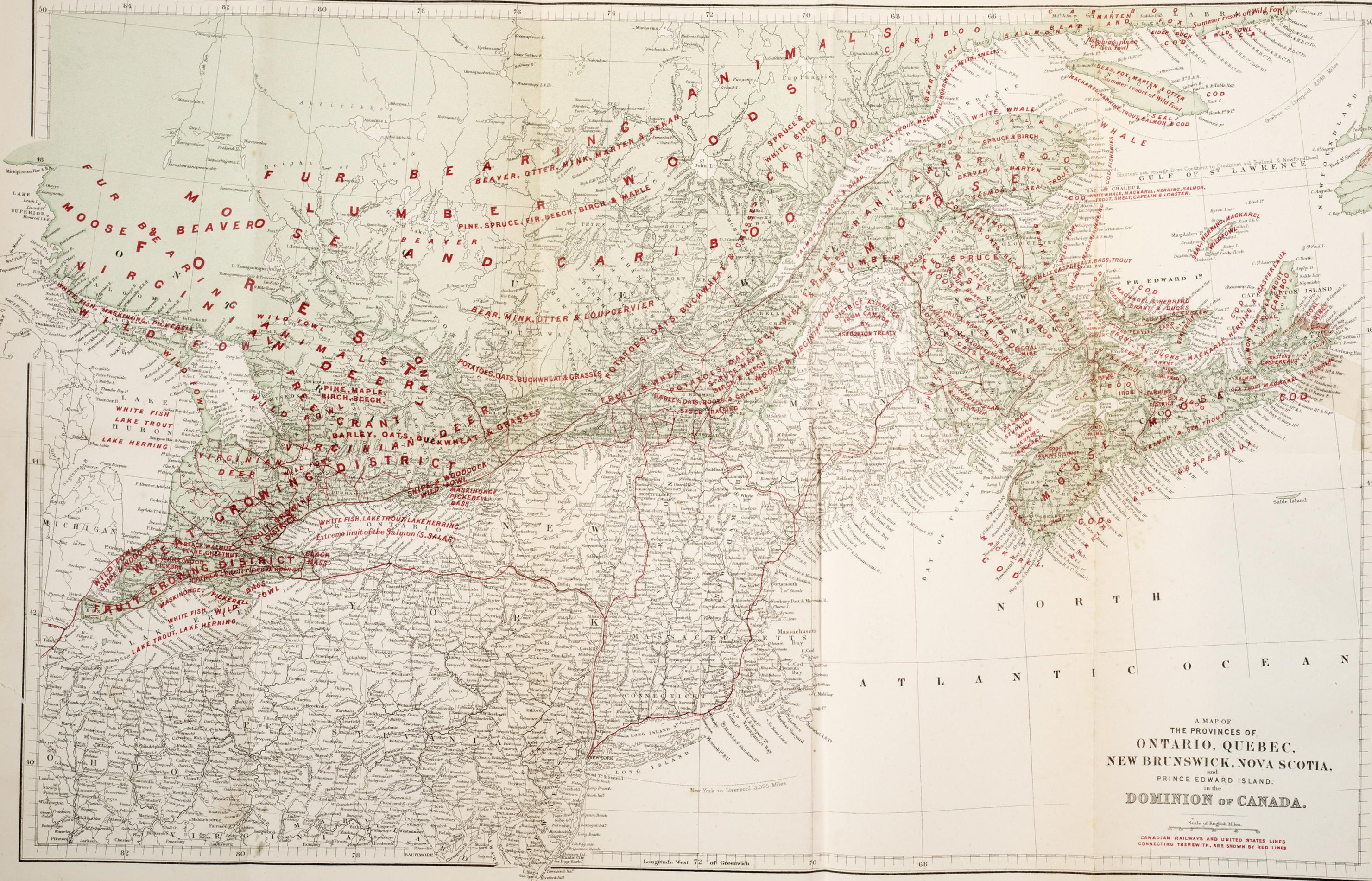


THE EMIGRANT AND SPORTSMAN
IN CANADA.



A MAP OF THE PROVINCES OF ONTARIO, QUEBEC, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVA SCOTIA, and PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, in the DOMINION of CANADA.

Scale of English Miles. CANADIAN RAILWAYS AND UNITED STATES LINES CONNECTING THEREWITH, ARE SHOWN BY RED LINES

THE EMIGRANT AND SPORTSMAN
IN CANADA.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD COUNTRY SETTLER.

WITH

SKETCHES OF CANADIAN LIFE, SPORTING ADVENTURES, AND
OBSERVATIONS ON THE FORESTS AND FAUNA.

BY

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WITH MAP.

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PREFACE.

PORTIONS of this work have appeared in the columns of the 'Field,' with the *nom-de-plume* of 'Cariboo.' By the courtesy of the publisher of that journal I am now permitted to republish my papers, together with fresh matter, in the present shape. It contains practical and, it is hoped, useful hints for emigrants and sportsmen, written by an emigrant and a sportsman. Good books of travel are plentiful, and there is also a mass of published information specially written for emigrants of the working classes, but little or none for a class of emigrants for which Canada is a particularly suitable country; I allude to people of small fortune, whose means, though ample to enable them to live well in Canada, are insufficient to meet the demands of rising expenses at home. In the following pages I have endeavoured to put together information for the latter class.

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THE EMIGRANT AND SPORTSMAN IN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

THE EMIGRATION QUESTION.

ON the emigration question, as on most others, there is a considerable conflict of opinion. Some deplore the annual loss of the bone and sinew of the country, and fear that, owing to the continued stream of emigration from her shores, England will not be able to hold her position as the first manufacturing country in the world. Others maintain that were it not for the outlet thus afforded for the overflow of population in these little islands, famines, riots, and epidemics would be the consequences of an overgrown population confined within too narrow bounds. I would only observe on this subject that if a careful examination were made, it would be found that those who are most vehement in decrying emigration are those who are most actively employed in enriching themselves by means of cheap labour. The cheaper the labour market, the faster they can make money. It is hardly decent for a man to say, "I am opposed to emigration, because I want to keep down the labouring classes; I want to keep labour low in order that I may make money

quickly." So he takes a patriotic tone, and laments the loss to his country of so much vigorous and youthful life. Those who talk in this way of the emigration of British subjects from one part of the empire to another part are men of narrow views. England is their world, money is their god, and to the general interests of the empire they are altogether indifferent. It is all one to them whether men emigrate from their neighbourhood to foreign countries or to British provinces. In either case they have to pay their work hands higher. A certain portion of the old country press, which is in the pay of the manufacturers and the employers of labour, does not scruple to make use of gross misrepresentations—to use a mild word—in order to check emigration. Men, however, who take a broad view of the matter, and think of the welfare of others as well as of their own shops and mills, are glad to know that by emigration their fellow-subjects will not only better their own condition, but the condition of those they leave behind them. And they will congratulate themselves on belonging to a nation whose sons can emigrate to any quarter of the globe without changing their flag, their allegiance, or their language. An Englishman beginning life has great advantages over the citizen of any other country. He has the choice of half-a-dozen splendid countries to live in, of every variety of climate; he may choose according to his fancy, and remain an Englishman always. At least I hope this is the case. All the best men in the colonies, and I venture to say the majority of Englishmen, would consider it a great misfortune if their magnificent colonies were reformed away out of the empire; and I may here remark that if I

were asked to lay my finger on that spot of the map of the empire where the inhabitants are most loyal to their Queen and most attached to the institutions of the land of our common origin, I should not point to any part of the British Isles.

I shall have something to say farther on as to the right class of men for emigration to Canada; but I should first like to call attention to the mistake often made in thinking that when a young fellow is unable to do anything at home he has only to be sent off to the colonies in order to make his fortune.

Anyone who reads the 'Field' newspaper must be familiar with advertisements such as the following:—"A young gentleman of good family, a good rider, a first-class shot, and fond of country pursuits, would be obliged for information as to what colony he would be most likely to succeed in as a farmer, &c., &c."

An inquiry of this kind shows what erroneous ideas prevail among young gentlemen in England as to the qualifications required for colonial life. Probably, in addition to being a good rider and a first-class shot, this would-be colonist is also a good judge of sherry and a fair cricketer; probably he knows to half a degree the temperature at which claret is most grateful to the palate, and can concoct a "cup," perhaps even cook an omelette at a pinch, and is altogether a pleasant companion on a yachting cruise, and a welcome addition to the party on the First. But I have no hesitation in saying that these accomplishments are so much dead weight on the emigrant who, along with them, does not possess a good income. Men in good circumstances who may wish to

leave the fatherland can travel, and select a camping ground to suit their incomes and their wants. But it is only right that intending emigrants who will have to make their own way in the world should look the thing fairly in the face; that they should know what qualifications and what accomplishments will be likely to assist them in their new homes, and what, on the contrary, had better be left behind.

To commence with the "good family." As our adventurer, in all probability, leaves many members of it behind him, let him also, in all fairness, leave his family arms, crest, &c., for the benefit of the majority. He should take with him, however, the pluck and energy and the honourable ambition which enabled his ancestors to found the "good family," leaving behind him—to be forwarded afterwards if required, together with the arms and crest—aristocratic prejudices, squirearchical stiff-backedness, and social exclusiveness. Not the exclusiveness that leaves a gentleman to fight shy of snobs and blackguards, but the exclusiveness chiefly developed in the female side of the family, and which shows itself in the Smythes of Smythe Abbey losing no opportunity of asserting that "we do not know the Brownes" of Hawthorne Villa, though the latter very respectable old gentleman has dropped his H's for fifteen years at the Abbey gates, and Browne, jun., is at Eton, with the heir of all the Smythes.

Now, as regards the "riding." It is good just so far as that a young fellow who rides well to hounds is probably possessed of good nerve, good health, fair strength and wind; at least, horsemanship has helped to develop all

these qualities, and to make him a manly fellow, with heart enough for a colonist. The mere fact of being a good rider will not be of much service to him. Almost any Englishman with a little practice can stick to his horse in a gallop across a prairie. But if he is a good judge, and thoroughly understands the treatment and food of the animal in health and disease, can nail on a shoe, administer physic, saddle, harness, hobble, and handle a horse in every way—if he is horsey enough to do all this, the knowledge will stand him in good stead in some colonies. Provided always—and here is the risk—that he keeps his taste in horseflesh in its proper place, and does not allow it to divert him from his business, whatever it may be.

As for the shooting, I am reluctantly compelled to admit that being a good shot is no more a qualification for being a good colonist than for being a good grocer, and in one case as much as the other is a terrible temptation to a man to neglect his work in the shooting season. Candour obliges me to confess that fresh deer-tracks led to the loss of the greater part of my grain crop one “fall;” and to the untimely flight of a flock of black ducks I attribute the loss of a valuable cow. I dare say a hundred years ago it was as essential for a colonist to be a good rifle shot as for an Irish “gentleman” to be a good pistol shot; but at the present day life and property are as safe in any of her Majesty’s colonies as they are in England—much safer than in Ireland. I may except, perhaps, the Gold Coast, a colony I could not conscientiously recommend, save to a reforming minister or two and a few elder brothers.

There is no part of the world in which a man can live, as an Englishman wants to live, on the products of his gun and his rod. Such a paradise exists only in the dreams of over-fed sportsmen; but if there were such a place, and I had the luck to find it, I fear I should be selfish enough not to share my happiness with my readers. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and we all know the vast numbers of men who look upon shooting as the great aim and object of their existence—or, as it was forcibly put by the old keeper who heard the game laws were to be abolished, “Lord, save us, what *will* the gentlemen do then?”

Let no one suppose from what I have just written that I am not an advocate for emigration. Within the last twenty years the cost of living in the old country has doubled, and a fierce war has sprung up between capital and labour which is paralyzing the manufacturers of England. Every day the line which separates rich from poor is getting broader and broader. Every day the rich man is getting richer, and the poor man poorer. Every day, owing to a fierce competition, the latter finds the difficulties which hinder him from rising in the social scale at home, more insurmountable. Nothing remains for him but to turn his thoughts to emigration. In this struggle for existence there is perhaps no class worse off than poor gentle-folk. As the line widens between rich and poor, they become more isolated and more helpless; there is practically no place left for them in the old country. When I see all this, I would advise no fortuneless young man to stay at home who has the right stuff in him to push his way in a new country; I would

only try to disabuse his mind of the idea that he will always find a venison steak at hand in the colony when he wants it.

I would not take the responsibility upon myself of advising any young fellow to emigrate whose education and "bringing up" have made him a conventional English gentleman, and nothing else. It is a very good thing to be an English gentleman in the ordinary acceptation of the word—a very good thing indeed, and it by no means disqualifies him from being a good colonist; but something more is needed. All public offices, all appointments in the colonial military and naval services, together with professional appointments, commercial appointments, bank appointments, are as crowded and as eagerly sought after as in the old country. An outsider stands no chance whatever. The reason of this rush to the towns may be found in the dislike to country life which is common to Americans and most colonists. When a man makes money in the country, he likes to go to town and spend it, and, if possible, get into the House of Assembly and listen to his own voice. In this respect he is unlike the Englishman, who, when he has made his money in the city, often moves into the country to spend it. In preparing, therefore, for colonial life, the unprofessional Englishman must turn his thoughts to country pursuits, probably farming of some sort; more especially so as the before-mentioned disinclination of colonial-born men to country life, while it overcrowds the cities, leaves all the more openings in the country.

The question now arises, why should not a certain proportion of gentlemen's sons be educated specially for

colonial life? This class cannot possibly be all absorbed into the army and navy and learned professions. What is to become of all the drones, unless a bloody war breaks out? And assuredly the life of a squatter or a back settler is far before that of a loafer. Wages are very much higher in most colonies than they are at home, mechanics', artificers', and tradesmen's wages especially, and the demand for such men is nearly always greater than the supply; so that the emigrant labourer or tradesman runs no risk. It is otherwise, however, with the penniless gentleman, who is at first unable to work with his hands, and has to endure much hardship during an irksome apprenticeship. In preparing young men for colonial life, in addition to their other education, they should each be taught thoroughly at least one trade or handicraft, such as carpentering, saddlery, turning, &c.; they should be made to shear sheep with their own hands, feed stock, and acquire a practical knowledge of the hundred things which the squatter or backwoods farmer may any day have to turn his hand to.

I do not pretend to be competent myself to prescribe an exact course of education for would-be colonists; but I desire to direct attention to the necessity of some special training, in the hope that a properly qualified person may be induced to take up the idea and elaborate it. Of this I am sure, that a trade or handicraft should form part of the curriculum of every young man destined for colonial life, and I can speak strongly on this point, as I often felt the want of such myself. It would possess the double advantage of ensuring its possessor against want, and would teach him early—and this is a great point—how to work.

In the last century emigrants to the United States were sold as slaves on arrival at New York to defray the costs of their passages; that is to say, they were indented to purchasers for such a term of years as, at a stipulated rate of wages, should clear their passage expenses. A writer on emigration of that day said that the most un-saleable articles in the market were "military officers and scholars." It may be said with truth to-day that military officers and scholars are the articles for which there is least demand in the colonial labour market.

There are thousands of men in the old country who have not been brought up to work of any kind, and who consequently are unable to contribute towards their own support. Many men of this class naturally turn their eyes to the colonies, and it is hard to have to tell them that their prospects of success as chance emigrants are not much greater abroad than they are at home. But I think that any man with a practical experience of colonial life will bear me out in the assertion that emigrants of this stamp are almost invariably disappointed. They arrive in the colony of their choice very often with little or no capital, and no plans beyond vague ideas that land is cheap, that farming is a thing that any fellow can learn, and that "roughing it in the bush is a jolly sort of life, you know." I have no hesitation in saying that roughing it in the bush is a jolly sort of life to a man who takes off his coat and works, who makes up his mind to leave England and English ways behind him, and who tries to adapt himself to the ways of colonial life and colonial people. Many Englishmen fail in these particulars. They try to take England along with them to

whatever part of the earth they may favour with their presence, and to ram English ways and English notions down the throats of the ignorant natives. It is not uncommon to see a Britisher just arrived in the bush assuming an air of superiority in all matters, great or small, and endeavouring to teach the old colonist everything, from milking his cow to governing his colony. In time he finds out his mistake, but often not before he has wasted all his money. Other men never get beyond the city. I once met a friend in the streets of New York, driving two old ladies and a Skye terrier in a one-horse brougham. He left the old ladies in a "store," boxed up the Skye, hung the old horse to a lamp-post, and we liquored up at a neighbouring bar. He informed me that he got thirty dollars a month and his clothes. He is on a surer road to success than he was when, some years ago, with the price of his commission and two imported thoroughbreds, he endeavoured to indoctrinate the American mind with the superiority of real racing over trotting. Others, who have friends to fall back upon, return from the colonies, and spend the remainder of their lives in assuring their acquaintances that the "colonies are a mistake," and that "every man thinks he is as good as you are there." The colonies are not a mistake—they are a splendid reality; but colonial men are hard to beat on their own ground, and the Englishman should know what he is about, who enters for colonial stakes.

Englishmen are proverbially hard to get on with at first. They cannot get over their insularity. See at the railway station the swell who enters a first-class carriage; he deposits his gun-case, &c., in the rack, he seats himself

in the corner, his lower extremities wrapped in a robe of fur, and his whole person in a denser, thicker, more impenetrable robe of British reserve. Another swell, similarly wrapped up in the opposite corner, shares the carriage with him. Each lights his unsocial weed, and pulls out his 'Field' or his 'Pall Mall,' and in morose and gloomy silence these two very good fellows travel from Euston Square to Edinburgh. Perhaps they both belong to the same club, and have seen each other's faces for years, without ever having once during that time asked, or cared to ask, or even thought about, each other's name. That is the way of the English. But this sort of thing would be torture to a colonist. He of "Greater Britain" would prefer the society of a chatty lunatic, of a sociable convict, or even of a friendly nigger, to that of a British swell who from first to last would politely, but decisively, ignore his existence. Englishmen often complain of the freedom of colonial manners, but it is a question whether a little over-freedom is not preferable to an over-reserve. There is hardly any man, at home or abroad, from whom the wisest of us cannot pick up some serviceable knowledge.

If your colonial fellow-traveller asks your name, where you are bound to, and even what is your business, he is perfectly ready to answer any question you may put to him. The Englishman who has passed his life in a certain corner of a certain coterie of a certain class, in one of the most densely-peopled and class-abounding spots of the globe, ought to make some allowance for the inquisitiveness of the man of the thinly-populated country, where classes and class prejudices have not had time to take root. He

perhaps has seldom had the opportunity of "interviewing" a stranger, and a Britisher to boot. When such an opportunity does arise, he cannot be blamed for making the most of it.

There are two very fatal errors into which emigrants frequently fall. One is the hasty, precipitate investment of their capital. A arrives in the colony with the intention of settling on land. He hears of a tract likely to suit, and, after a brief and superficial investigation, sinks his small capital in purchasing and stocking a farm. At the time of the purchase the advantages are all put before him in the clearest light; the drawbacks only unfold themselves one by one later on. Often many circumstances which in his ignorance he classes as advantages, will eventually, as he acquires experience, prove unmitigated disadvantages. Then he tries to sell, and finds he cannot do so without ruinous sacrifice. A loses heart, becomes a disbeliever in the colonies, and fails.

B arrives in the colony of his choice with an amount of capital which, with energy, industry, and frugality, might enable him eventually to acquire a comfortable independence, if not wealth, and to bring up a family in the New World with every prospect of success. But B is unfortunately indoctrinated with that melancholy idea of "keeping up appearances" so fatal to many of his class. Instead of taking off his coat and working with his own hands, he endeavours to act the gentleman farmer. He does not like to see men around him, his inferiors in birth and education, living like gentlemen whilst he works on his land. He forgets that these very men who are now able to live in luxury worked their own way up, and he

does not know that they would respect him infinitely more if he showed a disposition to do likewise. That most terrible of misfortunes, genteel poverty, so prevalent in the old country, is almost unknown in the new. Keeping up appearances, so far from being of any use to him, damns our friend B. Colonists do not welcome the arrival of non-producers to their shores, and look with suspicion upon the little devices by which men without the reality seek to surround themselves with the semblances of comfort.

It would be impossible to lay down a precise code of rules for the newly-arrived immigrant; but there are certain general maxims which under ordinary circumstances, be he poor or rich, he will do well to recollect. In the first place, as we have seen, he should be in no hurry to invest his money in land or in any other speculation. If he belongs to the working classes, let him place his money (if he has any) in bank, and work for wages for a year or two. He will thus acquire experience at his employer's expense, and not at his own; and at the conclusion of a short period of profitable labour he will be able, if possessed of ordinary shrewdness, to invest his savings to good advantage. The immigrant with capital will also find it to his advantage to spend a certain time in looking about him before he makes his venture, and he must guard against allowing a comfortable house, a pretty prospect, society, sport, or any other non-essential, to influence him in his choice of a homestead. It is no doubt very hard on the man who is fond of society to banish himself in the bush; but the same necessity which drove him to emigrate ought to reconcile him to his banishment. So it is hard for the sportsman to give up shooting; but,

though we read and hear many glowing accounts of the wild sports of the colonies, I have come to the conclusion that these are no more within the reach of the ordinary settler who has to make his own living, than a grouse moor in the Highlands or a salmon river in Norway are within the reach of the English farmer. In some localities the settler may get a day's sport now and again near his homestead, as the farmer does at home. And my remarks apply only to the immigrant who has to make his own way in the world. The man who takes up his residence in a colony to make his means go farther than they would at home, will seek for society, sport, &c., according to his taste.

This leads us to a third class of emigrants—neither the small capitalist nor the working man, but the man of small fixed income. To this class some of our colonies offer the greatest advantages. C, in the prime of life, with an income of say 300*l.* a year, finds himself utterly unable to bring up his family in England as he himself was brought up. Like most English gentlemen, he is fond of outdoor occupations. He hates the loafing life led by many of his countrymen in similar circumstances in cheap European watering places. As a last resource, he tears himself root and branch from the old soil, and transports himself to the colony. I think he does wisely for himself and for his children too. In a comfortable cottage, situated, let us say, on the shores of one of the great Canadian lakes, he will lead a life more suited to the English temperament than he could do at Boulogne-sur-Mer. The family will have a better opening in the colony than in the overcrowded parent land. C will find

many places in the colonies where his income will go much farther than in England; he will find pleasant society, a little inexpensive sport, and he will not be oppressed with the riches of some of his neighbours, nor tormented by the poverty of others.

The plan of settling down shiploads of poor emigrants in the wilderness has failed whenever and wherever it has been tried; the process of gradual absorption has always been found to answer best. But I am inclined to think that many of the difficulties which beset the path of the better class of emigrant might be cleared away if these people went in batches. Suppose, for instance, that a dozen friends and acquaintances agree to form a settlement. They choose a colony where improved farms can be bought, and also where cheap Government land can be acquired. The man with 1000*l.* or 2000*l.* can settle down comfortably at once on a made farm, while his poorer friend would content himself with uncleared land. It is not to be supposed that a dozen men will all grow rich together; but if even half that number remain together, a pleasant society will grow up with the settlement. A society like this may take England with them, and individuals will be spared the wrench of parting from all old friends.

There is in Canada some subtle charm which appeals most strongly to the old country man—to the gentleman as well as to the working man. It has been said of Ireland that there is something in that country which rapidly converts strangers into Irishmen, "*Hiberniores ipsis Hibernicis.*" The same may be said of Canada, with the addition that the latter country possesses also the power

denied to the former of moulding aliens into contented, law-abiding Canadian citizens. Witness the French, who are Canadians *par excellence*. Witness also the old country settlers, who are more Canadian than the Canadians.

There can be no doubt that an immigrant ought to identify himself thoroughly with the country of his adoption; the more he does so the better he will succeed. The Englishman or the Scotchman who carries his insular habits about with him wherever he goes, and loses no opportunity of sneering at everything colonial, always remains a nobody. He has left one country behind him, and is too insular to attach himself to the land he honours with his presence. This is specially absurd in Canada, a country in many respects more English than England. But the men who do this are the exception, not the rule. Grumbling is an Englishman's privilege, and I have heard them exercise it unsparingly in Canada; they "condemn" the climate, the people, the musquitoes, everything Canadian. They want to get back to old England. They go back, and they find they cannot live there at all. They have become Canadians insensibly and against their will as it were. Much as they wanted to go home, they are twice as anxious to get back again to Canada. The following are among the reasons for this:

1. Any good man can be a somebody in Canada.
2. Any man can become a landed proprietor there.
3. There are fewer class prejudices and more friendliness and sociability than in an old country.
4. The climate, though severe, is infinitely more bracing, exhilarating, and enjoyable.

5. There is more freedom of movement, as, for instance, in the sport afforded, which, though very moderate, is wild, free, and charming.

We have seen the sort of men who are not likely to make successful immigrants in Canada; let us now endeavour to ascertain the different classes who will be most likely to get on well—to enrich themselves in the first place and the Dominion in the second place.

1. Working farmers with capital, be it more or less.

2. Farm-labourers and domestic servants.

3. Artisans and tradesmen; but as the demand for such is limited, a tradesman, though eventually sure of remunerative employment in his own particular line, should be willing and ready to turn his hand to the first occupation that is offered to him on his arrival.

4. Capitalists. These I will divide into two classes.
a. Men of small fortune, who find themselves unable to live as they would wish in an old country. The advantages Canada has to offer to such can hardly be overstated. Their money, invested with perfect security, will yield them double the income it would at home, and each shilling of their increased incomes will go twice as far in providing the necessaries and comforts of life. *b.* Enterprising and ambitious men of business, who, owing to over-competition, strikes, &c., have no opening in the old country. Canada possesses all the materials for becoming a great manufacturing centre. Her geographical position and maritime facilities are unrivalled; her supply of raw material is immense—practically unlimited—coal, iron, wood, &c., &c. All she wants is capital and enterprise to develop her resources. I am as confident as I

can be of anything, that many fortunes, both above and beneath the soil, are only waiting to be gathered in Canada.

All attempts to force emigration have been attended with failure. Emigration, whether as regards the immigrant himself or the new country in which he makes his home, in order to be successful, must be spontaneous. Emigration schemes that have been carried out for political objects or for trade-union objects, or by interested and unscrupulous emigration agents, whether of a Government working out an emigration scheme for its own ends, or of a land company doing the same, have always been attended with much privation and hardship on the part of the immigrant, and have been, if not a positive loss to the colony, at least a very doubtful advantage. The reasons of this are obvious. In the first place, as regards the immigrant himself; the very fact of his allowing himself to be herded, as it were, like a sheep, and driven off to a new pasture, shows that he lacks the very qualities most essential to the success of the settler in a country like Canada: I mean self-reliance and independence of character. He prefers to lean upon some one else for support, rather than to strike out a path for himself. It is almost invariably the case that the man who allows himself to be led out like a child or a domestic animal to a new country, makes a grumbling, useless, discontented settler, and is a burden rather than an advantage to the colony to which he goes.

The following is an example of forced emigration. In the year 1861 a bad Old-World system of land tenure was the means of forcing one hundred families of Acadians

to emigrate *en masse* from the Island of Prince Edward to Canada. They were allotted a large tract of hardwood land—100 acres to each male adult, if my memory serves me right—to be paid for by simply making a road to their own settlement, which lies on high table-land three miles from the Restigouche River. The immigrants arrived at their new homes in the early summer, men and women all on foot, and carrying their bundles on their backs. The men at once commenced to swing the axe, whilst the women looked after their children and kept up a continual smoke of cedar bark to drive away the flies from them, or else sat down on the stumps to do their knitting. The men chopped and burnt each an acre or so of forest, and in the land thus cleared the women planted a few seed potatoes with the hoe, and sowed a little buckwheat and a few garden seeds in the blackened ground amongst the still smoking stumps. In the centre of each little clearing a log shanty, roofed with spruce bark, was erected. The wealth of each family consisted of a slender store of food, clothes, seeds, and yarn contained in a bundle, and of a few shillings in cash.

As soon as possible the young men set to work to earn some money, and, a Government road and line of telegraph happening fortunately to be in course of construction between Canada and New Brunswick, many of them obtained employment. For this they received “store pay,” i. e. goods out of their employer’s stores; and when Sunday came round these fellows, with their week’s wages, consisting of flour, salt fish, and perhaps a small bit of pork or a couple of ounces of tea done up in a bundle on their backs, trudged some 10, 15, or 20 miles to their

homes in the wilderness. Others made shingles on the river's edge, and rafted them down to market. It is to be observed that all the industries the men had a chance of participating in were such as required some knowledge, more or less, of woodcraft and the use of the axe. The women made homespun cloth for the winter, attended to their gardens and home duties, and sometimes picked berries. They all got on well enough during the summer, notwithstanding the ceaseless torments of the flies; but when winter came round a desperate struggle for existence commenced. The young men without families did well enough. Used to logging, cooking, &c., they readily obtained employment in the lumber woods. Here they were comfortable and well fed; but, unfortunately, they were rarely able to assist their friends, owing to the distance, and to the fact that in those days wages in the lumber business were never paid till the spring. How the main body of the immigrants, numbering over two hundred souls, managed to pull through that winter, they only can describe. Every morsel of food they ate had to be carried on the backs, or "portaged" on the traboggens, of the men. They just kept alive, and that was all. Fuel was plentiful, and, literally buried in the snow, they lived like bears in their dens. In some cases two or three families were dependent on one pair of snow shoes for their daily bread.

The other side of this picture is pleasanter. A short time ago I visited this Acadian settlement; it is still embosomed in the forest; no trace of it is visible from the outside world. On the forest road leading to it, were it not for the everlasting cow-bells, the traveller might

imagine that he had left man and his works behind him, and that this wood road, like many another, only led to the other end of nowhere. Quite the contrary; a sudden turn opens up a large and fertile tract of cultivated land, studded with snug homesteads—fields of wheat, of potatoes, of oats, and of buckwheat smile upon him through the charred stumps. The crops are excellent, as they always are in Canada on new land. The Intercolonial Railroad, which crosses the Restigouche at this point, affords lots of profitable employment to the men, and an excellent market for the surplus produce of the farmers.

These Acadian emigrants, be it remembered, were hardy people, inured to the climate, accustomed to no food the year round but potatoes, salt herrings, and buckwheat cakes. The men were good axemen, and able to turn their hands to the hundred and one little jobs indispensable in backwoods life.

It must be conceded that a body of Englishmen in like circumstances, unused to woodcraft, would have perished. I myself can remember the day when to be benighted in the Canadian forest in winter time would have been certain death; now, given an axe, two or three matches, and supper, I should rather enjoy it than otherwise. I do not mean to say that emigrants of the present day would undergo such extreme hardships as these Acadians went through. Population has increased since then, railways have doubled, the demand for labour is greater, and wages are higher; but still, let a crowd of poor Englishmen with their families settle down together in any part of Canada, where free or even very cheap land is attain-

able, and their sufferings for the first year or two must be extreme.

There is room in Canada for any number of good farm-labourers, and for their sons and daughters; and after serving their apprenticeship and learning the ways of the country, there is plenty of vacant land for them to settle on; but for new-comers to cluster together on one of the back townships is the very worst possible course for themselves, as it is for Canada also; for, if it comes to pass that new settlers undergo a tithe of the hardships I have indicated, their letters home will frighten many a good man much wanted by Canada. The capitalist and employer of labour, though a *bête noir* to the working man, is nevertheless as necessary an institution in the new as in the old country.

As regards the colony itself, it is a recognized fact that when the stream of immigration to its shores is spontaneous—the overflow of the population of the parent land—it is the strongest, most pushing, most enterprising, and most energetic men who leave the hive to carve out for themselves fortunes in the new country. The working man who has the pluck to emigrate to a new country, and who by hard work and thrift has been able to save out of his scanty wage even the small sum required to take himself and family across the Atlantic, is, under Providence, sure to succeed in a country like Canada, and is as surely a valuable acquisition to the land of his adoption. Canada has never forced immigration, and has consequently only attracted the most adventurous, pushing, and energetic people to her shores. It may be said that she has got the very pick of the working population of England, Ireland,

and Scotland, and this partly explains the fact that of all England's colonies she is the most loyal, and that in no other part of the world—not even in England itself—is life and property more secure. This *laissez faire* emigration policy was until quite recently pushed too far in Canada. For although all forced emigration is bad, and although by far the best emigration agent is the letter of the thriving settler in Canada to the friends he has left behind him, still in these times when so many new countries are jealously competing for immigrants to develop their natural resources, it is necessary for Canada to set forth the advantages she has to offer to industrious men. As far as I am able to judge, Canada is now doing this fairly enough. I have read some of the emigration pamphlets published by authority, and I have seen nothing in them that a Canadian fond of his country might not have written with the most truthful intentions.

In fact, as regards one class of immigrants, and that the one most wanting to develop the great natural resources of the country, I do not consider that these emigration circulars have put forward with sufficient distinctness the advantages that Canada undoubtedly possesses. I refer to capitalists large and small. The vast forests, the rich mines, the many favourable conditions for manufacturing, such as water-power, cheap food, &c., the unrivalled facilities for moving and shipping goods, all these advantages have not been to my mind sufficiently demonstrated. At the moment I am writing these lines, I know old-country farmers who have their few hundred pounds in bank bearing the paltry interest of one and a half per cent. Such men in Canada could on their first arrival get six per cent.

for their money on equally good security, and after they had acquired a little experience of the ways of the country they could as easily get eight or ten per cent., and this in a land in which the necessaries and comforts of life are cheaper than in an old country where money is a drug in the market.

One great advantage that Canada possesses over every other land to which emigration is directed is, that it is near home. The intending emigrant may think that this is no advantage, that when he once emigrates he emigrates never to return. If he goes to the antipodes probably this will be the case. He must make up his mind never to see his Old-World friends again. Quite the contrary in Canada, which is in point of time and personal fatigue no farther from London to-day than Ireland and Scotland were fifty years ago. The wish to see old friends and old faces will surely come back to the immigrant some day or other, and if Canada is his new home he can gratify this wish at a trifling expense and at a loss of but little time. By the Allan Line return tickets from Liverpool to Quebec, available for a whole year, cost only 25*l*. Canada is nearer to England than the United States. The distance from England to New York is 3095 miles; from Liverpool to Quebec 2649 miles. The latter voyage is 446 miles shorter, and for fully one-third of the way between Derry and Quebec the ships of the Allan Line (from the Straits of Belleisle to Quebec) are in comparatively smooth water: whereas from Liverpool to New York the traveller is all the time on the stormy Atlantic. The route from Derry to Quebec admits of a great improvement, which will no doubt come in a short time.

When Newfoundland comes into the Dominion, St. John will become the summer port of Canada. Here passengers will land after a five days' ocean voyage, and crossing the island by rail, will re-embark in a steamer for Miramichi or Restigouche, two ports on the Intercolonial Railroad, within fifteen hours' rail of Quebec. The total journey from London to Quebec will thus only occupy seven days, and the route will touch some very charming scenery.

The Dominion of Canada, and especially the province of Ontario, is the most English of all Her Majesty's colonies. From the year 1829 to 1873, both inclusive, 1,325,000 immigrants in round numbers came from the Old World to Canada. Of these 543,000 were English, 506,000 Irish, 146,000 Scotch, and the remainder of other nationalities. Comparing the returns of the English immigration with those of the Irish, it will be found not only that the number of the former are greater, but also that the Irish immigration has been steadily decreasing since 1848, whilst the English immigration has been as steadily increasing. The great bulk of Irish immigration to Canada took place in those decades from 1829 to 1849. These people have now become assimilated with the Canadian people, and their children are thorough Canadians. Again, of the 506,000 Irish immigrants, a very large proportion are north of Ireland men. The real Irish element in Canada is scarce; the bulk of the emigration from the south of Ireland has always been directed to the United States, where they cluster in the cities in such multitudes as to outnumber all the other people put together. I do not wish to make any reflections upon the

Irish character, indeed I ought to be one of the last persons in the world to do so; but I must mention as a significant fact, that the one of England's colonies which has least of the Irish element in it is also the one which is most loyal to England, and through good report and evil report most devoted to British connexion.

A large proportion of the 506,000 immigrants returned under the head of "Irish" are, as I mentioned before, Ulstermen, or Scotch-Irish, as they are called in the United States. Many of these are settled in Ontario, and wherever you find an Ulster settler you find a man who is doing well. There are two reasons for this success, of which the first of course is character. The Ulster farmer is frugal and industrious, a staunch Protestant, and a law-abiding good citizen. He can drive a hard bargain and stick to it. He does not cringe before wealth or power, neither does he stand bareheaded before his landlord at one moment and take a shot at him the next. Treat him with respect, and he will do the same to you. He has not been brought up to look to any one for help, but to depend upon his own shrewdness and his own strong arm. Hence he possesses a rugged independence of character, which fits him well for a settler's life in Canada. The second reason of his success is, that as a rule he possesses the means for a fair start in a new country. Thanks to Ulster tenant-right and the enormous competition for land, he can always get a good price for his farm. He can get an extra good price for it, because land both in England and Ireland is at a fictitious value; but there is this difference between the two countries, that whereas in the former the excess of

value goes into the landlord's pocket, in the latter, i. e. in Ulster, it goes into the tenant's. In Canada population is comparatively small and land is plentiful, therefore this fictitious value does not exist, and the immigrant can acquire a freehold farm at a fair commercial price.

It is a well-known fact that trade and commerce are not in a very flourishing condition at present all over the continent of North America. This depression of business has its origin in the wild extravagance and over-speculation of Americans. The native American citizen is above working for his neighbour, and considers that he is born with an inherent right—whether he has the capital or not—of setting up in business on his own account. It is a free country, and he has an undoubted right to put up a store and to look out for customers under his own sign-board. But this course does not tend to the prosperity of his country, and the evil even extends to a neighbouring country, for the business relations of the United States and Canada are so interwoven together that failure and commercial depression in the former country are felt more or less in the latter also. It is a noteworthy fact that in the year 1873, 9000 Canadians returned from the United States to Canada. Times of commercial depression fall comparatively lightly on the latter country, where the actual cost of living is less than one-half that it is in the United States. The most remarkable circumstance in the history of Canadian immigration, however, is the fact that in the last two or three years Americans have commenced to emigrate to Canada and to settle there.

CHAPTER II.

ONTARIO.

THE province of Ontario is in many respects the most highly favoured region in all the continent of America. Though situated far enough to the west to be within the wheat-growing and fruit-growing region, it has an extended coast-line and direct communication with the ocean. The lakes, besides the economic advantages they confer, have a most favourable effect on the climate, modifying alike the excessive cold of winter and the heat and drought which parch up some of the Western States. Farming is carried on in other provinces of the Dominion with more or less success, but in most of them it is associated with other industries, such as lumbering, but Ontario is essentially an agricultural country. Its area is 80,000,000 square miles, about the same as that of Great Britain and Ireland; three-fourths of this are suitable to agriculture, while at present only one-fourth is under cultivation.

Land is so abundant in Canada that as yet only those places most favoured by nature as to situation, soil, &c., have been chosen for settlement. When manufactories spring up they will hold out other inducements to the settler in the shape of good markets, which will bring into cultivation land that is at present neglected.

Ontario is in my opinion the most suitable place in the

British empire to which the small capitalist can emigrate. A farmer with a growing family and a capital too small to enable him to make a comfortable living in the old country, is the very man to succeed in Ontario. I believe many men of this class are under the impression that if they emigrate they will have to settle down in the wilderness, and with painful toil and privation hew themselves farms out of the forest. This is quite a mistake. No immigrant possessed of a little means and with some knowledge of farming need ever dream of taking such a course in Canada. He can make far better use of his knowledge and experience, and of his capital also, no matter how small that capital may be.

The original settlers in Ontario were not as a rule good farmers. Even if they were, the process they pursued spoiled them. They found land which when cleared of forest produced splendid crops of wheat. So they grew wheat year after year till the land would grow wheat no longer. Then, when they discovered that in order to make their farms reproductive it would be necessary to farm in a more scientific way, many of them, instead of taking the trouble to establish a system of rotation of crops, flitted to other localities where they cleared new farms on which they were able to repeat the process of scratching the soil for wheat. Even at the present day, although there are many good farmers in Canada, this system is still pursued, and the consequence is that there are always in the market numbers of farms, well situated, with good buildings, fences, orchards, &c., the soil of which, although temporarily unfitted for one particular crop, is admirably suited for many others, and is capable,

with a very moderate outlay of labour and capital, of being brought into a high state of fertility. These farms seem to me to offer most favourable conditions of success to the practical farmer who, owing to the fierce competition for land in an old over-populated country, is unable to obtain a farm on such terms as will enable him to make a profitable living out of it. Those are the men—good practical farmers with a moderate capital—who are also of most value to Ontario. The Canadian-born farmer is the man to clear the forest and to act as the pioneer for the skilled farmer from the Old World, who in turn possesses just the necessary qualifications to take up the land his predecessor has left, and while making out of it a valuable property for himself and his heirs, to add thereby largely to the wealth of Canada. I repeat therefore that no old-country farmer with capital should settle in the backwoods, where his previous education in farming will be wasted, and his money, in all probability, lost.

Two other causes have tended lately to throw a larger number than usual of improved farms in Ontario into the market. One is the opening up for settlement of the fertile lands of Manitobah, and the other is the rapid extension of railways through the hitherto unsettled parts of Canada.

This opportunity for acquiring farms on profitable terms may not last. Ontario is growing very rapidly in population and in wealth. In 1830 the population was about 200,000, at the present moment it is two million. And wealth has increased even in a greater ratio than population. As we have seen before, there is no country

in the world better suited by nature for a manufacturing country than the Dominion, and as soon as manufactures arise, land and the produce of land will double in value, not in the manufacturing districts alone, but all over Ontario.

That good farming pays in Ontario has been proved wherever it has been tried. The land is capable of producing any crop that the climate will ripen, and the climate, while suited to the growth of all the crops grown in England, admits many others that are supposed to be peculiar to hot climates. Thus wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, turnips, peas, beans, clover, and grass, grow side by side with maize, grapes, peaches, pumpkins, &c. Many other crops, such as flax, hemp, and tobacco, could also be profitably grown, and probably will be grown when the rise of manufactures creates a demand for them.

Highly bred cattle imported from England thrive well in Ontario. The progeny of imported shorthorns, Ayrshire cattle, and Leicester and Southdown sheep, so far from deteriorating in quality, have decidedly improved. The climate and soil of Ontario are both suited to stock raising. Epidemics are as yet unknown. The Englishman in the best settled districts will see as good cattle as he has left behind him at home. Large quantities both of live stock and butcher's meat are sent from Ontario to the New England States, where meat is almost at famine price, also to the eastern provinces of the Dominion, whose inhabitants are so much taken up with lumbering, fishing, shipbuilding, and other pursuits, as to neglect stock raising.

The capital necessary for a practical man to commence farming in Ontario is from 500*l.* to 3000*l.* With the latter sum he can buy and stock an excellent 200-acre farm in a good accessible situation. On a farm such as I am speaking of, there will be a good house and out-buildings, 100 acres or more of arable land, garden, orchard, and a patch of woods. The latter is perhaps the most essential item. Coal is the dearest, in fact I may say the only dear necessary of life in Ontario, and some wood for fuel as well as for fencing and other purposes is most desirable on a farm. A man who owns a well-cultivated farm in Ontario is as comfortable and independent as a farmer can be. His farm gives him and his family all the necessaries and most of the comforts of life, and in a new and rapidly growing country he has the satisfaction of knowing that each year as it rolls away adds to the value of his property, and that every hour's well-directed labour spent on his land will be entirely for his own advantage and that of his heirs.

Gentlemen farmers sometimes complain that in settling in the country districts of Canada, they are out of reach of congenial society. This is to a certain extent the case at present. In a new country one cannot expect to find men of leisure like country gentlemen in England. Men who have acquired an independence in Canada naturally live in or near the cities, where there is plenty of society and amusements. But after all, what society can a man of this class have in England, whose sole income is derived we will suppose from a capital of 2000*l.* or 3000*l.*? He may perhaps dine once a year with the squire, and his wife will probably pay a formal visit once in a way at the

parsonage or the doctor's house. This sort of shabby gentility is, I should imagine, more aggravating even than downright seclusion. When a man makes up his mind to emigrate, he emigrates not for amusement or for society, but to make a living, and to provide for a family.

The only way by which men of this class can secure a certain amount of congenial society for themselves and their families is by co-operation. There are many fertile districts in Canada West, where several improved farms can be bought in a cluster, sometimes even two or three lying alongside each other. These farms are in almost every case too large for one man to farm well and thoroughly. Each one of them might be subdivided into farms of from 50 to 100 acres, and these smaller farms well cultivated would yield more than the original farm badly cultivated. A company of gentlemen, each one possessing a capital of from 500*l.* to 1000*l.* up to any higher amount, might associate together and purchase several contiguous farms in a Canadian township, divide the land amongst themselves according to their means and inclinations, and in addition carry out with them from England a certain number of agricultural labourers with their families. By this means not only might a little friendly society be organized, but also expensive implements of agriculture purchased for the joint use of the settlement, which would be beyond the means of a single farmer. I feel convinced that a day will come when Ontario will be farmed like the richest districts of England, and when wheat will be literally manufactured by steam power.

Good farms can be rented in Ontario for very moderate rents, but the leases given are short, and the system does

not find favour either with the native-born Canadian or with the immigrant. The great object of the latter in coming to a new country is to acquire a property of his own. Really good wheat land cannot be rented, and it is the height of folly to rent a run-out farm for a short period. Rented farms, as might be supposed, are the worst kept and most untidy in Canada. I was shown a fair farm in Ontario of 100 acres half cleared, to let for seven years at 20*l.* per annum. Another of 150 acres, 100 cleared, to let for six years at 30*l.* per annum.

The immigrant has great facilities for travelling about, and should avail himself of them to the full before tying himself down to a locality or a farm. Travelling is very cheap in Canada West, as there is plenty of competition. From Quebec to Montreal, for instance, a distance of something like 180 miles, the steamboat fare is \$2. This includes cabin and supper. The voyage occupies ten or eleven hours, and the traveller is quite as comfortable as at an hotel. Both on water and land there are two classes of passengers. Canadians, though a thoroughly democratic people, have yet the sense to know that in all countries there are at least two classes who require separate accommodation—the dirty and clean, the drunken and sober—but the industrious man who does not drink is always first class in Canada.

A great breadth of land in Ontario has the last year or two been under barley. Bushel for bushel this grain sells for nearly as much as wheat, and the land, acre for acre, produces a great deal more of it.

The potato crop suffered severely from the ravages of the Colorado beetle for some seasons, and farmers conse-

quently have reduced their crops. Last season, however, the potato bug, as the animal is called, did but little damage. These bugs attack the leaves of the potato when the plant is about half grown, and if not checked strip the stalk bare. The remedy for them is, when the second bud begins to appear, to sprinkle the plants with Paris green dissolved in water.

Flax grows well in Canada, and will perhaps some day be largely cultivated. It is a crop not well adapted to a new country as it requires so much manipulation.

It is not an easy matter to get at the average yield per acre of crops in a country, so much depends on the season, on the district, and last, but not least, on the farmers themselves; but taking a fairly good farming district in Canada West and a fairly good farmer, I think the following will not be far from the mark :

Fall Wheat	20 bushels.
Spring „	15 „
Barley	30
Oats	35
Rye	15
Indian Corn	80
Potatoes	250 „
Turnips	400
Mangold	500 „
Carrots	450
Peas	25
Beans	20
Hay	1½ ton.

With high farming the yield of many of the above roots, such as turnips, mangold, &c., and also hay, could be doubled. The prices are about one-third less than in an old-country market town. Beef, mutton, pork, and veal

are about half the price in Canada that they are in England.

Agricultural societies are a great institution in Ontario. Each county has one of its own, and so have many of the townships. The subscription of members is trifling, generally \$1 per annum. The Legislature aids each society with a grant. This money is expended in improving the breed of cattle and the quality of seed. These societies have yearly shows, which are well attended by the farming community, and to a certain extent take the place of old-country fairs. Prizes are given at these shows not only for stock but for all sorts of farm produce; emulation is thereby aroused, and farmers have an opportunity of seeing the difference between good and bad farming, as evidenced by the produce displayed, and have thus an opportunity of educating themselves. Each member gets a copy of a weekly or monthly farmer's journal. High farming, rotation of crops, and drainage of land are encouraged. The latter is a very necessary step to high farming in Canada. Drained land is fully a fortnight earlier than undrained land. In wet seasons it is of course an advantage, and, strange to say, in protracted summer droughts drains have also been found to be an advantage to the crops, preventing the soil from baking. Canadians, as a rule, dislike sinking much capital in the improvement and cultivation of the soil. Land is more plentiful than money, and they see that when the forest is cleared, the soil for the time brings forth abundantly without much labour; therefore they go on chopping and sowing. As we have seen before, this gives a favourable opportunity for the immigrant farmer who has been brought

up in another school, and who knows that capital prudently invested in the improvement of the soil is money well spent. There can be little doubt that in years to come stock raising will largely take the place of wheat growing in Ontario. From its extremely central and accessible position on the map of North America, Ontario is able at a trifling cost to supply the markets with beef and mutton in those portions of the continent where butcher's meat is as high or higher in price than it is in London. Cattle, as we have seen, thrive particularly well in Ontario, which in respect to stock raising occupies the same position towards the New England States as Ireland does to England, with the considerable exception that in Canada it costs little more to raise an ox than it does to raise a sheep in Ireland. Stock raising naturally succeeds to wheat growing, and it is this branch of farming which most commends itself to immigrant farmers from the Old World. To winter stock well, roots are necessary, and roots can be grown in Canada as well as in England. I have seen 30 tons of turnips to the acre, 45 of mangold wurtzel, 25 of carrots, and the same of parsnips.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the severe Canadian winter is against stock raising. In England good farmers keep their cattle in the house almost if not quite as long as cattle have to be housed in Ontario. Under these circumstances it is all one to the farmer whether his land is in iron or in mud, I mean as far as his stock are concerned; in many other ways the balance is in favour of the Canadian farmer. Land that has been ploughed in the fall harrows into dust in the spring. No clod crusher is so efficient as Jack Frost. Vegetation at

this season is wonderfully rapid. This is one reason why roots such as turnips, mangolds, and other crops, to which a quick start is essential, do so well in Canada.

In great measure owing to the instrumentality of these Agricultural Societies, cheese factories have been largely established in Ontario. This is a doubly valuable industry. In the first place, the export of cheese from Ontario amounts to some \$2,000,000 per annum; and in the second place, the process of converting milk into cheese saves the farmer an infinity of labour. Butter making has to be carried on at that season of the year when other farm work is at its height, and labour not always abundant. Therefore, some years ago, Canadian farmers laid their heads together and formed joint-stock companies for the manufacture of cheese. The factories are in central situations, each member is paid so much a gallon for the milk he sends in, and at stated times over and above this amount he gets the profits that have arisen by the sale of cheese on the shares of the company which he holds.

Another joint-stock association worthy of notice is the Grangers Society of Ontario. The grain growers of the province, thinking that the merchants and shippers derived too large a profit from the grain which passed through their hands, formed themselves into an association with the above name, which, under good management, secures to each member the entire profit that can be made on each bushel of grain grown on his land and shipped from Montreal to European markets.

Ontario is as well adapted for the culture of a great variety of fruits as any part of the world. Its climate closely resembles that of the grape-growing provinces of

the Rhine. The western portion of Ontario has been pronounced by authorities to be the most suitable part of the American continent for grape culture. There is ample sun to ripen the fruit, and the vines can stand the frosts of winter without artificial protection. Vineyards require too much labour for a new country, but in process of time no doubt Canada will be able to make its own wine. Peaches, apricots, and nectarines ripen in the extreme south and west—I mean as orchard crops. In favourable situations these fruits ripen in gardens here and there all through Canada West.

The apple orchards of Ontario, both as regards the quantities and qualities of the fruit, are second to none in the world. The export of apples has been found such a profitable business, that farmers through the province have been adding largely to their orchards during the last few years. A ten-acre orchard is not an unusual sight, and I have seen orchards as large as forty acres. Many of the so-called American apples that we see in the shops at home are grown in Canada; the following are some of the favourite kinds: Rhode Island Greening, Northern Spy, Baldwins, Swurzes, Pomme Grise Fameuse, Duchess of Oldenburgh, Swaar, Gravensteins, Blenheim Orange, Keswicks' Codling, Holland Pippin, Alexander, American Golden Russet, Red Astracan, Ribston Pippin, Esopus Spitzenburg, and King of Tomkin's County.

The Fruit-growers' Association of Canada recommend the following varieties, viz.:—"For summer, the Early Harvest and Red Astracan, as sour apples; and the Sweet Bough. For early autumn, the Duchess of Oldenburgh, Gravenstein, Pimate, and Jersey Sweet. For late autumn

and early winter, the Ribston Pippin, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Fall Pippin, and Snow Apple. For midwinter to March, the Rhode Island Greening, Northern Spy, Esopus Spitzenburg, Pomme Grise, and Tolman Sweet; for spring, the Golden Russet, and Roxbury Russet.

“For market, the most profitable varieties are Red Astracan, Duchess of Oldenburgh, Gravenstein, and Hubbardston Nonsuch, ripening in the order in which they are named, for a near or home market; and for shipping, the Rhode Island Greening, Baldwin, Golden Russet, and Roxbury Russet will yield the largest pecuniary returns.”*

Apples are barrelled in the orchards, and dispatched there and then to market. The orchard in Canada West, with very little labour and moderate attention, is a source of a clear annual income to the farmer who possesses one. To make an orchard 25 cents per tree is the estimated cost. The trees commence to bear in ten years. Farmers who do not like the risk or the trouble of marketing their apples, can sell them in the orchard for from \$1.50 to \$2 per barrel.

Pears do equally well as apples, but being a tenderer and more delicate fruit they are more difficult to bring to market. The following are the chief varieties grown:— Louise Bonne de Jersey, Bartlett, Beurre d’Anjou, Beurre Clairgeau, Flemish Beauty, Duchess d’Angoulême, Graslin, Sheldon, and Winter Nelis.

Melons, both sweet melons and water melons, ripen throughout Canada. The habitants of Lower Canada grow musk and citron melons in their little gardens that would throw in the shade the melons forced at great cost in good English gardens.

* ‘Report of Canadian Fruit-growers’ Association.’

All the well-known English small fruits, except the gooseberry, do admirably in Ontario. The cultivation of these fruits for market is now a very profitable business in certain localities. In the vicinity of Oakville, on Lake Ontario, there is a large breadth of land under strawberries; an acre or so on every farm, and occasionally as much as ten acres. Both climate and soil in the vicinity of Lake Ontario seem admirably adapted to this fruit. The facilities for marketing fruit or vegetables either by land or by water carriage are unrivalled, and the demand for both, but especially for strawberries, seems to be unlimited in the Eastern States. The capital required for small fruit farming is not large, and I know of no way in which an industrious immigrant with some knowledge of this species of agriculture could do better than by buying a small farm in Ontario and devoting himself entirely to fruit farming. He might, along with strawberry plants, plant apple, pear, and currant trees, which would be an ample provision for his old age. Or three or four small capitalists might buy one of the large Ontario wheat farms between them and divide it into small fruit farms.

Strawberries in Ontario are planted in rows about three or four feet apart. The plants bear in the second year. In the fall they are top-dressed with litter or stable manure. After the fruit is picked in the summer, horse-hoes are worked up and down the drills, the soil well loosened, and the weeds taken out. This is all the cultivation strawberries require. The plants bear abundantly for two or three seasons, and should at the end of that period be ploughed down, when a crop of turnips can be taken off the land without extra manure. The land can-

not be too highly manured in which the plants are put. To do the strawberry culture properly, and keep up a rotation of crops, a man would require four fields, say of four acres in each. The chief labour connected with strawberry culture is picking the fruit. This is generally done by children, who pick at 1 cent the quart. The demand for strawberries is so great that buyers come to the country and give 8 or 9 cents a quart for the fruit on the spot, thus saving the cultivator all trouble of marketing. At the latter price I have known of \$500 worth of strawberries being sold off one acre of land. The variety of strawberry most in favour among fruit growers is Wilson's Albany. The wages of a good man in Ontario accustomed to this work is \$1 per diem if hired by the whole year, or \$1.25 if hired for eight months of the year.

There are those who think that it is the fate of Canada to be absorbed into the great Republic. I think it will be found that the people who hold this opinion are (1) either English or Americans who, for some reasons of their own wish for this result; or (2) people who are fond of theorizing, but who have no knowledge of the circumstances of the case. I believe, on the contrary, every day that rolls by, instead of bringing the two peoples together, helps to build up an impassable barrier between them. In character and temperament, as well as in appearance and physique, the two English-speaking peoples, Canadian and American, diverge more and more. The language is the only common ground between them, and that, as we know, has not always proved itself a sure bond of union. The native American is a compound of English, Irish, German, Spanish, African, Indian, Chinese blood.

To delineate the compound character he has derived from this heterogeneous stock is beyond my power. The Canadian is simply an Englishman, who has learnt by experience to take care of himself instead of depending upon his Government to do it for him. The native-born American is a slight, sallow, lanky man, with poor muscular development. He is like the weakly child who has all gone to head, and neglecting boyish games has stuffed his brain at the expense of his body. The Canadian is robust and strong, and presents as favourable a type of the Anglo-Saxon race as can be met with in any part of the world. This wide difference of physique arises from two causes: 1. Climatic conditions. The climate of the United States, taken as a whole, is undoubtedly not favourable to the development of a robust and vigorous manhood. The climate of Canada, on the other hand, like that of northern Europe, matures a hardy and powerful race of men. 2. The native-born American, as a rule, comes of a stock that has had servants to do its hard work for it—hewers of wood and drawers of water from Africa, from China, and from Ireland. He directs their labours; his brain expands in the action, his limbs shrink from want of exercise. These traits are reproduced in his children, and exaggerated in the third generation. The native-born Canadian, on the contrary, is sprung from a well-grown and muscular parentage, and preserves the type. He is not the “tenth transmitter of a foolish face,” but he is the transmitter of a sound mind in a sound body.

It might be supposed that the society of Americans would charm Canada into union with the United States.

I believe the intercourse between the two people, such as it is, has the opposite effect. It so happens that the very scum and refuse of American society frequent the borders of Canada. The cost of living in British America is just one-half the cost of living in the United States. The price of liquor is about three-fourths less. It therefore happens that idlers, loafers, drunkards, smugglers, and a host of disreputable Yankees infest the borders of Canada, to the disgust of the Canadians.

White men are like Indians in some respects; the real, true, unspoiled, and unconverted red man is a gentleman. The semi-civilized Indian is a scourge. So the roughest back-settler in the remotest township in Canada is a thoroughly good fellow and an obliging one to boot. The pests of Canada are these border rowdies—men who have come in contact with civilization, who wear good coats and sometimes wash their faces, but who, beyond this slight veneering of decency, have derived no benefit from civilization, and, like the semi-civilized Indian, have learnt everything that is bad. These vile pests flourish in the neighbourhood of rum shops, and in border towns congregate about the corners of streets as affording a good position for outraging respectable passers-by. They hold the theory that one man is as good as another, and take a peculiar way of illustrating their theory, viz. by being on all occasions as brutal and disgusting as possible. They never give a civil answer to anyone, for fear that such politeness might be construed into a mark of inferiority.

Even the American tourists who travel in Canada for amusement and economy—for, strange as it may seem, it is cheaper to travel in Canada than to live at home in the

United States—are not of a stamp likely to charm Canadians into annexation. The better classes of Americans do not travel on the beautiful Canadian lakes, for fear of the rough and motley crowd of their own countrymen that they encounter on the steamboats. I do not think these latter people derive much enjoyment from the scenery of “Kennedy,” as they call it, although they undoubtedly enjoy the good living. I recently had the pleasure of travelling in company with some four hundred of these tourists. One hour before dinner, though at the time our boat was running down one of the finest reaches of the St. Lawrence, these people crowded the dinner tables in the saloon. The waiters told them that unless they left the tables, the cloth, &c., could not be laid. Upon this they drew back their chairs a foot or two to enable the waiters to pass to and fro, and there they sat for one hour, their hungry regards fixed on the table, their black-panted extremities tucked under their chairs, like rows of carrion crows waiting for a dying horse. At last dinner was put on the table, and a fierce joy lit up the solemn, yellow faces of the four hundred, and in the words of the captain they “went it strong,” so strong indeed that the outsiders preferred bread and cheese on deck to partaking of that horrid repast.

The political relations between the two countries have not tended to make Canadians enamoured of the United States. The latter country, in revenge for supposed Canadian sympathy for the South, abrogated the Reciprocity Treaty that had existed between the two countries, and put a prohibitory tariff on Canadian goods. This, although it will serve Canada in the long run and develop home

manufactures, was yet a temporary inconvenience, and has left a soreness behind it. The refusal of the United States Government to compensate Canada for the Fenian raids that were organized in American territory, and carried destruction to life and property into an unoffending and peaceable neighbouring country, has not tended to diminish that soreness. For many years a conflict has existed between the two nations on the subject of the fisheries of Canada; the American fishermen, by fair means or by foul, by right or by wrong, have always encroached upon the fishing grounds of the St. Lawrence. Their persistency has had its reward at the expense of Canada, for these fisheries have been finally thrown open to America by the mother-country in an outburst of that cheap generosity which gives away other people's property. Even now the American Government refuses to give adequate compensation for this encroachment.

Of Republican institutions it may be said that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Close observers like the Canadians are not enchanted. The best class of American citizens are not enchanted. The latter hold themselves aloof from their own jobbing Government, look down upon the class of "politicians" who pull the wires at Washington, and make it their proudest boast that, low as their families may have descended in the social ladder, they have never furnished a member of Congress. In Canada all this is different; the best men in the colony, as in the mother-country, esteem it an honour to write M.P. after their names. Twenty times I have heard such words as these from intelligent Americans: "You Canadians ought to be the most contented people on the face

of the earth ; your taxes are low, your food is cheap, you have all the advantages of self-government without the curse of a presidential election every four years, your laws are good, your judges are above bribery, you have no army or navy to maintain, if you want protection from an enemy all you have to do is to telegraph for it across the Atlantic.*

Yankee smartness is proverbial. Smart tricks, as a rule, do not tend to make neighbours good friends. As with individuals, so with states. I will give one instance of this "smartness." By the treaty of Washington, Canadian fish were admitted free into American markets. Salmon, lobsters, and other sorts of fish are made up for market in hermetically sealed tin cases. The Yankees, though obliged by the letter of the treaty to take the duty off the fish, transferred it to the tin cans, and so, no doubt to their satisfaction, drove a four-horse team through the spirit of the treaty. Canadians revolt from this ungentlemanly treatment, and each one of these "smart" or "shabby" tricks, call them which you will, strengthens the bonds which unite Canada to old England.

There is a small and insignificant anti-British party in Ontario who are probably working for annexation. A certain Oxford professor, whose own country became too hot for him, and who then tried America, where he was not appreciated, finally honoured Ontario with his presence. This gentleman nourishes an implacable animosity against England and everything English. Being an able man, he manages to attract to him every man and everything hostile to the old country. He finds little difficulty in picking holes in the colonial policy of the empire, and

in holding up certain acts of English statesmen to contempt. Under the specious pretext of fostering a national sentiment, he endeavours to inflame the minds of Canadians against England and England's policy. In a less loyal country he might work mischief. If he transferred himself and his pen to the Emerald Isle, one-half the malignity he displays would give him a proud place in the roll of Irish patriots. But in Canada he is harmless. Party spirit runs high there, and both sides are glad to avail themselves of the assistance of able men with grievances at their command. It is therefore saying something for the loyalty of Canada that each party has discovered in this discontented stranger an enemy of England, and as such has tabooed him.

The province of Ontario has a preponderating power in the Dominion of Canada, and this will undoubtedly increase, as it is by far the most growing province. Representation by population, one of the main principles adopted at the confederation of the British North American colonies, gives Ontario 88 members in the House of Commons, as against Quebec 65 and the maritime provinces 45.

Some years ago there was amongst certain people at home a feeling that England would be better without her colonies, that the old country should be turned into a gigantic shop to sell to all the nations of the world, that her colonies were a waste of money, and that if they were gone no army or navy would be necessary; that Prussia, France, and Russia might do police duty in the world, but that John Bull would dwell at peace for evermore, and sell cottons and ironware to all the world. This policy showed

itself even in the 'Times.' In its columns Canada was for a while sneered at and told that it was a useless burden, that it was wanted no longer, and that the sooner it assumed its independence the better England would be pleased. These insulting taunts originated the annexation party above referred to. But things are very different in England now, and the leading men on both sides repudiate the idea of casting off the colonies.

