel of one of the Regiments in the Garrison, and is at this moment a General Officer serving with distinction in the East Indies. By dint of economy and good management we generally contrived to leave in the hands of the Treasurer, our excellent and worthy Chaplain, nearly £60 on every night we played ; and this sum, judiciously distributed, saved some hundreds of our fellow-creatures from cold and starvation in a strange country. Thus were these unfortunate beings supplied with fuel, soup, and blankets from the fund produced by our private theatricals ; so that, in addition to any amusement we may have afforded our friendly auditory, we had the satisfaction of knowing and feeling that if we made “ players and vagabonds” of ourselves, we at least did some good to our countrymen who were in distress.

The Reader, however, must not figure to himself that this statement applies to every

class of settler ; those small farmers who had a sufficient amount of capital at their command, say from £300 to £400, and who had sons grown and growing up, did remarkably well, and are to this day thriving and wealthy men. It is in vain for the farmer to attempt to emigrate to any one of our foreign possessions without the means of clearing the land allotted to him, and of living through a long and dreary winter until his land is put into a fair and proper state for yielding produce. If he have enough for this, he will be sure to do well ; but lacking that indispensable adjunct—a well-filled purse—he will be doomed to misery and disappointment.

During a residence of nearly five years in the Canadas, I saw the two extremes—perfect enjoyment and unmitigated misery. We will, however, turn to the more pleasing side of the picture, and take a glance at the dwelling of the emigrant who has had sufficient prudence and forethought to bring out with him, in addition to a numerous

family, a sufficient capital to turn to good account the acres ceded to him by the Crown. Here will be found plenteousness and enjoyment: the rivers and woods (the former abound in every township) supply his dependants and himself with fish and game in profusion: every stream abounds in salmon and trout, and in some the muskanungee (a manmoth pike), *poisson doré*, and black-bass; while over every portion of the Canadas will be found the woodcock, the snipe, the partridge (which by the way is no partridge at all, but a kind of ptarmigan which roosts in the pine tree); and—odds lemon-juice and cayenne!—two delicious samples of wild-fowl, the canvass-back and black-duck; and last, though not least, the wild turkey: this is the bird of all others for a man blessed with a large family; it is the true “cut-and-come-again” fowl of the creation; and when the master of the house is so fortunate as to sit behind this delicate mountain of white flesh, with what joy and satisfaction must he distribute

the white and juicy slices from the breast of this gigantic bird ! Only picture to yourself, most courteous reader, 40lb. weight of this snow-white food ; my very mouth waters at the thought of it ! The native country of this king of the feathered tribe extends from the North Western territory of the United States to the Isthmus of Panama, south of which it is not to be found.

In Canada, and the now-densely peopled parts of the United States, this bird was formerly very abundant, but the progress and aggressions of man have compelled the wild turkey to seek refuge in the remotest parts of the interior. Notwithstanding the invasion of the turkey territory, I do not conceive that the range of this bird extends beyond, if so far, as the Rocky Mountains : Mr. Townsend does not mention them in his work. I need not here describe the appearance of a bird so well known in its tame state : the difference consists chiefly in the superior size and beauty of plumage in the wild turkey : for, under

the care of man this bird has greatly degenerated, not only in Europe and Asia, but in its native country also: their favorite food is unquestionably the acorn, on which they fatten wonderfully. However juicy and plump the finest Norfolk turkey may be, they fall very far short of the wild bird of North America: it is in truth the king of the feathered tribe—at least to the lover of good eating, I know of no kind of poultry or game equal to it. The wild turkey is rarely met with in the Province of Lower Canada, although they have been seen and shot by the settlers on their first arrival to clear their land. The first wild turkey I ever saw was about eighteen miles above Toronto, in Upper Canada, and I had the good fortune to kill him.

Two of my brother sportsman, who had left me for the purpose of exploring a river which discharges itself into the lake some five and twenty miles above the town, had the good luck to stumble on, I can hardly bring myself to write the word, *a flock of*

wild turkies! and they shot three of them. I was told that the Americans in the back settlements, as well as the Indians, hunt them with dogs, but I never saw this novel method of pursuing winged game. For so large a bird they take but a comparatively small charge of shot: an ounce and a quarter of No. 3 from a strong, close-shooting gun will do the business.

The flesh of the bird in its wild state is infinitely more juicy and tender than that of the farm-yard turkey, and to the full as delicate; added to which there is a game flavor about it which renders it very attractive and appetizing. In short, the epicure would do well to run across the Atlantic in the Great Western steamer, were it only to taste a slice from the breast of one of these colossal dainties. He would not begrudge the expense, time, or trouble, take my word for it.

We must take it for granted that the emigrant has something better to do than to run after the wild turkey, and in truth his

time can be more profitably and at the same time as pleasantly employed. His land cleared and his crops in, he will be fully occupied at home ; but even in the midst of his agricultural duties he will be enabled to spare a few hours for rational recreation, during which he will find ample employment for his rod and gun. He will meet with abundance of snipes and woodcocks in the spring and fall of the year, wood-pigeons, and wild-fowl of every description.

Nine out of ten of our farmers and higher orders of laborers are fond of field sports, and some of them are very tolerable shots as well as fishermen. They learn the elements of poaching in their youth, and as they grow up they put into practice the theory they have acquired in their boyhood. Almost every Officer in our service is a sportsman, and when on half-pay I know not a better or a more healthful manner of spending the time than in the field or at the river's side.

The military settler in Canada, if he have

a predilection for field sports, will be in his element, and the produce of his commission will enable him to clear and stock his land most advantageously. In less than three years he will be a comparatively rich man—living on his own estate with every necessary comfort about him, his own master, and commanding enjoyments he might in vain have looked for in his own country. The expediency of holding out encouragement to half-pay Officers to settle in the Canadas is obvious, for in the event of a war with “brother Jonathan,” these gentlemen would be on the spot to train and organize into a respectable and efficient force the thousands of emigrants who have settled for life and fixed their residences all over the townships of the two Canadas.

I shall, in the course of these volumes, advert again to this subject, for with all due submission, I conceive it to be one which calls for the serious consideration of the Government. A local militia might be formed at a trifling expense, and our thorough-bred

English settlers would to a man unite as one body to repel an invasion of their peaceful homes ; and their having property at stake would, in the event of any additional stimulus being required, operate in no slight degree in rendering this rural body unanimous as well as zealous in the cause,

I have made favorable mention of the wild turkey, and alluded to its manifold merits : the canvass-back and the black-duck of Upper Canada are equally deserving of eulogy : the latter is by far the finest bird that ever was tasted, and is a justly-esteemed delicacy—Quin himself would have swam the Atlantic to have tasted of it.

Our winter of 1816-17 was a particularly pleasant one, as I shall have occasion to shew in my next volume.

END OF VOL. I.

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