If the world lasts long enough there is a glorious future in store for Canada. The northern countries and the hardy northern races possess an energy and a vitality which in all times have enabled them, in the long run, to win the race and go ahead of their Southern rivals; but any attempt to hurry on the manifest destiny of Canada would invite disappointment and defeat. Its place for the present, as the most important colony in the empire, is at England's right hand. When manufactures die away in England and spring up in Canada, when capital and population by little and little leave the former country for the latter, then it will be time enough for the son to set up house for himself, and not only to support himself and his family in independence, but if necessary to lend a helping hand to his parent.

The emigrant going to Canada from England will find religious controversies and creeds much the same in the new country as in the old, with one exception in favour of the new country, that there is less acerbity between Churchman and Dissenter. There is no State Church to provoke envy and discontent. In the United States a common expression among men is, "We leave religious matters to the women and children." It would no doubt

do very well if the women and children attended to these matters; the rest would follow in due time. But here is the hitch; the women say, "What is not worth the attention of the men is not worth our attention—we are as good men as they are; we want to make money in trade, to vote at elections," &c., &c., &c. So religion goes to the wall. This is partly the effect of carrying toleration to excess. The people who hold these opinions are the descendants of the old Puritan fathers. As has been often the case in history, a generation of bigots has been followed by a generation of freethinkers. Few native-born Americans are Roman Catholics, few belong to the Church of England. They are Congregationalists, followers of Mr. Ward Beecher, or of any other gentleman who tickles their fancy. Many of them "take their religion around," *Anglicè*, they go to listen to any new preacher they hear of. And yet these very people have the consummate impudence to send missionaries to convert benighted Britishers.

Things are very different in Canada. There in every city or village the Churchman can attend his own church, the Roman Catholic, the Presbyterian, and the Methodist can do the same. There is toleration here too, but not carried to excess. There is not war to the knife, as in Ireland, between Protestant and Catholic. Political parties are not divided according to religion; Protestant and Catholic, Churchman and Dissenter, vote together at the polling booth, and yet each loves and supports his own church. In Lower Canada, where the Roman Catholic church is predominant, the Church, as might be expected, is driven to an extreme, and, as in Ireland, may

be regarded as ultra-Protestant. On the other hand, in Ontario, where the bulk of the population is Methodist, the Church takes the opposite extreme, and is high. Canada is a religious, without being a bigoted, country.

There is a strong party in Ontario who believe that it would be an advantage to apply the Maine Liquor Law to their province. These people cannot find much to encourage them across the border in those states where it has been tried. I believe that one reason why Canadians are a healthier and more robust race than the Yankees is that they drink better liquor. Perhaps they would be better still if they drank none at all ; I do not venture to offer an opinion on this point, but we know that men will have alcoholic stimulants, and prohibitory laws have never banished the bars from Maine or Massachusetts, though they have driven them to the cellar and the attic. They have never prevented drinking, though they have made men drink in a skulking, guilty way, as if they were about to commit a murder or a robbery. They have had the effect, however, of damaging the liquor and making it poisonous. It is a misfortune for paupers to marry and beget pauper children ; granted ; but try and check the pauper population by prohibitory laws, and the result will be a still worse quality of pauperism. If the good people who shout so lustily under the temperance banner would only turn their energies towards substituting good unadulterated liquor in place of alcoholic poison they would do good service. At present they are spending their time, their brains, and their money in an attempt which is about as impracticable as to check the ebb and flow of the tide.

The hotels in Canada are very fair, and the charges reasonable, viz. from $\$2\frac{1}{2}$ to $\$3\frac{1}{2}$ per diem. In Toronto there are two excellent hotels. Hotel life is pleasant enough for a short time, until one gets tired of the crowd, the racket, and the din. The ordinary crowd in the dining room of a large Canadian hotel is an interesting study. There are the commercial travellers who do congregate together, and are charged at lower rates than the ordinary travelling public, as are also the residents, who are boarded by the week or the month at less than half the rates charged to tourists. Uncle Sam is sure to be there with his wife and daughters, who dress to astonish the natives, and succeed. There is the travelling theatrical or operatic troupe, the members of which are contracted for at so much a head; the temperance men, who make up for no drinking by eating enormously, and who get a little surreptitious stimulant out of the pudding sauce, which the cook, who knows their tastes, furnishes in gallons; the burly senator from the country, who carries his senatorial labours lightly; the M.P.'s and M.P.P.'s, who, perhaps, enjoy themselves all the more as their grateful country pays the bill; the judge on circuit; the militia colonel on his rounds, and the English tourist and his wife; the former is strictly on the defensive, and the latter shows her sovereign contempt for the smartness of the ladies by her austere simplicity of costume; and last, but not least, there are the inevitable bride and bridegroom. These unfortunate persons have always the knack of blundering or simpering into the great dining hall in such a way as to attract as much attention as possible.

As for the dinners, they are generally very good, but barbarously put on the table. Although Canadian hotels have made a great stride in civilization—I mean late dinners—the art of dining in these places is still in its infancy. What can a man possibly do with a dozen different dishes all at once before him? This style of living suits the Yankees, I believe, but Canadians ought to manage these things better in their hotels. On one occasion I sat next to a lady from Vermont who fed promiscuously off nine dishes, viz. one fish, three *entremets*, two *rôts*, three vegetables; she then topped off with pudding, cheese, and a cup of tea, and the whole meal from first to last only occupied twelve minutes by my watch. This hasty feeding would kill an Englishman; it does make the Yankee bilious, but it seems to have no bad effect on the Canadian traveller.

Actual living, i. e. food and bed are very reasonable in Canadian hotels. I cannot say so much for the extras, which seem to be out of all proportion; in the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, the charge for board is \$2 50c. per diem, for a tub 50 cents, for a pint of ale 25 cents.

The little hotels in the backwoods, as might be expected, are rather rough. I had the misfortune to be travelling at night once in the lower province in a tremendous snow storm; our horses done out, pitch dark, and very cold. We were blundering through the drifts at the rate of a mile an hour. "How far to the nearest stopping place?" I asked the driver. "Only a mile," he replied. This cheered me up somewhat, and I said, "Oh, that's all right, we'll soon be there;" but my cheerfulness was not shared by my driver. On my asking what sort

of hotel it was, he made the following mysterious reply: "First-rate, when Dickey's not on the beer." In my innocence I imagined that any hotel or house, "even if Dickey was on the beer," would be all right. I soon found my mistake. On arrival at the "hotel," I opened the door of a comfortable-looking house, and was on the point of ordering supper, when an immense fellow, brandishing the leg of a chair, and backed up by half-a-dozen drunken companions, made at me, and with terrific threats ordered me out. A man who is half frozen, as well as tired and hungry, is not much in the humour to fight, so "I retired." My driver had already made off. He told me afterwards that Dickey had once killed a hungry traveller, but that when not "on the beer" he was one of the whitest men on the earth.

The book-keeping at some of these little country hotels is very primitive. Here is a specimen, with the translation. Dates, as may be seen, are quite unnecessary.

<i>Hotel Book.</i>	<i>Translation.</i>
John Smith .. L	John Smith, "a grub and a sleep."
" .. ㄥ	two grubs and a sleep.
" .. □	" , three do. do.
" .. ◻	" " four do. do.
	Probably J. S. had a friend with
Total .. 10 grubbes & fore sleeps.	him on this occasion.

The cost of "a grub" and "a sleep" being the same, viz. 25 cents, making up the accounts is an easy matter.

Ontario is unquestionably the best province in the Dominion to which the agricultural labourer can emigrate. It costs emigrants no more to go to Toronto than

to Quebec, as their railway fares are paid from the latter place to the former. The regular steerage fare by the Allan line from Liverpool to Quebec, or Halifax, is 6*l.* 6*s.* for adults. To encourage emigration the Dominion Government reduce this to 4*l.* 15*s.* for adults, 2*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* for children under eight years, and 15*s.* 10*d.* for infants.

“But to meet the case of domestic servants, and of farm labourers desirous of emigrating with their families, and who from their circumstances are unable to pay the foregoing rates, arrangements have been made to carry a limited number of such passengers, at certain periods, at the following reduced rates, viz. each person of eight years and upwards, 2*l.* 5*s.*; children under eight years, 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; infants under a year, 7*s.* 6*d.*; and to each such adult passenger a bonus of six dollars (about 1*l.* 5*s.*) will be paid after three months’ residence in Ontario, and in some special cases this bonus may be paid in advance. These special privileges are, however, strictly confined to the classes above mentioned, and all applicants must furnish the Government agents with satisfactory proofs of their good faith before they can obtain the necessary warrants.

“Unmarried farm labourers also receive the Government bonus of six dollars after three months’ residence in the province, and in certain exceptional cases it may be advanced to them also in reduction of their passage-money.”*

By this it will be seen that approved emigrants of the working classes can, for the sum of 1*l.* each adult, obtain passages from Liverpool to Toronto. In addition to this

* Emigration Circular.

they require bedding, and knife, fork, tin mugs, &c. Ten cubic feet (equal to a box $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 2 feet wide, and 2 feet deep) is allowed for luggage for each adult; for all over that quantity a charge of one shilling for each cubic foot will be made for ocean freight.

In the ships of the Allan line, when they are not much crowded, steerage passengers are made fairly comfortable. The food is of good quality, fairly cooked, and ample in quantity. I have seen provisions enough to feed one hundred hungry men thrown overboard in one day. I have frequently, when at sea, been through the steerage of the Allan vessels, and, with the one exception of overcrowding, which I suppose is an evil not to be avoided in emigrant ships, I have never seen anything to complain of in the treatment of the emigrants. And after all they are not more crowded than are H.M. soldiers in a transport ship.

In this little work I only desire to touch upon the emigration of working men and their families, in connection with that of the farmer and small capitalist. The paid emigration agents of the Dominion appeal chiefly to the working classes, and no doubt explain very fully all the advantages that Canada has to offer them. But it seems to me that among the advantages Canada offers to the emigrant farmer with small capital, the favourable terms on which he can import labour from the Old World are especially to be remembered. Newly arrived emigrants in Canada, of the working classes, are now hired through the medium of the local emigration agents. They are hired by the year, after a probationary term of a month. Able-bodied men get from \$10 to \$12 per

month, with board, and raw girls about \$5. They can generally earn higher wages than this after the first year. I can see no reason why farm labourers and domestic servants should not be hired before they leave the old country. It would be a great comfort to these poor people to have a berth ready for them on their arrival in the colony. It would often save them much anxiety and great hardship. The emigration agent in England or in Ireland would be quite as capable of recommending a man as the agent in Montreal or Toronto. In either case the employer has to run his chance as to character and so on. Given an employer in Canada who wants a man, and a man in England who wants employment in Canada, and surely some plan could be organized for bringing the two together. Indeed, I believe this has been successfully carried out on a small scale by an Ottawa Immigration Society.

To the poor working man emigration is even a more serious matter than to the man of capital. The latter (especially from a country like Canada) can return home if the new country does not come up to his expectations. The former, if a family man, has only managed to emigrate by a great effort, and must take the new country for better or for worse. As a rule I believe that working men do as well in Canada as in any other part of the world, but there are two or three things that emigrants from England of this class should guard against. They should not go out with the idea of settling down upon wilderness land, not in the first instance, at least, until they have become inured to the ways of the country. They should not herd in great droves to any one par-

ticular place. In a new country the labour market is easily drugged, and farmers in Canada do with less than half the labour required by farmers at home. They should not go out in the autumn or the winter. In the winter months farmers require no extra help; indeed many of the small farmers do without all hired labour during that season. The Dominion is a large and growing country, capable of absorbing a great proportion of the overplus population of the mother-country to the mutual advantage of all parties concerned; but the process must be gradual, and not spasmodic or forced. Capital and labour should go together as well as possible; and I think it would be both for the interests of Canada and of the working people at home if the system could be introduced of hiring working men before they left their old country, instead of after they landed in the new.

Weak or sickly men do wrong in emigrating to Canada. In return for better wages and better food men have to work harder than in England. The Canadian farmer, as a rule, does not spare himself nor his men either when work has to be done. In hay-making and harvest time especially the hours are long and the work hard. In return for his hard work the emigrant workman receives better wages and better food, as we have seen before, and he has the prospect, if he is only industrious and saving, of becoming a farmer himself. Then his social position from the very first is better than it was at home. If frugal and industrious, he can afford to buy better clothes, read his paper, and generally polish himself up more than the working man at home, thus qualifying himself to mix on more equal terms with his richer

fellow-citizens. The mean of civilization is fully as high as the mean in England, even though the extreme may not be.

Ottawa, the capital, though in the province of Ontario, is on the borders of Quebec, and in the very heart of the Dominion. It was chosen as the capital for two reasons, (1) central position and distance from frontier; (2) because to have made the capital in one of the then great cities of Canada, viz. Montreal, Quebec, or Toronto, would have created jealousy in the others. Although at the time Canadians were dissatisfied that a small lumbering village, called Bytown, should have been selected for their capital, yet events have quite justified the selection, and it is now generally conceded that Ottawa is a fit capital for their Dominion; Montreal, the commercial capital, is unfit to be the political capital. In the first place, it is on the frontier; in the second place, it is just the point in Canada where two races and two religions meet, and where consequently in time of political or religious agitation popular feeling and popular demonstration run highest. In the third place, it is no doubt wise to separate as much as possible politics from commercial jobbing. As matters stand at present, this is not always an easy task, but if Montreal, the centre of commerce, was also the centre of government, the difficulty would be the greater.

The Government buildings are beautiful, and beautifully situated. On the summit of a rocky bank they rear their stately heads above the river. With the same good taste which led to the sounding and peculiarly Canadian name of Ottawa being given to the capital instead of calling it Smith-ville or Jones-ville, the rock and the spruce

bushes around the buildings have been left as much as possible as nature fashioned them. There are no terraces, no statues, no tawdry railings, or ornaments on the river side. Where nature is so grand these would be quite out of place. The House of Commons grows out of the spruce-clad rock, emblematic of a great and powerful country growing out of the pine forest and the prairie. The view from the library of the House of Commons is magnificent; on one hand the Ottawa river, foaming through countless little wooded islands, dashing itself over the falls; on the other a fine reach of the river presents itself to the eye. All around, as far as the eye can reach, and this is a long way in the clear climate, is the great forest in its glory of colour and form.

Ottawa city is at present in the condition of an unfinished house. Stone, bricks, and wood lie about in piles. Private houses, banks, churches, &c., are springing up here and there, not in a desultory way, but with an ulterior plan. Ottawa is not a cardboard city; there are no shanties, no shoddy. Everything is solid, substantial, and handsome, giving promise of a great future. Much civilization is centred here. There is indeed a peculiar charm in these Canadian cities, which combine the advantages of civilization with the charm of a wild country. Ottawa has some resemblance to the country-seat of a rich English nobleman, whose house is hospitably filled with pleasant people, while his park stretches far around him in the midst of a quiet rural landscape. But there is one great difference between the two. In an old country, side by side with immense wealth and excess of luxury, squalid poverty and extreme want are always to be seen. It is a

significant fact that in Ottawa all the public buildings found in English cities exist, all but one—and that is the poor-house.

Man seized upon that beautiful work of nature, the Chaudière falls, and turned it into a ten million horse-power saw-mill. The beauty of the fall is much impaired, but it is a wonderful sight to see the logs drawn out of the water by the water into twenty different saw-mills. Each log is first squared by one saw, then cut into boards by another. The rough edges are not wasted. Circulars whirling round with inconceivable rapidity, rip them up into thinner boards. Even the edges are utilized and made into laths by a very ingenious process; nothing is wasted but the sawdust.

As the Americans say, Ottawa possesses a first-class water privilege. Each house has a hose with which the doorsteps, pavements, windows, &c., are watered in dusty weather. It speaks volumes for the steadiness of the rising generation of Ottawa that to them these hoses are generally entrusted. Fancy the English boy of ten in uncontrolled possession of a water hose! The child is father to the man, and the colonial boy grows up a steady and sober though somewhat phlegmatic man. Their education makes men of them earlier than with us. They begin from their earliest youth to incur responsibility.

The public conveyances in Ottawa will excite the wonder of the tourist. They are skeleton lord mayors' coaches: silver springs, painted glass windows, oak facings, huge crests in gaudy colours, &c., &c. The lumbermen have a great weakness for these coaches, and spend many of their hardly earned dollars in driving about the city in

them. I was much amused by seeing a lumberman without coat or waistcoat—a magnificent fellow about 6 feet 2 inches in height, and as shaggy as a bear—solemnly taking his pleasure on a hot July day in one of those gorgeous vehicles, drawn by two horses. He drove all round the town, stopping here and there to have a friendly glass with a comrade. When he wanted to get out he stopped the driver with a whoop that could be heard two miles off on the river. He disdained to open the door, but stepped backwards and forwards over it—a proceeding that somewhat detracted from the dignity of the turnout.

In the Ottawa district there are plenty of improved farms always in the market. In an accessible locality a farm of 200 acres half cleared, with fair house and out-buildings, can be bought for from 800*l.* to 1000*l.* Close to the city the price of good farms is 20*l.* an acre. In the more remote sections of this district equally good farms can be bought for half the money, viz. for 400*l.* or 500*l.* The latter are situated generally on the borders of the lumber woods, and the objections to them are, (1) the difficulty of obtaining labour, the best men being picked up by the lumberers; and, (2) distance from society, &c. As regards markets, the proprietors of these back farms are as well off as their neighbours near the cities. They can dispose of all their surplus produce at high prices to the lumber merchants. In fact, the nearer to the lumber woods the higher are the prices of farm produce such as hay, oats, pork, and beef. These back farms are generally in the hands of native-born Canadians, who, as we have seen elsewhere, are in the habit of selling out their

improved or run-out farms in the settlement, and pushing back farther in the forest.

The wages of agricultural labourers in the Ottawa district are ruled by the lumber trade. Where the latter is flourishing, wages are high, and *vice versa*. At present a labourer hired by the year, gets from \$10 to \$12 per month with board. Without board, but with free house, fuel, patch of land for garden, about \$18. On the latter terms a man and wife can be hired for about \$25 per month. These wages are rather below the average, as the lumber market is somewhat depressed at present, and consequently a number of men who usually earn their living in the woods are now competing with emigrants for farm labour.

Excellent iron ore is found in Ontario. But there is no means of smelting it on the spot. It is therefore sent to the United States, where it is manufactured, and then returned to Canada as pig iron or in the shape of iron tools and implements. This should not be so. There is both iron and coal in abundance within the Dominion.

Both silver and copper in large quantities are found on the shores of Lake Superior.

But more valuable than either of these are the petroleum wells. Some of these wells in the county of Lambton yield 100 barrels of crude oil per day. And the wells of Canada West, as at present worked, yield over 10,000 barrels per week. The oil region of Ontario is supposed to be very extensive, and the supply is apparently inexhaustible. The capital now employed in the trade is upwards of 2,000,000*l*.

In the British Islands there is plenty of money and very

little land. One consequence of this is that land possesses a fictitious value and cannot be bought at a fair commercial value. Another is that money is cheap. Interest is only 2 or 3 per cent. The immigrant in Canada should bear in mind that land is cheap and money dear. Farms are seldom paid for at the time they are bought, but generally by instalments, spread over a number of years. Therefore, if the immigrant is prepared to pay cash down, he will be able to buy at great advantage. In the meantime he can always get 8 or 10 per cent. for his money in Ontario. I certainly am not exaggerating when I say that 8 per cent. can be obtained for money in Ontario, upon as good security as that on which 4 per cent. can be got in an old country.

The following is a synopsis of the game laws of Canada West :—

Moose, cariboo, and deer may be killed from the first day of September to the first day of December.

Wild turkeys, grouse, pheasants, or partridges, from the first day of September to the first day of January.

Quail, from the first day of October to the first day of January.

Woodcock, from the first day of July to the 1st of January.

Snipe, from the 15th of August to the 1st of May.

Water fowl, which are known as mallard, grey duck, black duck, wood or summer duck, and all the kind of duck known as teal, from the 15th of August to the 1st of January.

Hares or rabbits from the 1st of September to the 1st of March.

No person shall have in his possession any of the said animals or birds, or any part or portion of such animals or birds, during the periods in which they are so protected; provided that they may be exposed for sale for one month and no longer after such periods, and may be had in possession for the private use of the owner and his family at any time; but in all cases the proof of the time of killing or taking shall be upon the party in possession.

It is enacted that no beaver, musk-rat, mink, marten, raccoon, otter, or fisher shall be hunted, taken, or killed, or had in possession of any person, between the first day of May and the first day of November.

The penalties attaching to transgressions of this law are as follows:

In case of moose, cariboo, or deer, \$50, and not less than \$10.

In case of birds or eggs, \$25, and not less than \$5.

In case of fur-bearing animals, \$25, and not less than \$5.

The principal sport in Ontario is shooting. There is no salmon fishing, and for really good trout fishing the angler has to go far back to the streams that flow into Superior. The maskinonge, bass, and pickerell fishing in the lakes hardly comes under the head of sport.

The only big game is the red deer (*Cervus Virginianus*), an animal very much smaller than the red deer of Scotland, and much like the fallow deer. The range of this deer is very wide; it is found in all the Northern States of the Union, in New Brunswick, in Upper Canada, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and on the Pacific slope. During the long winters these animals, like the moose, make yards in the greenwoods, and feed on the browse.

In the deep snow they are unfortunately very easily run down by hunters on snow shoes. I do not know a more pitiable object than a Virginian-deer endeavouring to escape from its pursuer in deep snow. When forced out of the well-beaten paths of its yard, the active creature makes a succession of desperate bounds, each one shorter than the one before. At each plunge it sinks to its withers in the snow. The cold-blooded pursuer knows that his game is safe, and does not even waste a bullet. He comes up leisurely behind the totally exhausted quadruped, disregarding the pleading glance of the wild and beautiful eye, and getting on its back, holds it down in the snow till he cuts its throat with his knife. Of all butchery this is the worst.

But creeping deer in the early winter, when the snow is light, is really good sport, and requires a very good hunter. The old bucks shed their antlers in November, but the young ones retain theirs till January, or even February. In summer deer feed very much on grass that grows in the open places in the forest and on the edges of lakes and rivers. Paddling my canoe noiselessly along the shores of a backwoods lake, I have often approached quite close to them. In districts where deer are plentiful they make roads or paths through the bush, and hunters in the fall of the year, stationing themselves in the vicinity of these paths, or in passes between lakes, have the deer driven up to their rifles with dogs. The flesh of the Virginian deer is capital venison, better than the cariboo, or even than the moose; and the antlers of the bucks are branchy and handsome.

The best sport in Canada West is unquestionably the

duck shooting. Notwithstanding the vast numbers that are shot every year, the wild fowl manage to hold their own. Numbers hatch their young in the marshes, islands, swamps, and woods of Upper Canada; but much greater numbers hatch in the inaccessible northern regions, from whence they come in renewed multitudes every "fall," to rest on the lakes and marshes of Upper Canada, and feed on the wild rice that grows round the edges of the lakes and in the creeks. The St. Clair flats and Long Point, Lake Erie, are two of the most famous places for wild-fowl shooting; but in the whole province, from the Georgian Bay and Lake Nepissing down to the Thousand Islands, there is an abundance of wild fowl. I have had good sport along the shores of Lake Ontario, both in the Thousand Islands and in the Bay of Quinte; and there are also many smaller lakes, such as Rice Lake, Simcoe, Holland Marsh, &c., where the duck shooting is very good.

Duck shooting is much the same all the world over, but one great charm of this sport in Canada is that there are so many different varieties of birds. At the head of them, both as regards sport and the pot, I place the black duck (*A. obscura*). Great numbers of these hatch in Canada, but many more come from the north, and I have noticed that these latter are finer and heavier birds than the home-bred ones.

As regards their nesting and habits, they are almost, it not exactly, identical with those of the mallard duck. They are shot in spring and fall, either by the system of flight shooting in the evenings and mornings, or in the beginning of autumn, by paddling a canoe silently along

the edges of the lakes and swamps—the sportsman seated in the bow, and the Indian paddling with that skill and total absence of splash and noise for which the Indians are unrivalled. The black duck, when taken on the rise, is a very easy shot; when in the full swing of its flight, it is a very difficult one. It is the shyest bird that I know. Even in remote lakes, where it has never been disturbed, and where one might expect to find it pretty tame, I have never caught the black duck napping, though they decoy well, particularly in the spring. Shooting out of a canoe requires a great deal of practice, and it is a much more difficult matter than when on one's legs, owing to the cramped position of the shooter and the corky motion of his craft. Putting pot-shots out of the question, the sportsman who can show ten black ducks for twenty empty cartridges has done well.

The mallard (*A. Boschas*) is identical with our English wild duck in every respect. It has not nearly so wide a range on the American continent as the black duck. The mallard goes no farther east than the great lakes, neither is it found in the far north. When it leaves Upper Canada at the commencement of winter it migrates to the Southern and South-western States.

The wood duck (*A. Sponsa*) is the most beautiful of all ducks. To describe the plumage of an old drake would simply be impossible; it must be seen. Fishermen know the value of its feathers. They make their appearance in April, and leave early in the fall; for, unlike most other wild fowl, they cannot stand the cold. In spring they may be seen in pairs, swimming about the most sheltered lakes and rivers, or else roosting like crows on the trees.

I have never been able to find a nest, but I am told that they build in a hollow stump, or in the fork of a large tree, near the water. They bring out about eight or ten of a brood, and manage to carry them from their lofty birthplace to the water—in their bills, I presume. In the fall the sportsman frequently comes across them when black-duck shooting. They are tamer than the latter, and much more easily shot. They are excellent birds on the table, and sometimes give very pretty sport in the early fall as they rise out of the marshes and wild rice swamps.

The famous canvass-back (*Aythya Vallisneria*) is a visitor to the Canadian lakes. This bird, which is considered such a delicacy in the Southern States, is in Canada not considered better than the black duck and two or three other species.

The pochard (*Nyroca Ferina*); very numerous on Canadian lakes; is often mistaken for the canvass-back, which it resembles in appearance and flight.

The widgeon (*Mareca Americana*) is very like our own widgeon in habits.

The gadwall (*Chaulelasmus Streperus*), the shoveller (*Spatula Clypeata*), and the pintail (*Dafila Acuta*) are three ducks known to the English wild-fowl shooter, but which are very numerous on the Canadian lakes. The blue-winged teal (*Querquedula discors*) and the green-winged teal (*Nettion Carolinensis*) are both beautiful little birds, and give good sport.

To be a successful duck-shooter in Canada a man must not only be a good shot, but he must be well up to the habits of the birds; he must know their haunts by day

and night, and their line of flight; he must also understand many devices by which to circumvent them. Even to get a pot-shot at ducks requires the most careful stalking. I know of no deer or other animal so hard to approach as a flock of black ducks on a lake or pond; a hundred eyes are on the watch and a hundred ears are listening, and I even think they can wind a man. Even the actual shooting is an art of itself; it is quite different from snipe, cock, or partridge shooting; in fact, I am inclined to think that the one spoils a man for the other. In wild-fowl shooting one must necessarily follow one's bird and calculate how far to fire ahead of him. This does not answer at all for snipe, cock, or general shooting. In flight shooting it requires a long experience to know exactly when a bird is in range, and what allowance to make for the speed of his flight. I have seen excellent shots at general game signally fail at wild fowl, and *vice versa*.

Elsewhere I have alluded to the absence of animal life to be met with in Canada in winter. The swamps and lake shores present a total contrast to this in the spring and fall of the year. The sportsman in his canoe, hid away in the long grass, by the edge of a lake, need never be lonely in a fine autumnal evening. The ducks, sweeping round their feeding ground with outstretched necks, chiefly occupy his attention; but if they give him a few minutes' leisure, he can watch the musquash hauling rushes to his house, and listen to him paddling in the mud. Great flocks of the "field-officer bird," or red-winged starling (*Agelaius Phoeniceus*), alight chattering on the reeds around him. The osprey (*Pandion Caro-*

linensis) may be seen circling about high up in the clouds. The kingfisher (*Alcedo Alcyon*) screams and throws himself into the water. Numbers of snipe fly shrieking round the marshes, high up in the air. The heron (*Ardea Herodias*) and the Indian hen or bittern (*Botaurus Leniginosus*) also choose the evening for their flight, and croak most lustily as they fly. When darkness closes in all these sounds cease, and the owls commence to hoot and laugh. The sportsman then paddles to a dry bank where driftwood lies scattered about in abundance, and, with his upturned canoe at his back and a good fire at his feet, makes himself comfortable for the night. I have seen very comfortable crafts for duck shooting in Canada. They are large flat-bottomed boats called "scows," on which the shooter has a cabin or hut, with stove, sleeping berth, &c. This floating habitation can be poled about the flats from place to place by an attendant, the punt or canoe being either towed astern or hauled up on the deck.

The quail (*Ortyx Virginianus*) is only found in the more western districts of the province of Ontario. This is one of the few sorts of game that do not disappear as the forests are cut down; on the contrary, cultivated land seems to be essential to the quail, whose chief food is found in the buckwheat and Indian corn-fields. Quail would be very plentiful in the settled districts of Canada West if they were protected during the winter and spring; at these seasons, especially in snow, they are easily poached. Quail shooting over a steady pottering old pointer or setter is capital sport. When a covey is broken the birds often take to the bush or patches of

weeds and scrub near the edges of the woods and lie very close. I never saw quail east of Toronto, but to the west and north-west of that city they are pretty plentiful in some districts.

Woodcock are found all over Canada West wherever the covers are suitable. In the neighbourhood of Sarnia cock shooting is very good, but as in the States they are shot too early in the season. In September and October they are full-grown and strong on the wing; the weather is cool, and the leaves are off the bushes, and a bag of six or eight couple of birds is very nice sport indeed for one gun.

The American snipe (*Scolopax Wilsonii*) is so like our English bird that it requires a very close observer to detect any difference. The former has, I believe, sixteen tail feathers, while the latter has only fourteen. In colour the American snipe is slightly darker than the English snipe, and it is an easier bird to shoot, as it not only lies closer but also flies straighter and slower. I must say that these comparisons between the two birds are drawn at the time when the American snipe is seen in Canada, as I have never shot it in the United States. Snipe leave Canada West early in November, but I have picked up an odd bird both there and in Prince Edward Island as late as Christmas. I have seen it stated that the American snipe is smaller than our snipe, but perhaps the statement is made by persons who have only shot the American snipe in the months of September and October, at which time, of course, it ought only to be compared to the English snipe at the same seasons of the year. At the end of the

shooting season in Canada I have killed as large snipe as I have ever seen. Audubon asserts that there is a difference between the notes of the two birds, but this I was never able to distinguish, whether as regards the shrill cry or the bleating noise made in the breeding season, although I have heard many hundreds on both sides of the Atlantic. Numbers hatch in the lake districts of Canada, selecting dry spots for the nests in the vicinity of the marshes and swamps. The young birds commence to fly in July. But the Canadian snipe-shooter does not rely altogether upon these birds. Numbers of snipe that breed much farther north in remote and inaccessible swamps visit the snipe grounds of Canada West in their southern migrations. These migratory birds are sometimes found by the sportsmen in great numbers after a severe north-easter in the month of October. The American snipe is a much hardier bird than the American woodcock, and its summer range is much farther north. In Newfoundland, where there are no cock, there are plenty of snipe. The American snipe dislikes a grassy bottom, and is particularly partial to soft oozy places, in which the shooter sinks to the knee in a clinging and not over-fragrant black mud. I have often seen them in little muddy islands, in lakes, and along the edges of creeks, where there was positively not a blade of cover; but even in these exposed situations they lie closer than English snipe as a general rule. Their backs being just the shade of the mud enables them to escape observation. The best dog for snipe shooting in Canada, as elsewhere, is a steady old setter, but close-hunting spaniels answer very well, and whatever dog is used it is almost

essential that he should retrieve. In very stormy weather late in the fall snipe congregate together in certain favourite places, where they remain for a very short time previous to taking flight for the southward. At this time very large bags can be made by sportsmen who are lucky enough to hit off the right time and the right place. On several occasions I have shot twenty or thirty couple of snipe on a small spot of marsh not over an acre in extent, the birds coming in as fast as I was able to shoot them. The American snipe is very fond of alder swamps, muddy places generally near the edges of lakes and marshes, in which the bushes grow to the height of eight or ten feet. To make a bag of snipe in such places requires very straight powder.

CHAPTER III.

QUEBEC.

THE farther one travels west in the continent of North America, the more American do the cities become, and less like the old-country type. St. John, Newfoundland, in the extreme east, might well pass for an Irish town. The streets are dirty and irregular, the side walks neglected. The policeman and the not less inevitable beggar may be observed prowling about in pursuit of their respective avocations; even the stray pig may be occasionally met with, and a touch of the brogue may be heard. Quebec is a French city. What a pity it was, by the way, that the old Indian name of Stadacona was not preserved! From the flagstaff of the citadel, a spot to which every newly arrived immigrant or tourist naturally turns his steps, a magnificent panorama presents itself to his eyes. The old city nestles close under the guns of the citadel as if for protection. A dozen steamers lie at the wharf close under the ramparts, and the sight-seer can look down upon the decks of forty or fifty large sailing ships lying at anchor in the stream. Opposite is Point Levi, with its acres and acres of floating lumber and its high lands, which in the old wars were out of the range of the guns of the citadel, but which in these days of improved ordnance would command them. But up the river and down the river, what glorious views! What an

expanse of blue water and glorious sky ; what masses of rock and forest, with the rugged and sharply defined Laurentide mountains in the background, rising apparently sheer out of the water ! There are not many cities in the world so favoured. But everyone to his taste. Yankees look upon Quebec ("Queēbec" as they call it) as a miserable place, a "finished city," a place that does not go ahead. It is in fact an Old-World city, and as such inexpressibly refreshing to the Old-World tourist, whose eye is wearied of the level uniformity and terribly regular rectangular cities of the west. It is devoutly to be hoped that no improving lord mayor or energetic municipal council will ever try to adapt Quebec to the sealed pattern of American cities. But even if they did their worst, I fancy that nature would thwart them.

The old war-worn parapets of the citadel are crumbling away. Peace bears harder upon them than war. One cannot help thinking that the richest country in the world might well afford to keep such a fortress in repair. In former times large sums of money were lavished on the fortifications, as well as on others at Kingston and elsewhere. By-and-by came a change of government, and the historic guns of Quebec were sold by auction as old iron, the sentry-boxes sent to Woolwich, and the whole affair left to go to ruin, while millions were laid out in constructing new fortresses in other outlying portions of the empire, such as Bermuda, Malta, &c., which some future change of policy will probably also leave to ruin. A regiment or two of soldiers (like the old Canadian rifles), made up of picked men who had served their time in the line, would be invaluable to Canada, both for the

purposes of garrisoning and keeping in repair the fortresses, and also as forming the nucleus of a Canadian army. By this course another imperial purpose would also be gained, viz. to make the army more popular, for a period of reserve service in Canada would be a great boon to the British soldier, who in former times looked upon Canada as his best station.

There is no city in the New World that has a more interesting history of its own than Quebec. A statue to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, reminds the visitor of a passage in this history. On one side is inscribed "Wolfe," on the other "Montcalm." Nothing more; but what a glorious junction of names, equal honour alike to victor and vanquished! There is nothing after all like a fair fight. The French and English fought it out in Canada, and have ever since been the best of friends. If the Irishman, instead of asking everyone to tread on the tail of his coat, and being generally "blue-moulded for want of a bating," had only fought it out with the Sassenach, the neighbours on each side of St. George's Channel might now be as good friends as are the people who live on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The province of Quebec is of such extent that it is really hard to tell where it ends. On the south and west the boundaries are plain, but to the northward and eastward the province has practically no bounds. It is computed to contain about 130 millions of acres, over 100 millions of which have not even as yet been surveyed. At a rough calculation, about one-tenth of this vast territory is good farming land, the remainder is rocky and barren. The best lands are generally found near the rivers and

lakes. Along the banks of some of the former there are as productive intervalles as can be found anywhere. The island of Montreal, for instance, is a garden, and along both banks of the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, there are many fertile districts and rich settlements. Below Quebec the land is of inferior quality, the seasons are shorter, and the people poorer. In many districts the high lands are clothed with hard-wood timber, and when this is the case they make good farms when cleared. The best farms are, however, those which combine upland and intervalle. The latter is easily cleared, and produces a yearly crop of hay without any further labour, a great matter where winters are so long as in Lower Canada.

To every sportsman who has been much in the Canadian forest, the log hut of the back settler and the new settlement are familiar objects. If approached from the side of the forest the first sign of civilization is the sound of the cow-bells, which are strapped to the necks of the cattle to enable their owners to find them. A good-toned bell on a still day can be heard two or three miles off. The roads leading out from these back settlements are of the very roughest description in summer, but in winter, thanks to the snow, are level and excellent. Of course as the settlement progresses the roads improve, and in a very few years the back settler's house of to-day is in the centre of the settlement, accessible by good roads and possessing every advantage. For the first seven or eight years, however, the back settler leads a hard life. Having chosen his land and purchased it (one-fifth of the purchase money being paid down and the remainder in four annual

instalments), he proceeds to build himself a log house about 18 feet by 20 feet, which he roofs with split pine or cedar. Externally these log huts are of the roughest description, no tool being laid upon them but the axe. Internally however, when the good woman is tidy, they are comfortable enough. The back settler, though content with a log hut for himself, puts up a more pretentious building for his hay and his cattle. His barn is generally built of boards hauled from the nearest saw-mill, and roofed either with shingles made by his own hands, or with spruce bark. These buildings are situated in the centre of an open space in the forest, from which it is fenced off by the half-burnt poles arranged in what is commonly called a "rip-gut fence." The crops, potatoes, oats, hay, and buckwheat, grow in patches amongst the black, charred stumps, and grow so well, too, as almost to hide the latter, though they are two feet in height. Outside the fence the back settler's stock roam about the neighbouring forest, where I am afraid most of his leisure time is taken up in hunting for them. But, indeed, his leisure moments must be few, for a back settler has to turn his hand to everything; he must be his own carpenter, his own blacksmith, &c., &c. There is no division of labour in the backwoods. The man and woman of the house do everything.

The knowing old settler never breaks his back in tearing green stumps out by the roots. His *modus operandi* is somewhat as follows; in winter, when he has the time to spare, he chops a few acres of forest, hauling off the soft wood for logs, fence rails, &c., and the hard wood for firing. The waste wood and branches he makes

into piles, and burns, when dry, in the spring. In the space thus cleared and burnt he plants potatoes with the hoe, here and there, in little hills amongst the stumps. The following year he sows grass seed and lays it down as pasture. After seven years the hard-wood stumps are rotten and come out easily. The pine, owing to its resinous nature, does not rot so quickly, and gives a little more trouble. The land is now ready for the plough, and in the eighth year he takes a crop of wheat off it and brings it into regular rotation. Say five acres of forest are chopped every year, he will thus have (after the seventh year) ten acres of new land coming in each season, viz. five of burnt land for potatoes, and five to stump and plough for wheat. The virgin soil needs no manure, and yields magnificent crops. When the settler has new land coming in each year, he, from time to time, lays down portions of his longest cleared land in permanent pasture.

One of the greatest if not the greatest annoyance to the back settlers are the flies. The larger his clearing becomes, the less he is annoyed by these pests, which disappear with the forest. Where his house is near water or swampy land the flies are intolerable. In the valley of the Metapedia I have known families who were put to rout and driven out of the country by the black flies. Where the house is built in a high exposed situation the flies are not so troublesome, but they annoy the back settler more or less for the first eight or ten years, that is to say, until he has made a large hole in the forest. His cattle, too, are terribly annoyed by a large fly called the cariboo fly, whose bite is only a shade less severe

than the bite of a dog. The poor creatures conform to the habits of the moose, which animals, when tortured by these pests in the months of June and July, plunge into the lakes and rivers and remain there during the heat of the day with nothing but their heads above water. As a set-off to the plague of flies in summer, the back settler is well situated as regards the cold of winter. He is sheltered from all winds by the surrounding forest, and fuel in profusion of the choicest quality is ready at his hand. The back settler's life is a life of toil, but it is one also of great independence. Every hour's work he spends on his clearing makes him a richer man, every acre he ploughs, every stump even he takes out, makes his farm more valuable. All his work bears fruit, and at the end of ten or fifteen years it is wonderful to see what a transformation the industrious back settler has made in the forest.

In the eastern townships of Canada there are very good farms. This district is most favourably situated as regards markets. Its staple products are beef, mutton, pork, and butter, and for all these articles there is a great demand in the adjacent New England States, where they sell at even higher prices than they do in England. The farming season in the eastern townships is somewhat longer than in other parts of Lower Canada, and the land when cleared is well suited to grass and stock raising. Improved farms with buildings can be bought in the eastern townships for from 400*l.* up to 1200*l.*, and about half as much more capital as the price of the farm would enable an immigrant with a good knowledge of farming and stock to do very well there.

There are large blocks of surveyed land in Lower Canada which are offered free to *bonâ fide* settlers. These free-grant lands are situated for the most part on colonization roads running through remote districts of the country, and are not of very good quality. Unless he has been at least a year or two in the country and has acquired an intimate knowledge of the locality, no immigrant should be induced to settle on these free-grant lands. It cannot be too often repeated that in a country like Canada, where improved land can be bought reasonably, and where good wild land in the vicinity of settlements and railways can be bought for \$1 per acre, that no immigrant should be tempted to bury himself in a remote wilderness by the offer of a free grant. By working for a year or two for wages he will be able to lay by enough to buy a farm, and he will thus acquire experience of the country to boot. The free-grant lands of Quebec are chiefly on the south shore of the St. Lawrence along military and colonization roads which lead from the back settlement towards New Brunswick and the peninsula of Gaspé. The latter district is both from its soil and climate unsuited to farming; it is, however, rich in minerals, and the fisheries on its shores are the richest in the world. Although the farmer pure and simple cannot make a good living in this district, yet here and there on the mouths of rivers and elsewhere in the valleys there are patches of good land on which the families of fishermen can raise sufficient crops for household consumption. Much the same may be said of the corresponding district on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, with the doubtful exception of the Saguenay valley, in which there is an agricultural population who

find a ready market for their produce in the lumber woods, where hay, oats, pork, &c., command higher prices than in the cities. I said the valley of the Saguenay was a "doubtful" exception, and for this reason, that a place in which the welfare of agriculturists depends upon lumbering cannot be called a good farming district. But the farms, such as they are, on the upper waters of the Saguenay, surprise the tourist, who sees on his way up that river from the sea nothing but barren rocks and inaccessible cliffs until he comes to Ha Ha bay, a distance of 60 miles. From here to Lake St. John and all round the shores of the latter large sheet of water there is good land which can be bought for about a shilling an acre. Here the hardy French Canadians, who are at home in the woods, can, with the help of lumbering, make a good living, but it is not a place for the old-country immigrant to settle in. Below the mouth of the Saguenay there is positively no land fit for farming, and no roads. The inhabitants of this country, fishermen and trappers, are entirely dependent upon water communication, and for six months in the year are shut off from the world. But although the land is rocky and sterile along the lower St. Lawrence, the waters are rich beyond conception. From the whale down to the capelin the quantities and varieties of fish are amazing. This wealth of the waters amply compensates for the sterility of the soil, and renders the lower St. Lawrence by no means the least valuable part of the Dominion.

It would be of great advantage to Canada and to Canadian farmers if some industry could be originated and carried out which would give employment to hands in

winter, leaving them free to farm in summer. Lumbering in Lower Canada does this to a certain extent, but only to a certain extent. Lumbering operations, including stream driving, &c., last till near midsummer, and are commenced again early in the fall. Besides, the lumberman as a rule has no greater liking to farm drudgery than the sailor has. The raw materials in Lower Canada are varied and abundant; besides the products of the vast forests there are many different sorts of minerals, but manufactures to use up this raw material are scarce. Iron ore is mined in Canada, sent to the United States to be smelted, and bought back again by Canada. Want of capital and want of labour, though helping to explain this state of affairs, do not quite account for it. We must look for the reason outside of Canada. The commercial relationship between Canada and the United States is unsatisfactory in the extreme. Canadian manufactures are shut out from the American markets by an insuperable barrier—protection. But even that is not all. When any commodity happens to be manufactured in the United States in excess of the demand, then the overplus is thrown into the Canadian market and sold off at a sacrifice. This is very hard upon the Canadian manufacturer who is under-sold, but it is a decided convenience to the American manufacturer, who, by selling off his surplus produce in a foreign market, keeps up the prices in his home market.

The fisheries of Canada are of twofold value; firstly, as affording a most valuable article of export, second only in value to the lumber; secondly, as breeding a brave and hardy race of seamen. The mother-country being of

course the first, Canada, one of her colonies, takes rank as the fifth or sixth greatest ship-owning country in the world. This is a fact worth noting by those who are always predicting the decay of the British Empire. As a school for seamen the fisheries of the lower St. Lawrence are invaluable. Great numbers of fore-and-aft schooners of from 25 to 50 or 60 tons are employed in this business, but a great deal of the cod-fishing is done in open boats. These are of the whale-boat shape, stem and stern alike; the rig is generally two spritsails and a jib. Two men fish in each boat; each man has a pair of lines, one at each side of the boat, and when fish are plentiful in 20 fathoms water the work is very laborious. These boats live in the most tremendous seas, and their owners fear no weather. The baits used for codfish are capelin and squid, the former of which is cast up by the sea at the doors of the fishermen's cottages in incredible quantities. The peculiar features of a fishing village on the shore of the St. Lawrence are the stages, or platforms, for drying codfish. They look like huge ladders lying side by side in a horizontal position, some three feet from the ground. These platforms are covered with layers of spruce boughs, on top of which the fish, when split and salted, are spread to dry in the sun. In the front of each cottage, where one expects to see a garden, there is, instead, one of these stages redolent of codfish. The average annual take of a boat such as I have described is about 10,000 codfish.

It might naturally be supposed that these fishermen are well off. This, however, is not the case. The great Jersey merchants who monopolize the fisheries have made

immense fortunes out of the codfish, but their fishermen are poor and dependent. The latter are generally in debt to the former for their boats, their fishing tackle, their clothes, their provisions, and often even for their houses and potato gardens. Where there is no competition the buyer puts his own price on the fish, and in order to drive off competition it is the interest of the merchant to keep the fisherman in debt, and therefore in servitude.

It is a matter of wonder to many that the French Canadians take so kindly to English rule and English institutions. I believe in no other part of the world will a population of nearly 900,000 Frenchmen be found living so contentedly. When we look into the matter, however, the wonder ceases. These French are not French of the Republic, nor yet of the Empire, they are French of the old Monarchy. France of the present day, with its revolutions and its wars, has no charms for them. They have the sense to know when they are well off. They love the country where their ancestors first settled and in which they displayed so much heroism; and they respect the nation which, after having conquered them, received them on a footing of perfect equality. But there is another strong bond which binds the French Canadians to the British Empire, and that is their religion. The French habitants of Lower Canada are under the rule of their priests. It is customary to look upon their political slavery as a misfortune, but I cannot regard it in that light. The priests no doubt order them how to vote, but they do so for their good. Better that an ignorant people should be led by an educated priesthood than by an

uneducated and brutal mob as in the United States. The priests are good subjects to England; they know well that under no other rule would they enjoy so much toleration; in Lower Canada they have their flocks well in hand, while next door, under mob rule, they see that their co-religionists have emancipated themselves from priestcraft and would pursue the almighty dollar in the teeth of the Pope himself.

The attachment of French Canadians to their country is very strong. They are handy tradesmen and skilful mechanics, and often migrate to the United States when wages rule high there, but never to settle; they always go with the intention of returning to their beloved Canada. In 1873, as we have seen before, 9000 Canadians returned from the States to live in their own country.

The province of Quebec has many attractions for the sportsman. The angling is unquestionably the finest in the world. There is still plenty of big game in the forest, although each year the hunter has to go farther back in quest of sport. At the head of the Ottawa, the Gatineau, and most of the other large tributaries of the St. Lawrence on its northern banks, moose are still to be found. Also on the south shore, in the districts of Bonaventure and Temisquata. The legal season for moose hunting is from September 1st to January, and if the close season were rigorously enforced moose would be extremely plentiful in all parts of Lower Canada; the browse they feed on grows abundantly everywhere in the forest, and there is a mixture of lake, swamp, and hard-wood land, which they delight in. To hunt the moose successfully in the legal

season is an art that not one man in a thousand can attain to, and consequently they are well able to take care of themselves at this period, and, indeed, at all times, save in the late winter and early spring, when the snow is deepest and when the females are in calf. This, unfortunately, is the season when moose are chiefly slaughtered, and it is found to be impossible to enforce the law for their protection over such an immense and thinly populated district as the forests of Lower Canada.

Cariboo are found all over Lower Canada on both banks of the St. Lawrence: sometimes these wandering deer are found in the greenwoods, sometimes on the barrens and on the bare mountains. The best hunting grounds are below Quebec on both banks of the river. In parts of the peninsula of Gaspé they are very plentiful and quite undisturbed by the hunter. In the Shickshock mountains and in the barrens at the heads of the rivers very good bags can be made. In the deep snow in spring cariboo often come quite close to the settlement. I have never seen the Virginian deer in Lower Canada, but I am told there are a few on the borders of the New England States and probably also on the Ottawa.

There is excellent wild-fowl shooting in spring and autumn in many places along the St. Lawrence, both above and below Quebec. Geese are shot chiefly in the spring. The most recent enactment as regards wild-fowl shooting is as follows:—"No person shall fire at, hunt, take, kill, or destroy any wild swan, wild goose, or any kind of wild duck, sea duck, widgeon, or teal, between the first day of May and the first day of September of any year

in that part of the province west of Three Rivers; nor between the 15th of May and the 1st September in any year to the east of Three Rivers, except in that part of the province to the east of the Brandy Pots, in which part of the province the inhabitants may kill wild fowl at any time of the year for food, but for no other purpose."

From the 1st of September till the commencement of December, and again from the 1st of April to the middle of June, the lower St. Lawrence swarms with wild fowl of many different varieties. Most of them breed in Lower Canada; a few, such as the brant goose (*Bernicla Brenta*), the old squaw (*Harelda Glacialis*), and a few others, go farther north to hatch. There are two sorts of grouse in Lower Canada, the *T. Umbellus* and *T. Canadensis*. The Newfoundland grouse (*T. Rupestris*) occasionally migrate to the adjacent mainland, and I believe specimens have been shot not far from Quebec. There is fair snipe shooting on some of the islands in the St. Lawrence (where they breed) in the months of September and October. This is also the cock-shooting season, but cock are more plentiful in Canada West on the one side, and in the maritime provinces on the other, than in Quebec.

The trapper flourishes in the less frequented parts of the province. Some of the French habitants are good fur-hunters, but the best are the Montaignais and Squawpe Indians of the north shore, who spend half the year in the fur countries. Beaver are still pretty numerous on the heads of most Lower Canadian rivers, so are otter and mink. Of land fur bears and loup-cerviers are the most plentiful. Marten and foxes are getting scarce. The best ground for

bears and foxes is in Anticosti and the adjacent mainland. Both these animals come to the seashore for fish at certain seasons. There is a law for the protection of the fur-bearing animals in summer (except the bear, the wolf, and the loup-cervier), and it is forbidden at any time of the year to kill them with poison or spring guns.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

NEW BRUNSWICK is not a farming country; such at least is the character it bears, and consequently there is little or no emigration to the province. The vast army of emigrants that year after year crosses the Atlantic, leaving the British colonies on one side, pushes on farther west, and distributes itself among the great cities and the fertile prairies of the United States. Without pretending to the gift of prophecy, I may fairly predict that at a future period something will occur to divert this stream of emigration elsewhere; and, looking forward to this contingency, it might not be amiss to glance at this wilderness, and see why "New Brunswick is not a farming country." Is it impossible to clear the land? When cleared, does it not yield good crops? Is the climate too severe? Are the markets too remote?

With an area of about 20,000,000 acres, New Brunswick has a population of about 250,000, or, deducting the population of the city of St. John, one to every hundred acres. If the province were equally partitioned out amongst the adult males, each one might have a farm of five hundred acres. But every man in a country cannot be a farmer—some must be shoemakers, tailors, &c.; even doctors and lawyers are necessary evils. With this scanty population it does not seem so strange

that nine-tenths of the province is still forest ; nor is it to be wondered at that a casual visitor, seeing this primeval forest, should carry away with him the impression that "New Brunswick is not a farming country."

But this population, small as it is, does not live by agriculture. Like the Americans, they look upon farming as too slow a means of making money, and prefer occupations which, together with greater risks, combine quicker returns. Both these desiderata have hitherto been supplied by the lumbering and shipbuilding trades ; but, now iron ships are taking the place of wooden ones, the lumber trade is depreciated, and farming, if farming can be made to pay, must be entered upon largely.

The best way to judge what can be done is to look at what has been already accomplished by the comparatively few individuals who have devoted themselves entirely to the cultivation of the soil. These men, so far from being worse off than their neighbours, are invariably more prosperous and well-to-do ; they cannot, it is true, amass fortunes, but they can live well and comfortably, and give their children a fair start in life. In travelling through the province, if one sees a more than ordinarily comfortable and prosperous looking homestead, one may be quite sure that it belongs to a man who has stuck to farming. This fact tends to upset the notion that New Brunswick is not a farming country ; and looking more closely into the matter, comparing the crops grown here with those of other countries, and weighing well the drawbacks of climate and the difficulty of clearing the land, I am led to the conclusion that at a future period

New Brunswick, stripped of its forests, will maintain by agriculture a population proportionate to its area.

With the rich prairie lands and the semi-tropical climate of the south-west it would be folly to attempt a comparison. These regions would be the El Dorado of the farmer were it not for certain drawbacks in the shape of scarcity of labour, heavy taxation, fever and ague, &c. In British America the difficulty of procuring farm labourers is also felt; but, on the other hand, taxation falls lightly on the farmer—in no part of the world can he enjoy greater security of life and property, or a healthier and more invigorating climate. These advantages, combined with great and growing facilities for marketing his produce, go far to compensate for the hard labour of clearing the land and for the shortness of the farming season.

The land may be divided into three lots—viz. upland, intervale, and swamp. The latter, so far from being low-lying, is often the highest land in the province—either cariboo barrens clothed with lichens and stunted bushes, or else densely wooded with spruce, fir, and cedar; for farming purposes it is almost useless. The best farms contain a certain portion both of upland and intervale. Stock has to be housed and fed for nearly six months; but nature, as a set-off against the length of winter, gives most bountiful crops of grass. The intervale lands along the rivers and lakes are periodically flooded by the freshet, top-dressed by the sediment that remains after the waters have receded, and year after year, without cultivation, yield an abundance of hay. Nothing strikes the stranger more forcibly than the rapidity of the vegetation: hardly

has the snow vanished, when the trees burst into foliage as if by magic; and the grass—I was going to say one might see it grow—but this I can say, that I have seen a first-rate crop of hay cut off a field that seven weeks before was as bare and brown as a worn-out carpet.

Excellent crops of wheat are grown in parts of the province, chiefly on the bay of Chaleur; with a better system of farming I believe it could be universally cultivated with success. Barley is not grown, chiefly for want of a market. Oats and buckwheat are the staple cereals, and these grow to perfection. I have seen 70 bushels of oats, weighing 40 lb. to the bushel, taken off one English acre of land. Buckwheat grows almost wild, and is a most useful crop to the farmer; the meal takes the place of oatmeal, even of wheaten meal, at his table, and the bran fattens pigs and poultry quicker than almost any other sort of feed. Turnips, carrots, parsnips, beets, mangolds, and potatoes grow to perfection, but the latter root only is largely cultivated; all the others requiring hand labour, are considered too expensive for field crops, and are merely grown in small quantities. Potatoes may be said to be a certain crop; not only do they grow luxuriantly, but they are scarcely, if at all, affected by disease. Californias, a very large but coarse variety, take the place of turnips for stock feeding. All the vegetables grown in English gardens do as well or better here. Cucumbers, pumpkins, and tomatoes ripen in the open air, and so does Indian corn, which, however, is only grown as a garden crop. Melons and grapes require a little forcing.

The market for farm produce is very good, and can

never be overstocked, for the large cities of the Northern States will always be glad to get any overplus that New Brunswick may have to dispose of. The facilities for sending goods to market are, as I said before, unsurpassed. Besides roads, which are numerous and tolerably good, the whole province of New Brunswick is intersected by rivers and lakes; many are navigable in summer, and all form capital roads in winter when bridged over by the frost. Railways too are springing up in all directions, and the feelings of the moose and the cariboo are rudely shocked by the scream of the locomotive. There are now over 700 miles of railway in New Brunswick, or a mile of railway to every 350 of the population.

The coast-line of the province is of great extent—about 400 miles—with innumerable good harbours. The inland navigation is considerable; steamers run 200 miles up the St. John in high water, 80 miles at all times.

As regards the climate, the principal drawback—and it is a serious one—is that the total work which the English farmer spreads over twelve months, must in New Brunswick all be compressed into six or seven months. It is said, and I believe with truth, that an acre of land here will yield as good, or better crops, than an acre of equally good land in England. In estimating the advantages and disadvantages of climate, there are several things that must be set against the length and severity of the winters—amongst others, the pulverization of the land by frost, which saves labour; the small number of days in the season in which the farmer is impeded in his operations by rainfall, and consequently the ease and rapidity with which he secures his crops; great heat of

sun in summer, and rapid vegetation. Even the long winter itself is not wholly without its advantages; it affords the farmer great facilities for hauling firewood, manure, fence rails, &c., on sleds, and the long housing of his stock enables him to accumulate a larger pile of manure. Although extensive lumbering operations are incompatible with farming, there is no reason why farmers should not in winter cut and haul materials for building purposes; fences, &c.; on the contrary, no farm should be without a certain quantity of forest at its back, which may little and little be cleared, and in the meantime furnishes necessary lumber and fuel in winter, and a run for young cattle in summer.

New Brunswick is a good province for emigrants of the working classes. If wages are not nominally so high as in the States, they are actually higher, because living is one-third less. A hard-working man, accustomed to farm labour, can earn from ten to fifteen dollars a month all the year round, with his keep, and in two or three years save enough to commence farming on his own account. It is not one of those countries (are there any such?) where a man can invest a small capital in land and in a few years make a fortune; but it is a country in which a man with a certain small income, can live much more comfortably than he can in England, have some shooting and fishing, and do everything that he sees his neighbours doing, which I believe to be half the battle. It is a mistake here, as elsewhere, for a man with little or no idea of farming, to rush out and invest all his capital in land. He should rather take plenty of time to look about him, and in the meantime can always get from 6 to 8 per

cent. for his money. Good cleared farms, with houses and buildings, can be bought, stocked, and furnished for about 1000 $\%$. A good method for a gentleman to pursue, is to get a countryman to farm for him on shares. This man, under the owner's eye, and guided by his orders in all matters of importance, cultivates and crops the land, and pays the labour bill of the farm, receiving for his share one-half of the crops, or an equivalent.

Wilderness lands can be bought for about three shillings an acre. In choosing them, the settler is guided by the timber. Where black birch, maple, and beech grow is always the best land. The trees are first chopped down and then burnt. The stumps, as I have said before, do not come out for seven years, but in the meantime a crop of oats, and another of potatoes, is taken off the land without manure, and it is then laid down in grass for the remainder of the time. Fuel is inexhaustible, both wood and coal; the latter crops up to the surface in some parts of the province, and is sold in the city of St. John for about 1 ℓ . per chaldron.

St. John, next to Quebec, is the greatest lumber port in America. There is a good deal of friendly rivalry between this city and Halifax. The latter, besides being a large naval and military station, is also the nearest port to Europe, and has its line of ocean steamers. The harbour of Halifax is one of the finest, if not the finest in the world, but in exceptionably severe winters it is liable to be frozen over. Although navigation is never impeded for more than a week or two at a time, and that only at intervals of two or three years, yet it enables the St. John people to draw a comparison between the two harbours in

favour of their own, which has never been known to freeze over. The harbour of St. John is the mouth of the river of that name, and the rapid current of the latter together with the high tides of the Bay of Fundy, which rise from 40 to 60 feet, are an effectual remedy against ice.

The river St. John, which formerly drained only the province of New Brunswick, is next to the St. Lawrence the finest river in Canada. By the Ashburton Treaty, an immense tract of land, including in its area several fine tributary streams of the St. John, was handed over to the United States. It thus happens that American lumber has to be rafted down the St. John river, and shipped from St. John harbour. This arrangement has been a continual source of trouble in the regulation of the tariff, and might at any time be a cause of ill-feeling or quarrel between the two countries. From the Grand Falls of the St. John to the Bay of Fundy, a distance of 220 miles, the river flows through a level fertile country; it averages from a mile to half a mile in width, and is dotted with rich alluvial islands, and its banks well settled. When the river is high, steamers run up to the falls. They run to Fredericton every day during the summer.

Fredericton is to New Brunswick what Ottawa is to the Dominion. It is commercially overshadowed by St. John as Ottawa is by Montreal. The New Brunswick Legislature meets at Fredericton, which is also the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Fredericton is a charming town, beautifully situated on the banks of the St. John; it has a splendid library a beautiful little cathedral, a real English bishop, and a

social little society. Besides the ordinary ways in which pleasant people are able all over the world to amuse and be amused, in their leisure hours the inhabitants of Fredericton have the most ample opportunities for delightful rides, drives, canoeing parties, skating parties, sleighing parties, trabogening, &c., &c. It is also a very good central position for the sportsman.

There are two or three new settlements on the upper St. John river, one of Danes at a place called New Hellerup, a short way below Grand Falls, another of Scotchmen at Glassville. This is a fertile tract of country, and although the winters are long and severe, good crops can be grown. This district was formerly (when the navigation of St. John river was closed) very inaccessible. It is now connected with both the United States and the chief cities of the Dominion by the recently constructed railways.

In old times the Indian when he travelled "portaged his canoe from the St. Lawrence to the head waters of the St. John, a distance of only a few miles. At the present day a canoe voyage down the St. John is one of the pleasantest imaginable. For a distance of nearly 400 miles there are only two "portages," and, unlike most Canadian rivers, the St. John is quite free from rocks or dangerous rapids. The scenery is beautiful; forest-clad hills in the background, pretty settlements sloping down to the banks of the river, and charming islands in endless numbers and of many sizes and shapes. On these the *voyageur* finds famous camping grounds and abundance of firewood. Every here and there rivers and pretty streams discharge their waters into the parent stream, sometimes tumbling over picturesque falls. The St. John only requires to be

better known to the tourist world in order to enjoy as wide a reputation as the far-famed Hudson.

The soil of New Brunswick is fertile and produces as good crops of certain kinds as any part of the Dominion. A great deal more than one-half of the total area of the province is ungranted. Free grants of 200 acres are given in certain parts of the province to heads of families, and any adult male can obtain a grant of 100 acres. But even where free grants are not given, wild land is obtainable for next to nothing, viz. *bonâ fide* settlers can get 100 acres in return for three years' statute labour on the roads, say one week's labour in each year.

Improved farms can be bought for very little in most parts of New Brunswick. This is the case in all lumber countries, where the first settlers are in the habit of moving back after the forest. From 200*l.* to 500*l.* will buy a farm of 100 acres, 20 or 30 acres being arable, with buildings sufficient for the immigrant to commence with. The terms of payment are very easy.

There is not a great demand for immigrants of the working classes in New Brunswick; the main business of the province is lumbering, an industry that requires skilled labour; a limited number of farm hands and domestic servants can, however, get good wages. A good man able to turn his hand to any sort of farm work gets from 3*l.* 10*s.* a month and his keep, women servants from 1*l.* to 2*l.* Carpenters can always get work at from 6*s.* to 8*s.* a day. Wages, like almost everything else, depend very much upon the condition of the lumber market.

There are numbers of alluvial islands on the St. John, and marshes along its banks, which are flooded over in

the spring-time. These are the most valuable lands in the province, as they give a heavy crop of hay every year with no labour but the cutting and saving. The New Brunswick farmer who owns a farm on the bank of the St. John, and an island or a portion of an island, is a lucky man. He can keep a large stock, for which he has always a good market, as the price of meat in the maritime provinces is very high. A good farm on the St. John, with buildings, and including a portion of island or marsh, can be bought for about 1500*l.* A man with a capital of 2000*l.* and money enough besides to keep him going for one year can make a very good living on a farm such as this. On the New Brunswick side of the Bay of Chaleur there is also good land, as there is also in Sussex vale and along the Miramichi river.

The New Brunswickers are famed for their achievements on the water as canoe-men and boatmen. In boat-racing St. John has taken the lead in America, beating all comers both from the United States and Canada, and holding her own against any English crews she has competed with. It is to a certain extent the water that makes the waterman. In the harbour of St. John—the mouth of the river of that name—the tide rises to a height of 40 feet, and the boatmen have always a tremendous current to contend against. The man who can row here can row anywhere. But independently of this, the fact of a small city in Canada turning out a crew of four men who are able to beat any crew in the United States, and to hold their own against any crew in the world, goes far to prove that the Anglo-Saxon settler in Canada possesses an unimpaired vitality.

There is very good angling in New Brunswick. I have made mention of the salmon rivers elsewhere. All the rivers that run into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the many hundreds of lakes which dot over the province are full of trout. There is, I believe, one species of trout peculiar to New Brunswick and the contiguous State of Maine. I allude to the "lake shiner" (*S. Gloverii*), a very beautiful and sporting fish, as like as possible in size, shape, and colour to a grilse, and also in its mode of taking the fly and jumping out of water when hooked. There is a chain of large lakes on the St. Croix river, in which shiners are very plentiful. They are also caught in the Schoodic lakes, in Skiff lake near the St. John river, and in several other lakes in that locality. They rise very freely towards the latter end of May and beginning of June at any sea trout or grilse fly, and the season being so early does not interfere with salmon fishing. On Grand Lake in the beginning of June there is often a little canvas town inhabited by anglers. It is a very accessible place for Americans, and consequently the shiner fishing is in danger of being overdone.

A very fine fish that runs up some of the largest of the New Brunswick rivers, such as the St. John and the Miramichi, is the striped bass (*Roccus Lineatus*). Bass run up the St. John rather earlier than salmon, viz. about the beginning of June. They take a bait freely, and I have heard instances of their having risen at the fly. Bass spearing in the St. John is capital sport. At the extreme head of the tide on that river, a few miles above Fredericton, on the fine June evenings dozens of bark canoes may be seen darting about the broad surface of the river. They

are pursuing hither and thither shoals of bass which every now and then rise to the surface of the water, plunge and roll for a few seconds, and then dive to reappear in another place. The canoes are paddled furiously after the shoals, and the barbed spears, or harpoons, are hurled into the midst of them. When a fish is impaled the harpoon disappears, but the wooden shaft soon causes it to rise to the surface again, when fish and all are secured by the owner. Striped bass average 8 or 10 lbs. in weight, but I have frequently speared fish that weighed 20 and 30 lbs. They are fairly good fish on the table. I do not think the reason is quite understood why the striped bass perform these antics at this particular time and place, and at this time and this place only. It has something to do, however, with the propagation of their species. I have more than once observed that when a shoal comes to the surface there is a slight milky discoloration of the water, which can only be accounted for by the supposition that the male fish void their milt on these occasions.

The fisheries are so marvellously rich in Canada, and fish of the choicer qualities are so abundant, that the coarser varieties are passed by. The fresh-water fisheries, except salmon and shad, are almost entirely neglected. The striped bass are only killed for sport. Sturgeon, which are very abundant in the St. John river, are not caught at all. I do not know whether caviare can be made from the roe of this fish, but certainly isinglass could. The Canadian sturgeon (*Acipenser Oxyrhynchus*) is a fish of from 6 feet to 12 feet in length. It ascends the rivers in June, and may be seen at this season on fine evenings throwing itself out of the water. I believe it

does this to free itself from some salt-water parasite, because after its first arrival it never jumps. Later on, when the rivers get clear and shallow, sturgeon may be seen lying at the bottom like logs of wood. Spearing sturgeon by torchlight is great sport. A well-tempered spearhead and a strong stroke are required to pierce the armour-plated back of the monster. A float or bladder is attached by a string to the spear handle, because when a large fish is struck the spear has to be let go, otherwise the canoe would be upset.

There are immense numbers of eels in some of the New Brunswick rivers, but these very excellent fish are treated with contempt by the people of the country, who have a strange prejudice against them, founded, as far as I can discover, on their fancied resemblance to the snake. There are at least two, probably three, varieties of the eel. The lamprey eel is a coarse fish, which almost justifies the prejudice which exists, but the common eel is an excellent fish, and when caught in season is fully equal to our best English eels. The eel ascends the rivers in June and July, descending again in the month of October. In winter they remain in the mud at the mouths of the rivers or in the bays or estuaries into which the rivers flow. At this season they are in splendid condition, and are speared by the Indians through holes made for the purpose in the ice. The Indians say that in their ascent of the rivers they "portage" round the falls. They certainly can go, like the late President Lincoln's gunboats, wherever the ground is the least damp. I have seen them, old and young together, wriggling themselves in vast quantities over a large flat rock, which was not covered with water,

but simply wet with the wash and spray of an adjoining rapid, which, I presume, the eels considered too strong for them. At the outlet of the Grand Lake near the St. John river in the month of October I have seen the eels so plentiful that two men bobbing nearly filled a canoe with them in a couple of hours. Some day or other, when fish shall have become scarcer than they are at present, people will begin to find out the value of the eel.

There is good shooting to be had in New Brunswick by a man who knows where to go for it and when to go for it. Among the Milicete Indians who live on the St. John river there are some good guides—none better than old "Gabe." Moose were very plentiful in New Brunswick some fifteen years ago, but have been shamefully slaughtered for the sake of their hides. There are still some of these fine animals left on the New Brunswick side of the St. John river, and in that district of country drained by the Nepisiguit. Cariboo are plentiful enough all through the centre of the province, from the Bay of Chaleur down to the Grand Lake. This is a district generally of spruce woods interspersed with barrens, old burnt woods, and patches of hard woods near the banks of rivers. There are also a few beavers in this district. Deer are found in the country bordering on the Bay of Fundy between the St. John river and the State of Maine. Bears are plentiful, but rarely met with by the sportsman. The fur-bearing animals, except otters, musquash, and loup-cervier, are scarce.

In some of the settled districts there is fair snipe and cock shooting. The latter part of September and October is the season for these birds. Here, again, a man who

knows the covers and the particular spots on the marshes frequented by the long-bills will have good sport, while the man who does not know the ground will probably come home with an empty bag. The knowledge cannot be picked up second-hand, as there are very few men in the province who shoot snipe and cock.

Partridge shooting is a more common occupation. There is not much similitude between the sport as practised in New Brunswick and in England. On the 1st of September, when the English sportsman is in the turnips and stubble, the New Brunswick "partridge gunner" may be seen leisurely driving in his waggon along an unfrequented wood road, while his little dog roams the woods around. Here a steady set, a neat right-and-left shot, and the first birds of the season are brought to bag; there an exceeding yelping warns our gunner that partridge have been "treed," and, leaving his well-trained nag to stand on the road, he snatches up his gun and runs through the woods to the spot where his noisy cur is located. By dint of some peering about, he discovers his game seated on a branch and clucking like a hen; boldly he advances, and when within ten or fifteen yards distance takes steady aim and knocks its head off, then fights with his faithful hound for the mutilated remains. In England the "partridge" is a partridge, in Canada it is a grouse.

There are two sorts of so-called partridge in Canada, and of these the "birch" (*Tetrao Umbellus*) is the better bird for the pot, and the more numerous. For these reasons it is known as the "partridge" in contradistinction to the "spruce partridge" (*T. Canadensis*). The

birch partridge is rather larger than the Scotch grouse, it is capital eating, not unlike an English pheasant, and though it is the game most sought after by gunners, it does not, except in the immediate vicinity of the towns, seem to decrease in numbers as fast as one might suppose. This is owing to the fact that there is still a thick belt of woods for these birds to fall back on and to breed in, and the fur-bearing animals which prey upon them are being rapidly thinned off. They are, moreover, very prolific. The hen brings out twelve or fifteen of a brood in June; she is a capital mother, and will face a dog in defence of her family. On coming suddenly on a brood in the woods, the old hen will advance defiantly to within a yard or two of the intruder's feet, and occupy his attention till the young ones have hidden themselves away. I have never been able to catch a chicken. They fly in a very few days after they leave the shell, and this is lucky for them, as they have many enemies on the ground; the fox, the loup-cervier, the sable, the black cat, and the weasel are all great partridge hunters, but none of these animals can catch them on the trees. The birch partridge has been called a stupid bird, because when disturbed by the gunner or his dogs, it takes refuge on the nearest branch, where it considers itself perfectly secure, and peers curiously at the strange animals underneath; but this seems to me no sign of stupidity. How is the poor bird to know that the strange animal, whom it has never seen before, carries in his hand a weapon which can reach the top of the highest tree? By similar tactics it has no doubt often before baffled its other enemies, all except the hawk; and when the latter appears, the partridge knows well

enough that its perch is no place of security, and takes rapid and prolonged flights to avoid its sharp talons.

In the late summer and early autumn partridge frequent the low-lying thickets and alder swamps, the females remaining with their broods, while the old cocks live apart in solitude. Later on, as the ground becomes wet and the broods get thinned by the "gunners," they leave the swamps and are found scattered about among the hard woods, where they feed on beech nuts and berries, particularly the tea berry. In dull weather, in the late fall and early spring, a low regular noise is often heard by the hunter, as if a drum was being beaten by a practised hand far off in the bush. This is the cock partridge "drumming." It is a rare thing to see him thus employed, for at the least alarm he ceases; and, moreover, the sound is very deceptive, and seems to come from a much greater distance than it really does. Nevertheless, I have managed to stalk a cock drumming, and have had the satisfaction of watching his curious manoeuvres. First of all he looks round to see that the coast is clear, and then, puffing out his ruff and cocking his tail, he seems to swell to twice his natural size with importance as he beats tattoo with his wings and sidles along the log which he has chosen for his stage, his audience consisting, as he believes, only of the hen, who is no doubt deeply impressed by her lord and master's pantomime. As winter commences, the birds may be seen, either singly or in pairs, along the edges of brooks and springs, where they resort for gravel. Later on, when the snow gets deep, they are rarely seen, as they spend most of their time either on the trees or under the snow. At this season

their food consists mainly of browse, the tender buds of the black birch, from which tree they take their name.

The most comfortable, I may say the most aristocratic way to shoot partridge, is to drive slowly along a wood road; but this luxurious sport is not within reach of everyone, and a few words about the regular "partridge gunner" of the country may not be amiss. There is one in every back settlement, sometimes in every house—a tall, powerful, long-haired young fellow, in a red shirt, and homespun continuations tucked inside his boots. His accoutrement consists of a long single barrel, a cow-horn full of powder, and a bag of shot. He is also the proud owner of a "partridge dog," which ranges the woods in an independent way, scorning either call or whistle, now close to its master's heels, now a mile off in the bush. But this matters not, for the beast knows his business: mutely he hunts every likely-looking spot, treating hares, squirrels, &c., with contempt; perseveringly he puzzles over cold scent, till at length it grows hot, and he runs right into the middle of a covey. With a great whirr and rustling, they "tree" all round him. Now is the time that calls forth the good qualities of the "partridge dog." Finding birds is nothing, any dog with a nose can do that; but the thing is to show them to his master, who is perhaps half a mile off. Does he point or set? No! he sits down calmly on his tail, and fixing his eye on the "treed" birds, he commences to bark and yell and howl with all his might, and never ceases nor stirs from the spot until his master comes up. Be it long or short, five minutes or five hours, there he remains, making all

the noise he can. When our sportsman arrives he takes careful and deadly aim at the nearest bird, and seldom fails to lay it low (for is he not the best shot, or, as they quaintly say, the "boss gunner," of the settlement?). Rushing in, he secures his game, if possible, before his faithful cur gets his tooth into it. It might reasonably be supposed that the remainder of the covey would take warning by the sad fate of their comrade and disappear; but this is not the case, for, charmed by the yelping of the dog, they remain chained to their perches till the single barrel has been again and again loaded and fired with deadly effect.

It must not be supposed that anyone can go into the woods and kill as many partridges as he likes. A good dog is absolutely essential, and a thoroughly good partridge dog is as hard to get as a thoroughly good dog for any sort of shooting. I doubt if the partridge dog does not show more sagacity than the pointer, the setter, or the retriever. Although the shooting part of the business is easy enough, the walking is tough, and it requires sharp eyesight and some practice to see the birds when they "tree." They are exactly the colour of the branches, and sit so close that it is sometimes impossible to make them out. Sometimes, when beating the low alder covers for cock, the dogs put up a brace of partridge. As they have no trees to light on, they must fly, and on these occasions it takes a good shot to stop them.

The spruce partridge, as its name implies, frequents the spruce woods. It is a handsomer bird than the other, but inferior eating. These also "tree," and feel so secure on their perch that they suffer themselves to be noosed with a piece of string at the end of a stick. I

think this species may fairly be called stupid, for, when pelted with stones, the spruce partridge will rarely stir till it is either struck or shaken off the branch. I was once out with an old Indian and his son, and finding a covey of these birds in a place where stones were scarce, we set the old man to cut boomerangs with his axe. This he did almost as fast as the young fellow and I could throw them, and the partridge remained stolidly on their perches till two of their number had been brought down by these primitive weapons. Their favourite haunts are in swampy land, and along the banks of lakes and rivers. At certain periods of the year their food consists entirely of the buds and leaves of the spruce and fir. The flesh then both tastes and smells strongly of these trees, and is not good to eat; but in the fall of the year the flavour is better.

There is very good wild-fowl shooting in New Brunswick. It is a sort of half-way house where a moiety of the vast myriads of wild fowl that hatch their young every summer in the extreme north of the continent stop for a month or two in spring and autumn on their way to and from more southern latitudes. Few breed in the province, and none winter in it, for obvious reasons, save a few of the hardier of the *Fuligulina*, who weather out the cold in open bays and in the mouths of rivers which are not frozen over. The wild-fowl shooter in most countries has to expose himself to a great deal of hardship, and New Brunswick is no exception to this rule. Fine weather, dry feet, and good shooting seldom go together. A bark canoe is an essential for the New Brunswick duck shooter. A network of rivers, lakes, streams, and creeks covers the whole province, which can be traversed from one end to another in a canoe.

There is good duck shooting on the swamps, marshes, and islands of the St. John river, and on its tributary, Salmon river, and all along the north shore of the province a man cannot go wrong for wild fowl.

The wild goose (*A. Canadensis*), so well known over all this continent, makes its first appearance on the north shore of New Brunswick in the first fortnight in September, and from this time to the 1st of November fresh flocks are continually coming in. They then commence to leave, and whenever the wind blows from the north and east large flocks take advantage of the fair wind, and may be observed flying south and west. In an early winter they are all gone by the 1st of December, but I have seen them passing over as late as the 15th. Thus people learn from their flight whether the winter will set in late or early. Winter never catches them napping; instinct enables them to anticipate Jack Frost's arrival. For some days before their departure they assemble in great flocks on sandy islands and spits, where, according to the natives, they take in sand as ballast. They are expected back about the 1st of April. In Prince Edward Island they are said always to make their first appearance on Patrick's Day (17th March). A welcome sight to everybody is the first flock of geese, for it is also the first sign of spring. Not a bright look-out for the geese though; for, save in a few bays and inlets where the tide runs strong, there is nothing to be seen by the first comers but snow and ice. They remain during the daytime seated on the ice in long rows, with their heads tucked in, looking like so many sticks or stones. At night they rise and fly to the open water, tideways, &c., where they pick up some little food;

but, as might be expected, they fall off rapidly in condition at this time of year. They remain on the New Brunswick waters till the middle of May, when they fly to their nesting grounds across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I am told that thousands of geese hatch in that boundless wilderness, full of lakes and swamps, to the northward and westward of the Labrador coast. A great number breed in the island of Anticosti, but none remain in New Brunswick during the summer. They make their nest about the middle or end of May. It is a small, hastily constructed affair, made of dry grass and their own feathers. They generally select a dry "tummock," or little islet, in a lagoon or swamp. Their great enemy at this season is the fox, and the fox, like the cat, does not care to wet his feet. Although at other times a shy and wary bird, the goose at this period is quite the reverse, and will do battle with a fox or other enemy in defence of its young with great gallantry. They allow a man to approach within shot, and if fired at and missed will merely fly a few yards and alight again. On one occasion, in Anticosti, I shot a gander, and sent my dog (a poaching terrier) into the swamp to fetch it. The dog, while looking for the gander, stumbled upon the old goose in her nest, and endeavoured to fetch her to his master, but he soon found he had caught a Tartar. She hissed and struck at him most viciously, and, taking him at a disadvantage as he struggled through the swamp, the poor dog got a good thrashing, and was compelled to fall back on the dying gander, which, terrier like, he worried unmercifully.

Shooting geese in the spring is always a cold, and not always a very safe, amusement. The gunner, on the

very first appearance of geese, selects a field of ice which he thinks is well anchored to the shore and not likely soon to move, but yet as near the open water as possible. He then chops eight or ten square blocks of ice with which he constructs his hide. A load of brown seaweed has next to be hauled from the nearest beach, and, when wet, is made up into little bundles about the size and shape of the body of a goose. This seaweed is exactly the colour of a goose's back, and a little block of ice in front of each bundle makes th white breast. Sixty or seventy of these decoys are arranged artistically on the ice within about thirty yards of the hide. To a dozen or so of them he adds necks and heads roughly cut out of wood and then charred black, the white markings of the goose's neck being whittled out with a knife. These decoys freeze to the ice during the night, and never blow down or give any further trouble. If the site be judiciously chosen these arrangements will last for ten days, or even longer; and the gunner, whose camp is in the immediate vicinity, by watching the turn of the tide, can always be at his post when geese are on the move. He should have a light flat-bottomed punt, sharp at both ends, and decked in; this is painted pure white, and finished off with a coating of oil, which gives it an ice-like gloss. Two parallel runners shod with steel are fixed to the bottom of this craft, which serves either as a hand sled or a boat, and should always be within reach of the gunner, in case of ice running, or wounded birds taking to the water. I usually propel this craft with a single paddle in preference to sculls, and carry a little boathook to cling on to the ice. Over his usual clothes the sportsman wears a blouse and

cap-cover made of white linen, and some even paint their guns white.

His arrangements being completed, our sportsman squats in his hide on a bundle of hay or dry seaweed. When the wind is southerly he is kept all his time on the *qui vive*. The geese give him fair warning of their approach, yelling most vociferously, and to them he must respond "Aw-auk, aw-auk, auk-auk," yelling with all his might; indeed, his success in a great measure depends upon his ability to call them. My notes are rather cracked, so I have to get some one to do this part of the business for me, not a difficult matter, as goose-calling is a part of the education, often the sole education, of the Indian boys who live on the coast. Although my voice is inferior, as I said before, my ear is good, and I usually have a class of boys up for examination—much as one would test a number of musical instruments—and enlist the best into my service. The calling serves to attract the geese's attention to the decoys, and if they are new comers, or have not been too much fired at, they never fail to descend to them.

Goose shooting, at first sight, does not strike one as a very high branch of the art of "gunning"—indeed, I have heard it compared to shooting at a haystack by men who have never tried it; but, on the contrary, I can bear witness to the fact that many men whom I have known to be good shots at partridge, cock, snipe, &c., have entirely failed to distinguish themselves at goose shooting. There are two reasons for this: the first and principal one is, they do not know the right time to fire; and, secondly, they do not fire far enough in front of their bird. The flight of geese is very deceptive; they loom so large in the air, and

move their wings (comparatively) so slowly, that the beginner does not give them credit for the great rapidity of their flight, which equals, if it does not exceed, that of any other wild fowl. The beginner, too, is apt—particularly if an excitable person—to fiddle with his gun and bob his head about when he sees and hears the approach of the geese; and any movement, no matter how slight, is fatal to his chance of success. The sight of the decoys is the signal for the geese to give tongue, which they do with a will, making a deafening row, and flying past or over the decoys at the distance of 100 yards or so. During this time the sportsman must not move, any more than the block of ice he represents; and the geese, having satisfied themselves that all is right, sweep round in the air, and lower rapidly towards the decoys. As soon as they come directly opposite to the gunner he raises his gun, and the geese, alarmed by the movement, hurl themselves up ten yards or so in the air with a couple of powerful strokes of their wings. This is the moment to pull the trigger, selecting, if possible, a broadside shot. The dead birds are made to do service as decoys, by propping up their heads with forked sticks, and all stains of blood must be effaced from the ice, as, where all is white, a small spot of colour serves to alarm the geese.

Although in very stormy or foggy weather geese come quite close to the hide, and even have been known to alight among the decoys, yet, as a general rule, the sportsman rarely gets a chance under forty or fifty yards, consequently good guns and good powder are requisite to ensure success. I have done great execution with a single muzzle-loader No. 6-bore, which I used to load with seven

drachms coarse powder, and a loose charge of two and a quarter ounces of double B. This was before the days of breechloaders; but I now find that a 10-bore central-fire, with five drachms of powder and an ounce and a half of shot, answers the purpose well enough, though occasionally, at long ranges, I sadly miss my old cannon. The Indian shoots with an old Brown Bess barrel, and "nine fingers" of a charge; he sometimes kills, but suffers for it. A good wild goose will weigh from ten to twelve pounds, and in the fall of the year when in good condition, even as high as fifteen or sixteen pounds. Their bones are much harder, longer, and stronger than those of the tame goose, and their feathers are much thicker, so that they require a great deal of killing. The flesh, unlike that of our English wild goose, is delicious. Their food in New Brunswick is a sort of seaweed, or rather grass, that grows in the muddy flats in the bays and along the low flat shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. When first they arrive in the spring they are in pretty good condition. At this season grains of rice and maize have been found in their crops, showing that they must have flown many hundreds of miles in a single night. In the spring food is scarce, and they fall off in condition, but in the fall, on the contrary, they improve.

As spring advances, and the ice begins to leave the shores, the sportsman must relinquish his ice house and seaweed decoys, and take to his punt and floating decoys. The latter are cut out of dry soft wood, and when completely charred over the fire, are well scraped and oiled. This represents the colour of the goose's back better than paint. Patches of white are then put on the breasts and tails of these decoys. They are weighted to float correctly

and anchored in the feeding ground of the geese. The sportsman either hides his punt under the lee of a clumpet (miniature iceberg), or else dresses it out with cakes of ice, and waits in it for the geese. At this season brant geese and ducks of different sorts are coming in also, and sometimes give him plenty of employment. If the gunner possesses a "paddle boat," now is the time to make use of it, and very large bags of both Canadian and brant geese have been made by aid of this contrivance. The paddle boat is a light, handy, canoe-shaped punt. The paddle wheels are constructed so that the sportsman can use both arms and legs in working them, and are completely hid from view by white linen curtains. It is, of course, painted white, and the deck garnished with ice cakes. In front of the paddle boxes an 8-inch board, with a peephole in the centre and an embrasure for the gun, is adjusted athwart the punt to hide the gunner, who when stalking birds reclines on his back, and slowly propels the punt with his feet, holding the rudder strings in his hands, nothing visible from the outside but the tip of his white cap and the muzzle of his gun, the latter of which reclines in the embrasure. These craft so thoroughly resemble the lumps of floating ice with which the bays are covered, that on one or two occasions I have been stalked by a friend to within a few yards distance without having detected his approach. When near enough to the geese, the gunner drops his rudder strings and lets fly, having previously, if the birds are on the feed, given a low whistle to make them put up their heads and club together. Eight or ten geese are sometimes bagged to one shot of a shoulder gun. A punt gun I have never tried, but I am sure it would do great

execution at times. No one who does not thoroughly understand the tides, the ice, and the weather, should attempt this punting business; for to be swept out to sea at this season of the year is certain death.

Although wild geese are very partial to the seaboard, they cannot live without fresh water; this they procure in the spring on the surface of the ice; but in the fall of the year, when there is no ice, they have to seek for it, once at least in the twenty-four hours, in the inland ponds, swamps, and lakes. In very stormy weather, when the ice is rough, and in spring tides, when their usual feeding grounds are submerged, they take refuge altogether in these more sheltered spots. Perhaps in the course of the autumn there are half-a-dozen days of this sort when really good shooting can be got. I have been out more than once for ten days without getting anything worth mentioning, and on the eleventh I have quite made up for lost time. Can my reader picture to himself a vast swamp, miles in extent, surrounded by forest and remote from human abode, full of little lakes, ponds, gullies, reeds, long grass, stumps of trees, bushes, and "rampikes"? The time is evening, at the close of an October day. The north-east wind is howling dismally over this dreary waste, bringing now and then a shower of rain or sleet. In the centre of this howling wilderness may be observed the gunner of the period, squatting in the driest spot he can find, his retriever at his feet, and surrounded by geese and ducks and empty cartridges. How he ever got to this spot appears a mystery at first; but look behind that bush, and you will see a log canoe or a catamaran, in which he has managed to paddle laboriously through the swamp.

Every five minutes may be seen a flock of geese or of black duck, flying low for shelter, and wheeling round our gunner in search of their comrades, who have gone before. Bang, bang! goes our friend's gun, and again and again bang, bang! for here the geese must come, and no amount of shooting can drive them away. In such weather, and in such a place, I have got through twenty-eight pounds of shot in two days, and that with a muzzle-loader.

Occasionally geese can be approached by moonlight on their feeding grounds by a very skilfully handled canoe; but I have observed that a few shots at night do more to frighten away the birds than as many hundred in the daytime, and on this account it has been made illegal to shoot wild fowl at night in Lower Canada. On very dark nights the Indians sometimes chase the geese by torchlight. A number of canoes, each with a blazing torch in the bow, circle round a bay or inlet in which the geese are feeding, surround them, and gradually edge them in to some little creek surrounded by forest, where they are easily killed by the poles and paddles of the canoers, and by the boys on shore. The Canada goose is easily domesticated, and in this state is invaluable to the sportsman as decoys. They also seem to fraternize very well with the tame goose; the hybrid bird is very handsome and in every way superior to the domestic goose. I have on one or two occasions seen individuals of the white wild goose (*A. Hyperboreus*) on the coast of New Brunswick, along with the Canadian geese.

Of sea ducks so called (*Fuligulinæ*), and divers, there are great numbers and many varieties, nearly all of them migratory, on the coasts of New Brunswick. Although

inferior for the pot, they afford capital sport, and they hold out great attractions to collectors of bird skins and plumes, as the plumage of some of them is very fine. In a morning's or evening's flight shooting it is no rare thing for the sportsman to bag six or seven different varieties. They are much less shy than the *Anatidæ*; indeed, some of them seem to think that when on the wing they are perfectly safe, and fly in a bee line, regardless of shot or anything else. They take straight and strong shooting to bring to bag.

The *Fuliginæ*, as a rule, do not leave the salt water. With one or two exceptions they are never found on the lakes and rivers, except after tremendous gales. Among the most common are the Scoter (*Oidemia Americana*), the velvet duck (*Melanetta Velvetina*), the whistler (*Clangula Glaucion*), this bird, so called from the whistling noise made by the wings, is often seen on the lakes and rivers, and is one of the first of the spring visitors, being occasionally seen even in the depths of winter in places where there is open water. The spirit duck (*Clangula Albeola*) is like the former, only much smaller. The surf duck (*Peleonetta Perspicillata*), so called, I suppose, because no sea seems too rough for it. The old squaw (*Harelda Glacialis*) is very common on the coast, but when seen in the interior is a sign of tremendous weather. The red head (*Aythya Americana*) breeds in some rivers in the north of the province, so does the shell drake (*Mergus Americanus*), and leads its young brood down to the sea in the fall of the year. The goosander (*Mergus Merganser*) is a rare visitor in Lower Canadian waters. I have only shot one of these handsome birds. The red-breasted shell drake

(*Mergus Serrator*) is another handsome bird, and quite common. The little shell drake (*Mergus Albellus*) is also common; the hooded shell drake (*Mergus Cucullatus*) is a rare visitor. Eider duck (*Somateria Mollissima*) are sometimes shot, but they do not frequent the south shore of the St. Lawrence in anything like the numbers that are found on the north shores. The scaup (*Fulix Marila*), the Labrador duck (*Camptolæmus Labradorius*), the harlequin, or pied duck (*Histrionicus Torquatus*), and several other sea ducks are occasionally shot by the wild-fowl shooter on the coast; indeed, in a good day's shooting it is no unusual thing for the wild-fowl gunner to have eight or ten different sorts of birds in his canoe.

There are three very handsome divers, the loon (*Colymbus Glacialis*), the red-throated diver (*C. Septentrionalis*), and the black-throated diver (*C. Arcticus*); the plumage of these birds is very pretty and glossy. The two last-named are more plentiful on the north than on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, but the loon hatches on the less frequented lakes, and may be seen at all times of the year, both on the salt water and the fresh water. The settlers have an idea that this bird cannot be shot on the water, that it dives at the flash, and thus escapes the shot. This may be the case when the sportsman uses an old flint firelock; but I have often known the shot too quick for it. They are easily enticed within range of the banks of a river by imitating their cry, and waving a coloured handkerchief. But it is a great pity to shoot these beautiful birds. They are ornaments to the lakes of Canada. Those who are accustomed to the sound of their wild laugh, and who have watched their pretty manners, half

shy and half inquisitive, become quite attached to them. They only hatch one young one, which sometimes sits on its mother's back as she sails about the placid surface of a backwoods lake.

The best stations in New Brunswick for the wild-fowl shooter are Points Miscou and Escuminac, and the lagoons adjacent to these points; but all the north coast is good, from the Bay of Chaleur down southward to Bay Verte, on the Nova Scotia side.

CHAPTER V.

NOVA SCOTIA.

NOVA SCOTIA, from the fact of its being the principal naval station and the only military station in Canada, is better known to Englishmen than any other province of the Dominion. But yet many Englishmen spend years in Nova Scotia and go away with a very limited knowledge or perhaps no knowledge at all of the capabilities of the province. The reason of this is evident. Halifax, the capital, where the mail steamer lands these people, is situated on as barren and as rugged a tract of land as is washed by the Atlantic Ocean. Men therefore who never get beyond a day's drive or two from the capital are apt to carry away with them a very unjust estimate of the resources of the province.

Nova Scotia is not an agricultural country. Scarcely one-half of its total area is capable of cultivation, and of this moiety less than a half would at present repay the cultivator. In process of time, when the other resources of the province become developed, farming will no doubt be stimulated, but more as an auxiliary to mining, manufactures, &c., than as the main business of the people. The land, though not so well adapted for extensive farming operations as some other parts of the Dominion, is yet well calculated to afford comfortable homes to a large manufacturing population, and to give these people what

they sigh for in vain in the crowded and smoky manufacturing districts of the Old World, viz. pure air, pure water, little homesteads, and little patches of land for gardens, potatoes, &c., &c. When I say that Nova Scotia is not an agricultural province, I am well aware that it comprises tracts of country which produce as good crops as any land in the Dominion, but these are the exception, not the rule. Conspicuous among these is the vale of Annapolis. In this charming valley, which is sheltered from the cold winds by a high range of hills, and consequently favoured with a slightly higher temperature than any other part of the province, Indian corn ripens and fruits grow to perfection. The Annapolis orchards are famous, and send to Europe some of the best qualities of the "American apple" of commerce. In King's county and in Cumberland there are also some fertile tracts, but for every good farm the traveller sees in Nova Scotia he sees many hundreds of acres of rocky barren land. In many places there is such a crop of mighty granite boulders deposited by the ice in the glacial period, that the only wonder is how the stunted spruce and birch trees and other hardy bushes and plants have found soil enough to take root in. There are some four million acres of Crown lands in the province which are offered for sale at 8*l.* 16*s.* per 100 acres. But of this a very small quantity, if any, is fit for profitable cultivation. The labour of clearing this land is herculean. The young man who takes a tract of forest with the intention of turning it into a good farm by the labour of his own hands, has his life's work cut out for him. If he has to clear rocks and stones as well as timber, it will be more than he can accomplish. There are always,

however, some really good and productive cleared farms in the market. These vary in price from 500*l.* up to 1500*l.*, or from say \$5 an acre up to \$30 or \$40.

But if the surface is rough and rocky, there is vast wealth hid underneath it. Nova Scotia is intended for a manufacturing country—one of the great workshops of the world. Everything that nature can effect for this purpose will be found here. Its position is most central. Two steamers of equal speed, one sailing east from the great lakes, the other west from Liverpool, would meet at Nova Scotia, which lies just half-way between the great bread-producing country of the world, and the great markets of the world. The harbours are numerous and excellent; some of the best of them open to navigation all the year round. Close to these harbours there is excellent coal in inexhaustible quantities; iron also in abundance, and many other minerals. The climate is bracing and healthy; the necessaries of life plentiful and moderate in price. There is water power on all sides; in fact, the whole interior of the province is one network of lakes, which form natural milldams and reservoirs, discharging their waters by hundreds of rapid streams into the Atlantic below. The forests of this and the neighbouring provinces supply timber of many varieties, at less than half the cost of timber in the Old World. Nature, in fact, has done everything she can do, and man must do the rest. I know no other part of the globe so well adapted by nature as Nova Scotia to become a manufacturing centre.

It is strange that English capitalists have made no effort to utilize these natural advantages. By-and-by, no doubt, as coal becomes scarcer and dearer at home, and labour also more expensive, manufacturers will have to turn

their attention to Nova Scotia, where coal has not to be raised from the bowels of the earth, but lies comparatively near the surface in apparently inexhaustible quantities. The coal field of Pictou, Nova Scotia, is said by mineralogists to be the most extraordinary carboniferous deposit in the world. A seam of coal occurs here 40 feet in thickness, and not more than a couple of hundred feet from the surface, besides many other lesser ones of 18 feet, 20 feet, and so on. Coal can be delivered on board ship at Pictou harbour for 8s. or 9s. per ton; and I presume if there was more capital employed in the mines and improved machinery, the cost would be very much less. In Cape Breton county the productive coal measures cover 250 square miles. In Cumberland county a seam of coal 12 feet 9 inches lies near the surface; and another 11 feet 9 inches, about 200 feet below the surface. Around the coast of Cape Breton seams of coal many feet in thickness are exposed along the cliffs.

The quality of the coal is excellent. For domestic purposes the Cape Breton coal is fully equal to the best English coals, and little, if at all, inferior to the best Welsh. For steam purposes, Nova Scotia coal is superior to English and Scotch coal, and equal, if not superior, even to Welsh coal. In an inquiry instituted by the Admiralty into the steam-producing qualities of certain samples of coals, the following results were arrived at:

Description of Coal.	Pounds of Water evaporated by 1 lb. of Coal at 212°.
Welsh	9·05
Newcastle	8·37
Lancashire	7·94
Scotch	7·70
Derbyshire	7·58

Professor How, an eminent mineralogist, ascertained, by experiment, that at the same temperature, viz. 212°, the evaporative power of 1 lb. of coal from the Albion mines of Nova Scotia is 8·49 lbs.; from the Acadian mines 9·26; and from the Montreal and Pictou mines 1 lb. of coal evaporates 9·41 lbs. water.

The coal fields in Nova Scotia were, until recent years, monopolized by an English company, who obtained their monopoly from the late Duke of York who obtained it—I do not know how; England has always been most generous in giving away the land and the wealth of her colonies. In 1857 this monopoly was broken, the company retaining, for their own advantage, the mines they had actually in work, but opening the rest of the coal fields to the province.

For a short time after this, coal mining received a stimulus. But a check soon followed. To punish the Canadians for their unwavering loyalty to England at the time when the “Trent affair” seemed likely to embroil the two nations in war, the Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated by the United States, and one of the consequences of this was the imposition of a prohibitory tariff upon Nova Scotia coal. At one blow its best market was closed, and the Nova Scotia coal mines languished. But the Northern States damaged themselves even more than they damaged Nova Scotia. Dear coal is one of the causes why the manufactories of New England are doing so badly. They find they can get no coal elsewhere to replace Nova Scotian coal at the same cost. There is now a growing trade between Canada West and Nova Scotia. Steamers carrying flour to Nova Scotia return laden with

coal to Toronto. The American's curse, like Balaam's, bids fair to turn into a blessing, and to be the means of causing manufactories to rise up in the Dominion, which shall supply the heavily-taxed people of New England with the commodities they cannot themselves afford to make.

Mining licenses are granted as follows :

“ An exploration license, giving a power to search for minerals, other than gold, over a tract not exceeding 5 square miles in extent, is granted on payment of \$20, or 4*l.* sterling. This license is for twelve months. At any time before the expiration of the license, the holder may select 1 square mile, which must be in one block, and must not exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, for the purpose of working the minerals therein; and on application being made, in writing, to the Commissioner of Mines, a license to work is granted for a term of two years from the date of the application, the cost of such license being \$50, or 10*l.* sterling. On the termination of that period the holder is entitled to a lease, provided effective mining operations have been begun and carried on. Before these licenses are issued a bond must be given to the Commissioner, with sufficient sureties, that in the event of entry being made upon private lands, recompense shall be made for damages. The conditions of the lease are similar to those usually inserted. The lease is for twenty years, with a power of a second and third renewal for a similar period, but not to extend beyond sixty years from the 25th August, 1866, and with a liberty to the Legislature to revise and alter the royalty in or after the year 1886. The royalty at present is 10 cents, or $4\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* per ton of

2240 lbs., up to 250,000 tons, sold in each or any year, and about 3*d.* per ton on every ton over that quantity. It is payable only on the round coal sold; slack and coal used by agents, workmen, and engines, being exempt. A statement is required quarterly, of all coal worked and sold, and of the expenditure in extending the works; also payment of the royalty incurred. The other conditions of the lease are of the usual character with respect to a proper working of the mine, the right to examine the workings, and books of accounts, surrender of the lease, right of transfer, &c." *

Coal and iron have been the making of England, and there is no reason why they should not make a second England of Canada. Nova Scotia is rich in iron of a very superior quality. I again take the liberty of borrowing some figures from Professor How's 'Mineralogy of Nova Scotia' to show the relative value of English and Nova Scotian iron :

	£	s.	d.	
Staffordshire pig iron averages	4	10	0	per ton.
Ditto bar iron	,	9	0	0 "
Nova Scotian pig iron	"	7	0	0 "
Ditto bar iron	,	15	10	0 "

There is said to be only one iron in the world—a Swedish ore—superior to that found at the Londonderry mines, Nova Scotia, in the manufacture of steel.

Nova Scotia is essentially a maritime province. A great extent of coast-line (it is almost an island), magnificent harbours, a central position, vast supplies of coal and of timber, all these advantages favour both ship building and ship owning; while the large proportion of the popula-

* Report of Commissioner of Mines.

FORESTS.

tion engaged in the fisheries keeps up a supply of hardy and excellent seamen. At present only wooden ships are built, but when Canada comes to be one of the great countries of the world, her dockyards, winter harbours, and building yards will be in Nova Scotia. There is no better place for the manufacture of iron ships. Even as it is Nova Scotia boasts that she owns more shipping per head of her population than any other country in the world. As a coaling station for the steam navy of England the importance of Nova Scotia cannot be over-estimated. In fact, it is not too much to say that if in any future war we had the misfortune to be shut out from Nova Scotian ports, we might at once proceed to haul down the Union Jack on the Atlantic Ocean.

There is a good deal of lumbering done in the province. Two thousand acres of forest is the nominal limit allowed to one person for lumbering purposes, but there are ways of evading this law, and it is held by many that the forests are better protected when leased by individuals for lumbering purposes than when owned directly by the State.

“In a province like Nova Scotia,” I quote from the report of the Commissioner of crown lands, “which in the nature and fitness of things, must become largely a manufacturing and commercial country, every effort should be made to save and protect the trees, every day becoming more and more valuable, and which cover and render more beautiful and profitable, large tracts of country; which, if stripped of its timber, would become an unsightly barren waste. The rate at which the settled portions of North America are being denuded of trees, and the rapidly increasing demand for timber, and

diminishing supply, has become a matter of serious concern.'

To an Englishman the reckless waste of timber that takes place in the forest regions of North America is positively appalling. The old-country man is very tender with trees, the Canadian ruthlessly destroys them. The latter, like the beaver, may be described as a tree-chopping animal. From the day the back settler's little son is able to lift his father's axe up to the day of his death he wages incessant war against the forest. If he wants a stick for any purpose he chops a dozen to choose from. If he wants bark, instead of chopping one or two trees and peeling them he "rings" a hundred. But the axe alone, even when swung by the best choppers in the world, is not the worst enemy of the forest. Fires, the result of wantonness and carelessness, have devastated some of the finest forest regions of North America.

The summers and autumns in Nova Scotia are charming; the cool breezes and fogs of the Atlantic temper the heat. The winters are severe. I know of no other part of British America where the changes are so sudden. The prevailing wind is the north-west, which, blowing over a frozen continent in winter, brings frost; in summer, dry clear weather. The south-east wind, blowing in from the "misty Atlantic," brings rain both in winter and summer. Snow comes generally from the north-east. Changes of 40° of temperature occur in a few hours, consequently the snow does not lie as in Lower Canada, and sleighing is uncertain. It is not unusual to see the rain as it falls form a coating of ice on the ground. But, notwithstanding the severe cold and the sudden changes, the climate is

undoubtedly healthy. The mortality among people of sound constitutions is lower than in the old country, as is proved by the comparative medical statistics of our troops.

Nova Scotia wants capital in the first place, and labour in the second place, though even at present labourers and domestic servants can earn fair wages, and there is always a demand for a limited number of each of these classes. Besides being well worth the attention of the capitalist, Nova Scotia is a good province for the man of limited means to settle in. The necessaries of life and even the comforts of life—those that can be bought for money—are cheap. Halifax is one of the few towns in the world which combine all the advantages of civilization—clubs, pleasant society, and so forth—with the great charm of being within easy reach of the forest, the river, and the lake. This constitutes a charm not only to the sportsman but to the lover of nature. Five Englishmen out of six, if asked for their beau-ideal of a pleasant life, would probably reply that of a wealthy English squire, with its round of hospitalities and social gatherings indoors, and its field sports and country pursuits out of doors. The nearest approach to this life within reach of the man of small means is to be found in or near some of these Canadian cities like Halifax. Halifax 'is within ten days' travel of London, and within two of the chief cities of the United States and Canada.

About thirty or forty years ago Nova Scotia must have been an angler's paradise. Fully one-fifth of the whole area of the province, viz. 11,000,000 acres, is lake and river. Thousands of charming little lakes, embosomed in

the forest, and studded with pretty wooded islets, are thickly sprinkled over the whole province. These are not muddy ponds, but real lakes and lakelets, with rocky banks, with beds of gravel and sand for spawning on, with boulder rocks for shelter, such as the *Salmonidæ* delight in. Thousands of sparkling streams, many of them never fished, save by the kingfisher, flow from these lakes into the rivers, which discharge their waters into the sea. The rivers are to look at all that the salmon fisher could desire. There are no impassable falls, as in many of the rivers that discharge into the St. Lawrence; no natural obstructions to impede the ascent of the *Salmonidæ* to ten thousand spawning beds. They form a succession of rocky rapids and glorious pools. Thirty years ago the salmon fishing in Nova Scotia was superb. But where nature is so bountiful in her gifts man rarely appreciates them. As with the forest so with the fish. It would really seem as if Nova Scotians hate the salmon, and have determined by every possible means to deny them access to their rivers. Over-fishing is bad enough, but to shut the fish out of the rivers altogether is little better than insanity. Hundreds of miles of river stream and lake are closed against the *Salmonidæ* by horrid milldams, many of which are of no industrial value. By-and-by, when the forests have been utterly destroyed and the rivers rendered barren, Canadians will spend large sums of money in, perhaps, fruitless efforts to bring back that which they could now so easily retain. The rivers are not leased to anglers as in New Brunswick and Lower Canada. They are nominally protected by the Government. A club of sportsmen was formed in Halifax for the protection of the

fish and game of the province. But with the best intentions they have never been able to effect any good result. The fact is that it seems impossible to enlist the sympathy of the country people in any protective measures, and without their sympathy and co-operation all legislation and private efforts in a sparsely-settled country are rendered nugatory.

Salmon run earlier in Nova Scotia than in any other part of the Atlantic coast. They are taken in the end of April and beginning of May in some of the rivers to the westward of Halifax. Eastward their time is June. Gold River, a beautiful stream running into Mahone Bay, is about the earliest. La Have, a good river, comes next; also Port Medway, Tusket, Indian River, and Ingram River. Close to Halifax there is a little river called the Nine-mile-river that often holds a fish. To the eastward Ship Harbour River, Sheet Harbour River, St. Mary's, Country Harbour River, and Salmon River are about the best. None of these streams are by any means so good as they used to be, and some fine rivers, the Musquodoboit for instance, in which twenty salmon have been killed by one rod in a day, are now quite destroyed. There is good sea-trout fishing in most of the rivers I have named, and in many other streams and estuaries.

The brook-trout fishing is still very good, as good, perhaps, as in any part of the world. All the lakes and all the streams abound with trout, some of them as sporting fish and as pink fleshed and good for the table as angler or gourmand need desire; but, and I can give no reason for this, even the brook trout (*S. Fontinalis*) does not rise so well at the fly when the river or lake which he inhabits is shut

off from the sea. It may be that, when all intercourse with the ocean is cut off, minnow and ground bait increase, on which the trout gorge themselves, or it may be that these dammed-up trout deteriorate in sporting qualities from in and in breeding, and that they want a little fresh blood to infuse new life into them. Angling for trout in Nova Scotia is not an art as in our English streams, coarse tackle and large gaudy flies are used; nevertheless it is very good fun, and the surroundings, all but the black flies, are perfect. The great art in filling a basket is to know the best place and time for the sport (trout fishing lasts from May to September), and either experience or a good guide is essential. The latter is to be found in the person of Charley Fredericks, of Boom Bay, a man whom nature meant for an angler, but hard fate transformed into a cooper. He makes and mends fishing tackle, ties a good substantial fly, knows the haunt of every fish in Nova Scotia, and overflows with sporting anecdotes.

We have noticed elsewhere the wealth that lies hidden under the rocky land of Nova Scotia. Round her coasts there are other mines of wealth. The fisheries, as at present worked, yield about \$7,000,000 per annum. Codfish and mackerel are the two most valuable fish. The take of the former is valued at $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions, of the latter about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million. Next to these comes the lobster; in 1874 the take was estimated to be worth \$1,403,136. This sum represents the value of 5,612,545 one-pound cans of preserved lobsters put up in that year. It takes three fair-sized lobsters to fill one can, which gives 16,837,635 as the number of lobsters used up in this manufacture. Probably it would not be outside the mark

to say that 20,000,000 lobsters were taken in Nova Scotia in the summer of 1874. It has been estimated that in the two provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia 50,000,000 tons weight of lobsters are used up by the tinmen in a year. Fresh lobsters in the Halifax market cost one penny each. They are probably bought much cheaper by the manufacturers. Now, here we have a crustacea, very tenacious of life, which can be bought in immense numbers for one penny each in Halifax, while the price of lobsters in Liverpool is about two shillings. We have also a line of steamers running direct from one port to the other, and making the distance in ten days. Is it unreasonable to expect that sooner or later some ingenious persons will turn these Nova Scotian lobsters into British gold?

This fishery will be of immense value some day, if, indeed, it be not destroyed in the meantime by reckless fishing. The Yankees have killed off the lobsters on their own shores, and now they pursue them to Nova Scotia, and carry them off in tins. We have seen above the amount of raw material consumed in this business. The waste that takes place is deplorable. Only the tails and big claws are made use of, the bodies, legs, &c., are thrown aside for manure or washed away by the tide. So it comes to pass that three lobsters, weighing two pounds each, go to fill a one-pound can.

There is a law against taking any lobsters under $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. weight, or any female lobster in spawn; but this law, like other protective measures, is almost a dead letter. It unfortunately so happens that the natural close season, i. e. the season in which the lobster spawns, is the very

time in which the fishing is carried on. The spawning season in Nova Scotia is in the months of July, August, and September, and at this season the female lobster carries her eggs about with her under her fan until they are hatched. The legislature probably considered that by making a close season, the catch of lobsters, which is a source of considerable profit, would be greatly lessened, therefore they adopted the alternative of making it illegal to take undersized lobsters or females in spawn. This law is not and cannot be enforced, and the process of killing the bird that lays the golden eggs is being applied to the lobster fishery, as it is to the salmon fishery, and as it is to the lumbering business.

On still summer nights, when the tide suits, lobster-spearing parties are the fashion among the Halifax people. A birch-bark torch, carried in the bow of the boat, enables the spearer to see the lobsters crawling about among the seaweed at the bottom. In those bays, where lobsters are really plentiful, I have seen two hundred taken in one tide by a couple of little boys, wading about among the rocks, armed with cod-hooks tied on to sticks. On one occasion, after a heavy gale in New Brunswick, which threw up tons of lobsters on the beach, I saw several acres of potato ground manured with them. To give some idea of the little value put upon lobsters by the country people, I may mention that on some parts of the coast they boil them for their pigs, but are ashamed to be seen eating lobsters themselves. Lobster shells about a house are looked upon as signs of poverty and degradation.

As regards small game, there is good snipe shooting in

the months of September and October, on the Tantamara marsh, and in a few other places in the county of Cumberland. The snipe grounds are, however, infested by pot-hunting Americans, who kill the birds before they are fully fledged. To try and put a stop to this unsportsmanlike practice, a club has been formed to protect some of the best of this ground. But it is to be feared that without the hearty co-operation of the settlers the club will not be able to effect much. Thirty or forty couple of snipe have been bagged by one gun on the Tantamara; but the shooting is uncertain, some years good and others bad. A pottering old setter or pointer is required as the birds lie close.

Nova Scotia is a favourite breeding ground for the American woodcock (*Philohela Minor*). The maritime provinces of British North America seem to be the extreme northern limits of this bird's migration. I believe the woodcock has never been met with to the northward of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They winter in the Southern States, and are among the first of the migratory birds that make their appearance in Nova Scotia in the spring. They lose no time in nesting. The young birds are hatched by the end of May or beginning of June, usually four in a brood. They select for their nesting place a spot where there is a thick young growth of hardwood situated near a spring or stream, shunning alike the depths of the forest, where they are never found, and those covers in which wild hay or long grass grows. An old clearing or deserted farm, which has become overgrown with bushes, is rarely without a brood or two of cock. Cutting down the forest drives away most kinds of game, but the cock is an excep-

tion to this rule. Cultivated land in the vicinity of their covers seems to be a necessity, for their food consists mainly of worms, which they find in the tilled land in the old pastures and in the roadside ditches. The American cock is quite different from the European bird. In size he is a third smaller, and in colour there is a complete difference, the breast and thighs being of a reddish colour, very similar to the breast of a robin. In Canada West they are shot in July, but in Nova Scotia they are not fit for the gun till the 1st September. The cock is an essentially sporting bird, and from its small size and nocturnal habits, is comparatively safe from the pot-hunter, who can only get a chance at him on moonlight nights, or in the dusk of the evening when on the feeding ground.

There are men whose idea of sport is a maximum of slaughter with a minimum of exertion. To such I would say go in for pigeon shooting, or any other shooting you like, but avoid cock shooting in Nova Scotia, and indeed I may say all Canadian shooting. The sportsman here must not only be able to hold straight but to work hard; he must not only have good dogs, but he must know how to handle them, and in five cases out of six to break them himself; finally, he must know something of the habits of the birds he seeks and of the places they frequent in different seasons and in different weathers, for in Canada he will have no gamekeeper to post him at a certain corner of a cover, nor will he always find a sporting mentor to guide his wandering steps. It is frequently impossible to get trustworthy information as to cock covers and snipe bogs. The men who know them have acquired their information at the cost of many a hard tramp, and are not very eager to

take every chance sportsman into their confidence. In cock shooting especially a good knowledge of the ground is requisite. Certain covers hold cock year after year, while other covers equally likely looking never hold a bird. Little information as regards cock and snipe can be obtained from the farmers, who know all the varieties of the several families of *Scolopacidæ*, *Tringidæ*, *Charadriadæ*, &c., by the one name "snipes." The newly arrived sportsman who has a soul above sandpipers and abhors turnstones, &c., is at the mercy of every boy he meets, and after several weary tramps and wasted days he loathes the very name of "snipes," and learns that he must expect no further assistance in finding the long bills than is afforded him by his own eye and his dog's good nose. Above all things let him beware of asking for woodcock; if he does he will be told that they are "quite plenty a bit back in the woods," and on pressing for some more definite information perhaps a youth will volunteer to guide him to this long-wished-for spot. Unencumbered with superfluous apparel, this youth will press gaily through the familiar forest, striding through swamp, through thicket, and through burnt wood. Pausing at last in his mad career at the foot of a lofty pine tree he will point triumphantly upwards. Imagine the feelings of our wretched cock shooter, panting, torn, perspiring, and indignant, when he sees a woodpecker zealously boring for larvæ. But let him restrain his homicidal propensities, for if he slays that blue-nose guide he will never be able to find his way out of the forest primeval, and if ever again he wants to find out the whereabouts of *P. Minor*, let him ask for the "English snipe," for the "mud

hen,' for the "bogsucker," or for the "whistling red snipe," but let him beware of the word "woodcock," a name applied indifferently to two or three species of woodpecker, but never to the bird he seeks.

As soon as the young broods are able to fly the old cock leads them to the alder swamp—low-lying land, generally on the banks of brooks or little rivers. The bottoms of these alder covers are composed of a deep black mud, which retains the moisture during the summer droughts. Later on in the season when the autumnal rains make these alder covers too wet, the cocks are generally found in the second growth of young hardwood. These bushes spring up spontaneously in places where the pine forest has been cleared away on the outskirts of the arable land. The first night's frost of sufficient intensity to seal up the swamp is the signal of departure. They fly by night and all at once; to-day they are in certain covers, to-morrow they are gone. They do not go at once to their winter resorts in the south, but follow, or, perhaps, I should say precede the frost, tarrying here and there in the more northern States. They leave Nova Scotia generally about the 1st November, and the best shooting is just before their departure. The birds are very fine at this season, the weather is cool and pleasant, the leaves are off the bushes, and the covers, though shot out one day, may hold as many birds on the next, as the cock at this season make short flights prior to their departure.

A good cock dog in Nova Scotia is a treasure; money cannot buy one. The shooting season is short, and there is absolutely no game during the greater part of the year to train dogs on. Authorities differ as to the best breed.

Americans shoot cock over setters, and some of the very best cock dogs I have seen, have been industrious, patient old pointers and setters. For my part, I prefer retrieving spaniels, they are generally more diligent and painstaking. As cock lie very close, and in the heat of the day leave no foot scent, a very close hunting dog is necessary, as it is also to find dead birds. As the covers are very thick, the dogs are generally hunted with bells, and should be trained to keep within 20 to 25 yards of their master.

The American hare is a most troublesome animal to the sportsman, if he happens to have young or unsteady dogs. He does not go straight away, not he; nor does he even take a tolerably large circle; no, this aggravating beast apparently delights in drawing the dogs after him. He waits, sitting upon his hams, till they almost touch him, and then he goes round leisurely in a sort of circus canter, leading the poor dogs to believe that they have only to persevere a little in order to catch him up. I believe he enjoys being hunted, it is the only fun he has; the wily vagabond can keep in front of a greyhound, just as easily as he can of a spaniel.

On sunny days, at the close of the season, birds are sometimes found in the dead ferns at the edge of the covert, they are then easily shot, but cock shooting in thick cover requires considerable knack. The bird gets up in a fluster, making a whistling sound caused by the very rapid wing strokes. As he rises, he is impeded by the bushes, and if the sportsman can get the least glimpse of him, he is then an easy shot. No. 10 shot is used because in the early part of the season, for one shot

the sportsman gets at 25 yards, he gets three at lesser ranges, and often has to cut down his bird at 10 yards distance. A fatal error made by beginners, is to let the birds get too far. Shoot whenever you see a feather, is the maxim of the cock shooter. I have often seen the American cock, when flushed by a spaniel, struggle up through a thick bush, top it, and then drop like a stone at the other side. When they alight in this way, the tail is spread out like a fan, the bird's attitude on these occasions, and the expression of the large melancholy and half-scared eye is very pretty. The same bird may be flushed a dozen times in the beginning of the season before it is brought to bag, and each time he is harder to find than the time before; the old scent is puzzling, and cocking dogs cannot be too close-hunting, painstaking, and diligent.

Eight or ten brace of cock, with perhaps a brace of ruffed grouse and a couple of snipe, is considered a very good bag for two guns in a day's shooting in Nova Scotia. This is not large, but I repeat that large bags cannot be made in Nova Scotia, and the size of the bag is not quite a fair measure of the day's sport. In the first place as regards the actual shooting, if the cock shooter can show one bird for every three empties, he need not complain. Then in the cocking season, the Acadian woods are very lovely, and the weather very charming. To a man of a certain way of thinking a flavour is added to his day's sport, by the thought that he owes his bag, small though it may be, not to his well-filled purse nor yet to the favour of a friend, but solely to his own skilled labour, knowledge, and experience. I shall, perhaps, be set down as "slow," when I say that I would infinitely prefer to shoot

five couple of cock in Nova Scotia over a brace of dogs of my own training, than to kill my share of a thousand head of game in my lord's covers. But *chacun à son goût*.

The big game of Nova Scotia are moose and cariboo. There are plenty of bears; but hunting these animals in the woods is like hunting for a needle in a bundle of straw, although when moose hunting the sportsman sometimes gets a chance at a bear. The best seasons for cariboo hunting are in the first snow and in the latter part of winter (when snow-shoeing is good). There are a few of these deer here and there all over the province, but Cumberland is considered the best hunting ground.

About twenty years ago Nova Scotia was the best ground for moose hunting in British America, and although greatly diminished in numbers there are still a good many left. The local legislature in view of their rapidly decreasing numbers enacted a law making it illegal to kill moose in any way for a certain time (three years, I think), and this close period has not yet expired. If this law could be enforced we might expect to find the moose as plentiful as ever in a short time, but unfortunately it is only enforced against sportsmen, who, as a rule, are a law-abiding class; it is little check upon those persons who butcher moose in the deep snow for the sake of their hides. I have heard of one instance of a man's having fifty moose hides in his possession last winter. If this traffic in hides were prohibited *in toto*, and the moose efficiently protected in that season of the year when they are unable to protect themselves, viz. from 1st of February to 1st of May, when the snow is

deep and the cows heavy in calf, it would be quite sufficient.

Nova Scotia is admirably adapted to the moose. The forests abound with their favourite browse, and the surface of the country is dotted over with lakes, which afford them a refuge from the flies in summer. The moose, since the extinction of its relative the great Irish elk, is the largest and finest of the deer tribe. And as an ornament to the Acadian forest and a guest whose keep costs nothing he deserves to be taken care of. I say that his keep costs nothing, because if moose were exterminated to-morrow the province could not pasture one head of cattle or one sheep the more.

Whether the moose (*Cervus alces*) of North America is identical with the elk of Northern Europe is a matter that has not been quite settled by naturalists. There are some slight differences, chiefly, I believe, in the size and shade of colour; but these points of difference we see in almost all species, man included, who live under different conditions of country, climate, &c. Several animals and many birds are common to the more northern parts of both continents,* and it seems more than probable that the moose is one of these.

Most animals whose homes are in the north are provided by nature with a disguise in the winter, their colour more or less approaching to that of the snow. The moose is an exception to this rule, his coat turning darker in

* For instance, lynx, marten, snowy owl, hawk-owl (*P. Tridactylus*), and other woodpeckers, wax-wing, snow bunting, black-cap, titmouse, pine grosbeak, willow grouse, also several gulls, ducks (*Anatidæ*), waders, divers, and puffins.

winter; the bulls, in fact, are quite black at this season. The cariboo turns nearly white in winter, the ermine, weasel, and the American hare pure white. But the moose is the monarch of the forest and needs no disguise. He fears no beast of prey that lives in the northern regions. Nature never contemplated giving animals protection against man, to whom in the beginning was given dominion over the beasts of the field.

The moose is essentially a tree-eating animal. His fore legs are so long and his neck so short that he could not graze with comfort. The long prehensile upper lip or moufle serves the same purpose to him as the trunk of the elephant. His neck is only about twelve inches in length, but enormously strong and muscular, as it needs to be in order to support the great head, which is two feet in length, and the horns which weigh about fifty pounds in a full-grown male.

The fall is the best time of the year to visit the haunts of the moose. The weather at this season is all that can be desired, bright and clear and bracing, and if there is a little frost at night, it only serves to make the sportsman enjoy his camp fire all the more. Although he cannot refrain from an involuntary shiver when he thinks of the rigours of winter, yet he is disposed to be very tolerant of these early and mild symptoms of Jack Frost's arrival, for the sake of the brilliant and varied colours which the woods assume at his first approach. No one who has not seen it can have any conception of the beauty and variety of the autumnal tints of the foliage in this country. On one maple tree, even on one leaf, may be seen green, yellow, scarlet, and crimson, and many different shades of

each of these colours, which appear the more vivid by contrast with the dark and gloomy pines and firs. There are more signs of animal life in the woods at this season than at any other. The young birds are strong on the wing; none of the migratory species have left; and the animals and those birds that remain the winter are either busily engaged in putting on a good coating of fat to protect themselves from the cold, or, like the beaver, are laying in stores of provisions.

This is the rutting season of the moose, and the hunter, for his own base purposes, imitates the amorous roars of the cow, which she utters periodically to make known her whereabouts to the bull. From the 20th of September to the 20th of October is the season for moose calling, and the full of the moon is the best time, as the bulls seldom come up to call before sunset. I have had most success in that short half-hour between sundown and dark. Later than that, even with moonlight, no one can make sure of his shot; and the moose, though not a very difficult animal to kill, is, I have always thought, more tenacious of life at this time of year than at any other, and requires to be hit in the right spot. The old bulls leave off running the soonest; the young ones I have called as late as the first week in November. They are very pugnacious in the rutting season, and fight desperately. On one occasion, had it not been for my impatience, I should have witnessed one of these encounters. I was calling in a little barren or open space in the woods, and during a quarter of an hour of breathless suspense I could hear two bulls advancing towards me from different directions, and both so near that it was a

toss-up which would come first. At last one fellow came out into the open, and stood defiantly awaiting the approach of his rival, whom he could plainly hear ram-paging through the neighbouring thicket. Had I been able to control my impatience for a minute or two, I should no doubt have seen a set-to between these gigantic beasts; but it is a hard matter for the sportsman to keep his finger off the trigger of his rifle when a beast some seventeen or eighteen hands high, and with a pair of antlers five feet in the stretch, lying back on his withers, stands broadside on within fifty yards. The temptation was too much for me, and as I fired I heard the horns of his would-be antagonist crashing through the alder bushes not fifty yards off. After getting his death wound he never moved whilst one might count thirty, and then, lurching heavily once or twice like a boat in a sea, he came down with a crash, stone dead. On another occasion a wounded bull charged me repeatedly, in a most determined but rather blundering way. Fortunately I was in the woods, and had no difficulty in avoiding his attacks by dodging round the trees. Had it been in the open, I might not have fared so well.

The call of a cow, which the hunter imitates through a horn or trumpet made of birch bark, is a series of grunts or groans, winding up with a prolonged, dismal, and rather unearthly roar, which in calm weather can be heard distinctly at a distance of two or three miles. One peculiarity of the moose is that for a great distance he can go straight to the point from whence the call proceeds, even after a considerable time has elapsed, and without a repetition of the sound to guide him. Thus

after calling unsuccessfully of an evening, I have known a moose come straight to the place on the following morning from a distance of nearly two miles. The most favourable time for calling is a still frosty evening—in fact, a bad scenting evening; anything but “a southerly wind and a cloudy sky.” Many a moose I have lost from his having crossed my tracks on his approach. For this reason, when practicable, it is best to call from a canoe, paddled up to, and concealed in, a little island or point on a lake or river. Sitting in a spot like this for the greater part of a night is sometimes a severe tax on the sportsman’s patience—repeating his call at intervals of a quarter of an hour or so, and getting no response but the more dismal echo of his dismal call repeated here and there through the woods. But, on the other hand, I know of nothing more exciting than to hear a moose slowly approaching through the woods: one is sometimes kept on the tiptoe of expectation for half an hour or even longer. The stillness after sunset is so profound, that his slightest movement is distinctly audible. The sportsman hardly dares to breathe; and when at last the animal comes out on the lake or opening within range it is a grand moment, if happily he has not delayed his coming till too late to be seen. Moose walk at the rate of about four miles an hour, even in woods so thick that it is hard to understand how they get their horns through. They carry their heads high, noses well up, and horns thrown back on their withers. When disturbed they move in a long shambling trot, clearing every obstruction in their stride; they never jump or gallop.

The Nova Scotian Indians are the best moose callers in

the world, and among them the old men are better than the young ones. I have never seen a white man who could call moose really well. Sometimes they answer to the call much more readily than at others. I once brought up a lusty young bull by tearing a piece of birch bark off a tree to make a horn; he heard the noise and came up, so I had no further trouble. I have at different times brought up moose from a distance, who came to my call unsuspectingly, without needing any further stimulus in the shape of a low, half-suppressed call, which the more wary old bulls sometimes need to bring them within shot. These low calls, made when the moose is pausing, uncertain whether to come or go, close to the caller yet not within shot, require the greatest skill—a false note, and all is lost. I have at times seen an old Indian trembling with excitement, the small end of his horn to his lips, the other end on the ground to deaden the sound—his face puffed up with the volumes of wind he is pouring into his horn, which produce a low and far-off-sounding series of grunts.

There is something very charming in moose calling on a lake or river far back in the woods on a fine September evening, when one is dry and warm. The foliage is beautiful, as I said before, and so are the reflections on the water, owing, I suppose, to the clearness of the atmosphere. The smooth surface of the water is broken here and there by the rising of a trout, or by the ripple in the wake of a musquash. The only sounds heard are the shrieking and hooting of the owls, the chattering of the squirrels, the drumming of the partridge,* and the discordant voice of the kingfisher as he throws himself into

* *T. Umbellus.*

the water after his prey. Sometimes black duck may be heard quacking and shaking their wings, and an odd fox yelping; and where beaver abound they make known their existence by hitting the water great whacks with their tails. After sunset most of these sounds cease, and the silence is most profound. The ears then get very sharp, and detect the slightest sound of an approaching beast. It is very annoying, but it often happens that the moose, although quite close, will not come out to the lake till after dusk, when it is too dark to see. I have seen a moose's reflection on the water, and yet have been unable to discover the beast, so profoundly dark is the background of woods.

The old bulls cast their horns early in November, but the young ones retain theirs much longer, sometimes till the month of March. In July the horns are soft and velvety, next month they rub off the velvet against the bushes, and in September they are in full bloom. The largest horns I ever measured were five feet three inches across from tip to tip, but I heard of a pair that measured six feet. In summer moose frequent the swamps and low-lying lands in the proximity of lakes and rivers, and in mid-summer they spend the greater part of the day in the water, to escape the flies which torment them. At this time they eat the leaves and stalks of the water lilies, and when thus employed they are easily approached in a canoe. During the rest of the year they live altogether on browse. In summer the bulls are very fat, but later on they fall off in condition, and in the fall are hardly fit to eat; but at this time cows are excellent. No beef is more juicy or tender than the meat of a dry cow moose in the fall of the year.

The cows have sometimes one, generally two calves, in the month of May, and the calves remain with their mothers for one year, and then go off on their own account. The hair of the moose is of two different sorts—one long, coarse, and brittle; the other or inner coat, is of a soft, woolly nature, and is manufactured by the squaws into gloves and stockings. The hide is the most porous of any skin that I have seen, and when well dressed by the Indians with oil, soap, and above all, hand-rubbing and camp smoke, it is as soft and pliable as cloth, and makes famous mocassins. The green hide is worth five dollars; for this hundreds of moose are butchered in the deep snow, and the carcasses left to rot.

As the haunts of the moose are in thick forest, where it is impossible to see any object at a greater distance off than sixty or seventy yards, and as their senses of hearing and smell are very acute, it requires more skill and experience to creep them in the fall than it does to hunt any other animal in this country. The Micmacs of Nova Scotia are by far the best moose hunters. The hunter would seem to require two or three pairs of eyes instead of one. He must steer clear of rotten sticks, for to tread on one is ruin to his hopes, and the ground is covered with them. As he creeps along on fresh tracks, he must keep a sharp look-out for the animal, and at the same time watch the wind and the browse. Unlike the cariboo, who are always travelling about feeding as they go along, the moose, when the rutting season is over, if not disturbed, choose a locality abounding with their favourite browse—*young maple and moose wood*—and remain there for the rest of the year, contracting their daily rambles in search of food

as the snow gets deeper, until at last the "yard" is only about an acre or two in extent. One great difficulty in creeping moose is that, whereas the tracks one is hunting are going in one direction, the hunter cannot be certain that the moose may not have doubled round and got his wind; for this reason the Indian, when well to leeward of the yard, quarters his ground against wind much as a well-trained pointer quarters a stubble field. Moose lie down invariably to leeward of their yard, so that anyone coming on their tracks where they have been feeding is at once detected. Although they rely chiefly on their noses for protection, their great ears, which resemble a donkey's, are always on the alert. When the wind is howling through the tree tops, and the trees are rustling and groaning as they are swayed backwards and forwards, let the hunter tread on a rotten stick, and the moose will at once detect it, distinguish it from the other sounds, and be off. As I said before, moose are well able to take care of themselves except for a short time at the close of the winter, when the snow is deep and the crust sufficiently hard to give good footing on the surface.

I shall never forget my first introduction to moose hunting. It seems but yesterday that I sat on a fallen tree in a narrow neck of land that divides two lakes in the Ship Harbour country not fifty miles from Halifax. I was then new to large game, but Peter Joe, a six-foot Micmac, and the best moose hunter I have ever seen, had sworn to show me a moose within forty yards, "suppose you not break too many sticks." Two days I toiled in the wake of this man of steel and whalebone, till every joint in my body ached. We started heaps of moose out of their

yards, but it was the still Indian summer weather, and I had not got a shot. "Sartin, Mister, you break too many sticks," said Peter. That was all very well, but as I could not walk perfectly silently at the rate of five miles an hour through a thick wood barred with treacherous rampikes and underlaid with rotten sticks—as I was neither a crawling serpent nor a jack snipe—as I had to perform or try to perform these acrobatic feats, moreover, with my backbone doubled up like the letter S—and finally, as my leave was up next day, I rather despaired of getting a moose. But Peter Joe, as I afterwards learned, was at all times and under any circumstances able to circumvent the wily moose. On the third day—like the man of genius that he was—he determined that as I could not go to the moose the moose should come to me.

It was a still mild morning—the trout were jumping in the rivulet, a restless kingfisher was flying backwards and forwards screaming harshly, and a loon was laughing as he floated on the smooth surface of the lake—when I heard a sound which made me hold my breath; it was the who-o-o-ooop of the hunter thrice repeated. This was the signal that the fleet Peter, who had taken a long circuit through the woods, had started a moose. What glorious excitement! My eyes are strained peering into the forest. A stray black fly not yet frozen up looks as big as a turkey, and when a cock partridge at the edge of the lake beats his muffled drum my heart leaps into my mouth. Dead silence succeeds, and the woods swim before my overstrained eyeballs. I listen in vain for the sound of approaching steps, when close to me a moving object catches my eye. It is—no, it isn't—yes, *it is*—a grand

bull moose, looking black as jet, all but his nose and horns; the latter are laid back on his withers as he noiselessly approaches. The buck fever is on me, and I fire the right barrel wildly. He stops, turns round, and for one moment stands broadside on. The buck fever is on me still, but the mark is as big as a house, and only thirty yards off, and by some fluke my second barrel tells. Then, not noiselessly as before, but with a tremendous row, the grand animal dashes back through the wood. Long after I lose sight of him I hear the crashing of the branches. I reload mechanically, but remain, like a man stunned or dazed, rooted to the spot. Peter soon arrives and wakes me up, and after half an hour's tracking we get up to and dispatch my first moose.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPE BRETON.

CAPE BRETON is the highlands of Nova Scotia, and fitly enough we find it settled by Highlanders whose ancestors came out from Scotland about the commencement of the century, and finding a country that somewhat reminded them of their own, since it was lashed by the same ocean, enveloped in the same fog, and pelted by the same merciless snow, sleet, and rain; finding the surface of the country, its rocks and its hills, something like Scotland; the lakes and rivers inhabited by the same kinds of fish; the soil yielding the same sort of crops; finding so many points of resemblance between Cape Breton and their native land, these hardy fellows settled down among the Acadians whom they found there.

The scenery of Cape Breton is very fine. The hills fall somewhat short of mountains, but they rise boldly from the water's edge, and are clothed to the summits with beech, maple, and birch, the light green of the deciduous trees being relieved by the dark green, almost black, of the fir tribe which grow in sombre masses in the ravines, and "gulches" forming an effective setting to the hills. Cape Breton has an extraordinary length of coast-line. Instead of being one island, it narrowly escapes being a group of islands. The Bras d'Or, a pretty landlocked sea, navigable for vessels of any size, which has its outlet into the ocean

at Sydney, extends to within a mile of the other extremity of the island, so that Cape Breton is in fact a horseshoe of land in the Atlantic with an exterior and interior coastline. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather in winter, it is not shut off from the rest of the world. Owing to the strong tides, the gut of Canso, which separates the island from the mainland, is always free from ice.

The Acadian-French part of the population are fishermen and live on the sea-coast. The Scotch depend upon their cattle, for which the island is well adapted. As a provision against the long hard winter, nature has provided an ample supply of grass which grows on the intervaes. The hills make good pastures in the summer. Grass springs up on them as soon as light is admitted by the clearing of the forest. As for the intervaes, they are flooded and top-dressed every spring by the overflow of the rivers swollen by the melting snow. The intervale of Margaree, which extends for some miles along both sides of the river of the same name, cuts $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons of hay to the acre. This intervale hay, though inferior to upland hay, is well suited to horned cattle and sheep. Large quantities of beef and butter are exported to Newfoundland and other places. The farmers get about \$10 a cwt. for the former and 18 or 20 cents a lb. for the latter, and these prices pay them very well. On Mr. Campbell's farm at Margaree I saw thirty young calves in a paddock. I mention this to give some idea of the stock that can be kept even in this cold country by farmers who are fortunate enough to own some intervale. The cattle are good milkers but small, with a good deal of the Ayrshire blood. For six months of the year they get nothing but hay. When

summer comes each farmer brands his cattle and turns them out. They wander about in herds over the hills and through the forest, and are not perhaps seen by their owners from the day that they are turned out till the snow falls. A stranger on seeing the rough and rugged nature of the pastures is astonished at the condition of the cattle, but the practical farmer knows the value of a large scope for his cattle, and the advantages of a variety of feed in keeping his stock in health, and he will readily understand that these animals thrive on apparently scant pastures because they have miles upon miles of rough country to feed over, with plenty of water and shelter. I have had the opportunity more than once of comparing the condition of cattle enclosed in fat though contracted pastures with that of others who roved through the wilderness in the manner I have described above, and the comparison has invariably been in favour of the latter. The diversity of feed caused by the many varieties of grasses and herbs cropped as they ramble at will through the wilderness, more than compensates for the abundance of one sort of feed which the civilized ox surfeits himself upon in his rich though narrow pasture. Upland farms with buildings cost from 200*l.* to 500*l.* in Cape Breton. Intervale land about 7*l.* or 8*l.* an acre. Crown land can be bought for 10*l.* the 100 acres, but this land is not even worth this small price, the best of it having all been picked out. There is little or no emigration to Cape Breton. Farm labourers can earn about \$12 per month, but there is no great demand for labour.

The chief wealth of Cape Breton consists in her coal fields, which contain coal of excellent quality, and are

apparently inexhaustible. They crop out here and there all over the island, but are worked mainly in the vicinity of Sydney, where there is an excellent harbour.

No part of British North America is better situated as regards the fisheries than Cape Breton. Cape Breton schooners are to be met with on the Newfoundland banks off Anticosti and off Labrador, following their business. The owner of the fishing schooner is often the merchant, who gets half the catch, the crew getting the other half; but as the latter are obliged to take all their food, stores, gear, &c., from the merchant at his own valuation, the balance that remains to the poor fisherman after his debts are paid, is very small at the best, and often there is no balance at all. It is the habit of certain people to talk of the tyranny of an aristocracy. The little finger of a merchant where the truck system is in vogue is thicker than the loins of any aristocrat in the Old World. In all but the extreme outlying places of the Dominion the people have emancipated themselves from this tyranny, but the poor fishermen in many places still groan under it. The merchant waxes fat and kicks, the fisherman toils all his life at an occupation fraught with hardship and danger, and, though the fisheries of the St. Lawrence are rich beyond the imagination of an old-country man, he remains always poor and often down-trodden. Jersey merchants monopolize some of the best fishing stations in the gulf. One of their factories is at Chetecamp, in Cape Breton. These establishments are models of order, system, and good management; no woman is admitted within their precincts, and married men are objected to. Codfish abound on the

coasts, so do mackerel, herring, salmon, sea trout, and halibut: the latter fish are enormous; one of them will sometimes make two barrels of fish (of 2 cwt. each) when cleaned and salted down. Seals are scarce, and so are white porpoises. In the Bras d'Or there are lobsters and capital oysters. In the winter, when this inland sea is frozen over, there is excellent fishing in it, through holes in the ice, for cod, haddock, and other fish.

Cape Breton horses are small, but wonderfully tough and hardy little animals, possessing a turn of speed. By the way, how is it that horses appear to do work in an inverse ratio to their looks and size? I mean, how is it that the neglected-looking mustang, or the rough little grass-fed Cape Breton horse, can do a better day's work than the highly-cared-for 16-hand English carriage horse. I saw a Cape Breton horse 14.3 high, just off the grass, travel 80 miles on rough and hilly roads with two heavy men in a waggon behind him, and this on a summer day between 4 A.M. and 7 P.M., and he was none the worse for it. I believe it is the climate. The bracing air of the maritime provinces of the Dominion enables the horse to do double work, as it certainly does the man. I have seen a yellow, faded American who could not walk five miles to save his life in his own country, sniff the air of the St. Lawrence, and do his ten miles without turning a hair. It seems a pity that in a country where horses thrive so admirably, they do not take a little more pains in their breeding. By judicious breeding there is no reason why they should not combine size and good looks with the native hardiness, and thus produce a highly valuable animal, which would command a high price and be a

source of wealth to the province. The Cape Breton men are fond of horseflesh, and are fast and apparently reckless drivers; only apparently, however, for the little nags are as sure-footed as goats; were they not, the road from Port Hawkesbury to West Bay would be one hecatomb of mangled travellers. The roads are bad. If anyone wishes to see a trap driven down a steep hill at the rate of 12 or 15 miles an hour, on a road full of deep holes and covered with big boulders, I can recommend him to Cape Breton. He will also (a rare sight in North America) see the farmers and their wives and daughters riding to church or to market. Sometimes the ladies go in pairs, and stout indeed must be the little nag who can carry the buxom charms of two Cape Breton lasses.

The Scotch settlers in Cape Breton are a fine, hardy, good-looking race of people. The old men who were born in Scotland complain that the young fellows are falling off in strength. If there is any falling off, it is caused by their neglect of the commonest rules of health. The inhabitants of these maritime provinces would be the strongest men in the world, and live to extreme old age if they only took ordinary care of themselves. They utterly disregard wet and cold, ice and snow, and treat their digestive organs with contempt. Neglecting the good old porridge which strengthened their ancestors, and the coarse but nutritious bread made out of the home-grown corn, they now eat quantities of the finest American flour, badly cooked, and washed down with a black and bitter infusion, called tea. They do not take the trouble to grow any vegetable but the potato, and very rarely eat fresh meat.

Scotch settlers, even in the third generation, still speak

Gaelic. An Englishman, and especially an Irishman, settled in a new country, soon becomes assimilated; a Scotchman never. Now I feel that I am treading on dangerous ground when I say that the Scotchman does not make the best of settlers. I consider that the north of Ireland man makes by far the best settler in a new country. He possesses all the sterling qualities of the Scotchman without the overweening conceit which causes the latter to think and to maintain that nothing can be good and nothing can be right that is not Scotch.

Cape Breton was formerly celebrated for the number and size of its moose. They are now very scarce. Cariboo are more plentiful. Towards the north point there is a large district of unsettled country in which there are large plains, where I believe the hunting is good. Fur of all sorts is also scarce, all except the irrepressible musquash. It was once a beaver country, but now I am told that animal is extinct on the island. There are still, however, a few bears, foxes, otter, mink, marten, and loup-cervier. The Canada goose and brant touch the island in their spring and fall migrations, also a few plover and curlew. The black duck, red head, wood duck, and two or three of the mergansers breed on the island. There is good duck shooting in the fall, in the month of October. River Deny and Lake Ainslie are about the best localities for the duck shooter. Snipe also hatch in Cape Breton, and a few cock, but not in sufficient numbers to afford much sport.

The angling in Cape Breton, as in Nova Scotia, is free. The principal salmon rivers are the Margaree, the Chetecamp, and the St. Annes. The rivers are not so much

dammed as in Nova Scotia, and salmon run up many of the other rivers, but late in the season.

The Margaree is the best free river, not only in Nova Scotia, but in the Dominion, and it is the only river in the Dominion on which the angler is not devoured by flies. When the forest is cut down, the flies disappear. This river flows through a large cleared interval between two ranges of high forest-clad hills. But the Margaree, notwithstanding its many charms, is not the angler's paradise. Were it so, I fear I should be selfish enough not to divulge the fact to my readers. Angling, though a refining, civilizing, gentle sport (the partisans of vivisection notwithstanding), brings out some of the worst qualities of our nature, and those of the fraternity who are not troubled with a superfluity of coin, when they hit upon a really good thing, are forced to be selfish, in order to save their own fishing. There are only a few miles of really good fishing water, and on this there are twelve or fourteen rods generally. The Americans have destroyed all their own rivers by reckless mismanagement, and of late years, having taken to angling, they haunt Canadian rivers to the advantage of canoe-men and others, but to the sad perplexity of Canadian anglers.

On a river, such as I have been describing, the idiosyncrasies of anglers can be studied. First we have the plodding, patient, persevering fisherman, who flogs the water from early morning to late evening, often without even seeing a fin. What an amount of hope, faith, and patience he displays! He takes his pleasure sadly enough, for when you tell him that there is no use in fishing, he acknowledges with a sigh that you are right, but flogs

away as industriously as ever. He is hated for disturbing the waters, but his temper is perfect, and he is proof against any amount of chaff. He takes the rough with the smooth, and is certain of his reward in the long run.

Then there is the jealous man, who is always racing to get ahead of you on the river, and when he gets there will not take time to fish it properly, but hurries on to anticipate you at another pool. An angler of this stamp hates you if you catch a fish, and is not good company on a river.

There is also the unlucky man, who never kills a fish. He and the fish never can hit it off, so as to be on the river at the same time, or even if he does manage to hook an odd salmon, the fly is sure to go at the head, the line to get a hitch round the handle of the reel, or after twenty minutes' play the fly comes back in his face. What is the cause of this? Sometimes laziness, sometimes stupidity, sometimes want of faith—a knowledge that he is the unlucky man, which produces a feeling of nervousness quite fatal to success. Nine times out of ten we can account for the unlucky man's failure, but in the tenth case we are forced to set it down to pure ill luck.

We are all familiar with the novice, whose rod is broken two or three times a day, and whose fly, when not fast in a tree, is hitched securely in the seat of his knickerbockers.

There is the father of the river, the gentleman who fished it for twenty years undisturbed, and whose indignation when first his favourite pools were invaded and his pet casts ravished cannot readily be described. Time

has not healed his wounds, and though he still takes his chance on the river, it is as a disappointed and an injured man.

Then there is the man who goes a-fishing merely to have a heavy drink. He drinks at home, he drinks everywhere; he rarely casts a fly, so what particular pleasure he derives from making a beast of himself on the bank of a river, I never could discover, unless, indeed, it is that on his return to his family he may brag of having killed fish when no one else on the river could get a rise, or display to his boon companions the identical fly that killed the (imaginary) forty-pounder.

All the above types of the genus angler are, I suppose, common to all free rivers, but on the Margaree and a few other Canadian rivers may, in addition, be found Yankee fishermen who spoil sport. The American gentleman is a delightful companion wherever you find him. But I allude to the Yankee sportsman—the man who may be seen in his native country driving in a buggy with a black frock-coat, a wideawake, and a big cigar; he now fishes your pool, clad in the same black frock-coat with a deringer in his pocket.

All this diversity of character on the Margaree (with the exception of the gentleman in the frock-coat), if it does not make good fishing at least tends to a “good time.” There is a little society, a little visiting from tent to tent, and a little entertaining gossip, which is often welcome to the angler.

Different men have different ideas of comfort. One sleeps under his upturned canoe and eats pork and biscuit with his fingers; his next neighbour has an

elaborate tent, and eats dainties with a silver fork. A middle course between these extremes commends itself most to me. A man wants a dry bed and wholesome food. Luxuries appear to me to be a mistake on these occasions. Exercise and fresh air give health and appetite for simple fare, and the man who lives well at home is all the better for abstinence from luxuries when camping out. The most luxurious anglers are the Americans; they are generally good fellows, but indifferent fishermen. They can talk for hours most sagaciously on the theory of angling, but they fall off in the practice of it. Their rods, their reels, their flies are all works of art, expensive ones too, as they take care to inform you. They are always self-satisfied, always droll, always hospitable. They never go anywhere without pistols and champagne, and have altogether too much excitement and froth for genuine anglers. I know no man who goes in for sport like the Englishman; he goes in for sport and sport alone. The American, on the contrary, looks for a "good time." He enjoys a little sport well enough when it comes, but as a rule he will not work hard for it, or perhaps I should say he cannot; he lacks the stamina necessary for prolonged physical exertion.

The season for Margaree is from June 20th to about July 20th. I have known one rod kill fifty salmon in that time. Fish average about 15 lbs. The river is greatly over-netted at the mouth, and there is very little attempt made to enforce the fishery laws in Cape Breton. The law itself is satisfactory enough; several of the clauses struck me as being particularly good; for instance: "Any person finding a net or other machine illegally set, can

destroy same,' but the person so doing must make the matter public according to a certain prescribed form. Again, "Any person discovered at night with a spear or a torch, shall be considered in the act of spearing salmon," of course unless he can prove to the contrary. And again, "Every net, trap, or machine for catching fish must have attached to it the name of owner legibly written."

There is good trouting in Cape Breton, both sea trout and brook trout; the latter abound in all the rivers and lakes as in Nova Scotia. Sea trout run in Margaree, Chetecamp, St. Annes, Black River, River Inhabitants, Bedeque, Middle River, and many others; they pursue the smelt into the mouths of the rivers in the month of May, but do not ascend till July. The uninitiated are apt to confound the brook trout (*S. Fontinalis*) with the sea trout (*S. Canadensis*). In many Canadian rivers the brook trout descend to the tideways probably for food, and there acquire a bright silvery hue, which is supposed to be one of the characteristics of the sea trout.

The gaspereau, sometimes called the "alewife" from an Indian word aloof (a fish), (*Alosa tyrannus*), is a member of the *Clupeidæ* which frequents the Nova Scotian, Cape Breton, and New Brunswick rivers in great numbers, but which I have not seen in any other waters of the Dominion. The catch of these fish in the two provinces amounts to 50,000 barrels a year, and they form a very welcome addition to the means of the farmers who live along the banks of the rivers they frequent. I heard of one farmer on the Margaree whose catch in one year amounted to 50*l.* worth. The expense connected with

the fishery is very trifling; in fact, it is merely the labour of the man who fishes. In ascending the river, the gaspereau keep close to the bank to avoid the rapid water. A bush fence a few yards in length is rigged out to compel the fish to pass up through a little channel which is left open near the bank. The fisherman stands on a platform with a large box at his side and scoops up the gaspereau with a scoop-net—a sort of exaggerated landing net—as they pass up through the channel, emptying them into the box. When the fish are running fast, he gets as many at each scoop as he is able to lift. The fish are then salted and barrelled for market. They are inferior to herrings, which they much resemble in appearance; but I am told that in certain hot climates they are preferred to those fish, as they are less affected by the heat.

The gaspereau chooses a shallow lake with a sandy bottom to spawn in, and only ascends rivers or streams that flow from such lakes. Many of their favourite rivers in Nova Scotia have been dammed, and a source of much profit has thus been lost to the inhabitants. The gaspereau, like the salmon, returns always from the sea to its own river, but unlike the salmon it remains a very short time in the fresh water. They ascend the rivers before the salmon, viz. in the end of May and beginning of June. They are then gravid, and after depositing their spawn they return at once to the sea. From the time of their ascent to their return, is only three weeks. After spawning they are very weak and impoverished, and descend the rapids, tail foremost; they soon recuperate in the salt water, where they have been taken with the “fall mackerel” in splendid condition. After being hatched,

the young fish remain in the lakes for about a year, viz. till the following August, when they make their first trip to the sea. At this time they are about two inches or two inches and a half in length. They do not breed till the third year. I base this assertion on the fact that a second run of small-sized fish, without spawn or melt, follows immediately after the ascent of the gravid gaspereau. They are said to be hostile to the *Salmonidæ*, and I have noticed that lakes which they frequent in great numbers seem to be shunned by salmon and trout. On two occasions when angling I have caught gaspereau on a salmon fly. It is a stupid thing, and I might almost say a wicked thing, to shut the gaspereau out from their spawning beds. Settlers along the banks of Nova Scotian, Cape Breton, and New Brunswick rivers are not generally so rich as to be able to dispense with the little fixed incomes which these fish would surely afford them if they were allowed fair play.

CHAPTER VII.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND is a small corner of the Dominion which, from its beauty, fertility, and great maritime facilities, only requires to become better known to the world in order to make a rapid progress in wealth and prosperity.

Two circumstances, one the work of man, the other of nature, have hitherto contributed to keep this island in the background: I allude firstly, to its peculiar system of land tenure; secondly, to its isolated position.

In order to make my reader understand the first of these, a short sketch of the early settlement of the island becomes necessary.

The Isle of St. John—which afterwards became Prince Edward Island—so called after H.R.H. Prince Edward Duke of Kent, was by the Treaty of Paris in 1763 ceded by the French to King George III. Soon after it was divided into sixty-seven townships, each containing 20,000 acres, and these townships were distributed by lot amongst hangers-on of the court, who had, or were supposed to have, claims upon the Government of the day. This is the way colonial affairs were managed in the olden time. Two conditions were attached to these grants of land; one was the payment of a certain quit-rent to the Crown; the other was, that proprietors should send out

German Protestants to their lands in the proportion of at least 200 to each township. Neither of these conditions were complied with, and this is a feature in the case which should not be forgotten when one comes to consider the treatment which the descendants of those original proprietors have just received at the hands of the Prince Edward Island Government.

Prior to its cession to England, Prince Edward Island had been settled by Acadian refugees from Nova Scotia, who, driven from their old homes earlier in the century, had fraternized and even intermarried with the aboriginal inhabitants of the island. The Acadians are, and always have been, a quiet, simple, and inoffensive people, but they clung with tenacity to the soil, and thus became a troublesome squatting element on the new estates.

Lord Selkirk, the most enterprising of the original proprietors, sent out a shipload of emigrants from his estate in Scotland to his fief in the New World. But with this honourable exception the first proprietors never performed one of the duties of a landlord—they never helped to people their lands, they never lived on them, nor spent money on them.

This system of land tenure—almost, if not altogether, the only one of its kind in the New World—has been from first to last a serious drawback to the development of Prince Edward Island, and it has been the unceasing task of the local legislature for many years to endeavour to counteract its ill effects. The descendants and representatives of the grantees have, with one or two exceptions, always been absentees. Their affairs have been managed by agents who, in many cases, thought more of putting

money into their own pockets than of attending to the interests either of landlord or tenant. Consequently rents fell in arrear to an almost incalculable amount. Squatters sprung up who held adversely to proprietors. In short the land tenure of the island became an Augean stable which required a strong broom to cleanse it.

It is true that the grievance of the tenants was in most cases a sentimental rather than a matter-of-fact one. Many of them held their lands at rents varying from 6*d.* to 1*s.* an acre on leases of 999 years—a tenure which, to an old-country farmer would, no doubt, be vastly satisfactory. But a grievance is none the less a grievance because it happens to be one of sentiment. On the American continent there is a firm and ineradicable objection to the landlord-and-tenant system, and many Prince Edward Island farmers, sooner than clear and improve land for which they were obliged to pay the trifling rent of 6*d.* or 1*s.* an acre, emigrated to other provinces where land when cleared and laboured would be absolutely and entirely their own.

The method at first adopted by the local government to check this evil was to buy land from such proprietors as could be induced to sell, and then resell on favourable terms of payment to the occupiers of the soil. By this means two-thirds of the proprietors were disposed of. The other third, however, could not be tempted to part with their seigniorial rights, for the desire to be a landlord, even of a barren inheritance, is as strong in the Old World as the desire to escape from landlordism appears to be in the New. So matters stood at the confederation of the colonies.

Prince Edward Island, considering its interests, not identical with Canada proper, for a long time held aloof from confederation. Finally it was won over by bribes, one of which was a sum of \$800,000 to buy out the claims of the proprietors. A compulsory Act was then passed by the local government, and approved by the Dominion, providing for the purchase of land from proprietors, and appointing a commission to value the claims and assess payments. The commission consisted of three members, one appointed by the local government, another by the proprietors, and the third by the Governor-General of Canada. Lord Dufferin appointed Mr. Childers, who, as holding the balance between two contending parties, has been virtually the arbitrator. The proprietors got from 4s. an acre in some cases, up to nearly 1*l.* in others. The principle that seems to have guided the commission in their decisions, appears to have been to capitalize the net profits of landlords (excluding arrears of rent and deducting expenses of collecting and management), giving them each a lump sum which, at 6 per cent. (interest of Canadian bonds), will be equivalent to their old net income.

The worst feature of these sweeping land measures is that they hold out a premium to the hard and grasping landlord, while they are hard upon the indulgent and easy-going one. The amount of the paid-up rent was the basis of the final settlement, not the actual value of the land. An injustice has been done in this case to one or two kind and indulgent proprietors who did not screw up their rents to the highest pitch. Every arbitrary law that interferes with the rights of property and forces one

citizen to part with his goods to another, must necessarily carry along with it a certain measure of injustice to the individual. But, on the other hand, this measure has swept away the remains of a system of land tenure not suited to the atmosphere of the New World, and which has in times past been a heavy drag to the progress of Prince Edward Island. Feudalism has at last worn itself out in America, and the soil of the island can now be acquired and held as in other settled parts of the Dominion.

The second cause that retards the advancement of Prince Edward Island is one that cannot be so summarily removed. I allude to its geographical position. Situated at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it is just in the right place to intercept the floating ice of which there is such a plentiful winter crop in these waters. Although only eight miles distant from the mainland at the narrowest part of the straits, the extreme danger and difficulty of the navigation virtually cuts off the island from the rest of the world during five months of the year. This is caused by the ice, which, owing to the strong currents that prevail, does not form into a solid bridge, but is continually moving and shaping itself into walls and barriers which greatly obstruct the navigation. Mails cross these straits with a certain amount of regularity during winter, but passengers only do so when compelled by urgent necessity. The vehicles used for this service are very light boats, sheathed with tin and fitted with sleigh runners. They are dragged along the uneven surface of the ice by straps, which are fastened to the gunwale of the boat. Each man passes one of these straps round the shoulders for safety. Occasionally patches of

open water of greater or less extent occur, when the men jump in and row. Now and then barriers of broken ice as high as house tops have to be surmounted. But, worst of all, "lolly" has to be crossed. Lolly is a description of soft ice, which is too soft to walk over and too substantial to work a boat through. I can only compare it to those soft green and oozy places in a bog or swamp with which most snipe shooters are familiar, into which the novice blunders up to his armpits, and which require a cat-like and rapid step to cross. Carrying the mails across these straits is therefore an arduous and perilous service; it is rarely done under four hours of hard toil, and often takes ten or twelve hours to perform. The boatmen are such admirable judges of ice and of weather, that fatal accidents rarely occur, but when it is considered that the mercury is sometimes 10° or 20° below zero during these crossings, it cannot be wondered at that Jack Frost sometimes seizes hold of a toe, an ear, or a nose. To drive him away the part has to be rubbed with snow, or if the toe is affected, a little brandy is poured into the boot.

I do not know whether it is possible for engineering skill to conquer the difficulty of these straits, but, even if it be, the money required to build a bridge or to tunnel under the water would be enormous. An ice steamer could be constructed capable of forcing its way across the straits for at least two months longer than navigation is now open, viz. seven months, and the suggestion has been made by a local engineer of running out long wharfs, say a mile in length, at each side, round which ice would lodge and form in sufficient strength to

support the weight of a horse and sleigh. This is certainly feasible, and would shorten the passage considerably, and probably also abutments might be made in mid-channel.

Even in summer the island is somewhat out of the beaten track. The only steamers that ply between the island and the mainland are owned by a company who run their boats to suit—I don't know who, unless it be themselves—they certainly do not endeavour to suit the public. The travelling public therefore stay away, and the island, which is admirably suited from climatic and other reasons for a summer resort, loses those dollars with which travellers pave their way. It is not sufficiently known, and its resources are not therefore developed as they might be.

The second bribe given to Prince Edward Island to induce her to cast in her fortunes with the Dominion was a railway. The other maritime provinces and British Columbia were also "railwayed" into confederation, and the same process is being now applied to the recalcitrant province of Newfoundland.

The process of "railwaying" a province into confederation is briefly this. Send agents into the coveted province to raise an agitation for a railroad. Square the press and foster this agitation by every possible means. Get a railway bill passed in the local legislature, keeping the cost quietly in the background. This can be accomplished by liberal promises, a few substantial gifts, and an order or two of St. Michael and St. George. Money seems plentiful at first, and the railroad progresses. Everything goes smoothly until one morning the province finds that

it has plunged itself deeply into debt. This debt is made the most of, popular alarm is fanned, and the frightened province, to avoid supposed bankruptcy, throws itself into the arms of its absorbing neighbour.

And the worst of it is that in these railways got up for political ends there is no small amount of "axe-grinding" and "log-rolling." Contracts are given in such a way as to put money into the pockets of political partisans, and not with regard to the best interests of the country. The Prince Edward Island railway meanders through the island like a stream through the meadows. It was probably contracted for by the mile, and so the more miles the merrier for the contractor. Not only did he escape the hills, but also, by following rivers up to their sources, he escaped bridging. The fences are neither ornamental nor useful, and cattle treat them with contempt. It is possible that I take a jaundiced view of this railway. I only travelled on it once, and then I was two hours and a half late in a journey of 40 miles. This delay was accounted for to the satisfaction of my fellow-passengers, who were merely having "a ride on the car" for amusement. In the first place a herd of cattle belonging to a personal friend of the engine driver, notwithstanding the frantic screams of the whistle, persisted in remaining on the track until the functionary before named, assisted by the conductor and some passengers, got off and drove them home. Then at a wayside station a picnic party, consisting of about twenty young people, got in, and were altogether too much for our locomotive, as my friend, the driver (who spent a good deal of his time in cruising up and down the line on foot), remarked, "She was kind of

balky at the hills." I must, however, state that this incident happened when the railroad was quite in its infancy.

Confederation was no doubt desirable, but I question whether it is desirable to employ smart Yankee tricks even for the attainment of a good object. The maritime provinces had to sacrifice a great deal when they cast in their lot with Canada. Ultimately it will be all the better for them no doubt, but provinces as well as individuals are apt to think of the present and of the immediate future rather than of the more distant day. Had they been asked to make this sacrifice in the interests of the British Empire, their loyalty would not have permitted them to refuse, and they would never have regretted their voluntary act. Trickery, however, always leaves behind it a certain soreness in the breasts of those who have been its victims.

And it is quite possible that at no very distant day those people who feel aggrieved at having been confederated against their will may turn the same weapon against their own government, and endeavour to "railway" the Dominion into annexation. The strongest argument that can be brought home to the million is the argument of *l. s. d.* The necessaries of life in Canada are as cheap as in almost any other part of the world, and the taxes are as light. In the States taxes are very heavy and the expenses of living almost intolerable. If by preposterous and extravagant, or by fraudulent railway schemes the public debt of Canada, the interest on which is something like \$1.50 per head of the population, be even brought up to the burden of the public debt of the United States, viz. \$12 per head of its population, then

one great obstacle in the way of annexation will fade away. But the good sense of the Canadian people will, it is to be hoped, cause them to keep their expenditure within bounds, and the enormous debt and oppressive taxation of her neighbour will serve as a warning to Canada against public extravagance.

Its insular position has many drawbacks, but it has also its compensating advantages. When commercial failures spread ruin over the continent, little Prince Edward Island never feels the shock, but jogs on as usual, whilst her neighbours are enduring the miseries of a commercial panic. The ice-bound straits, however, must not get all the credit for this. The island is mainly a farming country, and farmers, while unable to make fortunes quickly, are at least as secure as any other class on the globe from disastrous loss. When crops are poor, prices rule high; when one crop fails from want of rain, another is doubled by the same cause. Prince Edward Island also, perhaps, owes her immunity from blights and devastating insects to her insular position. There is little or no potato disease, and the grasshopper, the potato bug, the army worm, and *hoc genus omne* are unknown. No epidemic has ever reached the cattle, and island stock are proverbially healthy and hardy.

Prince Edward Island is about 150 miles in length, its greatest width 35 miles, but so indented by arms of the sea that in some places it narrows to 3 or 4 miles. The extreme extent of coast-line is favourable not only to fishermen but also to the farmers, who are in no instance out of reach of a harbour from whence to export their surplus produce. Many of the larger indentations form

excellent harbours for shipping, and the smaller ones are navigable for fishing and coasting craft, and offer great facilities for ship building. In winter these numerous inlets are bridged over by the frost and form the best of roads.

The climate is healthy and invigorating. The islanders are as robust in person and as florid in complexion as English people. Epidemics are unknown. Contagious diseases imported in ships soon die out in the (to them) uncongenial air. The sea moderates both the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and gives it a more equable climate than exists on the adjacent mainland, and yet the fogs of the Atlantic Ocean never reach its shores. The winters are less severe than in Lower Canada and New Brunswick.

Prince Edward Island is an alluvial deposit of the St. Lawrence. The soil is a light sandy loam very easily cultivated. The latter is an advantage which cannot be over-estimated in a climate in which seedtime is short. The staple crops are barley, oats, and potatoes, all of which grow to great perfection. Over two million bushels of oats, and half a million bushels of potatoes are annually exported to England and the United States. The pork fed on the island is said to be equal in quality to Irish pork. Most farmers grow enough wheat for their own use, but it is not such a certain crop as oats and barley. Owing to the equability of climate the pastures are greener than in any other part of British North America that I have seen. White clover grows naturally, and in the early summer the pasture fields are white with the blossoms of this sweet grass. From 600 to 800 bushels

of turnips can be grown to the acre, about twenty bushels of wheat, and forty bushels of barley and oats. The sandy soil requires lime and also some stiffening substance. Nature has supplied this compost in apparently inexhaustible quantities, and has placed it within reach of most farmers on the island. "Mussel mud," which abounds in all the creeks and inlets to a depth of several feet, is a stiff retentive substance composed of the remains of many generations of oysters, mussels, clams, and other molluscs. The shells, when exposed to the weather, gradually crumble away and mix with the soil, imparting to it the lime of which it has need. It remains in the land for ten or twelve years. In winter, numerous parties may be seen at work on the ice, each of them provided with a long shovel-shaped implement. A hole is cut through the ice, a block and tackle rigged up on a tripod above the hole, the dredging shovel is lowered, pushed along the bottom, and when full of mud, raised to the surface by horse power, and its contents capsized into a sleigh which is drawn up alongside ready to receive the load.

Good farms with house and barn accommodation can be bought in the vicinity of towns for from 600*l.* to 1500*l.* Small farms of 100 acres in the country districts, with 20 acres cleared and small house and barn, cost from 200*l.* to 300*l.* There are no free-grant lands on the island. Wilderness land can be bought for about 4*s.* an acre in certain places. Farmers have always been able to make a comfortable living, but within the last few years prices of agricultural produce have doubled, and the farmers now are as independent and comfortable as any

people in the Dominion. Excellent houses with pretty gardens and orchards and capacious well-filled barns meet the eye on every side. Each considerable farmer owns improved farm machinery; he keeps a harness horse and waggon to drive to market, &c., and has a piano for his daughters to play on. I mention these things to show that he possesses the comforts of life, but like every farmer in America, he has to work hard. The old-country man would be surprised to see with how little assistance he puts in his crops. The Canadian farmer, with his brace of sons in their teens, manages a hundred-acre farm with little or no hired help.

The only direct tax the farmer has to pay is a land tax of about 4s. per hundred acres; in addition to this he has also to perform statute labour on the roads. Every male who has resided for twelve months in the island has a vote, subject only to the performance of the said statute labour, or payment of an equivalent—a mere trifle. Hitherto the one absorbing subject of public interest has been the land tenure. In the outside world empires might rise and fall and continents be convulsed, but the islander thought of nothing and cared for nothing but his land-bill of the day.

There are no stones on the island. Stones are troublesome things on a farm, but the total want of them is not an unqualified advantage to the farmer to whom good roads are a necessity. In summer and in mid-winter the roads are admirable. In the former season they are smooth and level, with a strip of elastic turf on either side, on which the equestrian may canter to his heart's content; in the latter season they are excellent for sleighing, but

in the spring and late fall they turn into a soft, sticky mud, in which wheels sink to the axle and heavy loads are out of the question. This will hardly surprise the reader when he understands how the roads of the island are mended. They are simply ploughed and harrowed! Sooner or later the main roads will have to be macadamized; stones will have to be brought over from the mainland, or else clay must be baked for the purpose.

The market-house in Charlotte Town is a sort of assembly room twice a week, where the farmers and their families meet the town's-folk. Gossip is exchanged over a pair of chickens, and two people are often made happy for life over a pound of butter, or a dozen of eggs. It is by no means unusual for a farmer to sell 40*l.* or 50*l.* worth of produce in one market. What of that, the English farmer will say. Well, it is not very much, but remember that the Prince Edward Island farmer has only 1*s.* an acre to pay for his land against the Englishman's 2*l.* or 3*l.*

A stock farm is maintained by the local government, near Charlotte Town, for the purpose of improving the breed of cattle, and good blood is imported from England and elsewhere.

The province is famed for its horses. Labour being scarce, and hay and oats abundant, the farmers do as much work as possible by horse power. Numbers of horses are bred for exportation, and they have deservedly a high reputation. Thorough bred stock has at different times been imported from England, and the progeny, though slightly undersized, are tough, hardy animals, with a turn of speed. American buyers come over annually. Prices run from 20*l.* to 50*l.* Trotting is the one pace

valued in America, and the value of a nag is in proportion to the time in which he can trot his mile. The Yankee is always practical; he looks upon a horse as a trotting machine; and the equine machine, be it hideous beyond expression, that can do its mile in two minutes and forty seconds is worth more than the really good-looking beast whose time is three minutes. The island-bred horses have grand constitutions and are as tough as nails; owing to the absence of iron in the roads their legs and feet wear well; one rarely meets with an old horse groggy about the knees. Fifty miles a day for several consecutive days with a horse and buggy is thought nothing extraordinary, and the horses do not receive one-half the care or attention we are in the habit of bestowing upon our nags in England. The winter affords great facilities for locomotion and for practising the horses in trotting. Once set in motion on the ice a heavy load is no draught. The air is cold, and both horse and driver like to get over their journey as rapidly as possible.

The island "Derby" is held in mid-winter. A circular mile course is laid off on the ice and marked out with spruce bushes. The races are trotted in mile heats. Some of the jockeys sit behind their trotters in light skeleton-racing sleighs, others in ordinary sleighs, a few adventurous spirits bestride their fiery coursers. They are off is the cry. The jockeys yell hideously at their flying steeds, 100 sleighs follow in their tracks, 500 bells jingle. Men on foot and boys on skates crowd towards the winning post in indescribable confusion. An ice-boat shoots past at the rate of 30 miles an hour, and half-a-dozen runaways is the immediate and inevitable conse-

quence. But nobody is hurt. Each competitor claims the heat, swearing lustily that all the rest "broke;" each man is upheld by a circle of his own backers, the judge is bonneted, and the crowd, pending the next heat, is supplied with alcoholic refreshment by a speculative individual who has driven a puncheon of rum on a sled to the racecourse. How the winner is ultimately decided upon is a mystery, nor does it matter much, for the stakes are small, and as for the honour and glory they are equally divided.

The population of the island is about 90,000. Amongst these are a number of Scotch Highlanders, descendants of the old colonists sent out by Lord Selkirk a century ago. It is generally supposed that Scotchmen do well wherever they go. But the Scotchmen in Prince Edward Island are by no means a good class of settlers. Other immigrants rapidly assimilate themselves to the people they find in a new country, but the Scotch Highlander never changes. He still speaks Gaelic in Prince Edward Island, sometimes it is the only language he knows. Neither are the French Acadians good settlers; they also are clannish, and stick to their own language and peculiar costume; they live on potatoes and fish, marry in their teens, and seem to have no ambition to improve their condition in life. These people, however, are not numerous. The majority of the population is of English and Irish extraction, and not only in appearance but in manners and customs they bear a stronger resemblance to the parent stock than perhaps any other people in the Dominion.

And the likeness to England is not only to be traced in

the people, but also in the features of the country. The green pastures, the trees which, with a taste rarely met with in the New World, have been left here and there standing amongst the fields, the hedgerows, the hops, and honeysuckle that embellish the walls of the cottages, all these remind the old-country man of home, and he can fancy himself here in a little England, not indeed an England of to-day, with its numerous smoky cities and enormous wealth, but an England where wealth is evenly distributed, or rather where there is no great individual wealth, but universal competence. There can be no surer sign of contentment than when people are orderly without any restraint, and the fact that half-a-dozen policemen serve to keep perfect order among a population of 90,000 proves that such is the case in Prince Edward Island. It is even said that this "bloated armament" could be dispensed with, were it not for the occasional visits of crews of English and American ships.

This quiet and order are all the more noteworthy as the population is equally divided into Protestant and Roman Catholic. As in other countries where this is the case, the Protestants are very protestant. The Church of England is not largely represented, and episcopacy is far from being regarded with fervour. There is one Anglican church in Charlotte Town which is to its Puritan neighbours much what a red flag is to an angry bull. People who live in isolated situations are not usually very tolerant of the opinions of others. But in Prince Edward Island, though religious feeling does run rather high, it shows itself in a perfectly harmless and rather amusing way. It is only kind of people who believe that you are

going straight to a very hot place to feel sorry for you and to tell you so.

Unlike the other maritime provinces, farming is the chief industry of Prince Edward Island. Ship building comes next. Wooden ships can probably be constructed as cheaply here as in any part of the world; they are built up the numerous creeks and rivers. Ships in different stages of progress may be seen in winter apparently in the fields or in the middle of villages. Many of them when finished are loaded with oats and dispatched to Liverpool, where both ship and cargo are disposed of. There are a few tanneries, cloth mills, and breweries on the island. The beer is the best in America; that is not saying very much for it, but I can see no reason why as good beer should not be brewed in Canada as in England. Barley is good and plentiful, and hops grow well. There are some who affirm that beer is not suited to the climate of America, and is injurious to health. Perhaps beer drinking is a matter of education, and it is possible that if Canadians drank more beer and less tea they would be the better for it. Cheese factories are much wanted in the island, and would be a boon to the farmers who have plenty of milk to dispose of.

Prince Edward Island has been called the garden of the St. Lawrence. A good thing gains by contrast, and the rough banks of the St. Lawrence form a frame to the picture that shows it off to the best advantage, but independently of this, the island, no doubt, possesses great natural advantages. That is the opinion of the Americans, than whom no people in the world are quicker in forming a just estimate of the natural advantages of a country.

They are greatly attracted to the island which can furnish the northern States with commodities much needed by them, viz. fish, farm produce, and a cool summer lounge for dried-up Yankee citizens. It has been proposed to connect the Bay of Fundy with the Straits of Northumberland by cutting a canal across the isthmus, a distance of 15 or 20 miles. When this is done the markets of the United States will be close at hand.

The good harbours and excellent fishing grounds of Prince Edward Island are of an importance that cannot be over-estimated. Codfish, mackerel, and herring abound on the entire coast. Salmon strike in also, and are taken in small quantities, but owing to their having no spawning ground this fishery is declining. The streams are all dammed, and the fish get no protection. Lobsters are very plentiful indeed, and hundreds of thousands are taken annually and put up in tins for exportation. The oyster beds of the island are very rich, and their value in these times of dear, oysters ought to be enormous. On all parts of the coast, up every river and creek, the remains of oyster beds occur. Elsewhere an allusion has been made to the agricultural value of these old beds; the molluscs of which they were composed were in all probability destroyed by the action of ice, but the living beds are also mines of wealth. The Prince Edward Island oyster, though large, is well-flavoured. They are raked up in an indiscriminate manner, with hardly any regard to season. As the supply has as yet been fully equal to the demand, no steps have been taken to cultivate or protect them. These oysters were evidently appreciated by the Micmac Indians, the aboriginal inhabitants of the

island, for in Richmond Bay kitchen middens occur many feet in depth, composed of oyster shells, with here and there flint implements for opening them interspersed with the shells.

As regards emigration, Prince Edward Island is but a small province, and is not capable of providing for a great rush of new settlers. It offers, however, a good chance of success to a limited number of certain classes of emigrants, viz. (1) farmers with a small capital, say from 1000*l.* to 200*l.* A man with the latter sum can buy a farm with house and land ready for the plough. If industrious, he cannot fail, especially if he has a growing family to assist him. (2) Agricultural labourers. There is a fair demand for men of this class at about 2*l.* 10*s.* per month (with keep) if hired by the year, or 5*l.* per month in the height of the farming season. Farmers complain of the difficulty of procuring extra hands in the summer. There is no floating population like the lumberers in Lower Canada.

The fauna of Prince Edward Island, with one or two exceptions, is the same as on the adjacent mainland. The exceptions are the deer (moose, cariboo, and Virginian deer) and the beaver. Of the former, cariboo once existed on the island as evidenced by horns which have been found in different places, but I am inclined to think that, as in Anticosti, beaver never lived on the island. They are animals whose traces endure long after they have become extinct, and I never saw or heard of any beaver works. There are a few bears in the wooded districts. The fur-bearing animals are scarce with the exception of the musquash, which are very plentiful, their great enemies, the Indians, having been civilized into basket-

makers. The forests are too small to hold in any number moose, cariboo, or the fur-bearing animals, but they are well adapted to the Virginian deer. If these deer were imported, I think they would thrive. The snow is rarely very deep, and if protected for a few years they would multiply and afford good sport.

There might be very fair shooting if the birds that breed on the island were protected in the breeding season. There are some game laws, I believe, in the statute books, but they are a dead letter and will probably remain so, as the very persons whose duty it is to enforce the laws, are those who set the example of slaughtering the birds almost as soon as they leave the egg. The principal game birds that breed here are the woodcock, snipe, ruffed grouse, and black duck. The migratory birds are very numerous, but they need no protection as their nesting places are far removed from the Charlotte Town pot-hunters. These gentry have light boats which run on wheels, and form a sort of box waggon on the roads. Guns, dogs, oars, &c., &c., are stowed inside. On coming to a pond, river, or lake, the boat is detached from the wheels and launched, and the horse tied up. In the months of July and August the young broods of ducks are exterminated by these gunners, to the great vexation of genuine sportsmen.

There is fair cock shooting from September 1 to the end of October. With good knowledge of locality and a brace of spaniels that will not chase rabbits, ten couple of cock or so may be brought to bag in a day's shooting by two guns. A fair day's snipe shooting can also be had, particularly at the end of October, when the birds, warned

by the commencement of rough weather that winter is at hand, have congregated together in some favourite swamp to prepare for their departure. In the latter end of August and the beginning of September the snipe falls an easy victim to the pot-hunter, as the birds are then very tame. I have often seen them walking about the mud at the edge of creeks and milldams; when put up at this season they make a very short flight and then pitch again. Snipe remain later than cock. I shot a couple of these birds as late as December 20.

Owing to the diminished numbers of the fur-bearing animals that prey upon them, rabbits, or rather hares (*Lepus Americanus*), are very plentiful. Their favourite resort is the thick second growth of young forest which abounds with tender twigs of maple, moosewood, birch, willow, alder, &c., which supply them with browse. In summer they eat grass, and at that season they resemble the English rabbit in colour; in winter they turn white. The farther north they are found, the purer the white. Tracking a rabbit in Gaspé, after a fresh fall of snow, I have come to the end of the tracks and been unable for a while to see anything of the animal, until at last I have made out a single spot of colour amid the pure white surface—the unwinking eye of my little friend *Lepus A.*, who was squatted motionless in the soft snow, relying upon his colour to escape detection. The change of colour commences about November 1, and at Christmas they are pure white. In other words, the change of colour exactly coincides with the fall of the snow. Were it not for the disguise kindly lent them by nature, they would fall an easy victim in winter to the loup-cervier, the

marten, the weasel, the fox, the cat owl, the hawk, and many other animals and birds, to say nothing of man. The roots of the hair seem to preserve the same dark brownish colour all the year round; at the approach of winter the fur grows much longer, and the tips first assume a light grey or dun colour, changing as the snow comes on to pure white. Early in April (with the departure of snow) they commence to cast their winter suit, and by the 1st of June all traces of white have disappeared, and they are clad in their new short brown summer coat. At this season of the year they are much troubled by fleas.

In winter they form yards like the moose and the deer. After a heavy fall of snow, the yard is very small, not more than 15 or 20 yards in circumference. Gradually they enlarge the circle, making numerous little paths in all directions through it in search of browse, until the next fall of snow comes, when they contract their yard again. In the very deep snow they are often hard up for browse and have to take to spruce, which gives their flesh a strong flavour of turpentine. At this season I have caught them in sable traps, set considerably above the surface of the snow, and baited with cariboo or fish. They are an unmitigated nuisance to the loup-cervier hunter, as they unconsciously save the life of their greatest enemy by gnawing the twine snares that have been set for him. On one occasion a rabbit entered through a hole in my camp on a cold winter's night and singed his jacket at the fire. When hurt, they scream like an English rabbit, only much louder. On another occasion I shot a jet-black rabbit in mid-winter, that is to

say the tips of the fur were black instead of white, the roots preserving the natural colour. This was perhaps disease, although I saw nothing else about the animal which pointed to ill health.

Rabbits are sold in the Charlotte Town market for about *8d.* a pair, not an extravagant price, considering that they are fully as large, and, I think, as good as the English rabbit. The flesh is dark-coloured and makes good "hare soup." The liver, kidney, and heart seasoned, tied up in the paunch, and broiled on the clear coals, make a good *plat*, and is supposed by the Micmac squaws to be a certain cure for barrenness. They are snared in winter by the Indian boys, who make brush fences through the woods, leaving little apertures here and there for wire snares. These snares are made fast to saplings which are bent down to the ground, and spring back with the snared rabbits, who are found in the mornings hanging up by the necks, frozen stiff, some thrée or four feet from the ground.

Rabbits are shot in the fall and even on mild days in winter, when the scent lies wonderfully well on the-snow. For this sport two or three beagles or other slow-hunting dogs are used. The *Lepus A.* never burrows, and when started from his bed under a spruce bush or a bunch of ferns, he always runs in a circle. The gunner who is posted on a wood road or in an open glade will sooner or later get a chance at him, provided he stands perfectly still; for a man blundering through the bush is much easier seen and heard than a rabbit. The country gunner who does not usually shine at a running shot when he catches sight of the rabbit whistles before wasting

his powder, and this has generally the effect of causing *Lepus A.* to pause in his wild career for a fatal moment or two, which gives opportunity for the deadly pot.

Prince Edward Island lies right in the line of flight of the *Charadriadæ* and *Tringidæ*, whose breeding ground is in Labrador, Newfoundland, and the countries still farther north. About the 25th August, the golden plover makes its appearance, closely followed by the Hudsonian curlew, the Esquimaux curlew, and a great number of plovers, sandpipers, and godwits. The pasture lands of the island and low sandy beaches are favourite resting places for these birds on their southern flight, but, unlike the *Anatidæ*, they make no stop in the spring on their return journey to the north. They always seem to take the same line of country in their migrations, viz. across Prince Edward Island, from thence across the isthmus that separates New Brunswick from Nova Scotia, and so on down the shores of the Bay of Fundy. They are not seen in any numbers either in Lower Canada or in those parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia that do not border on the Bay of Fundy. After a nor'-easter in the early fall great flocks of these birds are found on the island, and good bags are sometimes made by the gunners. It is not a very high order of sport, but nevertheless the weather at this season is charming, the labour is light, and last but not least the birds are delicious eating. The plover shooter drives along in his waggon until he sees flocks of plover wheeling about in the air or feeding on the pastures. He then ties his nag to a fence pole, sticks his decoys in a conspicuous place, and hides himself within shot. If he has a com-

panion—and half the battle on these occasions is a good companion—the latter puts up the birds, taking his chance of a shot, and then having also put up some decoys, a few fields distant from his friend, he waits his chance. The plover and curlew, when disturbed, fly about in all directions, and sometimes give very pretty sport wheeling over the decoys. But as I said before, the chief charm of this sport is in the surroundings. With a fast-trotting nag, a drive along the delightful country roads of the island is a pleasure in itself. Here and there a little creek or mill-dam concealed in the woods, has to be searched for black duck. Again a likely spot is tried for snipe, or an alder-cover beaten for cock, or a flock of curlew are marked down in a pasture, or a flock of golden plover fly whistling overhead. Then the picnic follows on the turf at luncheon-time near a sparkling brook, while the horse, picketed out, is filling himself with white clover. In the evenings, by a judicious choice of halting places, there is generally some flight-shooting to be got at ducks, and if the weather suits, i. e. is wild and stormy, good shooting may be had at the geese, as they come in from their feeding ground on the salt marshes to get their usual drink in the freshwater ponds. A very enjoyable week can thus be passed driving about from place to place in Prince Edward Island. The sportsman, for shooting purposes, is lord of the manor wherever he may go, and if his bag is not very large, at least it is varied, and has cost him nothing but the powder and shot.

The Hudsonian curlew (*Numenius Hudsonicus*) is rather a stupid bird that falls an easy prey to the pot-hunter; but as both this bird and also the Esquimaux curlew

(*N. Borealis*) are only migratory visitors they are considered fair game, sitting or flying, and the more especially as they are delicious birds on the table, as much superior to the English curlew as a Canadian wild goose is to an English wild goose. A single curlew is often seen flying with a flock of golden plover. I have seen two curlews on a marsh and shot one, his companion took a short flight and alighted beside the dead bird, quietly waiting there till I had reloaded a muzzle-loader and was ready for him. This simple pair had probably just arrived from some remote region in the north, where that cruel devouring monster, man, had never set foot. A short stay in Prince Edward Island teaches these birds a lesson. Amongst the other birds the plover shooter will come across are the upland plover (*Totanus Bartramius*), golden plover (*Charadrius Marmoratus*), black-bellied plover (*C. Helveticus*), telltale godwit (*Totanus Melanoleucus*), yellow shank (*T. Flavipes*); this bird, I think, breeds on the island, at any rate it is to be seen all the summer and fall. Marbled godwit (*Limosa Fedoa*); I picked up one of these after a violent nor'-easter. Solitary sandpiper (*T. Solitarius*); this bird also probably breeds on the island. Piping plover (*C. melodus*), sanderling (*Tringa Arenaria*), turnstone (*Streptilas Interpres*), ring plover (*C. Semipalmatus*), and many other varieties. I have on two different occasions shot one-legged plover. These birds had just arrived from the north, and must either have been born with one leg, or must have lost one in their early youth.

The numerous bays, rivers, creeks, and inlets with which the island is indented are favourite feeding grounds

of the wild goose (*A. Canadensis*). Geese arrive in the end of March and remain about a month. Again on their southern migration they are looked for early in September, and they remain on the coast until their feeding grounds are all frozen up, viz. about the middle of December. Good bags are sometimes made in the spring, but few are shot in the fall, although they are to be seen in thousands.

The brant goose (*A. Bernicla*) is even more numerous on the coast than the Canadian goose, frequenting the same haunts, and resembling the latter bird in its habits. They, however, differ in one or two essential points, viz. that, whereas the Canada goose cannot get on without fresh water, the brant never leave the salt water; and their dislike to land is so great that, sooner than cross an island or promontory in their flight, they will fly miles and miles out of their way to avoid it. Their favourite haunts are shallow bays and flat muddy shores. Notwithstanding their salt-water diet, they are capital eating, and very much superior in that respect to the bernicle, which in other points they resemble. As wild fowl go, they are easily killed, and do not require as much shot as some of the ducks. In stormy weather and high tides, when driven from their usual feeding ground, they afford capital sport to the gunner, who lies hid on a point or promontory in line of their flight. The locality of this hide is fixed upon by watching the first flock; all the rest will be sure to follow in their tracks—higher or lower, perhaps, but all in the same line. I have seen flock after flock of these birds flying over my head for two hours, and so close upon each other's heels that I often had not time to load. They

differ, also, from the other geese in their mode of flight; the latter fly in regular order, generally in form of a V, sometimes in a string; but brant fly in a confused, irregular mass, and give one the idea that each and every bird is hurrying on to try and overtake his neighbour, and vying with the rest as to who can make most noise. I have heard a flock of brant compared to a pack of hounds in full cry; and, if I don't mistake, they are called "beagle geese" in some parts of the world. They arrive in Prince Edward Island from the south early in April, and remain till the middle of June. They return again in the middle of September, and remain till the beginning of December. It will thus be seen that all their breeding operations have to be got over in about three months' time, and on their return in the fall of the year there is hardly any perceptible difference between the young and old birds. This is the more remarkable as they hatch very far in the north (I am told in the remotest parts of Hudson's Bay). They certainly do not hatch, like the geese and most of the duck tribe, in the more accessible parts of Labrador.

In the months of May and June the pot-hunters make great slaughter among brant in the following way. In the falling tide the birds are fond of resting on the bare mud flats, where they stand preening their feathers. The pot-hunter chooses a favourite resort of the birds, and sinks a half-puncheon in the mud as a hide. Inside this he takes his seat when the tide commences to ebb. If the extent of bar left bare at low water is too large for a compact family shot, he constructs a ridge of mud or sand running directly end on to his hide. This

from its elevation will be the first spot left bare. The gunner has a couple of well-trained decoy brant, who collect the wild birds around them, and when he thinks there are enough for a family shot, he gently pulls a little string, fastened to their legs, at which signal they neither flap their wings, nor make any disturbance, but quietly disengage themselves from their companions and swim towards their master. Sometimes ten or twenty brant fall to a couple of barrels. The longer the birds stay in Prince Edward Island the better and fatter they get. In June they are perfectly delicious, and fully equal, in my opinion, to the much vaunted canvass-back.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANTICOSTI.

AN attempt has recently been made by a company to colonize the island of Anticosti. A number of families from Newfoundland were induced by this company to move to the island, where they settled in groups of a dozen families or so. One of these settlements is at Bel Bay, another at English Bay, and another at the south-west point. But little success has as yet attended this scheme. Some of the poor settlers would have perished of starvation in the winter if they had not been fed by the Canadian Government. The latter is interested in the success of this experiment, because if there were a self-supporting population on the island, however small, it would enable the Government to dispense with the stores of provisions it has been hitherto obliged to maintain there for the relief of shipwrecked mariners. For six months of the year Anticosti is shut off from communication with the world. Some parts of the island are capable of producing fair crops of potatoes, oats, hay, and vegetables, and a few small farms in connection with fishing stations could be made to pay very well. In the fishing season all produce could be disposed of on the spot for high prices to the fishermen, who are often short of provisions and are always glad to get potatoes and other vegetables. This is the only kind of settlement for which

the island is fitted. It is wholly unadapted for farming on a large scale, and I am told stock imported from the mainland last only one season and then pine away. Probably they die of starvation. Pigs and poultry, however, would do well enough, and with care a few milch cows. Manure, such as kelp, fish offal, &c., can be gathered on the sea-coast in immense quantities. I visited the island about ten years ago, and wrote a short description of it,* which is here reprinted in an abridged form. With the exception of the two or three small settlements above alluded to, there has been no change in the island since that time.

“The north shore of Anticosti resembles the adjacent country of Labrador, and is bold and rugged; but the south, on the contrary, is low and flat, and in that respect not unlike the opposite coast of New Brunswick. Along high-water mark a sloping ridge of pebbly beach, some 12 feet high at the land side, separates the salt water from the numerous swamps and lagoons. About half a mile outside of this a line of breakers stretches almost uninterruptedly along the south coast of the island, and will probably at no very distant day resolve itself into a beach, such as the one I have described. Within the line of breakers the water is shoal, and in fine weather as smooth as a duck pond. Outside it is also shoal for a long way out. The bottom is flat, shelving rock, as smooth and polished as a London pavement, so that there is literally no anchorage for vessels. When the wind blows in shore, a nasty sea gets up at once, but falls as suddenly as it rises, owing to the shoalness of the water.

* The ‘Field’ newspaper.

“The island is part wooded and part plains, plentifully dotted over with small lakes and ponds; but all along the beach, or the lagoons which adjoin the beach, a stunted growth of spruce and fir, not more than 6 feet in height, but so thick that it is sometimes possible to crawl along the top of it, forms an impervious hedge, varying in width from a few yards to half a mile. This hedge never wants clipping; the cold winds off the Gulf of St. Lawrence keep it down. The soil is mostly a black peat of great depth, and many of the unwooded places are exactly like the bogs of Ireland; so much so that my Irishman remarked that ‘it was the prettiest place he had seen since he left the Bog of Allen.’ The woods consist of spruce, fir, willow, dogwood, white birch, and an occasional tree of pine, tamarack, and ash. They are of small growth, generally gnarled and ragged, and unfit for timber.

“Every league or so along the coast are small rivers or brooks, which form at their junction with the sea nice little coves or harbours for small boats and canoes. Near some of these coves may be seen little houses or shanties, 10 or 12 feet square, containing a stove, a stool, and a table. These are the winter residences of trappers from the mainland—sweet spots for a man to winter in by himself! But in fine weather, in the months of May and June or in the autumn, camping out in Anticosti is one perpetual picnic. Here the traveller can have a charming little harbour for his canoe, a dry grassy bank to camp on, and a fragrant bed of fir boughs or dry grass. If he is given to sea-bathing, no better place could be desired; if he prefers fresh water, a walk of a few yards will bring him to a clear pebbly pool; if table, chair, or roof of shanty be

required, the materials for making them lie close at hand, in the shape of boards of all shapes and sizes with which the beach is strewed. Firewood is plentiful enough, goodness knows, in the Canadian and New Brunswick forests; but then there is the trouble of chopping it. Here the best and driest of firewood, cast up by the sea and dried by the sun, is piled in immense profusion along the beach. In addition to all these luxuries, the traveller or the sportsman is, for the time being, also lord of the manor, and can always keep his larder well supplied with game or fish, ducks, geese, salmon, trout, herrings, cod-fish, capelin, or lobsters. One or more of these delicacies can generally be procured at short notice, and in spring, fresh eggs in abundance.

“On two occasions in Anticosti I camped entirely by myself for two or three days at a time, my men being weatherbound with the baggage. There are so many little things to be done on these occasions, that one never feels the least lonely. One time I shot and skinned two bears. My bill of fare was usually—breakfast, tea and biscuit; dinner, tea, fried pork or fish, and pancakes, i. e. flour and water fried in pork fat; supper (the meal of the day), boiled black duck or goose, tea, and biscuit. When I am in a hurry I cook a bird as follows: Having lit my fire, I put on a kettleful of water with a slice of salt pork in it; by the time the water boils the bird is plucked or skinned, as the case may be. Chopping it into quarters, I pop it into the kettle with a little pepper, and if possible an onion and a doughboy. In twenty minutes it is cooked. A black duck thus treated is not a bad dinner for a hungry man; but a goose is a better one. A man with

gun and hook and line need never starve in the summer-time here; but in winter I can well imagine that not a living thing is to be seen for days and weeks together.

“The climate of Anticosti, so far as frost and snow are concerned, is not more severe than that of Quebec; but the summer is rather later. The bulk of the snow goes in May, but on the 12th of June there was still some left in ravines and under rocks. That particular day I have reason to remember. It was so bitterly cold that I was glad to let down the ear-flaps of my old hunting cap, and, crossing a river in pursuit of a wounded bear, I got wet to the middle in snow water, and then sat shivering in a canoe for four weary hours. There must be days in winter, when the nor'-wester howls over this icy region, that no man could live on the open. On the 1st of July, or perhaps a little earlier, the hot weather commences, and with it come the flies, which I shall have to notice by-and-by.

“The *débris* along high-water mark is astonishing. The variety of things, both floatable and unfloatable, that find their way to this beach is quite incredible. Almost everything that is lost in the river St. Lawrence and its lakes finds its way here, and every ship wrecked in the Gulf contributes towards it. In a five-mile walk along the beach I noted the following articles: 1. Parts of the wrecks of several ships, some embedded in the sand, others high and dry; 2. Sugar canes; 3. Carcases of seals; 4. Do. of a whale; 5. Ship's boat, in tolerable repair; 6. Sticks cut by beaver (there are no beaver on the island); 7. Iron handspike; 8. Child's boat (perhaps lost in Montreal, perhaps in Toronto. The owner little

thought that it would one day be used to knead a loaf of bread in); 9. A bucket; 10. No end of empty puncheons and barrels; 11. Coal; 12. Empty bottles. Then, as I said before, the amount of driftwood is incredible, in every shape and form, from sticks as big as a man's finger cut by the beaver, to magnificent pine logs, the pick of the Canadian forests. Along one particular mile of beach I saw enough square timber to load a large ship, to say nothing of boards, deals, &c. In another place I found the figurehead of a vessel—a gentleman in blue, red, and gold, resembling the pictures I have seen of the discoverer of America. I cut off his head, intending to take it home; but, with many other relics, I was obliged to leave it behind.

“ Anticosti would be a charming place in summer were it not for the flies. They are an intolerable pest, and I think have done as much towards preventing the settlement of the island as anything else. Cold and heat can be endured, but I defy a thin-skinned person to exist in Anticosti during the months of July and August. It is the home of the black fly. Mosquitoes, too, abound, but not many sand flies. This plague is attributable to the quantity of swamp and stagnant water. It may be Irish, but I cannot help making the remark that the greater part of the land is water—lake, pond, swamp, and river. Though the lakes look shallow, the soft black mud is almost bottomless. One of the few inhabitants of the island when I was there fell into one of these ponds, while trudging along after nightfall with a gun and wild goose on his shoulder. He got out with great difficulty, at the

expense of his gun and goose, and, to use his own expression, was obliged to 'tough it out under a tree till daylight.'

"There are altogether six families on the island.* Three are lighthouse keepers, and two more are in charge of the Government provision stores; the sixth is a professional wrecker; but I fancy none of them are above doing a little in that line when they get the chance. B., one of the storekeepers, informed me that he has lived twenty-nine years on the island. He has provisions enough under his charge to winter ten men, also clothes for them to wear, and a little house to shelter them. The Government sends a steamer twice a year with supplies to the different posts. These depôts of provisions were placed on the island in consequence of a great disaster that happened thirty-five years ago. Late in the autumn, a large ship called the *Granicus* went to pieces on the south-east point. The crew escaped the wreck in their boats, and got as far as Bel Bay on the northern shore, where they were frozen in. When their bodies were found in the following spring, one man had evidently only just died. He had lived for months on his comrades, some of whose bodies, neatly butchered, were found hanging up outside the camp. This could not happen now with a small number of men; but if a troop ship or an emigrant ship were to run on shore late in the fall, and the crew escape the wreck, nothing short of a miracle could save them from dying of starvation, which fate the other inhabitants of the island would in all probability share with them. On Sable Island, I

* Now about fifty or sixty.

am told, a liberal Government turned pigs adrift for cast-away mariners to eat; but the pigs got so hungry that they ate the castaway mariners instead.

“I met two of B.’s sons going with their sister to pay a visit to their next neighbour, distant about 50 miles. They travelled in a skiff, camping on the beach at night. When I came across them they were in a trapper’s shanty. I observed a looking-glass hanging up outside, so I knew that there was a lady in the case. Miss B. is about twenty-two years of age, and the belle of Anticosti. She had never seen any house but her father’s. She is now ‘coming out,’ and may preside over a lighthouse yet.

“The geology of the island must be very interesting; so numerous are the fossils, that it is almost impossible to pick up a handful of pebbles from the beach without finding one or two in it. Old B. offered to show me the fossil of a ‘lobster’ (?) perfect in the rock some distance off. The prevailing rock is limestone. The soil is said to be very poor, though I saw capital crops of wild hay growing at the mouths of some of the rivers. The natives say that cattle will not live longer on the island than one year. Except in one place, they certainly do not live longer, because when the cow ceases to give milk she is made into beef, and a fresh one imported. B. has two hungry-looking animals, which, he informed me, had lived for a great part of the winter on the branches of the dogwood, as his hay ran short.

“Anticosti has no animal peculiar to itself. It is not to be expected that it should have, but it is strange that it wants many—in fact, most—animals common to both shores of the mainland; for instance, beaver, musquash,

cariboo, squirrels, rabbits, &c., &c. For all these animals, and others that I have not named, it seems quite as well adapted as either shore of the St. Lawrence; indeed, it looks as if it were originally intended for the musquash, which thrives in every other part of British North America. The mink, too, is generally found along with the otter, but not in Anticosti. The list of wild animals comprises bears, foxes, otters, martens, and mice, and no others that I could see or hear of. Bears, though not so numerous as they once were, are still plentiful; so are otters. I observe everywhere that otters outlive the other fur-bearing animals; from their wandering habits, their strength, and their 'cuteness they are more difficult to trap than any animal, except perhaps the carcajou and the fox. Foxes were very plentiful some years ago, chiefly cross foxes and silver-grey; black foxes (the most valuable) and red ones (the least so) being about equally rare. But these valuable animals, together with martens, have of late years been destroyed by bungling trappers, by means of poison laid in little balls or pellets of grease. The grease allures the fox, and preserves the poison from the weather. Sometimes a crow flies off with one of these savoury morsels, and drops dead in the woods. A fox in turn picks up the crow, so that many more animals are destroyed than are found by the poisoner. The trappers speak of four different sorts of fox skins, which differ greatly in value; thus, while the black, the silver-grey, and the cross or patch foxes are worth respectively \$100, \$60, and \$25, the red fox is barely worth \$2. The quality of the fur is equally good in all four varieties, it is merely the colour that makes the difference. South of the St.

Lawrence red foxes are the rule, the other varieties the exceptions. North of the St. Lawrence and in Anticosti silver-greys and patch foxes are the rule, while the others are the exceptions. In fact, as with all the other fur-bearing animals, the farther north they are taken the more valuable will their fur be found; and I am inclined to think, notwithstanding the great difference in colour, that they are merely varieties of the same species.

“On a summer’s evening, on the opposite shores of Canada and New Brunswick, the bull frogs, the night hawks, and the owls join in a chorus of sounds which one misses in Anticosti. Whether St. Patrick ever paid a flying visit to the island or not, I cannot say, but certainly there are no frogs, toads, or snakes on it, and I never saw or heard an owl or a night hawk. Two partridges (so called) are found on the island, viz. the ‘birch’ (*Tetrao Umbellus*) and the Newfoundland ptarmigan (*T. Rupestris*), the latter only a visitor. The other birds that I noticed were the goose (*A. Canadensis*), brant (*A. Bernicla*), black duck (*A. Obscura*), shell-duck (*Mergus Serrator*), blue-winged teal (*A. Discors*), eider duck (*F. Mollissima*), scaup duck (*F. Marila*), surf-duck (*F. Perspicillata*), whistler (*F. Clangula*), scoter (*F. Americana*), buffel-head (*F. Albeola*), old squaw (*F. Glacialis*), and two or three other sorts of ducks. Of the divers I saw three, viz. the loon (*C. Glacialis*), the red-throated diver (*C. Septentrionalis*), and the black-throated diver (*C. Arcticus*). Of seagulls and terns I saw a great many varieties, but I cannot give them their proper names; also two sandpipers and two cormorants; yellow-legs (*Totanus Flavipes*),

bittern (*Botaurus Lentiginosus*), crow (*Corvus Americanus*), raven (*C. Corax*), eagle (*Haliaeetus Leucocephalus*), osprey (*Pandion Carolinensis*), hen hawk (*F. Borealis*), and another very small hawk; the moose bird (*Garrulus Canadensis*), pine grosbeak (*Pinicola Canadensis*), the robin (*Turdus Americanus*), swamp robin (*T. Swainsonii*), crow blackbird (*Quiscalus Versicolor*), peabody (*Fringilla Pennsylvanica*), chickadee (*Parus Atricapillus*), kingfisher (*Alcedo Alcyon*), great woodpecker (*Picus Pileatus*), gannet (*Sula Bassana*), sea parrot (*Mormon Arcticus*), foolish guillemot (*Uria Troile*), black guillemot (*U. Grylle*). With the one exception of the brant, all the above-mentioned birds breed in Anticosti, and I have no doubt many more that escaped my observation.

“Hunters say that there are two sorts of bear, viz. the long-legged and the short-legged, but this is not the case; there is but one species of bear in all these provinces, the *Ursus Americanus*. Individuals of this species differ much in appearance; some are round, plump, and short-limbed; others gaunt, leggy, and scraggy. This depends upon age and condition. The Anticosti bear is famed for the beauty of its fur, which is at its prime in the months of April and May. The muzzle and ears are yellower than those of the bears on the mainland. On the south shore of the St. Lawrence bears den in hollow trees; here there are no trees large enough for the purpose, so Bruin retreats under the thick scrub, which, when covered with snow, is doubtless a warm and comfortable den. They retire in November, and come out again in April, at which time the females have cubs, generally two, sometimes three. The cubs stay with the mother till the

following spring, and then shift for themselves. The young females have cubs in the third year, though they have then by no means attained their full size. In spring and early summer they feed entirely on fish and fish spawn, which is thrown upon the beach by the sea. A large ugly fish, called by the French *poule du mer*, is Bruin's favourite tackle, though he is very fond of capelin and herring spawn, both of which are cast up in immense quantities. After a storm, I have walked along the beach for half a mile up to my ankles in herring spawn. Bears are very fond of digging and scraping in the kelp and seaweed, where they pick up grubs and insects. When Bruin is hungry he comes out of the woods, and strolls along the beach a little above high-water mark. When he finds a *poule du mer* he carries it off into the woods, there to devour it at his leisure, crouching over it the while as he holds it between his paws. His action looks awkward—short shuffling steps wide apart, and head wagging from side to side; but for all this he gets along pretty fast, picking his steps too, for the water is cold in spring, and he does not like to wet his feet. Neither does he like the cold sea breeze; but in fine warm weather, particularly in the mornings and evenings, he spends a good deal of time on the beach, rambling about, licking up the spawn, and grubbing and rolling in the kelp. His food he finds more by nose than by sight. Young bears are as playful as kittens, and when two or three of them meet they play high jinks in the seaweed. The best chance to shoot them is in the morning and the evening, when the tide is on the ebb. Paddling along the coast of Anticosti, it is quite the exception not to see one or two bears in the course of the day. I have seen as many as seven in one

day. There are two ways of approaching them. When the wind is blowing on shore, the sportsman must stalk them from the land side ; when the wind is off shore the better way is to paddle up to them.

“ Shooting bears out of a canoe requires some practice on the part of the shooter, and considerable skill on that of the canoe-men. Bruin does not mind a canoe in the least, so long as the wind is in the right direction, and he can see no sudden movement of the paddles. Wary in the extreme about any unusual appearance or sound on the land side, he never expects danger seaward. He looks back over his shoulder along the beach, peers into the bush, and now and then stops for a good sniff to windward ; but he is so accustomed to see seals, floating ice, and drift-wood, that he never looks out for an enemy in that direction, and takes no notice of a skilfully handled canoe. Crouching down, with nothing visible but our heads, I have been paddled to within 30 yards of a bear. The canoe-men never take their eyes off him. When he feeds or looks away, with noiseless but vigorous strokes they propel the light craft swiftly towards him. When he looks up they are still as statues. A charge of buckshot at 30 yards is always fatal. I cut down two bears in great style with a large No. 6-bore single-barrel that I brought with me for goose shooting, charge 8 drachms powder and thirty buckshot—one at a distance of 55 yards. In bear shooting, even more than in other large game shooting, the sportsman should always wait for a broadside shot, and aim 6 inches or 8 inches behind the shoulder, and rather better than half-way up. Ordinary prudence ought to prevent a man from going too close to a crippled or dying bear, or indeed to any other powerful animal ; but I have

always looked upon *Ursus Americanus* as a most shy and timid animal, and from what I have seen of him in Anticosti I have no reason to change my opinion.

“The thick hedge of spruce, which I have spoken of before as lining the coast, though almost impervious to men, is not so to the bears. They have paths all through it. On one occasion, as I was paddling along the coast I saw a large bear emerge from one of these paths, and descend a steep little cliff stern foremost; he then, having picked up a dead fish on the beach, retired with it by the way he came. I immediately landed, and posting myself right under the cliff, and some 20 yards or so to leeward of his tracks, awaited his return, my men shoving off in the canoe the better to watch the little game. I never stirred for twenty minutes, expecting to see him come down again where he went up; but, as I heard subsequently from my men, who almost split their sides with laughing, ‘Mooym’ (as the Micmacs call him) came to the rock 20 feet or so straight above my head, and putting his head over, watched me intently for nearly a minute. Eventually he winded me, and made off. My men tried to attract my attention by telegraphing, but all to no purpose. They imitated the cry of loons and of seals so well, that neither ‘Mooym’ nor I took any notice of these not unusual sounds.

“It is only in the spring of the year that bears frequent the sea-coast. In the summer and fall they go back to the interior of the island, and live on berries. In fact, they only come to the beach when hard pushed by hunger. They know well enough that they are safer in the woods. They are so easily scared away from one particular place,

that I found it best to move my camp every night. They are generally trapped in Anticosti by means of rope snares set in their paths. The skins are very easily saved in the spring of the year, as the animals are then lean. The method I adopted was to sprinkle the hide with salt, and roll it up for twenty-four hours. I then stretched it, fur down, on a dry bank, and in three or four days the sun thoroughly dried it.

“Seals, as might be expected, are very numerous on this coast. In the early part of June I camped for two or three days at a place called Lac Le Croix, where a long strip of rocks that make out into the sea is a favourite haunt of the seals. At this season they have their cubs with them, generally three, and they are as playful as kittens. I have watched the old woman playfully knocking the young ones off a rock with her fore flipper. The little fellows would then swim round and come up on the other side of the rock, when the operation would be repeated. The poor little fellows cannot dive, they are so fat that they won't sink; so they put their heads under the water, and fancy they are all right. Donald always carried a gaff in the bow of the canoe, with which he secured many a young seal, which we killed for the sake of the skins. Besides the common round seal, there is another sort in Anticosti, that my Indians called ‘horse-heads.’ They are immense speckled monsters, as big as a heifer. I shot a few of them in the following manner. Donald, gracefully robed in a dirty blanket, would lie flat on a rock in a conspicuous position, whilst I concealed myself a short distance off. When a ‘horse-head’ appeared above the surface, Donald grunted, bellowed,

rolled about, and kicked up his heels, to attract the animal's attention. These pantomimes seldom failed to allure the animal within 30 or 40 yards, when a bullet just at the butt of the ear generally did for him. Seals are wary, but very inquisitive. They will follow a man walking along the beach, or a canoe, for ever so long, popping up their shiny heads every now and then, but they dive wonderfully quickly when they see a gun pointed at them. I have seen them following a bear; the bear did not pay the least attention to them. Bruin dearly loves a fat seal, but he knows he cannot catch them in the water. In sunny weather their delight is to bask on the rocks. I have seen twenty or thirty on one surf-washed rock, grunting and rolling about in an absurd way. A round seal in good condition yields five gallons of oil, and a 'horse-head' about twenty or thirty. They are at their best in May, and are also very easily killed at that season, as they come on shore to cub. The Indians stealthily approach the poor beasts from behind, and kill them with a single blow on the head. They are very easily killed by a blow in the right spot; but a muf may cudgel a seal for half an hour without killing it. The Indians are very fond of the hind flipper roasted, and they also cut the flesh into long strips and dry it in the sun. I think it very nasty; but everyone to his taste. I see the following 'memo' in my note-book as regards seal shooting: 'If ever you go to Anticosti again, don't shoot seals. The temptation is no doubt great; but the Indians *will* make oil. What of that? Why, every cooking utensil you possess is pressed into the service, and although seal-oil pancakes (flour and oil) are well enough once

in a way, the flavour this oil imparts to tea is simply abominable.'

"I do not think there is any better place in America for wild-fowl shooting than Anticosti. In the fall and spring, geese and many different kinds of ducks swarm along the coast and in the lagoons. I have seen bays black with the sea-duck of different sorts (*Fuligulinæ*), and flights of these birds at least half a mile in length. The ducks (*Anatidæ*) and the geese divide their time between the beach and the fresh-water lakes and lagoons contiguous to the beach. Not being harassed by gunners, the birds are comparatively tame, and the wild-fowl shooter in Anticosti can for once in his life glut himself with his favourite sport. There is but one drawback, and that is that he cannot share the contents of his bag amongst his friends.

"I found that many of the water fowl, including the geese and the divers, were of a very inquisitive turn of mind, and I used often to decoy them within shot by waving a coloured pocket-handkerchief. The geese, mistaking my dog for a fox, would often approach quite close to him in a defiant way. But more inquisitive even than a woman is the red-throated diver. These birds are sometimes a positive nuisance, coming in from miles round to look at a canoe, and then circling, chattering, and shrieking around it. On the plains I have brought them up from a great distance by standing on a tummock and shouting and waving my hat. Although there are great numbers of them, I could not find a nest. They are called 'wobbies' by the fishermen, who often catch them in their nets. On the high rocks on the north shore of the island, incredible quantities of sea birds hatch—

cormorants, gulls, puffins, paroquets, and pigeons. These birds all live sociably together. Hundreds of them lay their eggs side by side on the same ledge of rock, and may be seen seated in front of them in rows like soldiers. On one occasion, when I fired a shot to alarm them, the number that rose were so great that for a minute or two I could hardly see the sky, and their droppings in the water resembled a heavy shower of rain or hail.

“Great numbers of geese hatch in the island in the lagoons and ponds. On the 27th of May I was barbarous enough to put a goose and her four eggs all in the pot together, and when eating them could not help thinking of the following line in ‘The Dead Shot,’ descriptive of the pot-hunter: ‘Despicable and despised, the inflictor of torture, he has no music in his soul.’ In the hatching season I observed several small flocks of geese, who were unincumbered with families, and evidently intended to remain in that happy condition. I shot a good many of these birds, and found them, unlike the hatching ones, fat and plump. I noticed the same thing with ducks. On the 18th of June I came across a flock of bachelor and maiden black duck. I shot three or four of them, and I never tasted better ducks in my life. Brant do not hatch in the island, and, except in a couple of bays in the western end, they do not seem to like it even as a resting place.

“Black duck are very abundant. They are always good birds to eat, but late in the fall they are best. I think there is no bird or animal on this continent so wary as the black duck; they are always on the *qui vive*. Here, where in all probability they have never heard

a shot fired, it requires almost as much caution to get a shot at them as in inhabited districts. The best way I found to shoot them was at low water, to sit down on the beach behind a heap of seaweed, or a log, and send some one to stir them up above and below. I never had any trouble in keeping our larder supplied with black duck. In the spring they seem to live entirely on herring spawn and small shellfish, and feed amicably on the beach along with the gulls and crows. The latter birds are in clover here at this season. I could not at first account for the number of urchin and other shells which lay scattered about the plains, but I soon found out that they had been carried there by the crows. I saw a crow one day fly up in the air with an urchin and drop it on the rocks, and repeat the operation two or three times before he managed to get at the interior.

“The rivers in Anticosti are small, some of them almost dry in midsummer; but in most of them there are deep pools just above the tide mark, which teem with sea trout. These pools are capital little harbours, and charming places to camp. I don't know that I ever saw a prettier place in my life than the mouth of ‘Fairy River.’ Flocks of ducks and geese continually visit these pools for fresh water, seals pop their heads up a few yards off in the salt water, and Bruin once in a while comes sneaking down to the shore, so that gunning, angling, and some interesting little studies of natural history can all be combined. The salmon on this coast are small, seldom weighing more than 10 lbs. Where rivers are small, I have always remarked that salmon are small. On a coast where

the rivers are deep and rapid, salmon attain the largest size. The largest river on the island is Jupiter, and, in comparison with the rivers on the mainland, it is little better than a brook.

“The varieties of sea fish are so many that I cannot pretend to enumerate them all. Of whales there are at least two varieties, viz. the Greenland whale and the grampus. One of the latter rose close to my canoe as we were paddling along the north shore. I imagine he was following the capelin. My rifle being ready in my hand, I put two bullets into him in the region of his back fin. The commotion he made was so great, that for a moment I thought it was all up with us. The water was coloured with blood and oil. We never saw the monster again, but his carcase was found by some fishermen two or three days after I left the island.

“In the month of June the capelin come in shore to spawn, followed by all the hungry monsters of the deep. Each tide leaves thousands of these little fish high and dry on the beach. After a storm I have seen cartloads of dead capelin on one little strip of beach, and I have fished up enough live ones out of the water with one scoop of my kettle to do for breakfast. They are the best bait for codfish.

“On the 23rd June we met a schooner cod-fishing close in shore, and I went on board for a short time. They were fishing in about three fathom water, and we could see the bottom actually paved with codfish. I caught a dozen for ourselves in about fifteen minutes; my next neighbour on the deck of the schooner caught three times as many, grumbling all the time that it was the worst fishing season

he had ever known, that fish were scarce, and did not take the bait well. Each man fishes two lines, two hooks on each line, bait one capelin. Between every two men a large box is placed, into which they put their fish, and the rapidity with which they haul up their fish, unhook them, and put on a fresh bait can hardly be believed by a landsman. In a 30-ton schooner there are generally eight hands; in smooth water four of them fish in the schooner, and the remainder in boats alongside, two in each boat. They fish on the 'half-line' principle, i. e. each man keeps half the fish he catches as his pay. Each schooner has a drying stage on shore. The livers are exposed to the sun on boughs; the oil runs out into puncheons placed underneath, and the cod-liver oil thus procured pays for the salt.

"At the very extremity of the East Point stand the lighthouse and provision store. The prospect from the top of the former is uninviting enough—on three sides water, and on the fourth a great brown plain, miles in extent, as flat as a table, and dotted over with lakes and ponds. The only occupants of the lighthouse were Mons. D. and a servant girl. When we saw him in the middle of June he had not had a letter or a paper, nor had he seen a soul, since the previous autumn, when his son (who is the paid lighthouse keeper) and his daughter-in-law went off to Quebec. The old gentleman was half glad to see us, and half afraid of us, and I am bound to confess that our appearance was against us. Elsewhere I am often taken for a lumberman or an Indian, but in Anticosti (I say it with no small pride) I passed for a 'boss'—of a fishing schooner. My boots, socks, and

mocassins were all worn through by the sharp pebbles, and this caused me to walk in an unsteady and nautical manner.

“It is easy to perceive from the behaviour of the domestic animals in these places that visitors are rare birds. The dogs growl and slink into corners; even the cow and the horse were much startled at our approach—the former especially behaved just as a wild deer when he catches sight of a man. The people at these out-of-the-way posts eat nothing from one year’s end to another but salt food, and, strange to say, they do not care about fresh meat. I thought that fresh codfish would have been a welcome dish to them; but they never ate them until they had been two or three days in salt. From their appearance, I should not say that their food agreed with them.”

There are two salmon rivers in Anticosti—the Jupiter and Salmon rivers. The angling in neither of these has as yet been let. They are poor angling rivers and very inaccessible.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILROAD. THE BAY OF CHALEUR.

THE Intercolonial Railway, connecting Canada proper with Halifax and St. John, the winter ports of the Dominion, has just been completed. Its length is 490 miles. It is not a colonization road, but as a great part of the country it traverses is as yet a *terra incognita* to the travelling public, a brief description of some of the places of interest to the tourist and the sportsman may not be out of place in these pages.

When the different provinces which now form the Dominion were confederated, it became a part of the policy of the federal government to construct a great system of railways to bind together the new Dominion. It is said that railroad making has been pushed on too rapidly, and, as is undoubtedly the case in the neighbouring Republic, that the railway system has outgrown the growth of the country. Be that as it may, the responsibility of making the Intercolonial cannot be thrust upon Canada. If it proves a failure in a commercial point of view, that is not the fault of the Canadians. It was built for imperial purposes, and its line chosen by imperial engineers. The mother-country, who determined not only where it was to be built but how it was to be built, guaranteed a loan of two and a half millions to Canada for the purpose. A great deal more was made of this guarantee by the English

press than good taste or even common justice would seem to require. The imperial guarantee enabled Canada to raise the necessary money at perhaps $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 per cent. less interest than she could have done it herself. At the time the loan was guaranteed to a perfectly solvent and rapidly growing colony, compensation for Fenian raids had been unjustly refused to Canada, and her magnificent fisheries had been thrown open by England to America, as payment from the former to the latter of the Alabama claims. The mother-country in fact gave away Canadian property to America to save its own cash, and then made a great flourish of trumpets about guaranteeing a perfectly safe loan to the child to enable it to carry out the parental project.

No expense has been spared in the construction of this railroad, which is said by competent authorities to be the very best on the continent of America.

There seems to be no doubt that this line must always be a source of great expense to Canada. From 200 to 300 miles of it can never pay running expenses. To keep it open in winter numerous trains must be run, and at that season the traffic will not probably, for many years at least, pay for the oil. For over 100 miles it runs through as wild and barren a country as there is in the world, and generally speaking through its entire course it carefully avoids all good lands fit for settlement, and, like the moose, pursues its solitary way through the wilderness.

Had Canada, in connecting Quebec with St. John and Halifax by a railroad within her own boundaries, been actuated only by commercial principles, a line could have been chosen running through fertile lands one-third the

length of the Intercolonial, and built mile for mile at one-half the cost. Probably the fertile valley of the St. John would have been chosen, and in all probability a line will soon be constructed here, which on reference to the map will be seen to form the diameter of a circle, of which the Intercolonial is the semi-circumference. On a former occasion the blundering diplomacy of England had lost to Canada an immense tract of the present State of Maine which abuts on the St. John valley. This tract of land, which Lord Ashburnham probably thought of no value, was eagerly seized by the smart Yankee. It pushes in like a wedge into the Dominion frontier, and renders the valley of the St. John unsuitable for a military road. So Canada in this instance, as in many others, has to pay for the blunders of the mother-country.

But though in a commercial point of view the prospects of the Intercolonial are not very promising, it will be unquestionably during the summer months a great boon to the tourist. Through its instrumentality, the dried-up New Yorker can in less than forty-eight hours breathe about the most bracing air in the world; and the English tourist, fresh from the trim fields or smoky cities of the old country, can in ten days without hardship or fatigue make the acquaintance of the illimitable wilderness.

The distance from Quebec to Halifax, N.S., *viâ* the Intercolonial, is nearly 600 miles. For the first 200 miles the railroad follows the river and gulf of St. Lawrence along the south shore. This district is thickly settled by French Canadians. These people, who marry young, rear families in the shortest possible space of time; and, unlike the American or Western Canadian, seldom migrate from

their native place. The sons and daughters cluster round the parental homestead. The farms are divided and subdivided. They always remain poor, but their wants are small, and they are as contented as obliging, and withal as gay and lively a set of people as there are in the world. They are eminently a social people. This even the tourist can note by the arrangement of the houses—which are all close together, like a street—along the road that runs down the south shore of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to St. Flavie. The farms are mere strips or ribbons of land, a few yards in width, with the house in front, and running back a mile or even more in rear. There are some pretty villages in this district, such as Rimouski and Riviere du Loup; also two or three fashionable watering places, such as Cocouna and Metis, whither Upper Canadians resort in July and August for sea-bathing. The houses of the French habitants are all built on the same pattern—wide overhanging eaves, clean white walls, and gaily painted windows and doors. Near each house there is a well, with the old-fashioned arrangement of balance pole and bucket; also queer brick or blue clay ovens supported on wooden legs, that look like immense turtles. I can testify to the excellence of the bread they bake. The process is to light a fire inside the oven, and when the whole structure is thoroughly heated the cinders are swept out, the dough put in, and the aperture closed, the bread being cooked by the heat of the bricks and clay.

After leaving St. Flavie, the Intercolonial plunges into the wilderness, and from thence to the Restigouche runs through one of the wildest and most uninhabitable districts in all Canada. The scenery here would be very fine were

it not that the whole surface of the country has been devastated by fire. This wanton destruction, besides deforming the face of nature and wasting immense quantities of valuable timber, will probably cost the Canadian Government large sums every winter. In the green forest there is little or no drift. When it is burnt the snow piles up to an almost incredible extent, and nothing short of costly snow sheds in all the levels and cuttings will tend to keep the line clear in winter.

I do not know a more melancholy sight than a burnt forest. In this district nothing meets the eye on every side but blackened stumps and half-charred rampikes. This dead and weird-looking forest gives the idea that one has got into some enchanted land under the spell of evil genii.

These fires are mainly caused by the carelessness of the stream drivers in the spring of the year. In driving their logs down the river the hardy lumbermen camp each night, when darkness overtakes them, on the edge of the stream. They steam all night before an enormous fire, and often leave it burning when they decamp at daybreak. The Indian never leaves a spark behind him, he is too good a woodsman; and instinct warns him that his fate is bound up with that of the forest.

The Metapedia lake is a fine sheet of water, about the centre of the peninsula. All this region bears traces of ice action. In the bed of the lake and on its shores the course of immense boulders may be traced for many yards by their furrows in the solid rock. The only habitable land in the whole of this district lies round the Metapedia lake, and is locked out from settlement. The old seigniory of

Metapedia has somehow or other got into the hands of a cute Yankee speculator, and the consequence of this is that the whole shore of the lake, which has a circumference of 20 to 30 miles, and would support a thriving settlement, is monopolized by a foreigner or by foreigners. The railroad runs along the shore of this wild and pretty lake, and then follows the course of the river of the same name for 35 or 40 miles. The parallel terraces on this river are the most perfect I have ever seen. Frequently three and even four of these steps or terraces may be seen at each side of the stream, of corresponding form and equal altitude. This is a wild and rapid stream. Its rocky banks, bristling with charred cedar and spruce trees, rise sheer up to a height of several hundred feet. The Intercolonial winds under them along the river's edge. At the mouth of the Metapedia is the charmingly situated residence of Mr. Dan Fraser, whose kindness and hospitality to sportsmen, in those days when his comfortable and beautiful homestead constituted the last outpost of civilization, will be long remembered from one end of Canada to the other.

For many years the mails were carried once a week from the St. Lawrence to the Restigouche by dog sled. The Indian who drove the team had to walk, backwards and forwards, a distance of over 200 miles in six days. This was not bad walking for a continuance, along a mere track (there was no road at that time) through snow and ice and rough forest. Yet I knew a man who never missed the trip during a whole winter.

After a road was made, the mail was carried by "stage." I travelled it once or twice in this way, and I sincerely

hope I may never have to do so again. The stage horses were overworked and half starved. The conveyance was a buck-board, a trap peculiar to Lower Canada. My driver on one of these occasions was the most accomplished swearer I ever met in a hard-swearing country. One horse dropped dead in the shafts, and the oaths of the driver, who had before then "sworn as steep" as any white man in America, became now positively appalling. I wonder why stage drivers as a rule use such fearful language. Why does that most willing, obedient, and patient of animals, the horse, demoralize everyone who has anything to do with him? Does he thus revenge himself for the cruel treatment he often receives at his master's hands?

Crossing the Restigouche just below the mouth of the Metapedia, the Intercolonial runs along the bank of the former river down to the Bay of Chaleur. There are many charming places in the Dominion, but I know of none to equal the Bay of Chaleur in the summer and autumn. Hitherto it has been shut out from the world, but now it is probable that many tourists in search of health, of sport, or of beautiful scenery, will find their way here. To the half-baked American it offers a delicious summer climate, cool and bracing, with unrivalled sea-bathing; to the lover of the picturesque it offers wild and lovely scenery; while for the sportsman it has many charms. The rivers are full of salmon; trout of the largest size and the finest quality abound in every stream, lake, and pond. In the spring and fall the bays are black with wild fowl; and large game, though not so plentiful as formerly, are still to be found deep in the forest. Hotels have yet to be built; but the sportsman, if not very fastidious, will get

fair accommodation wherever he goes, and will meet with a rough and ready hospitality for which the settlers in the back parts of Canada are famous.

The Bay of Chaleur is about 100 miles in length, 30 being its greatest breadth. The southern or New Brunswick coast is flat and comparatively tame, but the north or Canadian side is bold and mountainous. At the mouth of the bay are the islands of Miscou and Shippegan. They are low, flat, and swampy, tenanted chiefly by French fishermen. The banks of Miscou are second only to the banks of Newfoundland as a cod-fishing station, and in the season they present quite a lively appearance, the water being covered for many miles in extent with fleets of fishing boats. In the spring and fall myriads of wild fowl resort to the shallow waters and flats around these islands, and fatten on the sea-grass, undisturbed by gunners. Caraquette, a pretty village in the neighbourhood, is celebrated throughout the provinces for its oysters. These bivalves are small, but for delicacy of flavour are unequalled. Here also is a branch of the Jersey establishments which have for so many years monopolized the local fishery trade.

The Bay of Chaleur is not without a history. It received its name from the discoverer, Jacques Cartier, who dropped anchor in its quiet waters on a hot July day, in the year 1534. Had he arrived three months later or three months earlier, it would now be known by some other name. Jacques Cartier left it in undisturbed possession of the Indians, and it was not settled by whites for a century afterwards, when a band of Acadians, probably fugitives from Port Royal, established themselves at

Bathurst. This country then formed part of the seigniory of Gaspesia, belonging to M. Denys. In 1638 there was a war between the Mohawks and Micmacs, in which the former were victorious, and the Acadians of Bathurst had to fly for their lives to the Isle of St. John (now Prince Edward Island). In 1670 they returned and resumed possession of their land, from which they were again driven away by the Mohawks, in 1692. A portion of them, however, having formed an alliance with the Micmacs, remained and established themselves at Petite Rochelle, on the Restigouche. By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, this seigniory, together with the rest of the maritime provinces, was ceded to England, and the whole country assumed the name of Acadia.

The Acadians were a gentle and inoffensive people, and wanted those sterner qualities which enabled our English fathers to make good their settlements in strange lands peopled by hostile tribes. They never turned upon an oppressor, nor made themselves feared. They were hares amongst wolves. They married early and multiplied exceedingly, intermarrying with the Micmac Indians. At the present day the two races can hardly be distinguished. Within one century they changed masters no less than fourteen times, so that they had the misfortune of always being liable to be styled rebels, and as such to be attacked and robbed by every needy adventurer. In the year 1755 this people numbered nearly 20,000, and owned over 60,000 head of cattle. They lived by agriculture, fishing, and hunting. Now occurred the famous exodus described by Longfellow; 7000 of these poor harmless wretches were expelled the country by the British, who at that time

hated with an unreasoning hatred any man who spoke the French tongue. Some of these fugitives went to New England, some to Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, and but 1300 of the number returned to Acadia at the conclusion of the war. During the period of their wanderings, like the Israelites under Moses, they camped in the wilderness. The sites of these camping grounds are still plainly to be seen throughout the province of New Brunswick, and can readily be distinguished from the camping places of the aborigines by circular pits lined with stone, which are supposed to have been the cellars under their wigwams.

In 1760 an effort was made by the French to retake Quebec, and a fleet destined to assist in that enterprise made its way into the St. Lawrence. To avoid a collision with the British fleet, it took refuge in the Bay of Chaleur—a doubly disastrous move, which involved not only its destruction, but also that of *Petitte Rochelle*, which, hid away up the *Restigouche*, might otherwise have escaped; for Captain Byron, with five English frigates from *Louisburg*, followed close on the heels of the French, who took shelter under the batteries at *Petitte Rochelle*, and after a severe engagement captured or sunk the whole of the enemy's fleet, consisting of four frigates, two or three privateers, and twenty-two store-ships. The village, containing about 200 houses, was burnt, and the wretched Acadians were again homeless. The site of *Petitte Rochelle* is nearly obliterated by the spruce trees, the weeds of this country; a few cellars and stone chimneys alone remain. Cannon, muskets, shot, and shell, have been dug up in some quantities, and are kept as trophies by the neighbouring settlers. Not long ago two bottles of French brandy were found by

a fortunate individual. Off Bourdo Point, so called after M. Bourdo, the French commander, who was buried there, the hull of a French frigate lies embedded in the sand. The iron has rusted away, but the oak timbers are still sound.

Years rolled on, but the history of Petite Rochelle was still preserved in the archives of the Acadians; and in the year 1861 seventy families of these people, driven from Prince Edward Island, not this time by fire and sword, but by an oppressive feudal law which then existed in the island, returned to the home of their ancestors. They found their old lands occupied by English and Scotch settlers; and pushing farther up the river they obtained a government grant of land in the heart of the forest, 3 miles from the Restigouche.

I have elsewhere alluded to the hardships these poor people endured in their battle with the forest (p. 18). I happened to be in the neighbourhood a few years after their arrival, and took the opportunity of visiting their settlement. The men at that time spoke a little English, and dressed like the other settlers in the country, but the women were as Acadian as ever; they were the women of Grand Pré. They dressed in the homespun kirtle, generally black striped with red, a white handkerchief round the shoulders, a black one on the head, black stockings, and thick *sabots*. Not one word of English could they speak, nor French either, for that matter: the Acadian patois is as unintelligible to the Frenchman as to the Englishman. Their settlement was a cluster of log huts, hid away in the bosom of the forest, with their chapel in the centre. To build this latter edifice was the first care of the Acadians:

even when they themselves were homeless. It was built of logs, with a birch-bark roof; the altar was pasted over with scraps of paper of different colours and patterns, and ornamented with four brass candlesticks, placed on a similar number of empty cigar-boxes. Underneath the altar was a homespun rug, and a large cow-horn suspended over the door served to summon the congregation to mass when the priest paid his fortnightly visit to his flock. Even those who see least to admire in the Roman Catholic religion, cannot help being struck with its wonderful vitality, and the strong hold it has on the affections of its adherents, whether they live in palaces or in log huts.

Fifteen miles from Dalhousie there is a small emigrant settlement in the wilderness, called Balmoral. Twenty or thirty English families settled here two or three years ago. Besides free grants of land, government provided them with log huts, and provisions for a winter. Nevertheless, they suffered great hardships at first. Many of them were mill hands and small tradesmen, and therefore quite unfit for roughing it in the bush. It cannot be too often repeated that the only men to make new farms in the wilderness are the Canadian-born people. Among these there exists considerable dissatisfaction at the system of restricting free grants of land to immigrants. The old settlers cannot see why their sons should not have equal privileges in the acquisition of land as the stranger. In my opinion the old settlers in this part of Canada at least, have more land than is good for them. Smaller farms in a higher state of cultivation would pay them better than large tracts of half-wilderness land. The land about Restigouche and the New Brunswick side of the Bay of Chaleur

is very good. The farming season is short, but the rapidity and luxuriance of the vegetation is most remarkable. The snow is not off the ground till the middle of May, and yet I have often seen barley in ear and potatoes in blossom on the 20th of July, about which time hay-making commences. The intervale land on the Restigouche river is particularly rich. If the people in this country would only attend to their farms, and make their sons stay at home and help them, they could not fail to do well, as the price of all agricultural produce is good. Instead of this, they look upon their farms as only of secondary importance, as mere adjuncts to lumbering, fishing, &c.

The Indian name of the Bay of Chaleur is *Echeetan Nemachii*, or sea of fishes. There is probably no other expanse of water in the world of the same extent in which the finny tribes exist in such multitudes and in such variety. It is a favourite resort of the *Salmonidæ*, a species that delights in pure clean water, in rough and rapid rivers. This is essentially the nature of the rivers in this region, which flow through an uncultivated and rocky country, and in which the *Salmonidæ* find beds to deposit their spawn safe from molestation. Both salmon and trout are particularly large and fine. At the head of the bay, more especially at the Canadian side, salmon average 20 lbs. in weight. The fishery is a very important and lucrative business here; it commences on the 1st of June, and lasts for two months. During that short period I have known one fisherman take 20,000 lbs. weight of salmon, which at 6 cents would amount to \$1200. It would be hard to estimate the total amount exported from the bay, but it must be very large. The greater

part of it is manufactured in tins. One American firm puts up as much as 280,000 lbs. in a season. Lobsters are manufactured in the same way; they are worth about \$1 per hundred here. Herring abound in countless shoals. Anyone not familiar with northern waters will suspect me of romancing when I say that I have seen 600 barrels taken in one sweep of a seine net. Often sufficient salt cannot be procured to save them, and they are used as manure. An American schooner struck a school of mackerel somewhere in the bay at 8 o'clock in the morning, and before midnight, fishing with hook and line, the crew had 100 barrels caught and cured. Fish are destroyed and wasted in the most reckless way, but the supply never fails. For a week in the spring of the year smelts run up the rivers in one unceasing stream. It is an astonishing sight to paddle down the Restigouche at this season and see the farmers "smelting"—scooping up the little fish in hand-nets. The amount they take is incredible, and most of the potatoes grown near the river spring from this fishy manure. Now that the railway is completed, fish of all kinds can be sent to market in ice, and the value of the fisheries is consequently much enhanced.

White porpoises (*Delphinus Leucus*) visit the bay in considerable numbers every summer. These huge monsters, measuring from 25 to 30 feet in length, go in shoals, probably in pursuit of the salmon, and may be seen from a great distance disporting themselves on the surface of the water. I am told that one of these fish will yield oil to the value of \$100, yet no means of capturing them has yet been devised. I have mentioned a few of the

principal fishes, but all other varieties known in the Gulf of St. Lawrence are represented in proportionate numbers. Even in the depths of winter, fish can be procured in large quantities. At this season, at the mouth of Restigouche, dozens of Indian boys earn their livelihood by fishing through the ice with hook and line for sea trout, and spearing eels, tommy-cods, and smelts. The cod fishery in the bay is almost wholly in the hands of Jersey firms, who have been established on this coast for one hundred years. Their establishments at Paspédiac, at Percé, and at Caraquette, are models of system and order. In the fishing season they employ thousands of men and boats, and ship the cured fish direct to Europe, the West Indies, and the Brazils.

Notwithstanding this wealth of fishes, the fishermen round the Bay of Chaleur are a very poor class. This is partly owing to the wretched truck system which still prevails. Instead of getting cash for their fish, they are always in debt to the merchant for supplies furnished in the winter and spring. Whilst the merchant makes out of the fisherman 50 per cent. on his goods, and 50 per cent. more on the fish he buys, he has also to take the risk of supplying goods for which he may never be paid. This trucking system is perhaps unavoidable in a new country where communications are difficult, settlers poor, and provisions scarce; but the necessity for this state of things exists no longer in the Bay of Chaleur, and probably the completion of the Intercolonial railroad will put an end to it.

Hitherto the salmon caught in the Bay of Chaleur has been put up in hermetically sealed tins for exportation. Several firms have been engaged at this business, some of

them manufactured as much as 200,000 lbs. weight of salmon in the season. It is a pretty sight to see the fish coming in of a morning. Canoe after canoe discharges its load of silvery beauties fresh out of the nets. Sometimes in the early part of the season whole canoe loads will average 25 lbs. each, and I have seen fish here up to 56 lbs. in weight. As the fish come in, they are at once prepared, and pass through a good many hands before they are done up in the tins with which we are all familiar. The first man into whose hands the fish comes lays it on a bench and scrapes off the scales; the next opens and cleans it, washing it in a cistern provided for the purpose; the third cuts the fish into junks of the thickness of the length of the tin. All this is done in an outhouse or shed, but the pieces are now passed into the workshop, where they are further cut up, weighed, and packed into the tins by a succession of hands. Another man wipes the tins and passes them on to have the covers fitted on. In each of these covers a small hole is punched. The solderers next receive the cases, and seal them up carefully, including the hole in the cover. They are now packed in perforated trays and passed out of the workshop through a trap-door to the boiling house, where they undergo a certain amount of boiling. The trays are then raised out of the boilers, and as each one comes out of the water, a tinsmith applies a hot iron to the soldered hole in the lid of the tin. The solder melts and the heated air fizzes out. The instant this air has escaped, a second tinsmith finally seals up the aperture. The cases are then doused in cold water and passed into the storeroom, where they are painted, labelled, and packed in boxes for exportation. But now that the

Intercolonial railroad is completed, salmon will be too valuable to put up in tins; it will pay the fishermen much better to send them fresh to market. Hitherto the price of salmon in this country has been from *2d.* to *3d.* a pound. Fresh salmon is worth at least a shilling in the cities of Canada. There are two ways of sending salmon fresh to market. When the time taken in transition does not exceed two or three days, they are packed in boxes with broken ice, or better still with snow. Collecting and storing these packing materials is not a great labour in this country. Snow is considered the better of the two. It is collected in wooden sheds built with double walls and roofs, with a vacuum between the outer and inner one. As the snow is put in, it is tramped down, and in this state there is no trouble in preserving it all summer. The other way of sending fish to market has the advantage that by it fish may be kept perfectly fresh for almost any length of time, and can be held up like wheat until the market is high. The fish in this case are frozen solid. By the kindness of one of the owners of these great refrigerators, I was allowed to see the process. The fish when brought in are exposed to a temperature of about 30 degrees of frost. This intense cold is caused by packing a freezing mixture, the main ingredients of which are crushed ice and salt, into a chamber which surrounds the fish about to be frozen. Between 300 and 400 can be frozen at a time. A fish requires about an hour's time to freeze for each pound that it weighs. Not only are they frozen perfectly solid, but they are coated with ice. They are then removed to a storeroom in which the temperature is kept below freezing point. The vessels in which they are shipped are supplied with

refrigerators, as are also the warehouses at the port of delivery. By this process a fresh salmon from the Bay of Chaleur can be put on the table at Chicago in perfect order a month after it has left its native element. As fresh fish by the treaty of Washington is allowed to go free to the United States, there ought to be a great deal of money made in the Canadian fisheries. Even in mid-winter, trout, tommy-cod, eels, and delicious smelts are taken in great abundance in the Bay of Chaleur, and at this season these fish can be sent frozen to the American market in perfect order, without resorting to any artificial process whatever.

From Bathurst northwards to Restigouche an excellent road follows the shore of the Bay of Chaleur, crossing a host of little rivers, all of more or less interest to the angler; the limpid waters of the bay in places almost wash against the edge of the road. The land here has been cleared, and supports a comparatively large population, who seem to live in comfort on their farm produce, and the fish that are literally washed to their doors. For 60 miles the railway runs alongside the road.

At the head of the bay is the beautifully situated little town of Dalhousie. The surface of the country is so rough and rugged that some little ingenuity must have been displayed in finding a site for the town. The bay here narrows to about 3 miles in width, and the harbour of Dalhousie is one of the finest in the world. Two or three little islands jut out from the shore, and form a natural breakwater. There is great depth of water—9 fathoms, I am told—and room for all the ships in America. When the railway system is completed, there

is no doubt that a saving of two or three days' time can be effected in the transmission of mails and passengers from Canada and the Western States to Europe, and fully one-half the terrors of a sea voyage will be spared to bad sailors. Thus, from Quebec to Dalhousie by rail, twelve hours; from Dalhousie to the west coast of Newfoundland by steamboat, thirty-six hours; across that island by rail to the harbour of St. John's, six hours; from thence to the west of Ireland, following the line of the Atlantic cable, five days; total, seven days and a quarter; or from Quebec to London, eight days, with an ocean voyage of only five, and during the balance of the journey the traveller, instead of groaning on the Atlantic, can enjoy some of the finest scenery on two continents.

I can confidently say that in the whole range of coastline between New York and Quebec there is not a more charming summer resort than Dalhousie. In no place can be found clearer water, purer air, and finer scenery. The whole of this vicinity seems to have been upturned by some convulsion of nature, and hill is piled upon hill and rock upon rock in the most fantastic forms imaginable. It seems ridiculous to speak of a place being Alpine in appearance where perhaps the highest hills do not reach a greater altitude than 2000 feet above the level of the sea, but effect in landscape is not produced solely by great heights and vast expanses. The hills rise abruptly, and as it were unexpectedly, to their full height from the water's edge; glaciers lurk in the summits, which are generally rocky and barren; while the valleys and slopes are densely wooded, and mountain torrents thunder down the ravines. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear, and

hills and other distant objects appear sharply cut and distinctly defined. What a place for a painter! People will say there is sameness in Canadian scenery. I cannot see it; with the play of light and shade on the hills, the gorgeous autumn colours, and the ever-varying reflections on the marvellous water; but if there is, it is a sameness that I for one never tire of.

Fifteen miles above Dalhousie we come to Campbelton, a small town at the head of the navigation of the Restigouche. Close in its vicinity is the "sugar-loaf," a curious cone, which rises precipitously from the level bank of the river to a height of 1000 feet. To ascend it is a gymnastic feat of no mean order; the summit once gained, however, the view is very fine and panoramic. As we pursue our journey farther up the river, the scenery, though narrowing in extent, unfolds new beauties. The river is here full of islands, rich alluvial meadows, round which the stream meanders in a hundred channels. Here the cultivated banks and comfortable homesteads show off to advantage against the sloping background of forest. Not only is the intervale land good here, but the upland also is of the finest quality, and grows better wheat than most other parts of Lower Canada. Farming, however, is not properly attended to in this country; the settler lets it take its turn with fishing, lumbering, and other occupations.

If there is any fault to be found with the trout fishing in the Bay of Chaleur, it is that it is too good. The angler occasionally suffers from a glut of fish. The trout, after spawning in the fall, run down with the salmon, but, unlike the salmon, they remain in the tideway all winter,

and in spring they follow the smelts up the rivers. At this season they take bait ravenously, and large numbers are caught in the mouths of the rivers, and even off the public wharfs at Campbelton and Dalhousie. But the fly-fisherman must follow them farther up the streams, where, in July and August, he cannot go wrong. Nouvelle and Escuminac, two little rivers on the Canada side, are famous for the size and quality of their trout. The trout fishing in the latter stream in the month of July is about the best I know of anywhere. This stream, flowing from the snow-clad Shickshock mountains, is icy cold and as clear as crystal. Civilized trout would object to rise at a fly under these conditions, but in Escuminac they are not fastidious. On one occasion I counted from the bank six fish lying together behind a little rock; I caught them all one after the other, and was then giving up, when my Indian, who had climbed a little tree close by, sung out, "Try again, more trout come," and sure enough I went on till we had two dozen (quite as many as we were able to carry, as they averaged $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.); while fresh fish seemed immediately to take the place of those that were hooked. On another occasion, finding no trout in a pool which I had never before fished without success, I sent my Indians in their canoe to beat a long shallow reach of the stream which was overgrown with alder bushes. The effect of this battue was magical; in ten minutes my pool was full of fish, and, what is more, they took the fly as if nothing had happened. On the New Brunswick side there is another very good little river, called the Charlo, where I have had good trout and grilse fishing, with an occasional salmon.

On the Canadian side of the river, opposite Campbelton, is Bourdo Point, the scene of a combat between the French and English. Looking up-stream from here, the Restigouche presents the appearance of a lake walled in on all sides by mountains. Below, on two opposite points, may be seen the villages of Campbelton and the Mission; the former overtopped by the sugar-loaf, while in the distance the waters of the bay stretch away towards the Blue Mountains of Gaspé. Near here is the commencement of an old military road leading to Quebec, called the Kempt Road, after a British general of that name. It is merely a track, but until quite recently the mails were carried this way to Quebec, on horseback in summer, and by dog sled in winter.

Some time since a Californian miner, who happened to be passing through this "portage" road, found indications of gold; and having purchased the contiguous land, he brought his family with him, and built a house. He procured the assistance of an Indian, and for three years these two men dug perseveringly, but with no result. At last means of subsistence failed, and the Californian died in want, believing to the last that his house was built on gold. I had the curiosity to visit the scene of the poor fellow's labours, a 20 mile ride from Bourdo through the wilderness. It is a wild and dreary place; the house is in a valley on a little river, shut in by great hills, which were then covered from top to bottom with blueberries. Through the blueberry bushes giant boulders protrude, and charred rampikes bristle. What a place for a man to live and die in! But where will men not go for gold? I procured specimens of the quartz, which abounds in great quantities, and submitted them to a mineralogist, who,

though unable to find any trace of gold, pronounced it to be gold-bearing quartz. The Kempt Road in the fall is worth a visit by the sportsman, as partridges are very plentiful, and bears are often met with feeding on the blueberries.

The Micmacs, a branch of the great Iroquois nation, are the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. When Jacques Cartier visited the Baie des Chaleurs in 1634, he was charmed with the friendly conduct, hospitality, and politeness of these people, who says one of the party, "in one of their boats came unto us, and brought us pieces of seals ready sodden, putting them on pieces of wood ; then retiring themselves, they would make sigus unto us, that they did give them to us." This tribe being an essentially canoe-going people have always lived near the sea-shore, their villages generally being built on the mouths of large rivers. The network of lakes and rivers which intersects the large tract of country drained by the Restigouche and its tributaries, is peculiarly favourable to their mode of life. As appears from the passage I have quoted, they were never a ferocious people, though undoubtedly valiant warriors. They were perhaps the most formidable of the tribes who contended with the fierce Mohawk. In 1639 there was a great war between the tribes, and a bloody battle was fought about that time at the mouth of the Restigouche. It does not need a strong effort of the imagination to picture one of these combats. The season is summer, the time midnight. The Micmacs are asleep in their village at the Flat Lands. A hundred Mohawk canoes, each one containing four warriors, are floating noiseless down the rapid Restigouche. No splash can be heard, no paddle touches the bark, and the gurgling of the stream is the only sound that breaks the stillness of the night. These canoes have

been "portaged" from the St. Lawrence into the St. John, from thence into the Restigouche; and now thirsting for blood and plunder the Mohawk nears his foe. He sees the camp fires, and the canoes are noiselessly beached in a secluded inlet. Four hundred warriors, with mocassined tread and ready tomahawk, creep stealthily towards the wigwams. Then the quiet night is startled by the shrieks and groans of the dying, and the dreaded war-cry of the Mohawk rings through the forest. But the surprise is not always so successful, and then the *dénouement* of the tragedy is somewhat different. Perhaps a Micmac scout has discovered the invader, while yet he is far off, and paddling down the river for love of life and tribe has given the alarm. The sturdy Micmac does not quail; the women and children are packed off to the woods; sentries are posted to give timely notice of the approach of the enemy. The fires are kept burning, but the wigwams are deserted. The good spirit of the Micmac is invoked with hurried rites, knives are sharpened, tomahawks ground, and arrow-heads fitted. The foe lands and steals on the village. He sees the *ruse*, but too late; a shower of flint-headed arrows are poured into his ranks, and on all sides the Micmac war-whoop resounds. Many an invader falls, but the remnant cut their way to their fleet. Woe! The canoes are gone, and far off in the darkness is heard the mocking laughter of the Micmac squaws. So with back to the river which is to be his grave, and with face to the foe, the gallant Mohawk sells his scalp as dearly as he may.

Before their conversion by the Jesuits, the Micmacs had much the same beliefs and superstitions as the other tribes

of North America. Thus they believed in a good spirit and an evil spirit—beings of supernatural powers,—the former of whom made all that is good, such as life, fine weather, corn, moose, salmon, &c. The latter made everything bad, such as death, storms, disease, and hurtful animals (amongst which they probably included the Mohawks). They lived on fish, game, and berries, which latter were dried and eaten as bread. They clothed themselves with furs and the skins of the moose and the cariboo, which when dressed by the squaws were as pliable and soft as cloth. Before the coming of the white man these people probably led a happy and contented existence. They had food in abundance, and if the winters were cold, the supply of firewood was inexhaustible.

The largest village of the Micmacs is at Mission Point, an Indian reserve, where there are upwards of two hundred families. They have a chapel, a schoolhouse, and a store. Each man pays \$2 per annum to the priest, and this money is, I think, fairly earned, for their priest looks after their interests, settles their disputes, and is of much service to them temporally as well as spiritually. Their dwellings vary from the bark wigwam up to the one-and-a-half story shingled house. Some of them are very neat and comfortable, and the crucifix suspended over each bedstead shows that they are good Roman Catholics. There is certainly something in that religion which causes it to be more acceptable to a semi-barbarous people, than the bald worship of many other Christian denominations. The Indians are very particular about keeping all fasts, feasts, and holidays, which they spend in fiddling, dancing, loafing, and drinking rum. St. Anne is their patron saint, and her day is the greatest

event of the year. The Mission is decorated with spruce boughs, particularly the chapel, which is really very tastefully ornamented. After service St. Anne's bones are carried about in a birch-bark box, followed by every man, woman, and child in the Mission in their gayest costumes. The procession is enlivened by a hurdy-gurdy, a couple of fiddles, and an incessant discharge of musketry, for every man and boy carries his firelock on his shoulder, and burns his half-pound of powder in honour of his patron saint. Afterwards they dance, and smoke, and chatter, and enjoy their festivities more thoroughly, perhaps, than we enjoy any of our conventional amusements.

These Indians are not decreasing in numbers, but the admixture of white blood is so great that there are few full-blooded Micmacs. Children with blue eyes and light curly hair are not an uncommon sight in their camps. They are, or were not long ago, divided into two parties, under the respective leadership of Sam Soap and Peter Basket. The latter personage, some twenty years ago, went to London as ambassador from his tribe to Queen Victoria, to obtain redress for Indian lands that had been appropriated by the whites. Being unsuccessful in his mission, and making some friends in England, who showed him the Lion, he remained in that country for fifteen years, living at his ease. But all this time he had a longing for the Restigouche, for the smoky wigwam, for the salmon spearing, for the hunting, and the freedom of a savage life. So uncontrollable these feelings grew, that getting a sum of money from his patrons he started off, and arrived safely at the well-remembered wigwam. The old squaw was engaged at her household duties when her husband entered.

She handed him his pipe from the chimney corner, and as he puffed in silence, she said to their daughter, "Nancy, here is the old man come back with a new hat." A day or two after Peter might have been seen in front of his camp making himself a canoe. This is the true history of Peter Basket. Now Sam Soap was the interpreter, and a sly fellow to boot; and on one occasion, when the priest told his congregation "that unless he was better paid not a soul would ever get out of purgatory," Sam interpreted into Micmac, adding, "that every one who did not give interpreter a dollar, would go to hell sure." Peter, after his travels, knew too much for Sam. So the latter made a bold move and spread a report that Antichrist had come into the Mission. There was division among the Micmacs, half arrayed themselves under Sam, the remainder followed Peter, and the strife was internecine. The question was, "Is Peter Basket, Peter Basket; or is he Antichrist in Peter's form?" I don't know that the matter is settled yet. Although not involving such large stakes as the famous Tichborne trial in England, as a case of identity it is equally interesting. Mrs. Basket sticks to it that he is he, which is to say the least of it strong *primâ facie* evidence for Peter.

The Indians are always glad to hire with a sportsman; they are ready, willing, hard-working fellows; know every inch of the country, and generally do their best to show their employers sport. On these occasions, so far from being taciturn, they are just the reverse, and sitting over the camp fire at night they spin many queer old yarns. The following is a specimen of one of their legends, which, however, loses much in my language. Here it is:

The Story of the Loon.

“It was wartime with the Mohawk. The leaves had fallen, the beaver had finished their lodges, and the geese were assembling together for their flight to the south, when a canoe was seen approaching. It was paddled by one man, a stranger, his name was Nic-ca-boc-ca-lic, and he came from the east, but no one knew more than that. He was a mighty hunter and a great warrior, and a scourge to the Mohawk. But at last Nic. (as we will call him for shortness) was taken prisoner by a war-party of twelve Mohawks, who were followed by a dog. So pleased were they with their prize, that it was determined to take him to the Mohawk country and dispose of him at their leisure. But Nic. made the winter come, and the Restigouche froze over, so that their canoes were useless. Then they tried to walk, but Nic. made the snow fall deep, and that too was impossible. Then they were in danger of starvation and tried to catch beaver, but all their efforts were in vain, as these animals had retired to winter-quarters. But Nic. said if they would follow him he would show them how to catch beaver. So, they consenting, he took them to a lake and cut twelve holes in the ice with a tomahawk, and at each one he posted a Mohawk with a spear, and arranged them in such a way that each man was hid from his fellows. Then Nic. commenced with the last man and said, “Jenem look down your hole, perhaps beaver come;” and when the Mohawk did as he was told, Nic. came behind him and shoved him under the ice. He took the same course with each of the twelve, till at last only the dog was left, and he, poor

quadruped, kept running from one hole to another, howling piteously. So Nic. changed him into a loon, and he flew to the south. Nic. himself disappeared, and was never seen again, but the loon returns every spring to the Bay of Chaleur, and swimming round and round the shores, never ceases to cry for his lost masters."

The Canadian Government, as a rule, treat the Indian tribes within the Dominion liberally and well, but I think they have been rather hard upon the poor Micmacs of the Restigouche. They have not prevented greedy settlers from robbing them of their land, and latterly they have prohibited them from spearing salmon. For hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of years, these Indians have lived upon the salmon in summer, and if it was thought advisable in the interests of the fisheries to prohibit spearing altogether, the Government should have given them some equivalent. What they did give them was one net which brings in about a dollar per annum to each family. When the spearing was put an end to, the Indians were told that large numbers of anglers would visit the Bay of Chaleur, and employ them at high wages, besides giving them the salmon they caught. This would be the case if the rivers were open, but under the present system of leasing them, not one Indian in a hundred is employed, and I am told that some lessees endeavour to recoup themselves for the rent by salting and carrying off the salmon. The laws are enforced against the Indian, but not against the white man; the former requires a torch which makes him conspicuous, the latter uses his net quietly but effectually in the dark.

The people one meets in Restigouche add to the enjoy-

ment of the place. Refreshing as dew to the thirsty herb, as sleep to the tired, as pale ale to the thirsty man, is it to find a spot in this world where men are not striving furiously after money, where nature is not destroyed by mills and stores, a place that neither changes for better nor for worse. What effect the Intercolonial will work, I do not know, but at present such a place is Restigouche—charming Restigouche, where you get better value for a little “chumming” and handshaking than for dollars. But the traveller must not be in a hurry at Restigouche, or he will be likely to lose his temper, perhaps his mind. Time is not money in this peaceful spot; he will do well to float along quietly with the tide, and enjoy life. The mail driver will stop for an hour on the road to have a friendly chat with the driver of your “express.” Remonstrance is unavailing. The ferryman is perhaps lending a hand on an unmanageable raft of timber, for no Restigouche man will see another Restigouche man stuck if he can help it, and unless you can ferry yourself across the river you may camp on the bank till further orders. Expostulation is useless, and haste is worse than useless: you may just do in Restigouche as Restigouche does. It is different from the rest of the continent, and suits an idler to perfection.

In the rivers and lakes that flow into the Bay of Chaleur there are at least five different species of the *Salmonidæ*.

1. The American salmon (*Salmo salar*) is allowed by naturalists to be identical with the European fish, although its habits are slightly modified by different conditions of climate, &c. In the Bay of Chaleur salmon

commence to run into the rivers about the 1st of June. The first fish taken in the nets are medium sized, viz. about 12 or 14 lbs. These are merely skirmishers, and are not taken in numbers. Next comes—commencing from June 7 to June 15—the main army. In the Restigouche and Cascapediae these fish average over 20 lbs. For two or three days together I have known the average size taken in a net, to be as high as 25 lbs., and running up to 40 and even 50 lbs. As the season advances the fish get smaller, with an occasional monster. The grilse commence to run about July 20, and run all August. It is a remarkable thing that in rivers such as the Restigouche and Metapedia, where the adult salmon are particularly large, the grilse are very small, viz. averaging about 3 lbs., and I have taken them as low as 1 lb. Salmon spawn in Canada somewhat earlier than they do at home. In Ireland, where I have had ample opportunities of noticing their habits, I have seldom seen them on the rood much before Christmas. In Restigouche I have killed a gravid fish on the 1st of September, and in October most of them are on the rood. Nature teaches them that the seasons here are shorter. In Canadian rivers, if they put off rooding till December, the action of the ice on the shallow spawning beds would make rooding impossible. Many kelts—probably all the June run—return to the sea in November, or just before the ice makes; the remainder return in April, May, or on the break-up of the ice. Some fish only spawn every second year. I base this assertion upon the fact that I have killed female kelts in the Restigouche as late as the month of August; these fish had probably spawned late in the season of the preceding year,

and would most certainly not have been in condition to spawn again before the following year.

2. *Salmo trutta*, which is, I think, identical with the British sea trout. In the Bay of Chaleur the sea trout follow the smelts into the mouths of the rivers in the month of May, and remain in the tideways of the rivers for a considerable time swimming backwards and forwards with the tides, and feeding on smelts. They can then be taken with the bait, but will not as a rule rise at the fly. Off the wharfs at Dalhousie and Campbellton, and about the head of the tide in the Restigouche river, the boys of the country make immense bags of these beautiful fish, which average about 2 lbs. and run as high as 8 lbs. The next time we see the *S. trutta* is far up the rivers, generally at the mouth of cold streams, where they lie in the months of July and August for the sake of coolness. The colder the water the more they seem to like it, and in this respect they differ from the *S. salar*, which seems to prefer a moderate temperature. Although an odd sea trout may be taken now and then by the salmon fisher in the lower portions of the rivers, they seem to make little stay after they leave the tideway till they have pushed right up to the mouth of the little rivers in which they mean to spawn. At the mouth of Tracey's Brook on the Restigouche, and at Assamaquagan, Amquag, and other streams on the Metapedia, they take the fly voraciously about the 1st of August.

3. There is another migratory trout which I have elsewhere alluded to, but which I regret to say my ignorance of natural history prevents my describing so that it can be identified. I have met with it in the rivers Nouvelle

and Escuminac; also, I think, on the extreme head waters of the Miramichi. Its average size is larger than the *S. trutta*, its colour deeper, and the spots more clearly defined, and its habits seem identical with those of the *S. salar*.

4. The tooladi (*S. confinis*) I have only seen in the Metapedia lake. It is very like the great lake trout of Scotland and Ireland. It is a non-migratory fish, though in the Metapedia there is no obstruction. It is coarse eating, and gives no sport to the angler, though it attains an immense size. I am told by the Indians that they have speared them as high as 30 lbs.

5. The brook trout (*S. fontinalis*). In its habits, food, and other particulars there are some remarkable points of difference between this fish and its British congener. In winter they leave the rapid rivers and move either to the tideways or to lakes and deep holes. At the mouth of the Restigouche they are caught in large numbers and of considerable size, through holes in the ice, in the months of February and March; and indeed at all seasons of the year the brook trout are to be caught in the tideways of the Bay of Chaleur rivers. I have noticed the same in Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. Here they acquire that silvery hue which in the old country we associate with the *S. trutta*. Nor is the resemblance between the two species confined to colour alone, for the good feeding they get in the tideways tends to build them up in shape like the sea trout, and even to make the flesh more firm and pink than in brook trout in general. The American brook trout is a more voracious and indiscriminate feeder than his British congener. I have caught them

continually with mice and moles in their stomachs. They are cannibals also, for when pulling in a little fellow, about 5 inches long, in the Causapsacol, it was seized by a monster about 5 lbs. weight. In fact, they eat anything and everything, pork, beef, partridge, fish, mice ; nothing comes amiss. I have made my biggest bags on a worn-out old salmon fly, with a junk of pork attached, a bait somewhat resembling the "chicken and ham for one" of the restaurant. Again, the British brook trout, as a rule, leaves the lakes and spawns in the brooks. The Canadian brook trout adopts just the opposite course ; he leaves the brooks, which become jammed up with ice in the winter, and runs down to the lakes. In the shallow sandy edges of the lakes in the end of October and 1st of November I have seen large shoals of spawning fish, many of them with their backs out of water. This is harvest time for the otter, the kingfisher, and the Canada jay. In the Nepisiguit the brook trout is gravid about September 20, and on the rood early in October. The hauls of brook trout that can be made on the Bay of Chaleur rivers and lakes passes all belief. At a deep hole in the Upper Nepisiguit, called the Devil's Elbow, an American made a bet that he could catch 400 lbs. weight in one day with hook and line, and won his bet. It is remarkable how the colouring of the trout is adapted to the colour of the water they frequent. A brown-coloured fish would be a conspicuous object in the beautifully clear water of the Restigouche, so we find the trout in it pure silver. Again, a silvery fish would be a very conspicuous object, and would therefore run increased risks of capture in the darker coloured lakes and streams in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where we

accordingly find them brown or red, as the case may be. Even in two different branches of the same river, one dark the other clear, we find the trout shaded exactly to suit the water.

I do not know what the trout and other fish in the lakes get to eat in winter when they are frozen up; they must, of course, prey upon each other's fry to a considerable extent; but all their supply of worms, grubs, flies, insects, &c., is cut off. I have observed that fish in winter always make for an open spot in the ice, probably for the sake of light. They certainly come to the fisherman when he cuts a little hole in the ice. Near the head waters of Salmon river, a tributary of the St. John, I saw a very odd winter's sight. When cariboo hunting, in mid-winter, I came on a little lake in the woods, in which, whether caused by a hot spring or from some other reason, there was a large circular basin of open water in the centre. On the ice round the edges of this basin, and in it, there were great numbers of dead fish, perch, trout, sunfish, &c., &c., on which owls, foxes, mink, and the ubiquitous meat-bird (*Garrulus Canadensis*) were living. The latter bird we saw eating fish, the presence of the others we saw by the tracks. The question arose, what had killed all these fish? As it was near evening we determined to camp on the lake. About sundown I noticed that the waters suddenly became troubled, dozens of little fish sprang out of the water, and some of them fell on the ice, and were immediately frozen stiff. But what caused them to do so? This was soon explained. Presently an otter put up his head in the basin, and I put a bullet through it. On fishing him out I found that

he had a steel trap attached to his hind leg. The poor fellow had evidently carried it about with him for a considerable time. Finding a lot of fish congregated together in this open place he had taken up his abode near it, and when he wanted a meal had only to show himself to create a panic and cause the foolish little fishes to jump on the ice, where they became an easy prey to him.

The facilities for canoeing are unrivalled in and around the Bay of Chaleur; the whole of this part of New Brunswick and Lower Canada is one great network of lakes and rivers. A canoe can go from the head waters of the Restigouche, with a very short "portage" of a mile or so, into the head waters of the St. John. Again, back from there up the Tobique and down the Nepisiguit to the bay again. From the head of Upsalquitch a very short "portage" takes one into the Nepisiguit. Up these rivers the lumberers and the trappers take their provisions in the fall of the year, towing them against the stream in scows, to which horses are harnessed at the end of a long line, canal fashion; only with this difference, that there is no road for the horses, who are generally in the water, sometimes even swimming; and that instead of a smooth canal, raging torrents have to be stemmed.

Hardly has the ice vanished in the spring when the rivers and lakes teem with canoes of many different shapes and patterns, from the log propelled with considerable skill and much noise by two stalwart red-shirted lumbermen, to the handy little Indian bark paddled smoothly, gracefully, and noiselessly by the red man and his helpmate. The lumber is now running

down the rivers; countless floating logs testify that the axe has not been idle during the past winter.

The rivers at this season are swollen by the melting of the snow, and to navigate them requires the greatest skill on the part of the canoe-men. An upset at this season is a serious matter. In these desperate torrents and in the treacherous undertow of the eddies the strongest swimmer is baffled. One of the best swimmers I ever met, when stream driving, lost his balance and fell off a floating log into an eddy at the edge of the river. He told me that for several seconds after he fell in he tried his best to reach the surface, but without success. He thought it was all up with him; but with great presence of mind gave up wasting his strength in fighting against the undertow, and tried to crawl along the bottom. This tactic succeeded; he got out of the influence of the eddy into the strong torrent of the stream, when he immediately rose to the surface, and although almost exhausted, managed to paddle to the opposite bank of the river.

It sometimes happens that a canoeless trapper finds himself in a situation where some craft is absolutely necessary to transport his goods to market. He may be unable to build a birch canoe, or unwilling to waste the time. What is to be done? Well, that depends upon circumstances. If he is provided with moose or cariboo hides, he can in a very short time extemporise a skiff after the fashion of the old coracle; or, in spring time, his easiest method is to peel a large sheet of spruce bark, sew up and gum the ends, chop a rude paddle, and then and there embark with his peltry.

Given an axe, and the old backwoodsman is never at a loss for a ship. His last resource is a catamaran—not a luxurious craft, it is true, but beautiful from its simplicity. Two dry logs of equal length, laid parallel to each other, and about 18 inches apart, are securely joined at both ends by stout crossbars. Over these a few slabs are laid as a deck or seat. Individually I object to catamarans, my experience of them being anything but pleasing. It happened on one occasion that I had been watching beaver in a brook, and having delayed too long, I only just managed at nightfall, on my homeward tracks, to reach the bank of a big river, on which, but some miles lower down, was my camp. There was no moon, and to walk any farther in the dark, hampered as I was with two beaver, was impossible, so I lit a fire with the intention of remaining where I was till morning. Whilst collecting wood for the night I chanced upon an old catamaran, which caused me to change my mind, and, lashing my gun and beaver to it, I started homewards. For the first mile or so I poked cautiously along close to the bank; but by-and-by, waxing bolder, I launched into the centre of the stream, and floated down gaily at the rate of 7 or 8 miles an hour. All of a sudden, over the wash and surging of the river, I heard a suspicious noise as of a waterfall right ahead. In vain I tried to stop my craft—the stream was too strong; and through the darkness I could perceive white water in front of me. In a moment the foremost end of my catamaran shot over a sheer pitch of about 2 feet, and the hinder end, on which I stood, striking against the ledge, I was shot head foremost over my unmanageable charger's head. It

seemed as if the plunge was likely to finish me ; but after a few kicks I came to the surface, and the catamaran just at the same instant coming nearly over me, I was luckily able to seize it, and resume my journey down the rapids, which I passed without another upset.

CHAPTER X.

THE FORESTS OF CANADA.

BRITISH North America contains probably the largest and the most valuable forests in the world. Notwithstanding the enormous quantity of timber that is exported yearly and manufactured at home, notwithstanding the millions of trees annually used for fuel, and the yet greater numbers that are each year wantonly wasted and destroyed, the forests still seem to be perfectly inexhaustible. From the head of the Ottawa westward, the traveller can go for days, for weeks, or even for months, through the virgin forest. Each year, however, the lumberer has to push a little farther back. The value of the lumber annually exported is about \$30,000,000. In preparing this for market thousands of men and horses are employed, at wages running from \$10 per month per man, up to \$30 for skilled hands, and \$20 or \$30 for a pair of horses, with food in all cases both for man and horse.

One has to push very far back indeed into the woods to get beyond the traces of the lumbermen. Like the other tree-chopping animal of the country, the beaver, he leaves his mark wherever he goes. He requires no railways nor turnpike roads. Wherever in the forest there is a stream with water in it enough to float a stick of timber, there will his tracks be found. He makes his home in the

woods when first the snow falls, and remains there till the spring; then he goes down the rivers with the logs, and for a brief period the towns are inundated with these sailors of the forest. They work in gangs of from six or eight men up to twenty. They build log camps for themselves and for their horses, and make their own roads. Each camp has a main or "portage" road, leading to the nearest settlement or turnpike road, which is sometimes as much as 50, 60, or 100 miles distant. Along this road their provisions are "portaged." This alone gives work to one team when the gang is large and the distance great. Flour, pork, tea, and molasses form the staples of their diet. They breakfast before daybreak, dine about ten or eleven, have a "bite" at two or three, supper at six, and a "lunch" before they go to sleep—not bad living; and at any hour of the day or night that a stranger happens to visit them, on goes the kettle and frying-pan, and he is treated to the best they have got. Their hospitality is unbounded, sometimes embarrassing. Once or twice, when I have been travelling in the lumber woods, I have had occasion to call in at eight or ten camps in the course of the day, and at every one of them I have been compelled to stop for a dinner, a lunch, or bite. In a camp of twenty men the division of labour is as follows: the "boss" (*Anglicè*, "skipper"); the cook, who has no sinecure; the teamster and the teamster's assistant, commonly called the "teamster's divil"—they look after the horses, and haul the logs from the stump to the river bank with their teams; five broad-axemen, who square the logs; the "head swamper," i. e. engineer and road-maker, and six assistants; and four "fallers" (of trees).

Their wages vary from \$10 to \$30 a month, with food; the cook, teamster, and broad-axemen receiving the highest rates. These wages, when looked into, are not as high as they appear at first sight. Very often but a small amount of their winter's wages is paid in cash; the balance is taken out in goods, clothes, &c., from the shop or "store" of their employers. The horses are hard worked, and fed chiefly on oats, hay being difficult to carry; they do not last long in the lumber woods. The logs have often to be hauled a distance of 3 or 4 miles to the river or brook. The amount of flour and pork consumed in the lumber woods is prodigious. Five men in one month get through two barrels of flour and one of pork. Supposing no other kind of food, that is the minimum allowance; and experience has proved that these are the articles of food best suited to the climate. Lumberers look down upon moose and cariboo meat, and will not touch beaver or rabbit. As for tea, no working man in Canada ever thinks he has had a "square" meal without it.

The camps are generally situated in hardwood land, near a brook or river. They are built of spruce logs, well padded with moss, and roofed with cedar or pine splits. The hearth is in the centre of the camp, with a bench or "deacon seat" on each side of the fire. Back of this are the beds, made of fir boughs, constantly renewed. The stables or hovels are close to the camps, and are made in the same manner, but of course without the fireplace, and with a loft for hay overhead. Neither horses nor men ever suffer from cold in the lumber woods; there is no wind, and the deep snow banked

up round the camps and hovels adds greatly to the warmth.

To move the great pine trees from the stump to the river, often a distance of some miles, strong heavy horses are required. In the lumber woods horses are bought and sold by the pound, like beef. This amuses an old-country man at first, but he will soon find that there is some sense in this arrangement. He will find that a horse which scales more than he is calculated to do from eye measurement is invariably a good one; whilst the one that weighs less than might be calculated from the size of his frame is invariably a bad one. The horse that weighs well always girths well, and *vice versâ*. The following is a specimen of horsey conversation in the lumber woods:

First Lumber Boss (admiringly): "That's quite a horse of yours."

Second Lumber Boss: "Yas, he is considerable of a colt."

First Lumber Boss (interrogatively): "Guess he'll weigh twelve hundred?"

Second Lumber Boss: "Wal, if he don't weigh twelve hundred all out, I guess he'll pinch it up pretty snug."

Chorus of Lumber Bosses: "A bul-ly colt, yes, sir!"

A lumberers' race is a thing to be seen. It is not quite like an Ascot meeting, nor a grand military. It has a special identity of its own. Course, a hauling road some 4 feet wide in the forest, a 5-foot wall of snow on either side. The two horses starting for the race are ridden by their respective teamsters, who have "gambled" at least a month's wages on their favourites. The men of two camps assembled to witness the race, back their respective team-

sters, and stand to lose or win various stakes, from a gallon of rum to a month's wages on the event. So far, though the course is a singular one, we have only the common features of all horse-racing. Now we come to the special peculiarity. The rival steeds, instead of standing neck and neck eager for the start, stand tail to tail in the narrow wood road; i. e. Tom, the favourite of "Salmon brook," looks towards the north, whilst Bob, the champion of "Trout crik," apathetically faces the south; and, stranger still, they are harnessed together with chain traces. One, two, three, and they are off! well, no, not quite off, but they are hanging on the traces. The forest rings with the whoops of the excited partisans, with the cracking of the teamsters' whips, and numerous quaint oaths and ejaculations. For a few exciting moments the horses tug and strain, when Bob, getting a good purchase in the well-beaten snow with his hind legs forges a length ahead, and the champion of "Salmon brook" goes stern foremost into the snow bank and is almost lost to sight. He of "Trout crik" is the heavier animal, bets are lost and paid, and no indignant British householder writes to the 'Times' to complain of the "demoralization" attendant upon horse-racing.

The "freshet-time" is the most critical period of the year to the lumberman. If the snow thaws very rapidly, and the freshet rises to an unusual height, his logs are scattered over the meadows and intervalles, and collecting them is a great labour. Each log and stick of timber is marked with the private mark of the owner. They all float down the stream together, but are claimed and sorted out at the rafting grounds. Here booms are stretched across the river to collect the lumber, which is made into

rafts, and either floated down by the stream or towed by steam tug down to the sea. The rivers in Canada have a lively appearance in the months of May and June; hardly has the last of the ice disappeared when the logs commence to run. From daybreak in the morning until dark the stream drivers are at work, some in the water, some walking on the slippery floating logs as only a lumberman can, others paddling about in their canoes, pushing off their logs from the bank, guiding them through the broken water, and finally making them into rafts. This is a period of very hard and severe work for the men, who are highly paid, and of great anxiety to the lumberer. A sudden fall of water, an error in judgment in neglecting to seize the proper moment to launch his logs into the river, or a want of hands to help him, may be the means of leaving his logs high and dry on the shore, and of keeping him out of his hardly-earned money for a twelvemonth.

If a log could speak it would tell of many an hour's hard toil spent on it from the day it was first marked for cutting in the heart of the forest to the day it was shipped at Quebec. It would also bear testimony to the honesty of the Canadian people. The lumber is cast away in all sorts of strange places by the freshet, in meadows, in fields, in creeks, and gullies far from the banks of the river, where it lies sometimes for months unsought and unclaimed, but rarely if ever is a stick of timber stolen in Canada.

Only the square timber is exported, the logs are manufactured at home. A first-rate sawmill at work is one of the sights best worth seeing in Canada. The timber is drawn by machinery out of the water into one end of the

mill, ripped up by the saws and passed out at the other end in planks or boards, or some other shape. Nothing is wasted but the sawdust. One saw takes off the slabs and squares the stick. Then the great gang-saw, that gives the idea of resistless power, slices up the square part into boards, while the circular saws whizzing round with immense velocity rip up the slabs into laths or some small sort of board. The sawmills at Ottawa are situated just at the foot of the falls of the Ottawa river, and even in the hottest weather the air is cooled by the spray of the waterfall. Unquestionably this is one of the finest "mill privileges" in the world. Many of these sawmills are very complete and well-managed establishments. Being frequently situated in remote and rather inaccessible places, they have to contain within themselves everything necessary to carry on the business. Stores of provisions, shops, accommodation for workmen, for tradesmen, for managers. Then besides the sawmill there is in all probability a great lumbering business to be looked after, and most likely the proprietor has a thousand men in the woods and a couple of hundred horses all employed in providing food for the devouring insatiable saws. It must take a good head to run a sawmill such as Mr. Gibson's on the Nashwaak in New Brunswick, or Mr. Price's on the Saguenay, where sea-going vessels lie alongside the mill and take in the deals direct from the saws.

Lumbering presents no attraction to the immigrant from the Old World, for a long education is required to make him an adept in the use of the axe. On the other hand, lumbering is the favourite winter occupation of the native-born Canadian, who, like the typical animal of his country, loves

to chop the trees of the forest. And there is undoubtedly some irresistible charm in forest life, which, when a man has once tasted, leads him back to it winter after winter and year after year. Wages are good in the woods, and so is the living, and although the hours are long and the work hard, the ambition of the Canadian in the back settlements is to put in his winters in the lumber woods. None but good men are employed, and lumbering thus becomes a regular trade or handicraft, and is placed out of the reach of the immigrant, who can no more compete with the trained lumberman than he can with skilled workmen in any other trade with which he is unacquainted. But although immigrants cannot be recommended to go into the woods, they benefit indirectly from the lumbering; they can fill the places in the farmyards or elsewhere vacated by the lumbermen.

I do not know where a better exhibition of strength and skill and manly vigour can be seen than in the woods of Canada. The lumberers are the pick of a tall, strong, and hardy race of people. Their physique is admirable. It is a pleasure to watch two or four (as the case may be) of these fine fellows felling a pine tree. Their wedge-shaped axes at the end of 3-foot handles swung far back over their heads descend in perfect regularity one after the other, just on the spot to within one hair-breadth of where the blow is aimed. Rapidly fly the chips, and the great pine tree shivers to its very summit, and presently with a thundering crash falls on the very spot it was meant to fall.

The forests of Canada are the more valuable, on account of the scarcity of timber in the United States. In those

states which are naturally adapted to the growth of timber, such as New York and New England, the old forests have been long since cut down, and will probably never have a chance of springing up again, as these states are the most thickly populated parts of the Union. Then again that immense region lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains is positively treeless, except along the margins of a few of the streams. Two things are necessary to the growth of forest trees, viz. a certain degree of summer heat and plenty of moisture. The latter condition they cannot get in the western states, where the evaporation is more than double the rainfall. Given a certain degree of summer heat, say from 60° to 70° , with plenty of moisture, and the most valuable timber trees will grow to perfection, and will stand almost any degree of winter cold. In Canada the melting snow nourishes the roots, while the hot sunshine playing on the foliage draws up the stems straight and branchless to a great height. In the pine forests it is not unusual to see trees 6 feet in diameter at the butt, and straight as an arrow, growing to the height of 100 feet without limb or fork.

Nature's rotation of crops in the forest is an interesting study. Where a deciduous forest has been cut down or destroyed by fire, spruce and fir trees rapidly spring up. Where a pine forest has been destroyed by fire, blueberries and raspberries grow in immense profusion for the two or three subsequent seasons; then cherry, white birch, maple, and popple (American poplar) commence to make their appearance, shoot up with surprising rapidity, and soon a forest of deciduous trees occupies the site of the ancient pine forests of the country, relics of which

may be seen in the gigantic half-charred stems, thoroughly dried by fire and weather, which remain standing amongst the young green wood for twenty or thirty years. These immense trunks, standing high over the heads of the young forest trees with uplifted arms, and stems blanched white with successive storms and sunshine, look like the ghosts of the forest primeval, and present a weird and rather melancholy appearance.

In Lower Canada and the maritime provinces spruce and fir are the weeds of the country. They seem to spring up everywhere and under any circumstances. They grow equally well in the open or under the shade of larger trees. The latter has often surprised me, knowing the difficulty that is experienced in getting under-cover to grow in English woods. On land that has been left in pasture for a few years, the weeds that grow up, and warn the farmer that his land is ready for the plough, are spruce and fir trees. In rocky districts of the lower St. Lawrence and of Nova Scotia, of the Thousand Islands and of the Laurentian Mountains, wherever there is a crack in a rock large enough to hold a thimbleful of soil, there one may see a little spruce or fir tree.

Walking in the woods brings more of the muscles into play than road walking, and what with stepping over this wind-fall and stooping under that one, it is no doubt fatiguing work; but it is a very different and a much pleasanter sort of fatigue than that caused by road tramping. A little rest makes the latter grow or increase, whilst the fatigue caused by walking in the woods, though more distressing at first, vanishes after a short rest, and leaves no trace behind; in fact, if one may compare oneself to a

horse, it is like a sharp canter over turf compared with a long jog on the hard road. Let a man start at 6 A.M. and do his eight miles in a bee line through the woods before mid-day (very good walking), he will feel thoroughly and completely gruelled after his six hours' hard work, more so than after twenty miles on a hard road. In the former case an hour's rest, a feed, and a pipe will enable him to perform the same distance in the afternoon without any distress; whereas in the latter case, after an equal rest, he will, unless in first-rate condition, feel stiff and sore, and unable to retrace his steps.

The worst woods to walk in are those that have been burnt some years before; then one has not only the burnt stumps, rampikes, and windfalls to contend against, but also a thick matted second growth.

Fires only run through the woods when very dry weather occurs in the late fall and early spring times. The snow is an effectual damper in winter, as is the young vegetation in summer. The effect of these fires on the general features of the country is not at all pleasing. I know nothing more dreary than a long drive through burnt lands, and nothing dirtier than a walk through them. The loss of valuable lumber, firewood, &c., is incalculable, as is the destruction of fur and feather. Extensive fires affect to a certain extent not only the climate, but also the crops, of a large district of contiguous country. The atmosphere becomes oppressive, and the sun is often obscured for days together. They are caused by the carelessness of the back settlers when clearing their land, and more often are the work of the "stream drivers" (*Anglicè*, lumbermen employed in driving logs of timber

down the rivers and streams). These men are, by the nature of their work, compelled to camp in a different place every night during the "freshet time," i.e. in the spring, when fires are most likely to run; and when starting in the morning, they often neglect to put out their fires.

In New Brunswick the settlers calculate events and reckon time from a great fire, well known there as "the Miramichi fire," which occurred, I think, in 1825. This fire swept over most of the north of the province, causing much loss of life and property. Such was the fury of the conflagration that the Miramichi river, nearly a mile in width, was not a sufficient barrier to arrest the flames, which crossed over in the neighbourhood of Chatham. The destruction of animal life was appalling. Moose left New Brunswick about this time, and went to Nova Scotia; and I have no doubt that their departure may be attributed to the Miramichi fire. Beaver and other fur suffered severely. The fish, I am told, perished in the shallower streams and lakes from the intense heat. Four or five years ago, traces of this destructive fire, in the shape of huge burnt upstanding rampikes, could be seen in the devastated district, and probably remain there to this day.

A man cruising in the woods ought never to be without a pocket compass. Without one, in dull, overcast weather the best woodsman cannot keep a straight line. The tendency on these occasions is to walk in circles. It is very annoying, but by no means unusual, to find oneself after two hours' hard walking at the exact spot one started from. Indeed, I have completed my circle in half an hour when lost in the woods without a compass. I have re-

marked, too, that I almost invariably trend to the right, not to the left, and, on comparing notes with other "bush whackers," I find that I am not singular in this respect. Can it be that the left is generally the better leg of the two, and takes imperceptibly the longer stride? The wind is a capricious guide to the lost woodsman, and the trees are not to be depended upon, although in exposed situations six out of seven incline to the eastward, owing to the prevalence of westerly weather. There is no time when one is so likely to get lost as when hunting fresh tracks. The attention is so much absorbed by the sport, that a man is particularly liable to lose his reckoning, and to find himself at sundown far from his camping ground. On these occasions it is the better plan to make oneself as comfortable as possible for the night, for when darkness sets in walking is simply impossible, and ordinarily it is no great hardship to pass a night in the woods. A man should never be without matches, and firewood can always be procured. When matches are lost or wet, a little bit of the lining of a coat or of a pocket-handkerchief, rubbed with powder and fired out of a gun into a dry, rotten stump, forms a substitute. Without means of kindling a fire it is a serious matter to be lost in the woods, and I am thankful to say I have never been in that difficulty. Old lumber roads are most mischievous, and, when lost, it is better to have nothing to say to them; they twist about in every direction, and after following one for a couple of miles it is heartbreaking to find that it leads to an old pine stump, and there ends.

The idea that Indians never get lost in the woods is erroneous. No man in the world without the aid of a

compass can keep a straight line through strange woods on a dull, foggy day; but Indians can walk straighter than white men under these circumstances, and are, moreover, wonderfully quick at seeing and deciphering old marks on trees, and in finding and following old paths, tracks, or blazed roads. A good Indian, too, will recognize any place that he has ever seen before, whereas a muff may circumnavigate the same hundred acres of wood all day long, and be under the pleasing delusion that he is getting many miles ahead. When all the woods seem alike to the novice, the Indian will discriminate between this hill and that hill, between this brook, swamp, or thicket, and others almost exactly resembling them. Lumberers are not so good in this respect as one might suppose. Although they spend one-half of their life in the woods, they seldom leave the neighbourhood of their camps and roads; and when they do so, they blaze lines on the trees. In hunting strange ground, it is advisable to have a straight road, river, lake, or barren as a starting point.

There are between sixty and seventy different kinds of wood in the Canadian forest. The following is a list of some of the most common and most useful species.

Coniferæ.

White or Prince's pine (*Pinus Strobus*). This is the pine of the lumber markets. It grows everywhere in Canada, but owing to its value the best pine has been long since cut away in the more accessible portions of the Dominion. Most of the lumber that now finds its way to other countries, comes from the heads of those great rivers that flow into the St. Lawrence from the northward,

such as the Ottawa and its tributaries. The best of the pine is squared in the woods, and exported in that shape under the name of "square timber." The smaller trees are merely cut in lengths, and called logs; they are generally manufactured in the sawmills into deals. This tree is the most valuable of Canadian timber. It finds its way into every carpentering establishment in Great Britain, is easily wrought, durable, and free from knots. The best shingles for roofing purposes are made out of split pine, and the log canoes used by the lumberers are hewn out of pine trees.

There are two other pines in the Canadian forest, the yellow pine (*P. mitis*) and the red pine (*P. resinosa*). The latter is the most resinous of the fir tribe, and is consequently very durable, the resin acting like paint in preserving the timber from decay. Neither of these trees are much lumbered at present, owing to the superior size and excellence of the white pine. The old roots and knots of the red pine, which are of great weight and completely saturated with resin, are called "pitch-pine"; they burn fiercely, give a brilliant light, and are much used for torches.

The hemlock (*Abies Canadensis*). This tree grows to a great size, second only to the white pine among the *Coniferæ*. Although considered an inferior wood for general purposes, and not known in the lumber markets, it is a valuable tree. In the first place the bark, which is thick and heavy, forms the chief ingredient used by the tanner in preparing hides. It is collected in great quantities by the back settlers, hauled into market when sleighing is good, and sold like firewood by the "cord"

measure. The timber, though soft and inferior for general carpentering purposes, is the most durable of all wood when immersed in water; it is therefore used in building wharfs. Hemlock generally grows on undulating land, mixed up with birch, beech, maple, and other hard wood; and the settler looks upon it as an indication of good soil.

There are two species of spruce in the Canadian forest, the white spruce (*A. alba*) and the black (*A. nigra*); also a variety of the latter, called by the Indians "skunk spruce," from its smell. The spruce is excellent wood, and grows in immense quantities all over Canada. It constitutes the main article of lumber in certain districts out of which the pine has all been culled. The lumberers raft it down to the sawmills in logs, where it is manufactured into deals, boards, clap-boards for walls of houses, laths, and twenty other things. The black spruce grows on rough and rocky places, and is in general a mark of bad or indifferent land; the white spruce grows mixed up with hardwood and pine on a better description of land. The bark of the white spruce can be peeled off in the month of June with the greatest ease, and is used by the back settlers for roofing barns and shanties. The sportsman camping out in the summer knows the value of this bark in wet weather. From the young twigs of the black spruce spruce-beer is made, an abominable concoction, said however to be wholesome. The roots of this species are tough and supple; they make excellent ties, and are used by the Indians for sewing their bark canoes. Spruce sparks and crackles too much for firewood, but it answers very well in close stoves.

The tamarac, called also hachmatac and juniper

(*Larix A.*). A deciduous tree, almost identical with the English larch. It grows in clumps in low-lying ground, generally in the vicinity of lakes swamps and beaver meadows. It indicates inferior land. A very hard, durable, resinous, and valuable timber; in great demand for ship timbers, knees, and so on. It also makes admirable railway sleepers. When dry it is capital firewood. Pendent from the boughs of this tree and of the black spruce hangs in festoons the moss on which the cariboo feed in winter. It comes next to cedar for fencing purposes, and the young trees run up straight and free from knots, and make the toughest of poles for canoeing and other purposes.

The fir (*Abies balsamea*), called "var" by the settler, is a pretty tree, but the wood is not much valued. In fact, Canada is so rich in valuable woods, and there are so many kinds to choose from, that Canadians can afford to be particular and only use the best; however, it is used for making tubs, butter dishes, milkpails, and so on; it is a soft, easily-worked wood, and tasteless. The fir, as we have seen before, grows everywhere, sometimes in clumps by itself, more often mixed with spruce and hardwood. It grows very rapidly, but does not attain a great age. Fir trees left in isolated positions by themselves generally blow down or decay. The smell of this tree is delicious; it scents the forest. The tender boughs form the most elastic, fragrant, and sleep-provoking of couches for the camper-out; and the balsam, which is found in large bubbles under the bark, is the best and quickest cure that I know of for cuts, scratches, and bruises, and it possesses the great advantage of being always at hand when re-

quired in the woods. Of the sixty or seventy varieties of trees in the Canadian forest, there is not one without its use; it may be said of them in the words of the Psalmist, "In wisdom hast Thou made them all."

The cedar, or arbor vitæ (*Thuja occidentalis*) is the most remarkable wood in the Canadian forest, the most useful one to the settler, and, next to the white birch, the most valuable to the Indian and the backwoodsman. It grows generally in wet places and on the banks of lakes and rivers, and is by no means a sign of bad land. There are hundreds of square miles of cedar forests in Lower Canada and New Brunswick, but, strange to say, it does not grow in Nova Scotia. This is the lightest and the most durable of Canadian woods. A bridge made of it lasts for fifty years without repairs, and a fence for seventy or eighty. Cedar, exposed to the air and clear of the ground, as fence rails, actually wears out before it rots. It is largely used for making shingles; also for telegraph-posts, gate-posts, sills of houses, &c., &c. I think if its wonderful durability were better known in England it would be largely imported. A good woodman can split a cedar log into boards of a uniform size, using no tool but his axe. It is very useful in the backwoods for roofing sheds, barns, and camps. The bark peels off in long strips, and when green is as tough as leather, and makes excellent ropes. The cedar is a very pretty tree, and grows to a large size. I have seen it in the Bay of Chaleur from 3 to 4 feet in diameter at the butt. The scent of the timber is delicious.

Betulaceæ.

Black birch (*B. lenta*) grows in dry undulating land, and is a very common forest tree in Lower Canada and the maritime provinces. It indicates good soil, and is generally found in company with the yellow birch, with the maple, the beech, the hemlock, or the pine. It is valuable, but owing to its great weight, hard to bring to market. Birch timber will not float down the streams when green, and consequently has to be cut a year before it is rafted. The wood is dark in colour, pretty in the grain, and much used for furniture. It is used to make keels for wooden ships, and for other purposes in ship-building and machinery, where strength, hardness, and durability are required. A great deal of birch timber is exported to Europe; it makes capital fuel.

Yellow birch (*B. excelsa*). This is like the black birch, both in foliage and quality of timber, but smaller. It is abundant in Canada, and is chiefly used for firewood. When bled in the spring the sap makes good vinegar.

White birch (*B. alba*). The general character of a North American forest is dark and sombre, but wherever this tree occurs it helps to light it up. Its tall, graceful stem of pure white forms a charming contrast to the spruce and other trees it grows amongst. It is very hardy, and is found the farthest north of the deciduous trees. The wood is inferior, and not much used even for fuel; but the bark is a treasure to the Indian and the backwoodsman. The former makes his canoe of birch bark, his wigwam, his troughs for holding water and collecting the sap of the sugar maple, his torches for spearing fish, and the numerous little ornamental wares

he brings into market. Formerly the squaws cooked their food in bark cauldrons, in which water was brought to the boiling point by putting in a series of red-hot stones. The back settler uses birch bark for roofing purposes, and it is highly prized in house-building; a layer of bark under the clap-boards makes a very warm and comfortable house. The Indian wigwams, made entirely of birch bark, are perfectly tight in all weathers, and very warm. But perhaps it is in kindling fires and making torches that birch bark is most valuable. Without bark it is very hard to kindle a fire in the woods in wet weather; but the bark is always dry and always inflammable. Often and often the backwoodsman would have to spend the night in the woods were it not for the birch-bark torch which serves to light him home to his camp. Out of it he makes his plates and his drinking cups, even his spoons.

Acerineæ.

Two of these trees are very common all over Canada, the rock maple (*Acer saccharinum*), and the white maple (*A. dasycarpum*). These are the most beautiful trees in the Canadian forest. Their tall rugged trunks are crowned with a mass of foliage, beautiful in summer, but doubly beautiful when turned by the early frosts of the fall into twenty gorgeous colours and shades of colours. My pen is quite unable to describe the beauties of the Canadian forest at this season of the year. No painter has ever done justice to it. The rock maple is a very tough, close-grained, and hard wood. It is highly prized for axe handles, sleigh runners, shafts, poles, machinery, and any purpose for which strength and elasticity are required. The bird's-eye maple that we see

in furniture and ornaments is merely a variety of the rock maple, so is the curly maple. The woodsman never knows before he strikes his axe into the tree whether it is bird's-eye, curly, or plain.

The rock maple is the tree from which the maple sugar is made. Early in the month of April, in Lower Canada, when the snow is still deep in the wood, the habitants, the Indians, and many of the back settlers hie into their sugar camps; sometimes accompanied by their wives and families, who enjoy the picnic immensely. The sugar-maker provides himself with a large quantity of birch-bark sheets in the summer, which he makes up into troughs or pails to hold the sap. Some hundreds of these are required in a large sugarie. The maple tree is tapped by cutting the letter V in the bark. At the angle a little peg of wood is stuck in, to act as a spout, and convey the sap into the trough which is placed below it. A good tree will yield 3 gallons of this sap in the day. The sap only runs in warm sunny days after frosty nights; 4 gallons of this sap are required to make 1 lb. of sugar. It is boiled down in a cauldron over a hot fire until the syrup on being dropped into the snow turns hard. When it is sufficiently boiled it is strained through a blanket (let us hope a clean one), and poured into bark dishes, when it soon hardens. The boiling and straining is the work of the women; the men are kept very busy in attending to the trees and collecting the sap. One man will sometimes tap two or three hundred trees. An Indian, with his wife and little child, can make 600 lbs. of maple sugar in one spring. A very good maple tree in one season will yield 8 lbs. of sugar. Some springs the sap

runs better than others. Strange to say, this great depletion—8 lbs. of sugar represents about 32 gallons of sap—does not seem to hurt the tree, which is tapped season after season without any bad result to its health. The average run of large trees is about 20 gallons in the season.

The stranger is astonished to see this very ornamental and useful timber used as firewood. Rock maple is the best of fuel, and constitutes the staple firing of Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Hundreds of thousands of trees are burned every winter. Many thousand stoves in Lower Canada alone glow all winter with red-hot maple brands, and yet they make no perceptible difference in the maple forests. With fair play the maple and the other valuable woods in the Canadian forests will suffice not only to warm and to shelter many generations of Canadians yet unborn, but also to adorn and beautify their country for ages to come. Detestable forest fires, the result of gross carelessness, do more harm to the forests in twelve hours than all the stoves in Canada do in a year. The rock maple indicates good dry soil, and is generally found growing with beech, black birch, and white maple. The white maple is an equally ornamental tree, but the wood is inferior both as timber and as fuel. There are also two or three other varieties of the maple, one of which, *A. Pennsylvanicum*, is the favourite food of the moose.

Cupuliferæ.

The white oak (*Quercus alba*) occurs here and there in the lower provinces, but is abundant in Canada West. It is a large and valuable tree, indicating the best quality of land. The wood is made into staves, and used for

carriage building and other purposes. The bark is used in the tanneries. The swamp oak (*Q. prinus*), a variety of the above, so called from its growing in swampy places, is also an excellent and very tough wood. The red oak (*Q. rubra*) is a somewhat inferior wood to both of these.

The beech (*Fagus sylvestris*) is common all over Canada, and is generally found in company with the maple and the birch. It is a hard and excellent timber, but not much lumbered. Together with maple and birch it is cut up in 4-foot lengths, split, and piled in little heaps 8 feet long by 4 every other way. In this shape it is called cordwood, and is sold as fuel. The winter beech is a variety so called from its retaining the dead leaves all winter. It is a small tree, but the wood is much valued for axe handles and agricultural implements.

The chestnut (*Castanea vesca*). This tree grows only in Canada West. The wood is light and durable. It is very like our own chestnut, if not identical; the nuts are much alike.

The hornbeam (*Ostrya Virginica*) is one of the hardest of Canadian woods. It is a small-sized tree; the wood is used by carriage builders.

Oleaceæ.

White ash (*Fraxinus Americana*) grows in low land. A very tough and flexible wood, of closer grain than the English ash. It is found all over Canada; used by carriage makers, barrel makers, &c., &c. It is the most flexible of Canadian woods, and is used for making hoops, also by the Indians for making snow-shoe bows.

Black ash (*F. sambucifolia*) grows in swamps. It is

chiefly used by the Indians for basket making. A tree is cut down, and after having been macerated in water it is beaten with the poll of an axe until the wood peels off in narrow ribbons, which the Indians dye and weave into baskets. Ash trees of both kinds indicate a poor soil.

Ulmaceæ.

The white elm (*Ulmus Americana*), a magnificent tree, that grows in rich intervale lands, generally near the banks of rivers or creeks.

The rock elm (*Ulmus racemosa*) grows chiefly in Canada West, in the same sort of land as the foregoing. Both these elms are very valuable wood.

Tiliaceæ.

Basswood (*Tilia Americana*). A very soft wood, something like our sycamore; useful for turning and carving; also used in furniture and machinery.

Salicaceæ.

The American poplar, aspen, or popple (*Populus tremuloides*). This tree is commonly found occupying the place of the old pine forests that have been destroyed by fire. It is a very soft wood, of not much value. The *balm-of-Gilead* is a variety of the above. The seed coverings of this tree are a sort of down or cotton, which falls in the summer like snow.

Juglandaceæ. (Not found in the northern forests.)

The black walnut (*Juglans nigra*) grows only in Canada West. A very valuable wood, used chiefly by furniture

makers; also makes stocks of guns, &c. Well known in this country.

Butternut (*Juglans cinerea*). This is an inferior species of walnut, the wood is lighter in colour and more open in the grain, but makes very pretty furniture. The nuts are like walnuts in shape, only much harder in the shell and the fruit more oily, not unlike the Brazil nuts in flavour. A very pretty tree; grows in poorer soil than the walnut.

The hickory (*Carya alba*) is the heaviest of all Canadian woods. Used for tool handles, carriage spokes and shafts, fishing rods, &c., &c. There are two varieties of this tree, the rough bark and smooth bark. Grows only in Canada West. The nuts of the rough-barked variety are very good eating.

Anacardiaceæ.

Sumac (*Rhus typhina*). A small and very pretty tree that grows chiefly in succession to the first forest crop. Indicates bad land. The wood is of a yellow colour, and used for furniture and dyes. The bark is valuable for tanning purposes. The seed is contained in large crimson pods, which makés the tree very gay in the fall of the year. The sumac is a very pretty ornamental tree, and grows freely when transplanted.

Amygdalææ.

There are three cherries, of which the red cherry (*Cerasus Pennsylvanica*) and the choke cherry (*C. Virginiana*) are the most common. The former is one of the first trees that springs up on burnt land in succession to the pine and spruce. In some districts in the early summer whole

tracts are white with the blossom of the red cherry. The fruit is not good. The black cherry (*C. serotina*) is a larger tree, and the wood is of some value, also the fruit. It only grows in Canada West. The choke cherry, so called from the fruit, which is such a strong astringent as almost to choke the eater. This pretty shrub grows in the outskirts of the forest.

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER.

OLD-COUNTRY people are often positively frightened from emigrating to Canada by stories they hear of the rigour of the Canadian winters. It appears to them that their own winters are quite severe enough, and that a climate, where ice is measured by feet instead of by inches, and where snow covers the land for months instead of for days, must be unbearable. The Canadian winter is undoubtedly too long; were it two months shorter, the Canadian climate would be one of the pleasantest as it is already one of the healthiest in the world. Five months of winter is somewhat monotonous, but where shall we find a climate that is perfect? Certainly not at home. As regards severity, those who have some experience of both climates are not dismayed at low temperatures, in fact actual cold as indicated by the thermometer, when unaccompanied by wind or dampness, is positively enjoyable. A March east wind in England is infinitely more trying and more chilling than 30 degrees of frost in Canada. Quite as much clothing is required at home as in Canada, for damp cold is more searching than dry cold. In Canadian winter weather there is no damp, no wet feet, consequently colds are less prevalent than with us. The Englishman's idea of snow is that of a wet sticky substance, in fact, 7 inches of it make 1 inch of water. Canadian snow is as light as feathers,—it takes

18 inches of it to make 1 inch of water, and it shakes off the clothes like dust, leaving them perfectly dry. I have often and often in the extreme depth of winter slept in the forest rolled up in an ordinary blanket, with my feet to the fire, and no covering of any sort over my head. This I have done and seen others do hundreds of times without any bad result, but I confess I should not like to try it at home.

As regards indoor life in Canada people there suffer much less from cold than we do at home. I cannot imagine anything more thoroughly uncomfortable than the ordinary English house on a cold winter's day. Windy halls and passages, drafty rooms, and the fire heat all going up the chimneys; the inmates hanging over the hearth with one side warm and the other cold, coughing, sneezing, blowing their noses, rubbing their hands, and evincing distress in various other ways. There is none of this in Canada. We have much to learn from the Canadians in the art of house-warming both as regards public buildings and private residences. Indeed Canadians often go a little too far in the opposite extreme, and instead of an even temperature of 60 they keep the steam up to 70 in their houses, which I believe is injurious to their health. Sitting in one of these warm rooms in the depth of winter, with the bright sun shining through the windows, one can hardly realise the fact that the mercury is at zero outside. The ordinary settler's house in Canada is built of wood from top to bottom, with an inner and an outer sheeting of boards, between which there is a vacant space. Often between the boards there is a sheeting of birch bark. Frequently a verandah runs either partly or altogether round the house, which

has to be made capable of resisting the heat of summer as well as the cold of winter. A very comfortable farmer's house, fitted with double doors and double windows, with verandah, two sitting rooms, kitchen, and four or five bedrooms, can be run up in a very short time at a cost of about 300*l*.

A great drawback to the English climate is its capriciousness. The most weatherwise individual, with the aid of barometer and thermometer, cannot with any degree of certainty foretell the morrow. Even on those rare days when the sun manages to struggle through his watery shroud, the prudent man does not dream of dispensing with his umbrella. In Canada, on the contrary, any observant person who has studied the subject can count upon the weather for twenty-four hours. Sudden changes, of course, do occur once in a way, upsetting the calculations of the most weatherwise ; but they are exceptional. A halo round the sun or moon almost invariably precedes rain or snow. The best human judges of the weather are the Indians, for they not only study the heavens attentively, but also take lessons from the wild animals ; and in weather-wisdom these exceed domestic animals as much as the red man exceeds the white man. When tame geese become restless and take long noisy flights, we know what to expect. Cattle and sheep, too, at the approach of bad weather, come in for shelter. Butchers pretend to foretell the depth of the snow in the ensuing winter from some part of the intestines of the pig. Indians look inside the moose for the same information, and are also guided by the wild berries in the woods ; when these are plentiful, it is considered a sign there will be much snow in the following winter, and *vice versa*. In a

country where the farming season is so short, an "open fall," i. e. a late winter, is desired by everyone. Nature always gives timely warning of the approach of winter, and the close observer is rarely mistaken in his prognostications.

I led a hunter's life in the woods of Upper Canada and New Brunswick for the greater part of two years. On reverting to my log book of that period, I see the following entry:—"Nov. 5 (1865). Winter to all appearance; 3 inches of ice on small lakes and ponds; 4 inches snow on ground; but animals say that winter has not yet set in for good. Cariboo, hares, and weasels in summer colours; bears still rambling about; geese not commenced to fly to the sou'-west in any numbers; and beavers not finished cutting and hauling their winter supplies." And sure enough the animals were right; the weather continued wintry until the 11th of the month, when snow and ice vanished, and were succeeded by another summer of a fortnight's duration. This Indian summer (so called) does not always occur, but when it does it is a boon to everyone. Having experienced a taste of winter, we appreciate it all the more. Still, mild, hazy weather, it seems as if, old Winter's first attack having been repulsed, he had been compelled to retire for awhile to get fresh wind for another assault.

Another curious and, as seen in the woods, very beautiful phenomenon often follows or precedes the Indian summer. It is called the "silver frost." A fine thick rain, falling at a temperature of about 33°, freezes the instant it touches the ground. Once after a silver frost I happened to visit a tract of country thickly clothed with a young second-growth of timber; the sun had just emerged

from under the clouds, and the effect was curious. For acres and acres all around, the young birch and maple trees, averaging 15 feet or 20 feet in height, were bowed down until their heads touched the ground; tiny branches no thicker than a pocket pencil were bloated to the size of a man's finger, and the larger ones in like proportions. Farther advance was out of the question, so I was constrained to stop and admire. Everything that met the eye seemed to be plated with silver and festooned with diamonds.

The ice commences to make in the rivers about the first week in December. First of all shore-ice forms along the banks and in those places where there is least current, this gets broken off piece by piece by the action of the stream, and for a few days the rivers are choked with lumps of floating ice which reduce the temperature of the water. Simultaneously in the shallows a soft spongy ice forms on the bottom encircling the stones, and this rising to the surface accumulates in the eddies. This stuff, called "lolly," serves to check the force of the current and make the stream more torpid. Then the frost which is every night getting more intense, seals up the floating masses, and the rivers are bridged for the season, leaving, however, air-holes (so called) in the rapids, which often remain open all winter.

Even those animals who do not regularly hibernate retire to their dens for warmth and shelter in intensely cold weather, coming out on milder days to take their pleasure; but cariboo are exceptions. Always restless, these hardy animals are doubly so in very cold weather, and travel about incessantly to keep themselves warm,

leading the hunter a weary chase. The cock of the woods, or the great red-headed woodpecker, hates the cold, and is never heard or seen in winter, except when a change is near. If on a winter's day you do hear him giving tongue—chuckling away hoarsely on the extreme summit of a giant rampike—no matter how fine and bright the day, be sure that to-morrow it will rain. In the fall of the year beavers oil themselves at the approach of wet weather; and the hunters at that season form an opinion as to the severity of the coming winter by the thickness of the roofs of these animals' lodges.

As I have remarked elsewhere, actual cold as indicated by the thermometer is lightly felt, but a much less degree of frost accompanied by a high wind and *poudre* of drifting snow penetrates the warmest clothing, and chills the wretched wayfarer to the marrow. Such days are fortunately few and far between in the interior, owing to the shelter of the surrounding forests, but of frequent occurrence on the more exposed seaboard.

The nights in this country are lighter than in England, and owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, the moon and stars are much brighter. A still, cold Canadian winter's night is one of the things to be seen, and to see it to perfection one must be in the woods. The stars then appear little higher than the tree-tops, and the flashes of the aurora borealis in the north are like spectres flitting about in the distance; the smooth surface of the snow reflects the light of the moon and of the stars, so that it is possible to read small print; the silence is most profound, and a dreamy, drowsy feeling steals over the watcher—that feeling which causes the lost Arctic traveller to lie down and

quietly sleep to death. But of a sudden a loud and sharp report close to his ear rudely wakes him from his reveries. What is it—a rifle shot? No: simply a tree cracking with the frost. What causes these sudden cracks or reports I do not know. They only occur when the mercury is below zero, and are evidently not caused by the freezing of the sap, for in the first place there is little or no sap in the wood in winter; and in the next place I have heard the same cracks in dry and seasoned timber, as for instance in walls of a house.

Savage Winter can never lay hands on the migratory birds, nor does he ever find Bruin unprepared with a den, nor the beaver without a full store of provisions and a frost-proof roof to his house. Come soon or come late, he will find the rabbit disguised in a snow-white suit, and the fur-bearing animals arrayed in warm winter-jackets.

A thaw is looked for in Canada about the commencement of the new year. This January thaw only lasts a couple of days or so, and is often the only one in the winter. It has its use. The snow lying on the top of the ice is melted, but only to be frozen again, and after this process it is thoroughly safe for men, horses, and the heaviest loads during the remainder of the winter.

In many parts of the Dominion the rivers and lakes form a perfect network, and in summer the voyageur can, with one or two trifling "portages" of his canoe, traverse the country from one end to the other by four or five different routes; and wherever there is water in summer there is a good road in winter. Sometimes, in the beginning of winter, or after a thaw, the lakes and rivers are coated over with glassy ice; then teams, with heavy loads and

jingling bells, may be seen trotting along merrily, side by side with skaters and ice-boats.

Canada is *par excellence* the country for the skater. Every Canadian can skate more or less. The rink is the great winter amusement, and is to be found in every Canadian city. In these enormous wooden tents, well-lighted by day and by night, and fitted with every convenience for the skater, the bands play and the young people meet to skate, to dance (on skates), to gossip, and amuse themselves. I am credibly informed that even a little flirtation can be managed on skates. Happy the possessor of a good foot and ankle, and a neat figure; these, for the time, almost throw the pretty faces into the shade. Though, on the other hand, where does the pretty face look prettier, or the rosy cheeks more rosy, than on the rink? Many of the girls are good and graceful skaters. The boy of the country is addicted to hockey, and is, I am compelled to admit, a nuisance to the non-hockey-playing skating public; happily, he is excluded from the rink. His chief victim on the open is the timid, elderly skater, or the beginner; such a one, on glare ice, surrounded by his tormentors, is indeed a pitiable object. I see him now. He has, in an unlucky moment, shuffled into the centre of the hockey strife, or, more probably, the strife has, with lightning-like rapidity, closed around him; and there he stands, or rather wobbles, despair depicted on his countenance, beating the air with his hands, his body bent to an angle of forty-five degrees with the ice, with no power in his legs nor bone in his ankles, whilst his tormentors swoop and dart around him like so many martins round a sparrow-hawk.

Perhaps it is not generally known with what ease and speed journeys can be performed on skates. From the mouth of the river St. John upwards to Fredericton is about 80 miles, and skaters frequently accomplish this distance in the day. I skated 150 miles in two days—one-half of the distance in rather less than six hours—and that without feeling any fatigue or stiffness in excess of that felt after a long day's shooting. In one or two straight reaches of the St. John river a good skater, with a breeze in his favour, can cover 20 miles in the hour. Skating at this pace can only be compared to a gallop on a thoroughbred; the peculiarly exhilarating feeling that pace alone can give is here enjoyed to perfection, flavoured with just a spice of excitement when the skater charges a crack or a bit of shell-ice at this headlong speed. The skates used for long journeys differ from the ordinary ones in being much longer and straighter in the iron. The "Acme," and other patent skates, though convenient for the rink, are useless for long journeys.

In winter, as we have seen, the rivers and lakes become the highways of Canada. As every settler owns a pair of horses, few people are to be seen walking; for when the pedestrian is overtaken by a team, he jumps on, whether invited or not invited by the driver. And this he looks upon as his right; for a sleigh once in motion on the ice, a few pounds or a few hundredweights more or less are but a straw. In the latter part of the winter the ice measures from 14 inches to 18 inches in thickness. From 3 to 4 inches of good ice is sufficient for a pair of horses and load, and 1 inch, or one night's frost, will safely bear a man. The skater comes occasionally to patches of

clear, black, oily-looking ice, miles in extent, through which he can see every pebble in the bottom of the river. As he skims along, youths dart out from pockets in the bank, accompany him a short way, pirouetting around him, and then fly off again as rapidly as they appeared. Men fishing through holes in the ice, for a hideous but excellent fish called the cusk (*Lota maculosa*), are occasionally passed.

Ice-boat sailing is a very cold amusement, but I cannot say that it is a slow one. In fact, with the single exception of an express train, I know nothing can equal ice-sailing in pace. On one occasion I sailed 20 measured miles in thirty-one minutes, and I believe that even better time has been made. The ice-boat generally used in Canada is a very simple construction. It is simply a triangular platform on three skates, the one at the apex of the triangle being rigged on a pivot, so as to form the rudder. The mast is stepped in the bow of the craft—the base of the triangle. The rig is usually one leg-of-mutton sail. In beating, the ice-boat goes as close to the wind as any cutter, and makes positively no lee-way. It loses no time in stays, going about so rapidly that one has hard work to hold on. In running free on good ice the ice-boat goes at the same pace the wind is going at. The best ice-boat sailing is generally after the January thaw above alluded to. In the smaller lakes of Canada, in the bays and arms of Ontario and the other great lakes, and also on all the large rivers, there is ample scope for ice-boat sailing for those who like pace and do not mind the cold.

I happened to be staying for a few days in a pretty

village on the northern shore of New Brunswick, called Bathurst, a great resort of anglers in summer, who are attracted there from great distances by that prettiest of salmon rivers, the Nepisiguit. At the time I am speaking of the ice was strong, but rough. I wanted to go to the head of the bay, a distance of 3 or 4 miles, but was rather nervous about the air-holes (spots that never bridge over in rapid rivers and tidal waters). As I was picking my way cautiously through the rough ice, I came upon a small French boy steering in my direction, and followed him. He was a diminutive youth, with a shock head and fur cap, homespun shirt and trousers, the latter immense, probably an old pair of papa's; they served this little man for coat, waistcoat, and continuations, the ends being tucked under his boots, and the upper part tied over his shoulders with a bit of tape. I thought at the time he was the best skater in the world. He was rolling along on the outside edge, one arm plunged into the paternal pocket, the other employed carrying a crooked stick as long as himself. He saw I was following him, and a nice dance the urchin led me. On smooth ice I could keep up to him; on rough ice I was nowhere. The young wretch soon perceived this, and took advantage of it. Fancy a river with a strong stream and strong breeze meeting it, frozen over instantaneously, and you may form some idea of the places this youth piloted me over. He never fell, nor even made a false step. Now and then, when he happened upon a bit of smooth ice and I was a long way behind, he would perform some fantastic feats for my edification. Once we passed a whole lot of boys playing hockey. I cannot do justice to the conduct of my little

friend; he scented the battle from afar. The pluck he showed was admirable. Putting the crooked end of his stick to the ice, and seizing it with both hands, he bent down till nothing was visible to me but a small pair of skates supporting an enormous pair of pants; then, with a little shout, he plunged into the thickest of the fray. In less time than it takes to relate he was out again at the other side of the crowd, zigzagging like a jack snipe, shoving the ball before him, and pursued by at least twenty youths. They could not touch him. He did just what he liked with the ball; three or four of them lay sprawling on the ice. He paused a second, struck the ball in one direction, and himself darted off in another, just looking round at me, as much as to say "Come on;" and on I went, but not sure whether I was following a boy or a merman on skates, or a watery Will-o'-the-Wisp, or some other species of ice-fiend. But what is that ahead on the ice? A lot of spruce bushes. Ha! now I am sure that my guide is an uncanny thing; he has suddenly disappeared. No doubt he is taking a turn under the ice, by way of change.

But I must just go and see what the bushes are doing on the ice. There were six of them all in a row, at intervals of about 6 feet, and they were simply sheds or little camps to shelter from the cutting wind six individuals who were fishing most assiduously through as many holes in the ice. It was plainly a family party—father, mother, three girls, and a boy; and, by all that's wonderful, the boy is my little friend. Mamma sat on a three-legged stool in the centre of the family group, and the ice around her was covered with frozen tommy-cods. That woman

must have been the best tommy-cod fisherwoman in the world.

If a cynical angler remarks, "But what art is there in catching fish through a little hole in the ice with a yard of string, a hook baited with fish, and 6 inches of stick as a handle?" I might reply by asserting that, with similar apparatus and a fair start, that woman will catch four tommies to his one; for so skilled was that female angler, that she never drove the hook any harder into a fish's mouth than was just necessary to lift him gently out of the water and deposit him on the ice, where, after a few wriggles, he was frozen stiff. Surely that female had a light and sure hand on a tommy-cod!

She had a basket full when I came. They all had baskets full, but the ice round the old lady's stool was, as I said before, strewed with fish. The governor sat on a trebogen, brought there no doubt to haul home the fish; the children sat on lumps of ice. My small friend had, I think, been getting a scolding for neglecting his business—I imagine so from his behaviour—when I took six tommy-cods out of his basket, and gave him in return the large sum of sixpence. He stood up the easier to deposit the coin in his trousers' pocket, and gave a triumphant look at mamma (who had narrowly watched this little mercantile transaction), as much as to say, "You can catch 'em, but I am the boy to sell them."

On my remarking to the governor that the fish seemed very plentiful, he replied that they had not commenced to bite well yet; that the water was not cold enough. "Well," thought I, "fond as I am of 'casting angles into

the brook,' I don't think I should care about tommy-cod fishing on a regular good fishing day."

Bidding adieu to this interesting group, I made my way towards another figure that I observed in the distance, apparently churning; but on approaching closer I found that he, too, was a fisherman. His appliances were an ice-chisel and a four-pronged barbed spear, with a 20-foot handle. With the latter he was diligently prodding the mud through a hole in the ice, now bringing up an eel on the point of his spear, now a stick; and the ice around him for many yards was covered with eels in three different stages of preservation, viz. some alive and wriggling briskly along, some frozen as hard as sticks, and some half-frozen half-wriggling. I thought it was the most wonderful take of eels I had ever seen; but this fisherman complained bitterly of his luck. Formerly, he said, he could spear two hundred or three hundred through the same hole; now he had to cut a dozen holes to catch the same number. It seems that some new settlers came to Bathurst, who fished on Sundays, and fought for the best places. Since this unseemly work commenced the eels had gone somewhere else. I need not say that the discovery of this amiable trait in the character of the eel afforded me, as a naturalist, the greatest satisfaction, and I pursued my way rejoicing.

In some Canadian rivers large quantities of bass are taken in scoop-nets through the ice. In the Miramichi alone, I am informed that over 100 tons of these fish have been taken in a winter. Smelts, a most delicious little fish, are taken in great numbers at the mouth of

every brook. Brook trout take the bait voraciously in the fresh water; and sea trout, sometimes attaining to the weight of 8 lbs., are taken in the mouths of the larger rivers; so that there is no time of the year, winter or summer, in which Canadians are not supplied with fresh fish. Salmon (kelts) are sometimes caught by the trout-fishers; but the most extraordinary feat in fishing that has ever been heard of by me was performed by a youth, at the foot of the river Restigouche. Fishing for tommy-cods through the ice, he felt a tremendous pull; fortunately his tackle was equal to the occasion, and, hand over hand, the lucky fisherman hauled out a fresh-run 20-lb. salmon. Think of that, ye scientific anglers! What an ignoble end for such a noble fish! But this is an extremely interesting fact for those interested in the natural history of the salmon, as it goes far to prove that a run of fish come into the mouths of the rivers along with the sea trout, and long before the ice breaks up.

About Christmas, perhaps a week earlier or a week later, everything is covered with a soft mantle of snow. At no time does the forest look more beautiful than after the first fall of snow. Light as down and in the smallest of flakes the snow lodges in feathery masses on the foliage of the spruce, the fir, and the pine. The beams of the sun have no power to thaw it, they can only make it shine and glisten. The roads are now beaten as smooth as a croquet ground, and the driving becomes brisk. Of all the institutions peculiar to the country there is none pleasanter than the sleighing party. The horses are fast, the roads smooth, the bells ring merrily, the air is sharp and bracing, and nestled in warm furs, nowhere else do

the fair ones look more blooming. The sleighing party generally drives to an "eight" or a "ten-mile house" where tea, &c., is ready for them. Or perhaps they have a dance, and drive home by moonlight, the latter part of the proceeding, when the right people manage to get together, being by no means the least pleasant part of the programme. Another winter's amusement, viz. "trabogening" is also peculiar to Canada. For this four items are requisite, viz. a trabogen, a steep hill, a young gentleman, and a young lady. Contrary to etiquette in other matters the gentleman sits with his back to the lady in the front or bow of the trabogen, holding on with his hands and steering with his feet. As he cannot hold on to his vehicle and hold his partner too, she is compelled to hold on to him. The sensation is curious but pleasant, and the pace is great; but like every other pleasure it has its drawback—in this case a literal one.

When the snow gets deep, although the roads are beaten smooth and hard, one cannot walk in the woods or the fields without snow shoes. Snow-shoeing is very hard and laborious work immediately after a heavy fall of snow, but in the latter part of winter when the snow gets well packed and hardened, a man will walk nearly, if not quite as far and as fast on snow shoes as on the bare ground. In most Canadian cities and towns there are snow-shoe clubs, and when the snow is in good order the young people of both sexes meet and have pleasant walking excursions on the ice and through the woods, and the young men have snow-shoe races.

There is nothing left for the sportsman in winter but to make long excursions into the forest.

When Winter lays his hand on the land, the feathered game, with one exception, fly from his icy touch to warmer shores. The bear, hid away in his den, fares sumptuously (it is said) on his paws. The only game left worthy the sportsman's notice are the cariboo and the moose. (The reindeer and elk of Europe are, if not identical, as like the cariboo and moose as any two beasts on one side of the Atlantic can be to any two at the other side.) Hunting these animals successfully is not such an easy matter as might be desired. The sportsman cannot breakfast comfortably at home and return to dinner to talk of this moose and that cariboo that have fallen to his unerring rifle. No! He has to seek for them far away in the depths of the howling, snow-covered wilderness; he has to make a regular business of it, to tear himself from the bosom of his family for a fortnight, to undergo a certain amount of hardship, devour a certain amount of nastiness, and after all, if fate be unkind, he is liable to return empty-handed and be chaffed by his friends. But, on the other hand, should his luck be in, his powder straight, and his hunt successful, the difficulties he has encountered have but added to his enjoyment.

In these excursions sportsmen usually go in pairs, and their first step is to secure the services of two good Indian hunters. The Indians of Canada belong to the Iroquois or "six nations." The best hunters are the Micmacs and Milicetes (branches of the six nations); the former live on the sea-coast in Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island; the latter live inland on the St. John river. The Montaignais and Squappies of the north shore of the St. Lawrence are also good hunters.

The languages of all these tribes are different, although I have no doubt etymologists would have little difficulty in tracing their dialects back to the same parent tongue. In habits they are all much alike. They are not addicted to scalping, and have never been known (when sober) to utter a war cry. On the contrary, they are a quiet, civil, obliging, lazy lot of people, given to making baskets and smoking, and, I am sorry to say, drinking when they have the means. They have entirely renounced paint and feathers, and dress, the men in coats and continuations, the women in petticoats, like white people; with one grand exception, viz. the lady wears the beaver. It is indeed a fine sight to see a squaw coming to market with her baskets and a papoose on her back, a tall hat on her head, mocassins on her feet, and a silver brooch like a tin plate on her bosom. Their names are peculiar. I never knew an Indian called Smith, Jones, or Robinson. A dozen of our commonest male Christian names would include the names of almost every man in the tribe; whilst half-a-dozen female Christian names prefixed to these would take in all the women. This apparent simplicity of nomenclature is rather puzzling; thus, in a party of four Indians with their squaws, two of the men will perhaps answer to the names of Peter Joe, the other two to Joe Peter, whilst all the four ladies will be Nancy Joes and Nancy Peters.

Having secured the services of two good hunters at a dollar a day each, rifles, blankets, axes, snow shoes, and provisions are packed on a sled, the trabogens are tied on behind, and the hunters start for their ground. Each year this hunting ground moves farther away as the settlement

advances, and it always takes at least one long day's drive to reach the last house.

"The last house"—i. e. that house in the settlement which is most remote from the civilized world—deserves some little notice; for there are many of them in Canada (may I be pardoned for the bull). It is a little square building, made of logs and bark, containing one small room with an enormous fireplace. The furniture is simple, generally consisting of a bedstead or two, a table, a couple of stools, and a few barrels. But small as is his accommodation, the proprietor of the last house is invariably of a hospitable turn of mind, and does his utmost to entertain his guests; while the good woman cooks the supper, he spins them yarns (which are not always to be relied upon) about the moose and bears he has slain; he handles the guns, down the muzzles of which he squints, discriminating between them, and "guessing" that "she is good for ball," "she for shot."

The hunters sleep rolled up in their blankets before the fire, as the back-settler's beds are usually occupied to their utmost capability. One of the accomplishments learnt in the backwoods is to sleep in one's clothes. The regular backwoodsman turns in without undressing, and thereby saves himself an immensity of trouble in dressing next morning. The remainder of the journey has to be performed on foot, the baggage being hauled by the Indians on their trabogens. These are long, narrow hand-sleds; the runners are very wide, and turned up in front, and they run lightly on the top of the snow, or in a man's snow-shoe track. It is wonderful to see the loads an Indian can haul through the woods on one of these pri-

mitive conveyances; two hundredweight is nothing out of the way for a trabogen load. Four or five miles of a tramp along a lumber road generally brings the sportsmen to their camping ground.

Camping out in the snow, in a climate where the mercury frequently falls ten or twenty degrees below zero, seems, at first sight, to be a terrible matter. But it is not really a very great hardship. It must be borne in mind, as I have before observed, that into the depths of the forest no wind can penetrate, and when well sheltered, no matter how low the temperature, a man walking or taking any sort of exercise never suffers from the cold.

The proper time to build a camp is in the summer or "fall." The bark then peels off the white birch and white spruce trees in large sheets, 4 or 5 feet square, and with it a roof can be constructed in a very short time capable of resisting any weather. In winter, when the sap is frozen, it is hard to get this bark, and it is necessary to adopt the more tedious operation of splitting cedar into boards. When time presses, canvas, tarpaulin, or blankets form the roof. Often, when the night looks fine, the hunter sleeps under the stars.

I once went out hunting with a friend who had never before passed a night in the open. After a hard day's walking on snow shoes, in the course of which he had often and often anxiously inquired how far we were from camp, we arrived weary and jaded at our proposed camping place, and found nothing but a few bare poles. The bark wigwam had been burnt, and 4 feet of snow covered the ashes. My friend's face was a picture of misery when he saw where he had to pass the night. He had been looking

forward for many weary hours to a snug log hut, built entirely in his imagination. However, we worked hard to put things to rights, and after he had had his supper he passed from one extreme to the other, and said he never felt so jolly in his life.

The first step towards making a winter camp is to shovel out the snow from a space of about 20 feet square; using the snow shoes as shovels. On two opposite sides of the square space of ground thus cleared of snow, walls 2 or 3 feet in height are made of logs, and slanting poles over these are stuck into the snow to support the roof. The fire is made in the centre, and on each side of it a thick coating of young fir boughs is laid down for seats and beds. But the great institution is the fire: when it burns brightly, the camp is warm and comfortable; when it gets low, Jack Frost comes in despite every shelter.

Nature, in this cold country, has given a bountiful supply of fuel, which is used unsparingly, prodigally. The Indians are woodsmen of the highest order; no trick in woodcraft but they are up to—as well they may be. They use small two-and-a-half pound axes, with straight handles. Dry spruce and pine are chopped for kindling; but the mainstay is green hardwood. Rock or bird's-eye maple is the best; beech and black birch rank next. Great logs, 8 or 10 feet in length, and a foot in diameter, redden and glow in the camp fire, which consumes fuel enough in one night to keep an ordinary fireplace going for a month. The kettle, suspended at the end of a pole, is soon boiling, ready for tea; the frying-pan sends forth an odour grateful to the nose of the hungry hunter, and he eats his supper of pork, tea, and bread in the woods with

more appetite than he has for the most *recherché* dinner that civilization can give him at home. Some of the Indians are good cooks; they bake capital bread, either in a tin thing made for the purpose, or in the ashes; the latter method is the best. When the larder is supplied with fresh meat, they make capital soups and stews, with the addition of an onion or two, compressed vegetables, pepper, and salt.

After supper, the hunter wraps his blanket round his head and shoulders, and stretching his feet to the fire sleeps as soundly—after a little practice—as he does in his bed, dreaming of the cariboo he will shoot on the morrow.

The woodland cariboo of North America (*Rangifer tarandus*), as I remarked before, is almost, if not quite, identical with the reindeer of northern Europe. On both continents it is found only in the more northern latitudes. The woodland cariboo is found in all the northern forests of Canada, from the head of Lake Superior in the west to Newfoundland in the extreme east. It is a shy and wandering animal, travelling immense distances in search of food. In some districts it makes regular migrations to the south on the approach of winter, returning again northward in the spring. Cariboo frequent rocky, barren districts, and are consequently not much interfered with by the settler. In parts of Lower Canada, in Labrador, in Gaspé, and in Newfoundland, they still roam almost undisturbed by the hunter. Except in Newfoundland, they are never hunted by the settlers, for two reasons; first, because the hide is of no commercial value; and, secondly, because they don't know how to do it. Would it were so also with the moose; but these unwieldy beasts cannot travel in the deep snow, and

at certain times of the year are easily run down and killed by the hunter on snow shoes. Cariboo, on the contrary, from their lesser weight, and the peculiar formation of their hoofs, which they can spread out at will, walk on the top of the snow, and cannot be run down. It requires a good stalker, and favourable conditions of wind and snow, to approach within shot. Unlike the moose, they are sociable though wandering animals, and go about in herds. Their favourite resorts are spruce and juniper woods, and barren grounds. They feed on mosses of a pale green and brown colour, that hang in profusion like tufts of hair from the stems and branches of the black spruce and juniper; they also eat the white moss or lichen that grows on the mountainous and barren grounds, digging for it through the snow. They have three paces—walk, trot, and gallop. When travelling in either of the former ways they do so in file, so that it is almost impossible to judge from the tracks of the number of the herd. When frightened they gallop, clearing sometimes as much as 20 feet in a bound; but this they cannot do in deep snow. The does have one or two calves in the month of May. The rutting season is about the 1st of October. Although a very shy and wary animal, the cariboo is sometimes a very stupid one, and seems so puzzled at the sight of a man or the sound of a shot, that he gives the sportsman more than one chance. If one of a herd be shot dead, the sportsman being concealed from view, the remainder get quite bewildered, and sometimes the whole herd falls to his rifle. It is far otherwise if they wind a man; indeed, all the wild animals that I have met with seem to imbibe fear more through their noses than through any other

organ. The hoofs of the cariboo, which they convert into snow shoes in the deep snow, also, from their sharp edges, enable them to walk over perfectly smooth ice. In fact, they are at home amid snow and ice, and I believe that every attempt to acclimatize them in warm or even temperate climates has failed.

The great event for the hunter is finding fresh tracks. These the Indians follow and trace out with great skill, in favourable circumstances never failing to get within shot. This is not as simple a matter as it appears to be, particularly where the tracks are filled up with fresh or drifted snow. A herd, too, when feeding, makes a vast amount of tracks, as from the nature of their feed they are obliged to do, walking about continually from tree to tree. Cariboo are incessantly on the move. The prettiest sport is when they are feeding on the barrens—great plains dotted over with spruce and juniper bushes. They can be perceived from a long distance, and the stalking is very exciting work. In stalking everything depends upon the state of the snow. A thaw succeeded by a sharp frost makes a crust, which the snow shoe breaks through with so much noise as to render stalking almost impossible. The only remedy is to take off the snow shoes and walk in the animals' tracks; but this, too, is sometimes impossible, for obvious reasons. It is a charming sight for the sportsman to see a herd of cariboo on the barrens when he is hid from them, and has their wind—some of them scraping and digging in the snow, nothing visible but their rumps; others walking about or lying down. In favourable circumstances he can generally approach to within a hundred yards, sometimes much less. The time that cariboo can

be most easily hunted is in the month of March. The snow-shoeing then is good, and the days long. It is almost a pity, however, to kill them so late in the season; besides, sportsmen naturally prefer to hunt them when there is a chance of getting good heads, viz. in the first snow.

In winter the colour of the cariboo is a pale greyish brown, approaching to a whitish grey in the neck and belly; in summer they are much darker. Both bucks and does have horns; those of the bucks are handsome, large and branchy, and very irregular in their shape. The old bucks shed their antlers in November; the young ones and the does retain theirs all winter. The flesh is good, but rather dry; how can it be otherwise in winter, considering that they live on a substance much like tow, and with about as much taste? The flesh of a doe killed in October and November is delicious. Plenty of game gives the Indians hard work, for they have to haul the carcasses on their trabogens to the nearest road, sometimes to a lumber camp, where those good fellows, the lumberers, are always ready to assist both in eating the meat and in hauling the haunches, heads, &c., to the nearest settlement.

The legitimate season for moose hunting ends on the 1st of February. "Still-hunting" moose in the soft snow of early winter is good sport, and requires great skill and caution in the hunter; but, as the animals shed their magnificent antlers in the fall, the sport in winter is robbed of half its charms. As I said elsewhere, they are unable to travel fast through the deep snow; and in winter, either singly or in parties of two or three, they choose a hill or tract far back in the forest, where their

favourite browse—moosewood and maple—abounds. In this space of 10 or 20 acres, called a moose-yard, they remain all winter, unless disturbed. In New Brunswick and Lower Canada, during the month of March, when the snow is deep and crusted—which serves the double purpose of making the snow-shoeing good and of cutting the moose's shins—hundreds of moose are annually butchered for the sake of their hides, value \$5 each, the more valuable carcasses being left to rot, and poison the woods with their stench. The cows, being heavy in calf at this season, are the more easily slaughtered. This is a pity. Animal life is not so abundant in these woods that it should be thus recklessly destroyed. There are good laws for the protection of moose, but it is found almost impossible to enforce them. One cannot blame the Indian, or even the lumberman or backwoods settler, for killing game at any season of the year for food, but the traffic in hides should be put down with a strong hand. In running moose in the deep snow, a light dog that can run on the surface is of the greatest assistance to the hunter. The cur barks and snaps at the heels of the monarch of the forest, causing him to plunge and sink still deeper in the snow. When the snow is 3 feet deep and crusted, moose hunting is simple slaughter. On the other hand, when it is not quite so deep, or when there is little crust on the surface, moose hunting tries the endurance of the hunter to the utmost. On one occasion, in company with an old Indian and his son, we started a moose at nine in the morning, and ran him till the following evening before we killed. The young Indian led the way, making tracks. I followed, carrying the gun; the old man walked leisurely in our tracks,

picking up hats, coats, and other impediments which we dropped in the ardour of the chase. At night we rested for a few hours under a tree, and resumed the chase at daylight next morning. The moose, a young bull, had lain down and rested not more than a quarter of a mile ahead of his pursuers, but gave us another hard day's run, and we shot him at four o'clock in the evening. Hard snow-shoeing of this sort is very trying on the knees, ankles, and feet, and requires a good deal of practice to enable one to stand it.

An old Micmac Indian spun me a quaint yarn about the moose, which I will relate, not making myself responsible for its veracity. "Some sixty years ago," he says, "the Milicetes made a raid upon the moose, as the white men have done lately. The Micmacs sent an ambassador to expostulate, and request them to 'kill 'em more easy.' The only reply the Milicetes made to this polite request was to seize the ambassador and roast him. When the news reached the Micmacs, their sage prophesied that the moose would altogether leave a country where such bad people live. Accordingly, in the following year the moose did leave New Brunswick. Many were tracked to the seaside, and their tracks lost in the ocean. The medicine man further prophesied that no man then living should ever see a moose again, but that the succeeding generation would be more fortunate. Accordingly, about twenty-five years ago, two moose were perceived one fine morning swimming towards the shores of New Brunswick. One of them was killed, and on being opened no browse or land vegetable was found in his belly, which was chuck-full of seaweed.

Sartin, Mister," concluded my old informant, "moose not all the same as other beast."

Nothing strikes a person travelling in the woods for the first time in the depth of winter so much as the extreme—I may say solemn—silence which prevails. No sound of any sort strikes the ear, save at intervals the cracking of the trees. Nor does any track or sign indicate to the casual observer the existence of any animal life. This is explained by the fact that in very cold weather no animals but the cariboo and the loup-cervier (*Felis Canadensis*) move about much. Even the few birds that winter in the country remain in sheltered places, in hollow trees, or under the snow. Several quadrupeds that do not hibernate regularly, like the bear, provide themselves with little homes, in hollow trees and elsewhere, and stores of provisions. Among these are the common red squirrel (*Sciurus Hudsonius*), the flying squirrel (*Pteromys sabrinus*), the wood-chuck (*Arctomys monax*), the skunk (*Mephitis Americana*), and two or three sorts of mice. The sable (*Mustela martes*), and the black cat (*M. Canadensis*), in districts where they abound, are rarely seen by the hunter. An old trapper assured me that, in the whole course of his experience, he had seen but one sable alive. The rabbit, or rather the hare (*Lepus A.*), is rarely seen, thanks to the snow-white jacket given it by nature for its protection in winter. Neither is the ermine weasel (*Mustela erminea*), for the same reason. The ruffed grouse (*T. umbellus*), and the Canadian grouse (*T. Canadensis*), live aloft in the trees, or when they do come down it is merely to take a header

into the snow. There is but one exception, the meat-bird, or moose-bird (*Garrulus Canadensis*). No amount of cold keeps this most impudent of birds at home when meat is to be got. So far from being afraid of man, he follows him through the woods, enters his camp through the smoke hole in the roof, and almost takes the bit out of his mouth. I have killed one, "*pour encourager les autres*." His comrades stolidly looked on, and by-and-by picked his bones. They eat anything. Meat, bread, provisions of any kind—nothing comes amiss to the robbers; soap they are very partial to. When the hunter stops for dinner, and lights his fire, no bird is to be seen or heard; hardly, however, is the frying-pan on the fire, when moose-bird makes his appearance, and, chuckling with joy, perches on a bough within 5 or 6 feet of the pan. They eat the baits out of the hunter's traps, and the trapped animals. They flock in numbers to districts where moose have been slaughtered, and eat and fight the live-long day. They make several different sounds, each one more discordant than the other. Late in the fall, when trout go to shallow water to spawn, the moose-bird takes a hint from the kingfisher, and feasts on small trout. I have seen a dog feeding on one end of a piece of meat, a moose-bird on the other. It is generally supposed that birds cannot smell, but the moose-bird must be an exception, for in thick woods he cannot see; and how, then, does he find meat so quickly! Whilst on the one hand they have, for their size, such a vast stowage for provisions, on the other hand they can fast for extraordinarily long periods. They fight like tigers. A servant of mine caught three in steel traps, and cruelly put them all toge-

ther in a cage, where, to use his own expression, they "fit like bulldogs." I told him to kill them at once, as they were all mutilated; one fellow, however, escaped amidst a shower of missiles, hopping away on one leg and one wing. I thought nothing more of the circumstance till about a week afterwards, when I observed another of these birds staggering under a load of meat. I had the curiosity to follow him, when I observed that he took his load to a stump some 30 yards off, and, contrary to their usual custom, commenced to share his booty with a comrade, whom I recognized as my old friend the cripple. I took charge of the poor fellow, and fed him during his convalescence; and have thought better of the meat-bird ever since. Two or three of them often take possession of a camp, and drive away intruders; when one is killed, a fresh one arriving and taking his place. On a subsequent occasion, I observed the treatment an intruder met with at the hands (bills) of the two friendly meat-birds mentioned above. He came one afternoon, very hungry, for a feed of cariboo. My camp birds, in a state of repletion, were half asleep; but hardly had the interloper dug his bill into the meat when they both went at him, tooth and nail. I never saw a bird get such a mauling, the old cripple putting in some ugly ones from behind. How the wool did fly! Soon they were out of sight; but the screaming lasted half an hour, and judging by their pleased expressions when they returned, I think they killed him.

Occasionally, even in this Arctic winter, there is a mild day or two, and then the woods present a very different aspect. The squirrels chatter, and the woodpeckers carpenter away at the trees. An occasional partridge, so

called, may now be seen, or the track of a porcupine (*Hystrix pilosus*) dragging himself through the snow. The beaver leaves his lodge, and comes out for a bite of fresh bark. Even the bear is sometimes tempted out of his den. The pine grosbeak (*Pinicola Canadensis*) and the crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra*) show themselves round the camp; the chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*) adds his little note in approbation of the change; and even the snow bunting (*Plectrophanes nivalis*), that hardiest of the feathered tribe, shows its appreciation of a mild day by leaving the forest and flocking to the farmyard. But the bird of all others that dislikes the cold is the cock of the woods, or great red-headed woodpecker (*Picus pileatus*). He scents the approach of mild weather, and is a sure barometer to the hunter.

In the matter of clothing there is nothing like wool—woollen shirts, woollen socks, cloth made entirely of wool. Except a cap with earflaps, furs are quite unnecessary for a man; and in the shelter of the forest, save on the very coldest days, the sportsman will find an ordinary English shooting suit quite sufficient. The only alteration in costume he will find necessary are mocassins as substitutes for boots, and mitts for gloves. The latter are simply woollen bags for the hands; the fingers being all together retain the heat better than when separated in gloves. Mocassins should be made of very soft pliable leather, and of sufficient size to admit of three pairs of socks being worn without pressure or tightness. When the temperature is very low, let the sportsman beware of touching the barrels of his rifle with an ungloved hand, or of putting a metal flask to his lips; it is not pleasant to feel one's skin stick

to the metal, and the after effects, strange to say, exactly resemble those of a burn or scald. The ears are the parts most susceptible to frost. In cases of frostbite, the part frozen should be rubbed with snow till circulation returns.

It is a well-known fact, that men fresh from the old country can stand not only the extreme heat of the tropics but also the extreme cold of northern latitudes, better than the men who have lived a long time subject to these extremes. The men who feel the cold of the Canadian winter least are the freshly arrived immigrants.

There is much pleasure and much health in the long severe winter, but there is also, in the back settlements at least, much monotony, so when the first flock of geese is heard flying over his ice-bound land the Canadian farmer is not ill pleased. The geese arrive about the 20th of March, and are Nature's first messengers to say that spring is at hand, not that much sign of it is as yet visible; still everything is clothed in white. Early in April people commence daily to scrutinize the ice in the harbours and rivers, and one fine morning the glad sound goes forth that the "ice has started." But it does not give in without a struggle. For days a fierce battle rages between the frozen and the unfrozen element. Sooner or later the ice must give way; and, with groans, masses of it are piled on the banks. Occasionally it makes a sturdy stand, and then a "jam" ensues, behind which the water rises to a great height; and then, victorious, bursts forth with fury, carrying the ice along with it, and not unfrequently doing great damage to wharfs and buildings. The great event of the new year to the back settler is the opening of the navigation and the arrival of the first

steamer of the season containing supplies of all sorts. On that occasion men meet at the wharf who have not seen each other for a year before, and will not perhaps see each other again for another year. It is the first day of a new little life; kind words are exchanged, hatchets are buried, cheering drinks are in demand, and—the new year commences.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRAPPER.

I SUPPOSE there is no man who has more pity wasted upon him than the solitary trapper. In the opinion of those who are uninitiated in the mysteries of woodcraft he is the most wretched of mortals. For months and months, often for a whole year, he lives either quite alone in the forest or else with one comrade only. He does without the comforts of civilized life and the pleasures of society. He has no church to go to on a Sunday; no doctor to prescribe for him if he is ill. In fact, in the opinion of the gregarious city man, his condition of life is little if at all better than that of a prisoner in a dungeon. But there are two ways of looking at most subjects, and the trapper's life is no exception to the rule. The forest is the trapper's home; there are all his friends, not human ones, but not less dear on that account. He thinks, and I who have tried the life fully enter into his feelings, that there is no mode of existence so enjoyable as that of the trapper in the Canadian forest. He has no church near him it is true, but it by no means follows that he has no religion. On the contrary, there is a religion in the pine forest, which appeals most strongly to a man's best nature. Nowhere else does he feel so utterly and entirely dependent upon the Giver of all good. Nowhere else can he so fully enter into the feelings of the writer of the

beautiful 104th psalm. He has no doctor to consult, but, except in cases of accident, he never wants one; there is no bad drainage in the woods, no bad smell, no bad ventilation, no epidemics; he has a daily and nightly tonic in the bracing air, and the pure water is the best of medicine; he has no time for dyspepsia and its companion the blues; his fare is simple, but his appetite is good; and on his fragrant bed of boughs, after his hard day's labour is over, he sleeps the sleep that the city man could not buy for millions. To him there is no loneliness so unbearable, no solitude so wearisome, as the solitude of a great city. True, in the latter case he sees thousands of his fellow-creatures every day, but what are they to him or what is he to them? If while gaping in amazement at the human hive he happens to get run over by a cab one or two passers by may turn round to look at him, or even say "poor fellow," but that is all. Truly in the trapper's opinion the loneliness of the city is infinitely more oppressive than that of the forest.

The trapper generally starts for the woods either on foot, with his pack on his back, or else in his canoe. The following are some of my experiences of a year's trapping expedition in the forests of Lower Canada.

I started from the settlement in the month of September, accompanied by an old Micmac, of the name of Andrew, and another young Indian, called Toma. Our destination was a lake 60 or 70 miles from human abode. Our kit consisted of 10 cwt. of flour, 2 cwt. pork (all fat), half a chest of tea, a keg of molasses, a bag of salt, a small assortment of luxuries (such as brandy, rice, curry powder, sauces, pickles, &c.), cooking utensils, blankets,

guns, ammunition, axes, and four dozen steel traps. All these things were packed in bags, each bag weighing 100 lbs., in all eighteen packages. I hired a scow and a pair of horses to tow us up a river, and bought a birch-bark canoe. On the fifth day, after infinite exertion (we had to load and unload at least ten times, and "portage" our baggage round several dangerous rapids), we were stopped by a fall, or rather a tremendous rapid. Here the river flung itself over a series of ledges, and then rushed foaming for a mile through a narrow rocky gorge. I now discharged my primitive vehicle, and we proceeded to "portage" our effects above the falls some 2 miles. Under each of the ledges I have mentioned there was a smooth round basin, in which the water rested itself for a few moments before taking a fresh plunge. These basins were literally alive with salmon and big sea trout. As we had left ourselves ample time before the commencement of the fur season, we were in no hurry to leave this charming camping ground. I was provided with rod and tackle, and enjoyed that sensation so rare in angling, of casting my fly into a virgin pool. In five days, fishing only mornings and evenings, I took sixteen salmon, averaging 20 lbs., and about eighty sea trout, averaging 2 lbs. Besides these the Indians speared thirty salmon; and all these fish we kippered or salted for winter consumption and for bait. When satiated with fish and fishing we embarked in our canoe and continued our journey up the river, having previously *cachéed* the bulk of our provisions and luggage in a "bear-house," i. e. a log hut made bear-proof, to resist the assaults of that robber, Bruin.

The scenery on this part of the river was very wild and beautiful. The banks were clothed with a thick-tangled forest of cedar and spruce. In the narrows the foliage of these trees formed a canopy over our heads. In the wider stretches of the river, often dotted with pretty little islands, on which the shell-drakes had their homes, we could see, rising far over the tree tops, the rocky summits of the Shick Shock mountains. The autumn tints were in full beauty, the colouring of the forest was most gorgeous, and the reflections on the water formed an endless and ever-varying panorama. Occasionally, as a contrast to these gay and sunlit scenes, we would pass through a defile in which our stream, narrowing to a few feet in width, would bound and foam through the rocks. In such places the banks, rising almost perpendicularly to a height of 500 or 600 feet, completely shut out the sun, and presented a grand though rather gloomy effect. Here our bark canoe seemed the merest cockleshell; but Andrew and his boy were practised *voyageurs*. Twenty times I imagined that the difficulties in our way were insurmountable, but each time the ready wit of the canoe-men found a method to surmount them. Now they took advantage of an eddy; now by sheer strength and skill they shoved the dancing canoe up a howling rapid; now their keen eyes discern real danger, and our canoe is "portaged" round the obstacle. Although they have never been on the river before, instinct invariably leads them to choose the right course.

Our eyes are delighted with beaver sign all along the river. Freshly cut sticks floating down the stream, and trees cut and felled along the banks denote that the

industrious lumbermen and builders of the forest are hard at work preparing for the winter. At every well-used beaver or otter road we come to, we stop and set a trap. We also make traps for mink every here and there, baiting them with trout, that I can catch at all times by merely dropping a fly or a bait into the river.

Our progress was necessarily slow, and although the distance was only 16 or 17 miles it was noon on the third day before we reached the lake. As our bark emerges from the forest-hidden stream and glides through the unruffled waters of the lake, a flock of black ducks, who have never seen a canoe before, allow us to approach within 50 yards, and two splendid loons seem utterly unmindful of us. The lake appears to be about 10 miles in length by 2 in breadth. Close to the outlet a freshly plastered beaver camp rises out of the water, and on the pebbly beach we discern fresh moose tracks. All these signs denote that man is a stranger here, and in the highest spirits as we eat our luncheon we feast our eyes on this trapper's paradise. We would not on any account disturb this charming solitude by the noise of the axe, so for the present, putting off building a camp, we proceed to explore.

I know of no pleasure so great, no pursuit so engrossing, as when the trapper and the sportsman (for the two pursuits are always associated) breaks new ground. Here we three, white man and Indians, differing in colour, in bringing up, in every respect in fact but one, meet together on common ground. We are all three sportsmen at heart. We would not give a fig, one of us, to stand at a corner of a cover, and have tame birds and beasts

driven to us to be slaughtered, but our greatest pleasure is to match our cunning and skill against the wonderful instinct of the wild animals of the woods, and by untiring patience, by hard work, and a perfect knowledge of their habits and ways of life, to outmatch and capture them. I don't know that I have ever enjoyed anything so much as this first evening's paddle on our lake, on "my" lake, I may say, for this noble sheet of water and the surrounding forests for 20 miles were my own for all practical purposes, as much as the Duke of ——'s deer forest in the Highlands belongs to his grace; mine, not by right of my enormous wealth, it is true, but my enjoyment of it not the less sweet on this account.

Twenty brooks and little rivers watering twenty little valleys, discharge into my lake. As we pass the mouth of one of them, Andrew's keen eye detects a beaver, but on this our first evening we want nobler game, and spare his life for the moment. Pursuing our way swiftly and noiselessly along the edge of the lake, we hear a splashing. "Me think-'em moose," whispers Andrew, whose practised ear tells him it is not the splashing of ducks or of beaver. Our canoe glides through the water like a ghostly craft towards the point from which the noise seemed to proceed. Hardly does the bow round the point when we see, in a little bay covered with water-lilies, a cow moose standing up to her hocks in water. Andrew instantly plants his paddle in the bottom, and holds the canoe as steady as a rock, and shooting close over Toma's head, I mortally wound the moose. Toma finishes her with his single barrel, and the reports of our guns echo and reverberate round the lake, till it would seem that we were in

the midst of a general action. Ducks start and quack at the unusual sounds, musquash dive and kingfishers shriek, whilst in the forest we hear a crashing sound at which Andrew says, "Bull-moose, him go." Now that the silence has been rudely broken we pursue the beaver and shoot two of them. That night after supper as we reposed heads under the tilted canoe and feet to fire, the trapper felt as proud as any laird, as rich (in enjoyment of his life) as any millionaire. His manor was as large as a county, and cost him nothing but a little hard work, whilst he had that evening made two entries on the credit side of his account; item, fur \$9; item, butcher's bill for one month; and as he reposed on a fragrant bed of fir boughs, enjoying his well-earned pipe, he soliloquized, "happy low, lie down; uneasy rests the head that wears a crown."

But if we had our moments of good sport and of enjoyment we had to work hard for them. For the first week we were all employed from daylight till dark in setting traps round the lake, then taking one day to build a winter camp, the Indians went down stream in the canoe to tend the traps. This trip was repeated every week during the "fall," and each time they brought back a load from the bear-house. During their absence on these excursions I occupied myself in trapping musquash, shooting beaver, geese, and ducks, and fishing for trout. What with these pursuits in addition to the necessary cooking and cutting wood I had not an idle moment from daylight till dark. Every evening I paddled to a quiet corner of the lake in a "catamaran"—*Anglicè*, little raft—and called moose.

To lure the uxorious bull moose to his death by

imitating the cry of the female might at first glance seem a treacherous practice, unworthy of the name of sport. But on the contrary I know of no sport more fascinating. The stillness of the autumnal evening, broken only by the occasional "call" of the hunter and the footsteps of the approaching animal, the cloudless sky, the painting of the forest, and the reflections on the water, lend their charms. Then the amount of skill required is very great. A first-class "caller" is as rare as a first-rate tenor. Nature has not been bountiful to me in the way of voice, but a few eager moose trusted themselves within range of my rifle, and one evening I towed into camp a magnificent bull, with antlers measuring nearly 5 feet from tip to tip.

Trapping, shooting, exploring, and so on, the time rapidly slipped away. On the 20th of November, when by good luck we had just got our last load from the bear-house, winter, which had already threatened, set in for good, and froze us up in our winter home. Now we turned our attention from water fur to the sable. We made a "sable line" of about 30 miles in length straight through the woods. In this we had 300 or 400 traps, each constructed on a tree stump some 4 feet from the ground, so as not to be buried in the snow. We had a wigwam at the extreme end of our sable line and another in the centre, half-way from our main camp. All winter long we were kept busy attending this line and procuring bait for the traps. Besides, we got an occasional otter and beaver in steel traps set under the ice. As winter advanced the snow got deeper and deeper and the cold more intense, but our camp was warm and sheltered, and firing abundant. No coal bills troubled us. Every now and

then, when weather suited, I used to go out on a cariboo hunt with Toma, and from time to time we shot six or eight of these deer, and hauled their carcasses to camp on our trebogens.

On one of these hunts I met with a mischance, which might have been attended with serious consequences. Contrary to my custom I went out alone and unprovided with axe or provisions. I soon came on fresh tracks and became intensely absorbed in hunting them. After a long and tedious stalk I came up to the cariboo and shot one. I then for the first time remarked that the sun had become obscured. Hastily cutting the liver out of the dead cariboo, I endeavoured to take a line through the woods to the edge of the lake, which was at most 2 miles distant. After an hour's hard walking I came upon my own tracks, not 100 yards from where I had shot the deer. In fact, I was lost in the woods, and the day was all but done. It may be asked, "Why not have taken your own back-tracks?" Because a man who has unwittingly walked a circle as I had done becomes utterly stupefied and cannot distinguish out-tracks from in-tracks. This was an awkward position, 3 feet of snow, 40° or 50° of frost, and worst of all, no axe. I saw that I was doomed to spend the night in the open, and I set about preparing for it with a will. Fortunately I found some dead stumps and poles which I managed to pull down and collect before night-fall. Then I was no longer alarmed. I dug a hole in the snow some 6 feet square, using a snow shoe as a shovel. In this pit I lit my fire, and by its light broke fir boughs for my couch. It was not quite a case this of "happy low, lie down," for when I heard during that long night the

trees cracking with reports like rifle shots all around me, I shuddered to think what my fate would have been had fortune not directed me to the dead wood. Next morning the sun rose bright, and at ten I was breakfasting in camp. Andrew remarked jocularly, "Suppose two nights man no come home, sartin he dead." There are two things essential to safety which the solitary hunter should never be without, viz. a box of matches and a pocket compass. With these articles added to a little knowledge of woodcraft he runs little danger.

I do not know a more fascinating study than that of woodcraft. The forest is a perfect library. There is hardly a day or a night in which the student may not learn something new. Signs invisible to the unpractised eye are as legible as the largest type to the old woodsman, who, besides being a close and keen observer, must be a thinker too, for every day he has to match his reason against the wonderful instinct of the animals whose senses of hearing, smelling, and seeing are many times more acute than those of their two-legged hunter. Woodcraft enables him to live in plenty and even in comfort, under circumstances in which the man unread in forest lore would miserably perish.

The mysteries of trapping, though they are my delight, might not interest my readers, so I shall only make a few general remarks about them. For all fur-bearing animals the wood-trap, or deadfall, is the surest. There are as many varieties of these traps as there are fur-bearing animals. They have to be set with the utmost nicety and precision, so that while the deadfall shall come down surely on the devoted back of the animal for which the trap is set, yet

that a lesser bird or beast shall tug at it with impunity. There is one animal and one only that completely baffles the trapper, and that is carcajou, surnamed the "Indian devil." This evil beast if he strikes upon a sable line goes calmly from one end of it to the other robbing every trap. For some animals traps are baited, for others, as for example otters, they are set unbaited in their roads. The baits used are various, fish, flesh, and fowl. Then again the trapper must be a *connoisseur* of scents—not Kimmel's nor Lubin's—but of those that attract fur. The castor bag and the oil bag of the beaver seem to possess a universal attraction. Valerian has charms for some, rum for others, so have pepper, onions, aniseed, asafoetida, &c. In my trapping days I carried a bottle loaded with a mixture so potent that when the cork was drawn everyone sneezed within a radius of 50 yards. Even the steel trap requires skill in the setting, for instance it is quite useless to catch a beaver by the hand or fore foot, the trap must be set in such a way and in such a position as to catch him by the hind foot. In fact the secrets of trapping are endless and can only be understood by practical experience.

When the fur season ended (about the 1st of June), I was quite sorry to say goodbye to the old smoke-stained camp that had been my home for nearly ten months, and on my return to civilization I felt as shy as a beaver, and often caught myself involuntarily looking on the streets for "tracks." To this day I look back upon my year's trapping with the greatest satisfaction. On that year I solved the problem which has puzzled many a vagabond, viz. to make both ends meet. Besides skins, trophies, &c., that I kept or gave to friends, I sold upwards of 100*l.* worth of fur.

The American otter (*Lutra Canadensis*) is able to hold its own against the trapper, as well as, perhaps better than any other fur-bearing animal. It never takes bait, disdaining dead food, and seems to take salmon in preference to trout, and trout in preference to the coarser lake and river fish. It is very shy, possessed of great strength, and travels long distances in the night-time in search of new fishing grounds. In travelling through the forest one frequently comes across otter paths or "portage roads" leading from one lake or one river to another. In the dead of winter they frequent "air-holes" in the lakes, i. e. small spots which owing to springs or some other cause do not freeze over; also rapid torrents and those open places below waterfalls where ice cannot make and where fish also do congregate. Their tracks when followed in the snow always lead to such places. The fur of the otter is very dark, rich, and glossy, nearly black on the back, and brown or brownish grey on the belly. Out of a great number of skins that I have seen I found white marks only on two. One of these had three white spots, the other a white stripe on throat and breast. The skin measures about 4 feet in length, the tail being as long as the body without the head. I saw one enormous old dog otter that measured 5 feet from tip of snout to tip of tail. The fur is in season from October to May, and the skin is worth from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 5*s.* to the trapper. The females have two or three pups about the 1st of May, beautiful glossy little creatures, and as playful as kittens. The otter is a very powerful animal for its size, and a savage fighter; I have seen few dogs that could master the Canadian otter, and it has been known to beat the beaver notwithstanding the formidable cutting teeth of the latter.

Its limbs are short, thick, and muscular, set very wide apart, its neck is also immensely powerful. The otter is a very hard animal to skin as the body is all covered with a coating of muscular fat which has to be cut through with the knife. This muscular fat is considered by the Indians an excellent poultice for a strain or sprain. The eyes are very small, and its sight is not quick above water, though it must be remarkably good underneath. Its sense of smell is extremely acute. The best trap for the otter is the wooden deadfall constructed on his portage road. A small bush fence is made on either side of the trap to prevent his going round it. Great nicety is required in making an otter trap, which should be constructed in such a way that a musquash or small animal can pass through it without springing the deadfall, which should be made to fall as nearly as possible on the middle of the otter's back. When the trap is completed it is splashed all over with water to take away the human scent. The steel trap is set for otter in much the same way as for beaver, only that it need not be so deep in the water, as an otter is as easily held by the fore as the hind leg. The best season for trapping otters is in the fall. They frequent the heads of rivers and lakes at this time of year, and are assiduous in their attentions to breeding salmon and trout. In the winter they can only be taken with the steel trap, which is usually set in the little spot of open water which is frequently seen at the inlets and outlets of lakes, and where there is nearly always an otter slide. These slides are made by the otter lying on its belly and sliding down snow banks. This they do for sport, as the boys of Canada slide down the hills on coasters. When they come out of the water otters roll like dogs to

dry themselves and scrape, as dogs do at rabbit holes. They are frequently seen on the ice in winter. One December morning when my lake was one sheet of glassy black ice, Toma woke me up, saying that he saw two otters in the middle of the lake. We got our guns and I strapped on my skates and went in pursuit while Toma took a short cut through the woods. When first they discovered that they were pursued they were about half a mile a head of me. My skating at the best is not swanlike. In those days I worked my arms considerably more than my legs; indeed, the latter limbs seemed to have but little connection with the rest of my body. But ice was good, wind and muscle sound, and in a few minutes I overhauled the otter, and missed them like a man at five paces distance. It was my first attempt at shooting on skates, and for half a minute more or less after pulling trigger it seemed probable that I should then and there end my mad career. At the close of this brief period of concentrated agony, during which I performed a variety of figures that I have never attempted since, I regained my balance and resumed the chase. Overtaking the hindmost otter, I made a job at him with my gun, and he, looking anything but pleasant, snapped at the barrels; at the same instant, the muzzle catching in the ice, I came a header, as it seemed to me, right on the top of the beast. I actually felt his breath on my face, and for one dreadful second there seemed a probability that I should come to the ignominious end of being eaten by an otter. Fortunately, he preferred fish and freedom to an exhausted man on skates, and I think he was right. When I rose he was 30 yards off in one direction, and my gun 10 yards off in another. The chase was now getting exciting;

for Jim, who was not provided with skates, had by dint of short cuts come within range, and had opened fire with his Brummagem gun. His bullets skipped playfully along the ice between me and the otter, who was making for open water not far ahead. Once again I caught him up, and this time delivered a windmill blow with the butt, which capsized the otter and myself also. A thousand fireworks danced before my eyes, and when, dazed and bleeding from a crack on the head, I managed to rise to a sitting posture, I had the satisfaction of beholding Toma polishing off the otter with the butt of his long gun, whilst my ill-used weapon lay on the ice beside me, with the stock cracked in two.

The loup cervier (*Felis Canadensis*) is a shy roving animal that, though by no means scarce, is seldom seen by the hunter. Their chief food is the American hare, but they also eat grouse, beaver, musquash, even mice, anything in fact they can catch. They have not much pluck, and do not venture to attack an old beaver or a deer. I therefore do not believe the anecdotes that one hears sometimes of their attacking men, the following for instance: It seems that near a certain settlement, a man was walking home at night from the forge, with a set of horse-shoes in his hands. His path lay through the woods. A loup cervier jumped off the branch of a tree on to his neck. The man drove the beast off with repeated blows of the horse-shoes, but "his face was a good deal spoiled," *sic*. The loup cervier is also said to catch ducks in a very clever manner. When he sees ducks swimming in a pond in the woods, he creeps cautiously to the bank and lies down in concealed positions and in proper attitude for a spring, then

when the ducks are looking in that direction he wags his little tail (like a shaving brush) from side to side. The curiosity of the ducks is excited, they swim towards the moving object until one of them gets within three or four yards of the bank, when the loup cervier pounces upon it. The fox also gets the credit of this stratagem, and I can quite believe it of either of these quadrupeds in the case of perfectly unsophisticated ducks, some species of the latter being of a very curious and inquisitive disposition. From this is derived the system of toling ducks with trained dogs as practised in the United States. The loup cervier is a bold and excellent swimmer, and also a good tree climber. They are very easily trapped. A small bough camp is made with a bait tied to a stake at one end, and at the other a doorway, across which two slanting pieces of stick crossing at the centre are stuck into the ground to form a door-step, inside these a steel trap is set nicely concealed, or when the trapper has no steel traps a cord noose is set in the doorway made fast to the end of a stout spring pole. The best season to trap loup cervier is in the month of March, when the males are running after the females. The trapper perfumes his traps with the musk of the musquash, or else, and better still, with the oil bag of the beaver. The females carry their young nine weeks. The fur is in season from the middle of November to the end of March; after that time the fur is spoilt, and they are then much tormented by fleas. The flesh of the loup cervier is white and tender, and not bad eating.

The pine marten, or sable (*Mustela martes*) is a very shy and active little animal, and very rarely if ever seen by the hunter. When hard pressed by a dog they tree.

Their food consists chiefly of squirrels, hares, grouse, mice, and birds' eggs. They are fond of fish also, but cannot catch them. A year in which squirrels are plentiful in the woods is considered by marten trappers to be a good season for trapping. The fur is in season from 1st November to 1st April. There is the greatest possible difference in the value of the skins. Marten skins taken north of the St. Lawrence in the Labrador direction are worth from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 5*s.*, whilst those from New Brunswick are not worth more than 6*s.* or 7*s.* The darker the colour the more valuable the fur. South of the St. Lawrence, though an occasional dark-furred sable is now and then taken, the colour of the fur is a light chestnut, almost a yellow. In the Labrador and the nor'-west the fur of the marten is a dark lustrous chestnut, almost in the back approaching to black. The farther north the better the fur, thus the marten of Gaspé are worth more than the marten of New Brunswick, but are inferior to the marten of Labrador and the nor'-west. The same remark applies to most furs. The best way to make a marten trap is to fell a tree, some 10 inches in diameter, cutting it 4 feet from the ground. On this stump, which must be cut flat and level, construct a little camp made of chips sharpened at the end and driven into the stump. Leave a small doorway at one side. Over this set the dead-fall which should be a pole about 15 feet or 20 feet in length, one end resting on the bough of a tree about the same height as the trap, the other supported by the bait stick. A trap set on the ground is of no use as it gets blocked up with snow. The best bait is the head of a grouse, but any sort of flesh or fish answers. Steel traps are sometimes used, suspended by chains from trees, but wooden

deadfalls are decidedly the best. A good woodsman will make a great number of these traps in a day, and they should be attended at least once a fortnight in the winter. Different scents are used to allure the marten to the traps, but nothing is more efficacious than the oil from the beaver's oil bag.

The mink (*Mustela vison*). This little animal was formerly very plentiful on almost every lake and river in Canada, but unfortunately for it the fur became fashionable a few years ago and the price of a skin jumped from 1s. up to 12s. or 14s. This rise of price was of course disastrous to mink. They resemble the otter in their habits and mode of feeding, but do not travel so far in search of food. They are rarely met with any distance from water. The mink is a comparatively tame little animal and easily trapped either in deadfalls or steel traps baited with fish. In summer I have seen them come quite close to my feet and show little symptoms of alarm even when I moved. The fur is in season from October to May. Next to the skunk the mink has the strongest and most disagreeable smell. They are said by the Indians to catch snakes, but this I have never seen. Some years ago, when mink fur was the fashion, and the price consequently very high, "minkeries" were established in America. They did not pay however. Amongst other drawbacks it was found, as might have been expected, that the fur of the domesticated mink was quite inferior to the fur of the wild animal.

The musquash (*Fiber zibethicus*) is often called a muskrat, and is, perhaps, on account of this name, not held in as high estimation as it deserves. So far from being a

rat, it is a near relative of the beaver, and in many of its habits very much resembles that wisest of animals. The musquash is found all over Canada, in almost every lake, stream, and river, and even in the salt-water marshes on the sea-coast. It is one of the few wild animals that survives the settlement of the country by man. Its fur, though really excellent, is only worth 10*d.* or 1*s.* Should the price ever rise, musquash will no doubt become scarce. They breed like rabbits, two or three litters in the season. In winter they make little camps for themselves, of mud and rushes, which are generally built in shallow lakes. The entrance to the camp is under water, but the apartment above water. Unlike the beaver, they do not lay up a winter store of food in their camps, but depend upon the grass and roots that they can find under the ice. In some places, instead of camps they burrow in the banks of rivers. The fur is in season from September to June. The musquash, notwithstanding its strong smell, is very good eating. The Indians, in some parts of New Brunswick, fast on its flesh in Lent, as they consider it comes under the head of fish. Musquash are not very shy, and the sportsman of an evening, when sitting on the banks of a river or lake watching for ducks, sees the little fellows swimming and diving all round him, and hauling grass and rushes to their camps. They are caught in steel traps, like otter; also in curious little floating deadfalls, baited with parsnips, a vegetable they are extremely fond of. In winter they are taken in steel traps set under the ice near the doors of their lodges, or else they are speared through the roof, which their breath keeps from freezing

hard. They commence to build their lodges in the end of September, and build them about a foot and a half higher than the surface of the water. In spring, like their relatives the beaver, they roam about, and during the summer seem to have no fixed residences. In the months of April and May the smell of musk is the strongest; this is the mating season, and the Indians at this time call them within shot by imitating their cry, which they do by sucking in air between the lips.

The pekan or black cat (*Mustela Canadensis*), sometimes called the "fisher," though why I cannot guess, as it never goes near the water, and lives in the forest like the marten, which it resembles in habits. The pekan is the most agile of all the denizens of the forest, and the most voracious. It eats any animal food it can get, and does not even fear the barbed quills of the porcupine. I have seen pekans whose skins were full of quills. When a cariboo or moose is shot, if there is a pekan in the neighbourhood he will be sure to find the carcase. They are dreadful robbers, and sometimes cause great loss to the trapper by robbing a whole line of sable traps, and eating the sable that may be caught therein; they sometimes, however, carry this game a little too far, and are caught in a trap prepared for them, either a steel trap or a heavy deadfall, which the knowing old trapper generally constructs at intervals along his line. The fur is coarse, but valuable from its colour; price about 17. Persons ignorant of fur have sometimes the skins of tame black cats, with tails and ears cut off, imposed upon them as pekan skins.

The skunk (*Mephitis Americana*) is, in my opinion, a

much maligned little animal. Anyone who has watched an old skunk, with two or three young ones playing about her, as I have, could not help liking them. They are as playful as kittens, and twice as pretty. It is only when attacked and in danger of its life that it makes use of the weapon of defence with which nature has furnished it, viz. its stink bag. The skunk is found in the forest, but it seems to prefer old camps and barns; often even coming into outhouses and cellars in the settlements, I believe in pursuit of mice. The fur is extremely pretty, and the smell of the animal when killed in a dead fall is little worse than the smell of a mink. I have myself skinned several of them. But, on the other hand, when hunted by a dog, or shot, the smell is terrific. A favourite dog of mine killed a skunk on one occasion, and for days—I might in his case say for weeks—neither of us was fit for human society. He, poor fellow, knew what was the matter with him, and, though generally the most sociable of animals, kept at a distance from everybody, and no doubt felt himself an outcast. I gave the clothes I had on at the time of the rencontre to an Indian boy, who, I believe, has gone by the name of “the skunk” ever since. No wonder that the old French habitants called them *Enfans du diable*. The flesh is eaten by some Indians; they are very fat, and the fat is said to be an excellent cure for rheumatism. They den in winter in old deserted camps, under piles of bushes, or in fallen trees.

The porcupine (*Histrix pilosus*). This animal is by no means evenly distributed over the Canadian forest. In many parts of Lower Canada I have been in the woods

for weeks, and even for months, without seeing porcupine sign; while in other districts of the same province, in New Brunswick, and especially in Nova Scotia, they are plentiful. I am told by trappers that they also abound in certain districts of the nor'-west. They are of no value to the trapper, but the quills, when dyed, are used by the Indian squaws for ornamenting birch-bark boxes, &c. They are great enemies to dogs.

The smell of this (to the sportsman) obnoxious animal is so strong that his dogs cannot help finding it, and its movements are so slow that they seldom fail to catch it; but here their difficulties only commence. A young, plucky dog will tackle a porcupine, and even kill it; while his blood is up he never feels the quills, or if he does they only serve to irritate him the more. Afterwards the poor beast is a pitiable object; his mouth, throat, tongue, and nose are one mass of quills, and many a good dog has to be shot in consequence. The quills are very sharp, and notched or barbed at the point; they stick firmly in anything they touch, even in the stock of a gun, and leave the porcupine as easily as they stick into an attacking substance. As pulling them out of a dog's flesh causes great pain and inflammation, I have found that the best way is to cut them off with a sharp knife or scissors. In course of time the points that remain in the dog work out of themselves. If the dog recovers he will seldom tackle a porcupine a second time.

The movements of a porcupine on the ground are clumsy and absurd in the extreme; he waddles along very slowly, with his head down and his tail up. The Indians say that in the daytime he is ashamed of himself

(for being so ugly, I suppose), and hence his dejected appearance, but that at night he lifts up his head and runs like a dog. This I shall believe when I see it; but in the meantime I can answer for his being a capital climber. He knows this, and always makes for a tree when pursued. When there is none within reach, he does not turn and stand manfully to bay, but hides his head in a hole or under a root, and exposes his stern to the baffled pursuer. This he does because his head and belly are unprotected—the back and tail being thickly studded with quills. When scalded with boiling water the hair and quills scrape off easily; the flesh is not bad eating, something like pork with a *soupeçon* of spruce about it. The only wild animals that prey upon them are the pekan and the bear. Their food is the bark of the spruce, the maple, and other wood. In winter, when they come across a tree that suits their taste, they camp under it, and peel it from stem to top. They do not den regularly like the bear, but have a snug lodging under a dead tree or a heap of bushes, from whence they come out daily for food, travelling, however, very short distances in the deep snow. The female has one or two young ones early in the spring, which she is said to wean by tapping the sugar maple and making the cubs lick up the sap; but this (the statement, not the sugar) must be taken with a grain of salt. They certainly do tap the maples in the sugar season, and are fond of sweets, and, like the bear, they have been known to steal molasses.

The wolf (*Canis lupus occidentalis*, var. *griseus*). This is a wandering animal, sometimes found in one district, sometimes in another, its movements depending a good

deal upon those of its prey, viz. the cariboo and the Virginian deer. It is seldom seen by the hunter, though its tracks in the snow when in pursuit of deer are frequently met with. In my trapping experiences I only killed one of these animals, which I found in a deadfall set for bear, and baited with beaver meat. I am told that in summer they frequently prowl around the dams and lodges, on the chance of picking up a stray beaver. Their howl is most dismal, even more so than that of a chained-up dog. On one occasion, when moose calling on a lake in New Brunswick, just as darkness set in, a wolf, in response to the melancholy note of our birch-bark trumpet, commenced a dismal howl on one end of the lake; he was presently answered by another in an opposite direction, and the howl or wail was taken up by two or three other animals in different directions all around us. Hearing the same identical howl repeated at intervals through the evening, and echoing throughout the forest from every point of the compass, had a weird and supernatural effect. My Indian, who had never heard a wolf before, was seized with a panic. He thought it was "the great snake," refused his supper, said his prayers, and wanted to make tracks, and I had the greatest difficulty in preventing him from leaving me alone in the woods.

The ground-hog or wood-chuck (*Arctomys monax*). This little animal seems to be more often met with on the outskirts of the clearings than in the heart of the forest, and has no objection to cultivated land; in fact, it is very partial to potatoes and other vegetables. I saw a great many of them in burnt woods. The fur is of no value to the trapper, but the skin makes excellent pouches for tobacco,

ammunition, &c. The Indians have a superstition that a gun that once shoots a ground-hog is ruined for everything else. The flesh is very good eating. They lay up stores of nuts, &c., in their dens, as squirrels do, and remain at home all winter.

There are at least five species of squirrels in the Canadian forest. Two of these, the black squirrel (*Sciurus Niger*) and the grey squirrel (*S. Carolinensis*), are only found in Canada West, and I believe even there are only summer visitors, migrating southwards in the cold weather, but of their habits I cannot speak with certainty. In the regions of the trapper I have met with only three species, viz. the common red squirrel (*S. Hudsonius*), ground squirrel (*S. striatus*), and flying squirrel (*S. Sabrinus*). The last-named is a little animal of very secluded habits, which leads a solitary life in the depths of the forest, rarely seen by the hunter, though sometimes caught in his traps. It flies from tree top to tree top, feeding on cones of the fir and pine trees, and makes its nest in a hollow tree.

The red squirrel may be seen not only in the forest, but in the settlements; a cheerful, noisy, audacious little fellow, he may sometimes be met with even in the villages, chattering on the roof tops or running along the fences. The fur of these animals, though very soft, thick, and pretty, is of little or no value. Their chief enemies are martens and weasels in the woods, cats and small boys in the settlements. Systematically hunted they are not, so that, unlike most of the other wild animals of the country, they do not melt away; on the contrary, they increase and multiply, for man kills some of their natural enemies, and helps to supply them with food. They build their

nests in old stumps or under the roots of a tree, and lay up for themselves ample provisions of fir cones for the winter. They also eat nuts of every kind, apples, and even potatoes. No shell seems too hard for their sharp cutting teeth; even the butter-nut—a nut so hard as to defy nutcrackers, and impregnable to human efforts without the assistance of hammer and anvil—is breached by the squirrel.

The habits of this species and of the flying squirrel seem to be almost identical. Both provide themselves with warm comfortable winter quarters, as does the bear; but they do not hibernate like Bruin. When a mild day occurs, as mild days do occur even in this Arctic winter, or an unusually warm ray of sunshine peeps through the tree tops, then the red squirrel may be seen emerging from his hole in the snow, scampering up the nearest tree, and even cracking a social nut or enjoying a friendly chatter with his mate or next-door neighbour. In the fall they invade gardens and orchards in force, carrying off nuts and apples to their dens, which are sometimes a quarter of a mile distant.

The character of the red squirrel presents a curious combination of extreme shyness and extreme audacity. Walking through the woods we may see a glimpse of a squirrel as he scampers out of sight, or hear him chattering far off in the distance, but that is all. Let us now sit down and remain perfectly motionless for a few minutes, and squirrels appear as if by enchantment, and play about, round our feet and over our heads; then, on our making the slightest movement, they instantaneously disappear. I have seen captive squirrels, but I never saw a tame one,

nor do I believe it possible to tame them ; and yet in the pairing season, in the month of May, I have seen them in amatory pursuit come into my camp and run about it, ignoring my presence altogether. On one occasion two of them climbed up to my head, and from thence jumped through the smoke-hole in the roof. If any animal possesses conversational powers, certainly the squirrel does. It would be in vain for me to try to describe the twenty different noises they give utterance to, further than that one is not unlike the striking of an alarm clock.

The ground squirrel is a beautiful little animal, striped lengthwise along the back with red, white, and brown. As his name implies, he is not a tree climber, and seems to prefer the outskirts of a settlement or the sunny side of a snake fence to the forest. He too has a house or burrow in the ground, and lays by a store of food ; but, unlike the other species, rarely if ever comes out in the winter season. Nor yet can he be said to hibernate ; he simply stops at home, and takes his ease, enjoying, in the bosom of his family, the fruits of his summer's toil. His food is much the same as that of the red squirrel.

The red squirrel and the flying squirrel plague the trapper at times by stealing his baits of fish or flesh, and getting caught in his traps, to the exclusion of more valuable fur, but I never suspected my little friend the ground squirrel of carnivorous, not to say predatory propensities, until I caught one (a female) walking off with a chicken. There was no doubt about the matter ; she was caught *in flagrante delictu*, cutting the cheeper's throat behind the old hen's back, and then carrying it off to her den—probably to her young ones. I forgave the first offence ; but

when she returned next day for another infant Dorking, human nature could stand it no longer, and I slew her there and then.

There is a black variety of the red squirrel very rarely seen, which has given rise to the following Indian legend: It seems that in the old times of flint arrow-heads and birch-bark kettles, when the Micmacs were a great and powerful race, living at peace in their villages along the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a boy of the tribe, one Jenem, caught this black squirrel—this apple of discord—in the woods of New Brunswick. He showed it to his father, to the old men of his tribe, to the grand totem himself; but not one of them knew what it was, though they all agreed that it was “bad medicine” and told the youth to let it go. Boy-like, however, though Indian, he thought he was wiser than his elders, and put no faith in medicine; so, instead of doing as he was told and letting his captive go, he took him up country to a Mohawk camp as a present to the object of his young affections, a Mohawk lass. There was, however, a rival in the case, a ferocious young Mohawk, who had no idea of being cut out by a fish-eating Micmac—not he! This wily savage met our young friend on the road, entered into conversation with him, came to the conclusion that the black squirrel was “good medicine,” then treacherously stabbed his rival, and presented the squirrel to the fair one. Whether he prospered in his suit, history does not relate; but, and this is a matter beyond all doubt, there was a terrible uproar in consequence, and many a Mohawk was sent to the happy hunting grounds.

There are at least four different species of mice in the fur woods, and they are most unmitigated pests to the trapper, eating baits out of his traps, spoiling valuable fur, swarming in his camp and *caché*, and devouring his clothes and stores. They are in turn eaten by almost every other description of carnivorous animal—sable, weasel, loup-cervier, skunk, &c., also by owls. Some of them are naturally torpid in winter, but when they find a warm camp they get unpleasantly lively. I am not acquainted with the scientific names of these mice. There is one a great frequenter of camps, familiar to every trapper, a biggish fellow, with reddish back, white belly, and very short tail; also a shrew mouse, with a nose like a mole, a very diminutive fellow; also a jumping mouse, with a long tail, I presume *Meriones Labradorius*. They all seem omnivorous in winter, and eat bread, meat, sugar, clothes, &c., &c.

Two weasels are met with, the ermine (*Mustela erminea*), and the little weasel (*M. vulgaris*). Both these are brown in summer, in October they turn a light brownish grey, and in winter are pure white with the exception of a black tip to the tail, and in the case of the common weasel a sulphur tint about the loins. The fur of the ermine weasel is very like the Russian ermine, so like that in picked skins it would take a very good judge of fur to tell the difference. Yet the Canadian ermine is positively of no value to the trapper, who does not take the trouble to skin it, and is tormented with it in his sable line. The ermine weasel is the most active and sprightly little animal it is possible to conceive. I saw one pursue and

catch a squirrel, and I have noticed that those that were taken in my sable traps were invariably head out, i. e. after the deadfall had sprung and before it had crushed them, they had wheeled round. They have a very strong musky smell; eat hares, mice, &c., &c., and are very inquisitive, playful, and even bold. When lying in camp of an evening I have seen a weasel come in through a hole, walk round, and look at everything, then seize some little bit of meat and walk out, repeating this operation several times.

As a country becomes more thickly inhabited, it is natural that the wild beasts should fly before the approach of man and gradually diminish. I have observed that both animals and birds are much more easily banished from a certain district in Canada than they are at home. I suppose it is that, in comparison to the vast extent of the country, they are fewer in number. However that may be, I know little spots in the old country—a particular corner of a rushy field, or a soft spot in an Irish bog—where day after day, the whole season through, the sportsman or the poacher is almost sure to find a brace of ducks, a few snipe, or a flock of teal; even when shot down, others take their place. In Canada it is quite different, very little hunting or shooting serves to scare away the game and drive them to more remote districts; but I never could understand how it is that some animals, and those apparently the most shy, are so much harder to be banished than others. Cariboo, moose, sable, and particularly beaver, are the first to fly from the neighbourhood of man. The loup-cervier, the fox, the bear, and the otter, all par-

ticularly shy and wary animals, remain to the last, though the bear and otter are both much hunted for their fur. In Prince Edward Island, the most thickly settled of all the maritime provinces, the moose, the cariboo, and the beaver are long since extinct, but the other animals still abound.

Bears are quite as numerous in parts of Canada as they ever were. The sportsman does not often see them, it is true, for Bruin is a sly and sneaking fellow, and does the greater part of his prowling about by night. In summer they live altogether on berries, which grow in profusion in the barrens and burnt woods. In the fall bears are found in the beech woods, eating the nuts that fall from the trees. They choose their dens before the snow falls, and retire to them about the beginning of December. At this time they are very fat; strange to say, they do not fall off in condition during the winter months, and at the end of March or beginning of April, when they leave their dens, they are as fat as when they went in. After this they rapidly lose flesh, and keep getting thinner till the berries come in. In seasons when the berries are a failure, Bruin is very hard pushed by hunger, and numbers of them leave their haunts in the backwoods and prowl about the outskirts of the settlements, committing great havoc among the mutton and the oat fields, and occasionally even walking off with young cattle. When vegetable food can be got, they eat nothing else; but when that fails, I know nothing eatable that a bear will refuse. Most of the animals in this country become omnivorous when pressed by hunger; thus I have known the rabbit (*Lepus Ameri-*

canus) eat salt codfish in the depth of winter, and the little chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*) has visited my ice house to get a feed of frozen beef. I have known bears to break into an oak pork barrel and devour the salt junk. On one occasion, in Anticosti, they broke into my *caché*, ate a bran-new pair of boots and half a barrel of flour, and then walked off with a tightly-corked jar of molasses—whether they managed to get at the contents or not, I never discovered. With a decided leaning towards leather Bruin combines a weakness for rum, and gets as drunk as a lord when he has the chance. The females have two, and occasionally three cubs, early in the spring, before they leave their dens.

The bear has got the credit of being a ferocious animal, but, after a great deal of experience in bear shooting, I have arrived at the conclusion that the American variety is one of the shyest, most timid, and most cowardly of animals. Even a she bear I have known to desert her cubs when they got into trouble, and seek her own safety in flight. Of course there have been instances of bears turning to bay, for even a mouse will show fight when hemmed in a corner. Like the moose, their senses of hearing and smell, particularly the latter, are most acute. Their sight is by no means sharp. Often they do not appear to notice a man in the least, unless he arrests their attention by some sharp, quick motion. Whatever pluck they seem to possess I attribute to their defective sight. They seem more overpowered with fear by the smell of a man than by anything else.

The fur of the bear is at its prime in the spring, when they first come out of their dens, and this is the best time

to trap them, as they are then most voracious. The "deadfall" is a little camp over the entrance of which a heavily-weighted log is adjusted, so that when Bruin touches the bait it comes down on the small of his back. A couple of good woodsmen will make and set half-a-dozen deadfalls in the course of a day. They are baited with mutton, beef, pork, fish, partridge—anything, in fact, as long as it is pretty high and smelly. Steel traps are preferred by the trapper to deadfalls, for the cruel reason that the latter kill the bear almost immediately, and consequently in warm weather require constant attendance, whereas the poor bear caught by the paw in a steel trap lives for seven or eight days. The steel trap must not be chained to a standing tree or other stationary object, as the bear in his first struggles will smash anything that resists him, but when it is chained to a log he drags it after him for a short distance, and then gets tired out. Rope snares made fast to strong spring poles are also used with success on their paths and roads. I knew a trapper on the Upsalquitch who killed thirty-two bears one spring, and he told me he lost twenty more out of his traps. How that may be I cannot say, but I saw the thirty-two skins; the largest measured 7 feet 8 inches from snout to tail. In the spring bears tap the sugar maple with their claws, and lick up the sweet sap which flows freely from a wound in the bark of the tree. They also peel the spruce trees, and eat with relish the tender inner bark.

The sportsman, when hunting cariboo in the first snow, sometimes comes across a bear's tracks, and follows them to the den, when Bruin falls an easy victim, as he comes out to see what is up. Sometimes, too, when the snow is

still deep, they are induced by mild weather to leave their dens, and are then easily run down by the hunter if he comes on their tracks. An old Indian told me that they are sometimes savage on these occasions, and that once he ran down a bear, and, his gun missing fire, the chase continued, with the slight difference that Bruin became the pursuer. Young bears are very playful and gentle in confinement up to a certain age, but they are apt to become treacherous as they grow older. I saw a cub at Campbelton, on the Restigouche, that had been suckled by a squaw.

The best time to shoot bears is in the month of August, when they come out on the plains and barrens for blueberries. I have seldom found a bear when I have been looking for them, though I have seen and shot several when salmon fishing and small game shooting. On one occasion, when partridge shooting, I heard my dogs making a tremendous fuss, and ran up, expecting to find them engaged with a porcupine. They were running round a huge bear, who did not seem much put out, but now and then made an ugly wipe at the dogs with his paw. As the dogs engaged his attention, he allowed me to come up to within 8 or 10 yards, when I rolled him over with a couple of charges of No. 6 shot. In some parts of Canada a reward of \$3 is given by the Government for each bear killed; but this incentive is not needed. There is a gun in every settler's house in Canada, and a young fellow who is only too glad of the chance of using it. Where sheep have been killed by bears they invariably return to the carcasses on the

following night, when they often fall victims to their love of the injured settler's mutton.

There are few animals that have been more written about than the beaver. So many learned naturalists have described its habits that I am almost afraid to approach the subject. What induces me to do so is, that whereas the older accounts of this animal rather border on the marvellous, so the more recent ones—passing from one extreme to the other—do not, in my opinion, do justice to its cleverness. I have seen a good deal of the beaver. I have met him “travelling” in the spring and summer, and found him “at home” with his family in the fall and winter; and I purpose to narrate only what has come under my own observation.

Some twenty or thirty years ago, when beaver fur fell from 20s. to 2s. 6d. per lb., beavers were very scarce in British North America. They are very prolific, however; and in a short time, thanks to the decrease in price, they became as numerous as ever. During the last ten years the demand for beaver fur has been slowly but steadily increasing, owing to the growing scarcity of other fur; and although not one-half as valuable as it was in the olden times, it still pays to hunt them. The country, too, is of course getting opened up; and as the price of fur rises and population increases, so do the beavers decrease. They are now only to be found on the extreme heads of rivers far away from settlements.

The vicinity of a large beaver camp very much resembles that around an Indian camp, so much so that a person unacquainted with and unprepared for the animal

might readily mistake the former for the latter. I will try and describe one that I found on the head of the Metapedia.

The stream was some 15 or 20 feet in width, with a considerable fall. Four dams had been constructed at intervals of about 100 yards. The pond formed by the upper dam but one was probably about an acre in extent, of a depth of 8 feet in the centre, shoaling off towards the edges. The place was thickly wooded; but, as it was an old colony, the trees in the pond had all been killed by the water; some remained standing, others had fallen and lay on the surface. The dam was semicircular, convex to the stream, and about 150 yards in length; in an irregular way it surrounded the upper half of the pond. The spot for building this dam had been chosen, as is invariably the case, with remarkable judgment; and all natural features, such as little islands, rocks, stumps of trees, &c., had been turned to good account. The centre of the dam was about 5 feet in height, and 8 or 10 feet in width at the base, and so compact that it took two men with axes the greater part of an hour to cut an aperture through it 6 feet wide. The camp was situated near the centre of the pond, on the original bank of the stream. It was about the size and shape of an ordinary haystack, a little flattened down; rather more than two-thirds showed above the water (about 8 feet). Internally it contained one large circular apartment, about 6 feet 6 inches in diameter; the roof, which was arched or dome-shaped, being 2 feet 3 or 4 inches in the centre, and gradually sloping downwards to the edge. The floor was 10 inches above water-mark, and contained four beds made of chips

of wood cut very fine. The walls were from 4 to 5 feet thick, and made altogether of earth and wood. There were three entrances, all under water. Close to the camp was the storehouse, an accumulation of fresh logs and branches submerged in the water for winter use. I calculated that there must have been half-a-dozen ordinary cartloads, and the pile was not completed. The peeled boughs had been piled on the house and dam. Some of them had been hauled a distance of 60 yards by land, and twice that distance by water. There were six well-made roads, 12 or 14 inches in width, and worn quite smooth and hard, running into the woods in different directions. Trees of all sizes, from a foot in diameter downwards, that had been felled by the beaver, lay scattered all round the pond and in the water, some freshly cut, others decayed and covered with moss. The boughs of the larger ones had been lopped off and carried to the storehouse, the bark of the stems having been eaten on the spot. Smaller trees had been felled, cut into logs, and carried bodily off. Saplings of the size of an axe handle had been cut as with one slanting blow of an axe, but the larger trees were gnawed all round. Dry sticks and roots that obstructed their roads had been cut neatly off at the proper breadth, and the pieces thrown aside.

This was the first old-established colony of beavers that I had ever seen. I came upon it accidentally as I was cruising about the woods many miles from the settlements. Anyone who is acquainted with the Canadian forest knows how few signs of animal life are to be seen in it, and how eagerly the faintest track in the moss or leaves, or cut in the bark of a tree, is examined by the hunter or trapper.

Imagine, then, my delight at beholding this settlement in the wilderness. I could not take it all in for a long time. My natural instinct led me to leeward of the pond, where, sitting on a log and preyed upon by thousands of black flies, I remained four mortal hours on the watch. I was rewarded by seeing the beavers swimming about and hauling logs through the water with their teeth. The time passed so pleasantly that I never thought of going home till too late to find my way back to camp. The prospect of passing a night with the beavers did not, however, distress me much; and a "baby" in the most hospitable and opportune way presenting himself, I shot him for supper, and, adding insult to injury, proceeded to cook the poor little fellow's carcass over a fire made of wood, which he himself, or some other member of his family, had cut for very different purposes. Here let me remark that young beaver, roasted whole, is rather like sucking pig, and is by no means to be despised.

From its extreme richness and oiliness, the flesh of the beaver would not be relished by the dainty stomach, but in the woods and prairies, far away from civilization, that organ soars above all prejudice, and I have made many a hearty meal of beaver flesh without any bad result. Old beaver or beaver tail is the better for being smoked. The latter, I believe, is considered a great delicacy. To save it, hold it over the fire for a few seconds; the scales or skin will then peel off; put it in pickle for a few hours, and then hang in the camp chimney.

The beaver selects a little island, or shallow spot near the centre of his pond, for building on. A dry bed close to deep water is essential; this is one of the ends secured

by dam-building, which keeps the water much on the same level throughout the year. In its earlier stages the house resembles a gigantic bird's nest, made of mud, sticks, and stones; branches are then laid across to serve as rafters, more sticks and mud being piled on the top of them to complete the edifice. The beavers then burrow into the pile, cut off projecting sticks, and fashion out the apartment or apartments, for there are frequently more than one. The walls and roof are made of great thickness, 4 or 5 feet, to resist the frost; and for the same purpose the roof gets a fresh plastering of mud every "fall," just before the frost commences. When a house is inhabited by a large family of beavers the heat they generate is so great as to melt the snow on the roof, which is but partially frozen.

I never could perceive that beavers use their tails as trowels, though they have got the credit of it. I have little doubt, however, but that this appendage is made to serve some useful purpose in the plastering line, else why should it, unlike other amphibious animals, have the tail flat horizontally. If of no other use, it certainly makes a comfortable seat for them.

Beavers do not inhabit the same house for more than three or four successive years. The reason of this is obvious. It is easier to build a new house, where wood is plentiful, than to haul their provisions a long distance to the old one. Hence, on streams and lakes inhabited by beavers there are always a great number of camps in all stages of repair and dilapidation, also dams without end; but these latter are always kept in repair within half a mile or so of the dwelling-house. The series of ponds thus

formed gives them a greater extent of feeding ground, and enables them to haul wood up stream. Sometimes beavers, driven away by a feeling of insecurity or some other cause, will leave a new house and take up their abode in an old shanty, returning to their deserted abode every night for provisions.

The materials used for building the dams are the same as for the houses. I have never seen the beaver actually at work at the building. I do not think they build in the daytime. The sticks they use vary in size from the thickness of a man's finger to that of his leg, and in length from 1 foot up to 5 or 6. Most of them are peeled previous to being worked up. Dead wood also and stones are used. I have seen the latter as big as a man's head, that must have been carried some little distance. Stones and mud they carry with their fore paws or hands, pressing them against their chest and walking on their hind legs. Some sticks lie horizontally, others in a slanting position, with the branchy end pointing up in the air and the butts down stream, and some short ones are in a perpendicular position. The chief difficulty must be with the foundation; when once that is laid it is comparatively easy to lean boughs against it as I have described, place others crossways, weigh them down with stones and plaster them with mud. Often they take advantage of a windfall, or a little chain of rocks, for they are capital engineers. The slope on the upper side of the dam is much less than on the lower, and the top is accurately levelled.

I will briefly enumerate their reasons for dam-building.
1st. To deepen the water around their camp, enabling

them to dive and defy pursuit. 2ndly. As a protection from the frosts of winter, which would freeze shallow water to the bottom. 3rdly. To equalize the height of the water throughout the year, and prevent their beds from being flooded. 4thly. To enable them to haul wood with greater ease. In addition to these, I really believe that beavers like dam-building for the amusement it affords them. I am aware that in this opinion I differ from other writers. But, if they are right, how is it that on lakes having streams running into or from them, such streams are invariably dammed by the beavers of the lake? At the head of a lake 2 or 3 miles in circumference I have seen a beaver house; at the outlet of the same lake, a mile off, a dam built and kept in perfect repair by the beavers. Now I cannot see what use this could have been; it would scarcely raise the level of the water as many inches as the lake was fathoms in depth.

On the Miramichi, New Brunswick, I found a small brook—a rapid stream with a great fall. One family of eight or ten beavers lived on it, and in the course of little more than half a mile they had constructed no less than thirteen dams, each about 3 feet high. The effect of this in winter time was curious enough; the ponds, frozen over and covered with snow, formed a series of tolerably regular steps or terraces.

In some work on natural history I have seen it stated that the female beaver has from six to eight cubs in a litter. I believe this to be an error. Five is the greatest number I have ever seen or heard of. The ordinary litter is three or four. They lie up in May, and the young females do not

have cubs till two years old. Until within two or three months of that event they remain in the parental abode. Usually the inmates of one camp number from eight to ten, i. e. two old ones and two litters of young ones of three or four each. The young people, on reaching the age of puberty—i. e. about March of the second year—are turned out to shift for themselves; and having taken unto themselves helpmates, proceed to put up a dam and house for themselves, generally near their old house, and make provision for the expected increase to their family. Odd beavers, whose mates have been slain, whose young affections have been trampled upon, or who from other causes have remained single, lead a solitary and (no doubt) wretched existence, generally in holes in the banks of lakes and rivers. These spinster and bachelor beavers are generally to be met with along the banks of large rivers, where no dam or house is requisite, and are called “bank beaver” by the trappers, who say that they are idle fellows, turned away from the parent roof for not doing their fair share of work, and for showing symptoms of incapacity or laziness in the dam-building line.

Although the principal food of the beaver consists in the bark of certain trees, it is lucky for them that they are not wholly dependent upon wood, else they would die of starvation when large fires sweep over the land. They dive for and eat with great relish the large cucumber-shaped roots of the water-lily and other stalks and roots that grow in the water. The barks they eat in order of preference are those of the popple, or American poplar (a soft, sappy tree of very rapid growth), white birch, alder, rowan tree, moosewood, white maple, willow, spruce, and

cedar; the two latter only when no other can be procured. In summer they wander about, stopping here and there to feed. I have heard of their visiting a deserted camp and eating potatoes that they found therein; and it is not an unusual occurrence to find an old mocassin or the lid of a kettle worked up in a beaver house or dam. In winter they pay a daily or nightly visit under the ice to their stores, which are close at hand, and carry off a stick to camp, where they eat the bark at leisure. They are very cleanly in their habits, never making a mess in the camp, which, together with their beds of chips and shavings, they keep scrupulously clean. Periodically they have a cleaning-out day, when the *débris* of peeled sticks, &c., are thrown out of camp. In thaws and on very mild days they come out from under the ice for a "constitutional" and a little bit of fresh bark. Their tracks in the snow resemble those of an enormous goose, the marks made by the little fore feet or hands being entirely obliterated by the webbed hind ones.

In no way do the beaver show their superior intelligence over the rest of the brute creation more than by their knowledge of the power of combined efforts. Thus two or more beavers will work at the same tree, chopping away at different sides till the scarps meet and the tree falls. They cut trees about a foot and a half from the ground, sitting on their haunches and tails, their arms against or round the trunk. The chips they take out vary from half an inch to two inches in length, chopped at both ends. I have seen several trees of 5 or 6 inches in diameter cut by a small family of beavers in the course of one night. The hunter tells the age of the beaver by the

tooth marks, and from this can give a very shrewd guess of the number in the camp. I measured the stump of a birch tree freshly cut by beavers on the Memosekel, New Brunswick; it was between 13 and 14 inches in diameter. The boughs had been neatly lopped off as with an axe, and nothing remained but the trunk, which supplied me and my party with back logs for the night.

Loth as I am to detract from their character I must confess that beavers cannot fell a tree which way they will. That this power has been ascribed to them I am aware, but I am convinced to the contrary. Most of the trees they cut fall, I admit, riverwards, or towards the water. But why? Do not the banks always slope that way? and, consequently, the trees growing on the banks? Before I became well acquainted with the beaver I fondly hoped that I should find, where one tree had lodged against another, that the second tree had also been cut down. But, no; instead of felling the obstructing tree, the original one is cut through in a second place. This is a weak spot in their character, but one cannot help admiring their perseverance.

On a brook in New Brunswick (the Tomogonops) I found a white birch 8 inches in diameter that had had six pieces of a foot in length cut off its butt by the beavers. As each successive cut had been made, the tree descended straight down the length of the piece which fell out, and at last the beavers had given it up in disgust. An old hunter has assured me that on two different occasions he has found the bodies of beavers crushed to death by trees of their own cutting; and from my own personal observation (and I have seen trees in all stages of being felled,

from a single tooth mark to where it was just ready to drop), I am compelled to admit that beavers have not the smallest idea which way the tree will fall when they commence to chop it.

The speed at which they work is wonderful. In their particular line, viz. dam-building, I would back an equal number of beavers in a given time against men, the latter, of course, to be without tools. On one occasion on the Causapscol (Lower Canada) we cut a breach 6 feet wide in a dam, lowering the level of the water in the beaver pond by more than a foot. The cutting of this breach gave two men with axes over an hour's work. Next day the family of beavers who inhabited it had thoroughly repaired the gap, and *the water had risen to its former level.*

The (to my opinion) most extraordinary proof of the intelligence of the beaver has, I think, never been noted by naturalists. It is, that on the approach of a heavy freshet, which instinct teaches them would carry away their dam, they have the foresight to cut a gap in it, which carries off the extra water, and saves their works from being swept away. On several dams that I examined I found one spot weaker and less firmly constructed than the rest. If these are designed as floodgates by the beaver, to be used on emergency, it is, if possible, a more wonderful trait of sagacity than any that have ever been mentioned.

Beaver, when they cross their dams, always do so at certain places, making little roads, which the trapper takes advantage of. Bears are very fond of beaver, and lay wait for them on these portage roads, which they

traverse nightly for fresh supplies of wood. But Bruin, though a cunning fellow enough, is not a good beaver hunter; he has not enough patience, and when tired out with waiting he tries to break into the camp. This is very hard work, even for men with axes, and if he succeeds in effecting an entrance he gets at the most only a new-born baby or two. The loup-cervier and carcajou, or Indian devil, have a hankering after beaver meat, and both these animals are far better beaver hunters than Bruin. With noiseless steps they prowl about the lodges, and pick up an occasional wanderer. I very much doubt though that either of them could manage a full-grown beaver; his strength is great, and his bite is as bad as a chop of an axe. Eagles, too, prey upon them. But the beaver is very prolific, and were birds and beasts of prey the only animals they had to contend against every lake and river in the backwoods would be full of them. Like the other fur-bearing animals, they cannot hold their own against man; but, unlike the other animals, they leave their marks behind them on the surface of the country. Ages after the beaver shall have become extinct, altered water-courses, ponds, lakes, swamps, islands, and meadows, not made by nature, will remain as monuments of the untiring industry and marvellous ingenuity of this little quadruped of a bygone day.

Beaver trapping is a science. The skill, the cunning, and patience it brings into play lend it a peculiar charm quite irrespective of the profits it brings in. A retired beaver hunter has always a hankering to be at it again. He never can forget the days when, with his gun on his shoulder, his axe in his belt, his blanket made up as a

bundle on his back, and containing a small tin kettle, 20 lbs. or 30 lbs. of flour, 1 lb. of powder, half-a-dozen pounds of shot, a few bullets, a tin pint, a pair of socks, two steel traps, 1 lb. of tea, and a beaver castor, he made tracks for the woods with the prospect of a great hunt before him. His small stores had been procured on "tick" from the trader of his district, with the understanding that this worthy was to have first refusal of the furs he might bring back. Sometimes two men go beaver hunting together, taking their traps, &c., in their canoe. When the trapper comes to a stream, he follows it up or down, as the case may be, and in the course of a few yards, or a few hundred yards at most, he has read it like a book. A stick half submerged in the water has told him what he wanted to know. He has seen a hundred other boughs and branches of all sizes and shapes, but his practised eye has detected on this particular one the "sign" he delights in. It is, perchance, an alder branch, cut as if with a knife; he can tell at a glance the month, if not the day, it was cut, and the age of the beaver that cut it, i. e. whether full grown, year old, or baby. As he goes on the "sign" increases—felled trees, logs, stumps, roads, old dams, and camps; these he passes by with but little notice. Hard work as it is carrying a pack through the woods, it is doubly so fighting one's way through the thicket that invariably lines the banks of a stream. But if the angler will flog the waters all day long without getting a rise, because he thinks there ought to be a fresh fish in the river, how much more fatigue will the trapper undergo who knows there are beaver on the brook! By-and-by our friend is rewarded by seeing "fresh sign," i. e. a stick or

log newly cut. Now he must proceed with caution, reading the sign as he goes along, and be careful not to come suddenly upon the camp and disturb its inmates. Soon the woods present the appearance of a newly-thinned plantation in an English park; well-beaten paths, worn hard and smooth with constant hauling, may be seen leading down to the water's edge; stumps of trees that have been cut down and worked up by the beavers many years ago, side by side with others that have been felled and carried off quite recently, meet the eye on every side. Perhaps a white birch or popple, a foot in diameter, gnawed all round and surrounded with fresh chips, testifies to last night's work; so also do logs as thick as a man's arm, and 4 or 5 feet in length, cut and ready to haul to the storehouse for winter use. (I am supposing it to be the "fall" of the year.) Follow one of these paths down a few yards and you will see a pond—one of several—each perhaps half an acre in extent and overshadowed by the forest; pine, fir, spruce, birch, maple, poplar, alder, and willow growing down to the water's edge, and the two latter beyond. Fallen trees with the bark peeled off, lie half submerged; their boughs lopped off level with the surface of the water. On a shallow spot near the centre of the pond, surrounded by deep water, often near the stump of an old pine tree, stands the house, presenting the appearance from a little distance of a beehive-shaped mound of mud and sticks, and not at all like the trim, smooth, and shapely edifices I have seen depicted in 'Homes without Hands' and elsewhere. With all these signs of life and labour on every side one is astonished at the perfect stillness that reigns all around, broken only by the monotonous sound of the

water trickling over the dam. The only noises made by the beaver are a sort of groan or grunt, which the female utters in the spring of the year for the purpose of bringing her lord and master to her side (this noise the trapper imitates for his own base purposes), and a hissing noise, which they make when fighting, or when they are attacked by a dog. They have also a habit of striking the water violently with their tail. This I have frequently observed them to do when alarmed.

The trapper, having discovered the house, lays down his bundle to leeward—for few animals have sharper noses than the beaver—and with his gun and steel traps creeps up to reconnoitre the premises, to find out the probable number of the family, and to determine upon his mode of attack. Frequently there are several houses and a number of families all in the same neighbourhood. In this case our trapper resolves to spend a considerable time on the brook, and to set a number of traps on the thoroughfares of the beaver; making these traps gives him two or three days' hard work. The beaver trap is a deadfall of considerable weight, nicely adjusted over the animal's road or track, frequently on a dam. To make assurance doubly sure, a little hedge of dry sticks is made on each side of the trap, which compels the beaver to pass under it. The trap, too, should, if possible, be made of dry or peeled wood, as it is a decided sell to find it pulled down and carried off bodily to the beaver's storehouse. The animal passing under the deadfall has to step on a little stick raised an inch or two above the ground, and this brings down the deadfall on its back. Simple and rough as these traps appear, to set them with success re-

quires years of practice. They must be adjusted in such a manner that a smaller animal, such as a musquash, shall not be able to spring them, and so as to catch a beaver by the middle. When the trap is completed the hunter puts a twig, rubbed with beaver castor, in its vicinity to attract the animals, or, failing the castor, a fresh-cut popple or birch stick will sometimes have the same effect. He next splashes the trap and his footsteps with water to drown the scent. Setting a steel trap also requires some practice. It is set under water at the animal's landing place, and must not be fastened to a stationary object such as a tree, but should be chained to a long dry pole which yields to the animal's struggles. The poor beaver's first efforts on finding himself caught in a steel trap are directed against the trap and chain, on which he breaks and damages his teeth in such a manner as not to be able to cut dry wood, and the pole getting entangled in roots and branches the poor beast soon drowns.

Having set his traps along 2 or 3 miles of brook, our trapper's time is occupied in visiting and tending them ; also from about three o'clock in the afternoon till sundown he remains on the watch with his gun at some spot to leeward of, and at some distance from, their habitations. The sound of a shot does not seem to frighten the beaver, provided the animal is killed ; if only wounded, he spreads the alarm among his fellows, who remain hid for the rest of the day. Beavers swim uncommonly fast, with nothing but their heads visible above water, and are by no means easy shots. Large-bodied as they are, they swim and dive as noiselessly as ducks.

In no case must the trapper light a fire in the vicinity

of their dwellings, or otherwise disturb the beavers. Their sense of smell is very acute, and it is the one upon which they chiefly rely for protection. His evenings will be spent in skinning his victims and stretching and dressing the fur. To do this he bends a sapling into a large hoop, and stretches the skin on it like a drum head, lacing it round with the pliant roots of the spruce tree or the bark of the cedar. Having stretched it, he hangs it in the sun or near his camp fire till perfectly dry. In that state it is bought by the trader for 5s. or 6s. a pound; a good beaver skin ought to weigh about 2 lbs. The castor and oil bags he carefully preserves.

Cutting the dams and breaking into the houses is an operation that the trapper seldom resorts to unless the stream is very small and unless he has a comrade or two to assist him. In a large stream, a lake, or a swamp, it is simply labour lost. The beaver has always holes or burrows in the bank in which he takes refuge when his dam or house is attacked. To succeed in this method the greatest caution and patience are necessary, and steel traps are a valuable auxiliary. Whilst the dam is being cut, every outlet must be guarded either by a man or a trap. A breach having been made of sufficient size to drain off all the water, pickets are driven in at such distances apart as to prevent the animals escaping through the gap, except in one small opening where a steel trap is set, or, in default of a trap, a sentry armed with a spear. I have observed that beavers either endeavour to make their escape at the first sound of the axe, or else hide in their holes till nightfall, and then make a run for it. I have never found a full-grown beaver in the camp.

On one occasion we cut a dam and broke into a camp without catching a single individual, and on the following night caught the whole family in steel traps set at the outlets; these must be visited every hour or so during the night. A good dog is of great service in finding beaver. In winter, I am told, when the dams are cut, the Indians, by putting their ears to the ice, discover the whereabouts of the poor animal from the noise made by its teeth, which chatter with cold and fright. The best time of year for trapping is in April and May, as the fur is then heaviest, and at this season they leave their houses and roam about the streams, rivers, and lakes in the vicinity, and are readily attracted to traps by the scent of castor.

The castor is a curious brownish stuff contained in two little bags or bladders common both to the male and female beaver. It has a strong but not disagreeable smell, and an extremely bitter taste. Dissolved in spirits, or made into a sort of tea, it constitutes the great medicine of the Indian, who has implicit faith in its healing qualities, and takes it for as many disorders as Mr. Holloway's pills are recommended to the white man for. Besides the castor bags, each beaver has a pair of oil bags wherewith to oil his jacket. This he always keeps pretty oily, but more particularly so on the approach of wet weather. The oil is much prized by the trapper on account of its odour, which serves to allure to his traps other animals, such as the marten and loup-cervier. The genital organs of the beaver are hidden from view, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine the sex of the animal without opening the body.

There are two methods of taking them in the winter.

One is by cutting a hole in the ice (which is never thick) over the entrance of the camp, and putting a steel trap on the doorstep, as it were. The other is by chopping a lane in the ice between the doorway and the provision store, and driving in a row of dry wood pickets, leaving a little gap in the centre of the fence thus constructed. In this gap a little twig is stuck to give notice by its vibrations of the approach of the animal. The hunter stands over this at night, and, when he sees the twig shake, strikes sharply with his spear, and generally succeeds in impaling the beaver.

The lumberers and country people have a lot of yarns about the beaver. One is that they spring steel traps with a piece of stick before crossing them. Another is that they have the power of making logs of wood sink to the bottom which would naturally float, &c. I can quite imagine how they became possessed of these delusions. The most satisfactory accounts I got about them was from the Indians, but they, too, rather border on the marvellous. For instance, the Micmacs told me of a different sort of beaver, which is now almost extinct, with a round tail, called by them "wolla muskeag" (the beaver is "quobeet" in their tongue). This animal, according to my informants, has the same sort of fur as quobeet, and, although much smaller than that animal, is possessed of such extraordinary strength and cuteness as to enable it to defy the hunter. As carcajou is the bugbear of the marten trapper, so is "wolla muskeag" of the beaver hunter. If they lived by themselves it would not matter so much, but the mischief of it is that they prefer to live with quobeet, and one of them taking up

his abode with an unsophisticated beaver family soon puts them up to all his dodges, so that they, too, can very soon laugh at the hunter. This is really too bad, "wolla muskeag" has no business to worm his way into the bosom of a respectable family, and then corrupt their morals. I cannot say that I like "wolla muskeag." There is a legend of a foolhardy young Indian, who, out of revenge for the loss of his traps, *would* try to shoot the beast. Of course his gun burst in the attempt, and "that young man he no try any more shoot wolla muskeag." All I know of the last-mentioned animal is that in one beaver camp that I broke into I found the young of some animal about the size of musquash, with round tails; what they were I could not find out. Musquash are sometimes found settled in a beaver house, but in a different compartment from the beaver.

The fur of the beaver when in good season is of a dark-brown colour; it is usually plucked, i. e. the long coarse hairs pulled out by the furrier before being worked up. Some individuals have much darker coats than others. I have seen one or two almost black, and they are the most valuable. I saw one piebald beaver; his back was black, his sides white, and belly reddish. Notwithstanding their cleanly habits they are tormented with lice. The teeth are immensely strong and very hard, so much so that in old times the Indians used them for knives. They are semicircular and about 2 inches in length. The bones, too, are harder than those of any other animal in the country. In Richardson's 'Arctic Zoology' I was surprised to see the weight of a full-grown beaver put down at 24 lbs. If he had said double that weight—viz. 48 lbs.—

he would have been much nearer the mark. Beaver that have been left long in traps are frequently gnawed about the tail and hinder parts by their comrades. Whether they do this in their endeavours to bring them home to camp, or as a polite request for them to "move on," I do not know.

In old times beaver skins were the recognized standard by which all other goods were valued, and this I suppose was one of the reasons which led to the animal being chosen as the crest or emblem of Canada. In those days 1 lb. of spring beaver was equal to a beaver skin taken at any other season, to 3 sable, to 10 musquash, to 2 gallons of rum, to $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of molasses, to 30 lbs. of flour, &c. Beaver skins were the currency of the fur countries.

And truly Canadians may be proud of the beaver. As I remarked before, their works give the stranger who sees them for the first time an idea of human intelligence, industry, and forethought. The dams, even mistaken for the works of man, are constructed with an amount of skill which leads the visitor to form a high estimate of the local engineer; and if he investigates more closely the habits and modes of life of these extraordinary animals, he will find, in their domestic habits, in their foresight in providing food for the morrow, in the way they regulate their water supply, so that in the highest freshet and the most protracted droughts they are on the one hand neither deluged nor on the other restricted in supply; in the construction and fortification of their lodges, and finally in their system of government which drives the drones out of the community, and regulates the size of the different households and villages according to the

supply of wood that can be obtained and stored for winter use, he will find in all their mode of life a sagacity, a foresight, an intelligence, and a system of organization which elevates them above some races of savage men. Their influence on the features of the country constitutes another parallel with man. One-half the lakes and nearly all the wild meadows are the work of past generations of beavers. First of all, the small brook is dammed; by-and-by this dam becomes solid, and forest trees take root and grow on it; as other outlets of the water occur they are closed by these indefatigable workers, till at length the pond assumes the proportions of a lake, and remains for all time to attest to their powers. The meadows are formed by the draining of the lakes. The beaver has left more permanent and enduring monuments of its existence on the surface of the country than the aboriginal inhabitants of Canada have left, or are likely to leave.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ANGLER.

I THINK I may assert, without fear of contradiction, that the angling in Canada is the finest in the world. Many thousands of trout streams and some hundreds of salmon rivers discharge their waters into the gulf and river St. Lawrence. From Lake Ontario down to the straits of Belle-Isle—a distance of nearly 2000 miles—on each shore of the river there is hardly a mile of coast-line without a river or stream. Thousands and thousands of lakes, all of which hold trout, lie hidden away in the forest; in the majority of them perhaps a fly has never been cast. Above Quebec most of the rivers have been spoiled for salmon.

Lumbering is the great business of Canada, and although there is really nothing to prevent lumbering and fishing being carried on together—as a very little sacrifice indeed on the part of the lumber merchant, and a few simple and inexpensive precautions, would enable him to carry on his business on any river with a minimum of damage to the fish—yet in this, as in many other matters, the lesser interest is sacrificed to the greater, and salmon are driven away from most of the great lumber rivers.

Trout fishing on hundreds, I may say on thousands, of charming rivers and lakes is open to everyone; and

under better regulations there would be salmon fishing for every Canadian angler, and for every visitor to the country, at a tithe of the expense of Scotch or Irish salmon fishing—and such salmon fishing! Not pulling from bank to bank of a dull stagnant river with lines trailing after the boat, but casting into magnificent rapid streams, in which the water, clear as crystal, is now lashed into foam over a rocky ledge, now rested for a few moments in an eddy pool dotted over with foam-bells, from thence to plunge headlong into a narrow gorge, and to pause again and again in other pools, where there is endless diversity of fishing water, and endless charms of forest and mountain, of rock and river scenery.

Of all summer residences that I have seen, give me a camp on a good Canadian salmon river. True, there is not so much society as at Brighton or Scarborough; but a crowd is the angler's abomination; his only companions on a Canadian river besides his own party are the otter, the osprey, the kingfisher, and the shell-drake. These are not sociable fellow fishers, but neither are they troublesome ones, they keep themselves to themselves as is the manner of anglers. If he likes music he has the cat owl and the musquito hawk by night, and the piping frog by day; and by day and night there is the music of the water, the rippling of the stream, and the roaring of the torrent. The banks of the rivers are all beautiful; in some places clad with forest they rise gently from the river's edge, in others they take the form of rocky terraces, many hundred feet in height, rising abruptly from the water. Some of these terraces are bare, others are clothed with spruce and cedar. Here

there is a beaver meadow at the mouth of a brook, surrounded by undulating forest land; there a naked hill-side, dotted over with enormous boulders.

There is only one drawback to the perfect happiness of the angler on these rivers, and that is the flies. I suppose they are sent to prevent him from being too happy. There are days in the fishing season when the sun is obscured by a sort of haze—dull, close, sweltering days—when the thin-skinned man (especially if his hair be of a reddish or ginger hue) is unable to endure them. Ointments, veils, gloves, tobacco-smoke! nothing can protect him. He is reduced to a state of temporary idiocy, and unless he wishes that state of misery to be permanent he had better fly to his tent, where, sitting over a smoke of burning cedar-bark, so pungent and stifling that the tears flow from his eyes and blood-stained trickle down his punctured cheeks, he may experience some alleviation of his suffering. Flies cannot stand the full blaze of the sun, neither do they like a breeze of wind, therefore the more open and exposed the situation the better for a fisherman's camp. A veil fastened round the crown of a broad-brimmed hat, tied round the throat with an elastic band, and kept clear of the face by means of crinoline hoops, is a good protection against musquitoes and black flies. Of unguents, several are used, the cleanest being the least effective, the dirtiest the most so. Mixtures of pennyroyal and almond oil, or of oil of tar and turpentine in equal parts, are of some use, especially the latter; but if the angler wishes to be completely fly-proof, regardless of expense, he must go in for a villainous ointment made of equal parts of tar and pork fat.

There are three sorts of flies that prey upon the angler, the musquito, well described by Paddy as a bug with wings, to enable him to make his escape after having punched a hole in a fellow, and with a fiddle whereon he plays a tune in derision of his baffled pursuer. Musquitoes are most troublesome at nights. Black flies are peculiar to the northern part of the continent of America, and the farther north one goes in Canada the more numerous they become. In Anticosti and the Labrador they bleed one like leaches. The third variety, the sand-fly, is like our midge; their favourite pasture seems to be on the New Brunswick rivers. Millions of these little pests, hardly visible from their small size, torment the angler in the evenings, and blister and burn every spot of skin which the musquitoes and black flies have spared. What all these flies live on when they cannot get fishermen has always been a mystery to me. They are most numerous on low, swampy ground, and prefer the soft wood to the deciduous forests. Flies, bad as they are, are not an unmitigated evil to the Canadian sportsman. They devour pale-faced men from the cities, and are particularly hard upon *bons vivants*, but the red-skin and well-seasoned old voyageur are comparatively safe from their attacks. Were it not for the flies the Canadian rivers and lakes would be overrun with Yankee tourists. Americans have the knack of combining business with pleasure to a remarkable extent, which is no doubt highly creditable to them; but still it is inexpressibly harrowing to the feelings of the angler to see placarded up on the rocks and on the stems of the trees in those places where Nature is most beautiful

advertisements of somebody's purgative pills or so-and-so's worm candy. This is worse than black flies.

The open season for salmon fishing on the St. Lawrence rivers is from the 1st of May to 1st of September. In New Brunswick it extends to the 15th of September, and in Nova Scotia the open season is from March 1 to September 15. Speaking broadly, the best time for fishing on all the St. Lawrence rivers and Bay of Chaleur water is from June 15 to July 15.

Formerly in Canada the rivers were open to all anglers, and there was a certain unwritten law, binding among all good sportsmen, that the man who first in each season camped on a pool or section of a river was not to be interfered with as long as he remained on the river. By-and-by, however, shoals of Yankees began to invade the provinces in the fishing season; men swarmed upon the rivers, not so much to fish as to have a good time. These people recognized no prescriptive rights to pools and rivers; they camped opposite to you, and fished across your line. For this reason, in the first place, and to endeavour to shift the burden of protecting rivers on to private shoulders, in the second place, the Dominion Government resorted to the expedient of letting the salmon rivers on lease. It is possible that if a fair and impartial system of letting salmon rivers on lease were put in practice the system would work well, both for the revenue of the country, the protection of the fisheries, and the benefit of the angling public; but the way matters are conducted at present has given rise to a widespread feeling of discontent, not only amongst anglers, but amongst the general Canadian public. Every-

thing in Canada is saturated with politics, even the angling. Men get their salmon rivers according to their politics. It is even doubtful whether a conservative salmon would rise at a grit fly. If political jobbery in angling matters were done away with, and rivers put up to fair competition among the angling public, the revenue might be increased 10,000*l.* per annum, and there would be ample room for every angler in Canada and for visitors to boot. The total sum yielded by the salmon rivers at present falls short of 1000*l.* per annum. The Restigouche, containing 50 miles of fishing water, or, with its tributaries, over 100 miles, is perhaps the finest salmon river in the world. This magnificent river, which is crossed by the Intercolonial Railroad, is leased with its tributaries by four gentlemen, *who pay 4*l.* each per annum for it.* This river, one of the best, and certainly the most accessible in the Dominion, if divided into sections and let by fair competition, would afford sport to a large number of persons, and would alone bring in as much revenue as all the rivers in Canada do at present. All good things in Canada fall to the lot of the party in power. Each change of ministry gives a chance to new men; but unfortunately in fishing matters this is not the case. The rivers are leased for ten years, and locked up from sportsmen for that period. I do not blame the fortunate owners of the rivers—no doubt many of us would be glad to get them on the same terms if we had the chance; but I do blame the Government for creating a monopoly not only injurious to anglers, but prejudicial to the best interests of the Dominion. It is obvious that every angler who spends a fortnight or a month on a

river must spend a considerable sum of money, and Canadian legislators know very well that circulation of money in a newly-settled country is very useful. Under the present system not one shilling is spent for a pound that would be spent were the angling not monopolized. Lessees in many instances stay a week or two on their rivers, and then leave them for the rest of the season; sometimes they never visit them at all. The casual angler cannot get a day's fishing, even when the river is deserted; that is to say the sportsman cannot, for this dog-in-the-manger system is a harvest to the poacher. It is a case of absentee landlordism. The settlers who live on the river have no interest in preserving the river; just the contrary, the angling public, whose presence would put money in their pockets, being excluded; so, as a rule, they turn poachers, and are frequently aided and abetted by the underpaid guardians of the river. It is said, in extenuation of this policy, that the gentlemen who job the rivers at nominal rents do not make money of them by subletting; but this to the casual angler is a misfortune. It would be better for him if the lessee would sublet, as it certainly would be better for the rivers. Anglers are the natural protectors of the salmon; but as things are managed in Canada at present their interest in protecting the fisheries is reduced to a minimum. Instances have come under my own knowledge where hundreds of salmon have been destroyed by the spear and the sweep-net on a river which the lessee rarely visited, but from which he excluded anglers; had he not been so churlish they would have protected his river for him. It is a monstrous injustice that a man

who pays a rent of 4*l.* per annum to the Government should have the sole right of fishing a river 50 miles in length. A system would probably work well, and would certainly bring in a large revenue, under which Canadian rivers should be divided into angling districts, which in turn could be subdivided into angler's stations, the public being permitted to purchase tickets for the latter, first come first served.

The season for trout fishing in Canada is from May to September. Sea trout generally run in July. Trout fishing is a much rougher business than in England; fish are more plentiful and more voracious, coarser tackle is used, and though bags are larger the science required to fill the bag is less. Salmon fishing, however, is much the same as salmon fishing in the old country. A good fisherman in one country is a good one in another; he knows how to adapt his colours to the colour of the water, and he can generally form a tolerably correct opinion from the curl of the stream as to where the fish lie. If, therefore, I have the honour of numbering an old fisherman among my readers, I will beg him to skip the following remarks, which I make for the possible benefit of a beginner.

And first as regards tackle. An 18-foot rod is in my opinion long enough for any river. I have fished with rods of all lengths, from 15 feet to 22 feet, and consider an 18-foot rod the best. I would also recommend the salmon fisher in Canada to have a second rod 16½ feet in length. As regards make of rods opinions differ. The Scotchman prefers a stiff rod, the Irishman a limber one; my experience is most decidedly in favour of the latter.

I consider that in equally good hands, out of an equal number of fish hooked on both rods, the limber one will kill five against four to the stiff one. This, as I said before, though, is a matter of opinion. The rod that I have most faith in is the Castleconnell (Shannon) pattern, green-heart, in two joints, with a long splice. The single drawback to these rods, in my opinion, is their length when taken down (9 feet 6 inches), and consequent awkwardness to carry. This matters less, however, in Canadian fishing than one might imagine. There is not much driving backwards and forwards from the river. Generally speaking, the angler puts up his rod at the commencement of his fishing for the season, and does not take it down till the close. Many good fishermen prefer the three-jointed rod of ash and lancewood, the top joint of which should always be a splice. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the comparative merits of a stiff rod and a limber one, there can be none as regards the whippy rod, which is universally condemned. Be it stiff or limber, the rod when handled should spring from the butt; when the butt is stiff and the top limber all the strain is thrown on the latter, and there is a consequent loss of power.

The reel is a most important part of the angler's outfit, and he should always be provided with a second one in case of accidents. Again, in the matter of reels fishermen are not unanimous; some prefer a check, others a plain wheel. For my part, as I always when paying out line check it between the first and second finger of the hand that is uppermost on the rod, I prefer a reel that runs as freely as possible without over-running. The reel should

be of brass, and very strongly made in that part where it fits on to the rod. Reels of other materials are light and pretty to look at, but not serviceable. The line should be plaited silk, free from kink, smoke coloured, and from 80 to 100 yards in length. Both reel and line should be of a weight to suit the rod. The former should balance the rod properly, the latter should be just the right weight for the rod to cast: this knowledge can only be gained by trial and experience. As regards putting on the reel, some fishermen when the reel is uppermost on the rod have the handle to the right. In fishing the reel is of course under the rod, and when a fish is hooked the rod has to be turned round to bring the handle to the right. This is in my opinion quite an unnecessary trouble. The argument for it is that the rod which is strained one way in casting is strained the other way when a fish is on, and thus kept straight. If, however, the rod when not in use is laid down perfectly flat, and shaded from the sun, there is no need for this precaution. We next come to a very important item, viz. the casting line. More fish are lost through the breakage of bad casts than any other way. In the first place, as to length: in very rough streams a 6-foot cast is long enough; but in the generality of pools it should be longer, say 9 feet. Three feet at the extreme end should be carefully picked and tested single gut, the remainder treble gut. When really first-class salmon gut can be procured, the very best cast of all is a single one; but there is no gut of this description in the market at present, so the treble line has to be substituted. In choosing the latter the important point is to see that the gut of which it is

composed is evenly matched as to size, and evenly twisted. If the angler makes his own casting lines, the two chief points he must attend to are to pick the gut carefully, and to soak it in warm water (or tea, if he wants to take the shine out of it) till perfectly soft, before he manipulates it. Every time the angler puts on his cast, he should first soak and then test it. Many a fish is lost by neglecting this precaution.

We next come to the fly; and before going any farther I would say to all young fishermen, learn to tie your own flies. It is easily learnt, clean work, and it adds very largely to the enjoyment of fishing. The old-country salmon fisher has other resources to fall back upon when fishing is slack. The Canadian angler has nothing to do but to fish, to think of fish, to talk of fish, and to make flies. There is this difference between living in one's own house or a friend's house, and being camped on the rocky bank of a river. Tying one's own flies is not only a most useful accomplishment, but it is also an agreeable occupation that fills up many a slack half-hour's time. There is scope too in tying salmon flies for originality and for a display of artistic skill. Combinations of colours will occur to the enthusiastic angler at odd hours of the day or night, sometimes in his dreams, and to produce in silks and feathers these creatures of his imagination is, to say the least, a pleasure to him.

As in most other piscatorial matters, opinions of experts are divided as to the best hooks for flies; whether the round or the beaten hook. The opponents of the latter maintain that from its shape it is more likely to wear out its hold in a fish's mouth. There is an appearance of

plausibility about this, but in my experience I cannot say that I have verified it, while the beaten hooks are unquestionably the toughest. Double hooks are a clumsy contrivance. One large hook is more killing than two smaller ones. It has often struck me that where small flies are used it would be desirable to have a comparatively large hook with a short shank. I have put this theory into practice by filing off the end of the shank of a hook. But manufacturers could, I think, turn out a hook that would be an improvement on any that I have seen.

The hook should be tied on a loop of the very best single gut, and the smaller this loop is the less it will wear. Flies tied on large loops, or on single gut, wear out very quickly at the head; while a triple-gut loop is rather clumsy for the sized flies used in Canadian waters. Some fishermen have the loop at the head of the fly large enough to admit of a loop at the end of the casting line being passed through it. This I look upon as a clumsy contrivance. There ought either to be no loop at the end of the cast, or else each fly should have a foot link attached to it; in either case the loop at the head of the fly should be just large enough to admit of a single thread of salmon gut being passed through it.

Many fishermen maintain that there is nothing in a neat fly; that everything depends on the colours. I do not quite agree with this theory, although well aware that at certain times and in certain places salmon will rise at almost anything. I once killed a fish under very peculiar circumstances; I had neither rod, reel, nor tackle of any kind, but a whipcord line and a hook. I improvised a

fly out of some hair from a lumberman's head, a small bit of my red flannel shirt, and the tail feathers of a ruffed grouse. My rod was a long supple sapling. On this primitive tackle I killed a 12-lb. fish, and rose two or three more. But salmon are not always so voracious, and I consider there is a good deal not only in the colour, but also in the combination of colours, as there most certainly is in the way a fly swims and shows in the water. Perhaps the most important point in a salmon fly is the wing: this should extend as far, but not farther than the bend of the hook, and should not stick up stiffly like a butterfly's wing, but should lie down close over the hackle, and should open and shut gracefully as the fly is moved backwards and forwards through the water. Feathers should predominate over wools and silks in a salmon fly; a great bunch of wool is an abomination, so is a badly put on hackle; and no fluffy materials likely to get water soaked should ever be put in a fly. Most of the Canadian salmon rivers are full of trout, and these voracious creatures chop up one's flies in a sad way, particularly the tinsel; on this account I never use flat tinsel, but always either the round or the plaited.

Some of the Nova Scotian rivers resemble the Scotch in colour, but the bulk of Canadian salmon rivers, almost all those that flow into the St. Lawrence, are very bright and clear. There is no ploughed land, no drains, and very few bogs to discolour their waters. Their sources are in the primeval forest or in the bare, rocky hills of Labrador and Gaspé. Sitting on a high bank on one of these rivers when the sun is high one can see every pebble in the bottom, and count every salmon and trout.

In the fishing season there are very few of the dark, cloudy days that the old-country angler is favoured with. The Canadian sun has a knack of shining nine days out of ten, or nineteen out of twenty in summer. Fortunately the banks of most Canadian rivers are high, and often precipitous, so that the stream is in shade up to nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and again from four o'clock in the afternoon. The angler who fishes steadily from six to ten, and again from four to eight, can afford to rest and sleep at mid-day. Owing to the excessive clearness, not only of the water, but the atmosphere, small dark flies are the best. I append a few patterns, which are killers on most Canadian rivers:

1. Two turns gold thread, one turn orange floss-silk. Tail, gold pheasant topping. Two turns black ostrich. Body, black floss-silk ribbed with flat silver tinsel and small gold thread. Hackle, golden yellow; shoulder hackle, guinea fowl. Wing, mixed guinea fowl, bustard, dark brown mallard, with one gold pheasant topping and two small jungle-cock's feathers. Head, black ostrich.

2. Two turns flat gold tinsel, two turns black ostrich. Tail, gold pheasant topping. Body, three different colours, viz. one-third (nearest tail) orange floss-silk, middle dark blue wool, remainder very dark claret wool. Rib, plated gold tinsel. Two dark lustrous claret hackles, with two turns of blue jay at shoulder. Wing, dark brown mallard, with two sprigs blue and red macaw. Head, as No. 1.

3. Two turns gold thread, one turn orange floss-silk. Tail, gold pheasant topping. Two turns black ostrich. Body, black floss-silk, with gold thread and two small jet-

black hackles. Wing, very dark mallard, with two or three sprigs of wood-drake and two sprigs orange macaw. Head, as above.

4. Commence as No. 3. Body, rich claret wool. Rib gold tinsel. Two hackles, one dark blue, the other rich claret, with two turns blue jay at shoulder. Wing, dark mallard, with a mixture of golden pheasant breast feathers, wood-drake, jungle-cock, and two sprigs blue macaw. Head, as above.

5. Two turns silver thread, two turns black ostrich. Tail, gold topping. Body, one turn orange wool, remainder silvery grey. Rib, silver tinsel. Two mottled grey hackles, with one turn orange hackle at shoulder. Wing, mixed grey turkey, guinea hen, wood-drake, shell-drake, with two jungle-cock feathers. Head, as above.

N.B.—Instead of orange, either blue, black, or claret may be put in this fly as a change.

6. Commence as No. 2. Body, bright orange floss-silk. Rib, gold tinsel. Two cock's hackles, black in centre with bright red tips, two turns guinea hackle at shoulder. Mixed wing, wild turkey, argus pheasant, bustard, jungle-cock, gold pheasant breast, and flamingo. Head, as above.

7. Two turns gold thread, two turns black ostrich. Tail, mixed wood-drake, golden pheasant breast, and scarlet. Body, dark blue, almost black. Rib, silver thread. Hackle, rich dark claret. Wing, dark mallard, with two or three sprigs each of wood-drake, argus pheasant, and blue and red macaw. Head, as above.

N.B.—The body of this fly should look quite black till held up to light. In addition to above, several of the

well-known old-country patterns are excellent, such as the Irish "fiery brown," the "butcher," and the Scotch "Jock Scott."

Two small hackles make a nicer fly than one big one; the best wool is dyed seals' fur; and, as a general rule, there is no better wing feather for a salmon fly than the brown mallard picked off an old drake in the months of February or March.

The gaff should be of good steel, and not made with a screw, but with a long flattened shank to tie on. Screws are liable to get out of order, and there is never any difficulty in procuring a gaff handle in the Canadian forest; it should be about 4 feet in length, except for fishing alone, when the gaff must be short enough to carry slung over the shoulder.

Casting a salmon line is a knack that can only be acquired by practice. Theory is almost useless; nevertheless, a few general hints might be of some possible service to a beginner. Commencing with a line the length of his rod, he will gradually get on to be able to cast four times the length of the rod, and even more. In salmon fishing every extra foot of water a man can command increases his chances of success. He must learn to cast equally well from both shoulders. In casting a pool, the line should be thrown not straight across, but diagonally across and down stream, and where it is possible one step should be taken by the angler between each cast. When the banks are clear of bushes, rocks, &c., the line should be allowed to stretch to its full extent behind the angler between each cast. If the line is abruptly checked in this backward swing, the usual

result is a crack like a whip, and a fly gone at the head. When the line has stretched to its full extent in the air in the direction just opposite to that in which the new cast is desired to be made, the new cast is made not with a violent muscular effort of the arms and body, but entirely by the spring of the rod, which follows but does not precede the line. The line, which in the commencement of the cast is something like the shape of the letter S reversed, should straighten out as it nears the surface of the water, and fall smoothly and evenly on the pool. To make good casting against the wind more power is required, and of course the heavier the line the better. This is where a powerful rod springing from the butt is most required, the power of the cast coming altogether from the first joint. With a fair wind the difficulty to be avoided is to keep the fly from the ground in its backward swing. Owing to the nature of the bank it is, of course, often impossible for the angler to let his line stretch straight behind him. He will in this case let it out wherever there is an opening, probably up stream, and then by a quick motion of his wrist spring the rod in the direction he wishes the line to take, sometimes at right angles to the direction the line has taken in the air. Where, owing to trees, overhanging rocks, &c., there is positively no room left for a cast such as I have been trying to describe, the line is drawn near to the angler's feet, and then, by a sudden spring of the rod, it is thrown upwards and outwards over the pool; but it will no doubt cost the beginner many a fly and several broken tips before he can learn how to cast in a place of this sort. In these cramped casts, which are often found on the best

Canadian salmon pools, one yard may make all the difference, and the angler who can get his fly out that much farther than another may have all the sport. But, indeed, on most rivers the angler who can command the most water has the advantage. In fishing a pool it should be a rule always to commence with a short line, fishing the nearest water first, and then gradually lengthening line each cast.

Trout fishing and salmon fishing are both arts, might I say fine arts? but they are diametrically opposed to each other. If two apprentices, both equally anxious to become salmon fishers, one an old trouterman and the other a man who had never held a rod in his hand, were to present themselves to me, I should prefer the latter as a pupil. In trout fishing the movements of the natural fly are imitated, and the fish takes the fly with a rush. What salmon take or mistake the artificial fly for I do not know, although I imagine it must be for some gay-coloured mollusc which they have fattened upon in the depths of the ocean. As regards their method of taking the fly, any person who has fished much in Canadian waters has had ample opportunities of observing it. Grilse come with a rush something like a trout—and I may here remark that on two occasions I have seen grilse rise at a natural fly—but the mature salmon swims leisurely enough up to the surface after the fly, and when he has got it, returns to where he came from. Salmon seldom take a fly that is moving rapidly on the surface of the water. I have often seen them make a movement towards it, and then retire in apparent disgust to their lie. It is therefore to be observed that in

salmon fishing the more leisurely and quietly the fly is moved through the water the better. It ought not to be dragged along the surface nor violently jerked up and down, but made to swim 6 inches or even more below the surface with an even, graceful motion.

I said that in fishing a pool the line should be cast not straight across it, but diagonally down; the reason for this is that, particularly in pools where there is a heavy stream, when the fly is thrown straight across, the current catches the belly of the line and sweeps the fly over half the pool so rapidly that fish cannot take it. Young anglers often think that they have fished a pool thoroughly, whereas, although they have cast it honestly enough, their fly has been swept rapidly over perhaps the best of it. The fly must dwell for a certain space of time, be it ever so short, over the fish. With a long line, this can only be effected by fishing down stream. As regards the motion that is to be given to the fly, authorities differ again. The Irish use a quick, jiggy motion, the Scotch a slow, churning motion. My impression is that the former is better for still water, the latter for rough streams. But, indeed, in rapid water I have come to the conclusion that the less motion there is the better, and that the more the fly is sunk, and the longer it is allowed to dwell over the lie of the fish, the better the chances of success. Where fish are inclined to be sulky, however, the angler must try different ways of fishing over them, both the lively motion and the slow motion.

There is one error the trout fisher almost invariably falls into when he commences to angle for the nobler fish, viz. he strikes. There is no such thing as striking

in salmon fishing. The trout fisher's strike is fatal; it means either of two things: (1) pulling the fly away before the fish has had time to get hold of it; or, (2) and more frequently, leaving the fly in the fish's mouth. With good angling, if the salmon means business, he will hook himself. But there is one point that the angler must bear in mind, i. e. that in salmon fishing he must have no slack line between the fly and the top of the rod. The fish generally rises at the fly when it is from 1 foot to 3 feet higher up stream than his own nose; whether he takes it or not he swims back again to his lie, and the rise seen by the angler is made by his tail when he is on the turn back again. Occasionally rising fish show their whole length out of water, but it is on their downward course that they take the fly, and the strike of the trout fisher or the involuntary jerk of the excitable or nervous man pulls it away from them. The fly, as we have seen, should be sunk 6 inches, there should be little or no slack line, the rod should be held in such a way that neither elbow nor body interferes with the free action of the handle of the reel, and the line should be felt between the first and second fingers of the hand that is uppermost on the rod. The fish hooks itself, and when the fisherman feels his weight on the line, then, and not before, he should raise the top of his rod and gradually, avoiding all jerks, give the fish all the pull that his rod and tackle will stand without danger of straining. This drives the hook over the barb in the fish's mouth; when he feels it, he probably runs out 20, 30, or 40 yards of line at express pace, and then throws himself once or twice out of the water. In this first race

he cannot be checked at all without fatal results, but immediately it is over he should be tightened up again. The rod should be brought nearly to a perpendicular position so as to bring the strain on the rod, the give and take of which is most tiring to the fish, and if the hookhold is light, is less likely to break it than a straight pull with the line. From the beginning to the end of the struggle, whether *Salmo* runs away or comes towards one (except only when he rushes and jumps), there should be a perfectly even strain kept upon him. I know nothing more provoking to the angler than after ten or fifteen minutes, or even a half-hour's play, to see the fly come back in his face. This is generally the result of too light a hand. My theory in salmon fishing is to give the fish all the strain the tackle will bear at first, and when this is done, in nine cases out of ten the first ten seconds will decide the fate of the fish. Another very serious objection to bearing lightly on a fish is the increased length of time it takes to bring him to the gaff. Salmon are not always, indeed I may say very seldom, in a taking humour, and when they are, the less time that is lost the better. Never let a fish run out more line than can be helped; the farther he is away from the angler, especially in rapid water, the less command he has over him, and consequently a foul is more probable. For the same reason, if possible, always keep square with the fish on the bank of the river. In angling, as every angler knows, there are lucky and unlucky days; but taking one with another, he should kill at least two fish out of three that he touches with the hook. Broken tackle is in nineteen cases out of twenty the fault of the angler. Salmon sometimes take

the fly at the first rise, but just as often at the second or third. When a fish rises he should be rested a minute or so before he is covered again; if he refuses the fly then there is no use whipping over him; the better way is to mark the spot, fish the rest of the pool, and then, after a good interval, return over him with a fly of another colour.

There is a great deal in having a good man to gaff. The quicker the fish can be laid on the bank the better, or, in other words, the longer he is played the greater the chance of the hook-hold breaking. A good attendant will seize opportunities for slipping in the gaff, not seen by the muff, or if seen, probably bungled. When fishing alone, the fish has to be tired out, there is in this case no help for it; he must be turned on his side, when the angler, if unable to reach him in any other way, may lay his rod down on the bank, taking care to eave the handle of the reel uppermost, and, running his hand up the rod, may take the line carefully between the finger and thumb of the left hand while he uses his gaff with the right; but many a fish is lost for want of an attendant.

The best attendants the angler can have in Canada are the Indians. In the first place, they know where fish lie, and, in the second place, these people are all born sportsmen; they take as much delight in the fishing as their master, and pick up the method of using the gaff, the rod, or any other sporting implement, with quickness.

The fisherman in Canada has to learn to fish out of a canoe. Sometimes the canoe is held stationary by the poles of the men, but in large pools the better way is to

drop down with a line and grapnel. When fishing in this way I have had runs as exciting as a fast twenty minutes with foxhounds. On one occasion, at the forks of the Metapedia, a river which in high water is not a succession of rapids, but one continued rapid for nearly 30 miles, a fish came at me with a great rush at the junction of the two rivers. I anchored in him at once, and then the beast, without any preliminary skirmishing, sailed down stream. I might as well have tried to stop a steamer, so, jumping into the canoe which my men luckily were prepared with, we gave chase. Three miles we followed him through roaring rapids and the most intricate navigation before I could get a pull at him. The way my Indians handled the canoe was a marvel of skill, through roaring rapids, past threatening snags, they followed just 40 yards in the wake of that fish, who strove to reach the ocean. At last we tried another tactic, and shooting past him in a broad reach of the river, I got the pull on him down stream, and immediately turned him over on his side, when we found him to be a 32-lb. fish hooked by the tail. I have often remarked that foul-hooked fish always run down stream, as do invariably fish that have been wounded by the spear or the gaff. Heavy fish do not, as a rule, make the lightning-like rushes and throw the succession of summersaults that the moderate-sized salmon and grilse often do. They are either sulky, or else they make deliberate journeys here and there. A fish will sometimes sulk for hours at the bottom of a deep hole if he is let, but he should always in these cases be stirred up with a pole. On one occasion I hooked a large fish almost at dark—very soon it was

pitch dark—and he lay on the bottom like a log. My Indians made a birch-bark torch and speared him.

A canoe is essential to the angler in most Canadian waters, and as canoe-men the Indians are unrivalled. The lumberers, too, are good canoe-men, and force their ponderous dug-outs up most formidable rapids, but the Indian does by consummate skill what the white man does by sheer strength ; he knows that his bark is as fragile as a lady's bonnet, that, buoyant and graceful as it is, a little touch against a rock will rend its delicate skin. He must therefore thread his way with the utmost caution. Running the rapids in a bark canoe is exciting work ; as the canoe bounds along at great speed, a rock seems to spring up from the bottom of the river right ahead of the bow ; instant destruction seems unavoidable, for in this headlong torrent the strongest swimmer would have but little chance. But the watchful Indian is perfect master of his craft, and steers clear of every danger. Two or three safe runs in a canoe beget confidence, but the novice carries his heart in his mouth down the rapids.

The Indian method of salmon fishing is with the torch and spear, and the skill they display in this operation is simply marvellous. Gliding rapidly down stream, through shallows, whirlpools, eddies, and rapids, it requires a quick and practised eye to detect a fish, and a quick and skilful hand to strike it. A slight miscalculation as to the depth of the water, and the unlucky spearman follows his spear headlong into the deep. Dark, still nights are suitable for salmon spearing, and the blazing birch-bark torch, which throws a brilliant but fitful glare on the canoe and on the water just around it, makes darkness more dark

outside the circle of its light. The canoe seems to stand perfectly still, and the bottom of the river to run rapidly away from it. Suddenly the man at the bow makes a dart at a fish, and if fortunate enough to strike a heavy salmon lets go his spear, and recovers it afterwards with the fish between its jaws. The spear is made of two jaws or shoulders of tough pliant wood, which open out to admit the fish, which is held firmly by an iron spike in the centre.

An invaluable treasure to the backwoodsman is the bark of the birch tree. It is easily detached from the trunk in the early summer. At this season the Indian prowls about the forest seeking for a canoe birch, i.e. a tree from which a sheet of bark can be procured of sufficient size to make a canoe, and free from flaws. The tree having been found, felled, and chopped off to the proper length, he proceeds to nick the log along one side, and then tenderly and carefully peels off the bark. Sticking pegs in the ground to mark out the exact size of the canoe, he then moulds the sheet of bark into shape, warming it as he goes on at the fire to make it soft and pliable. Next the gunwale of cedar wood is bent to the required shape and stitched to the bark: the latter is his squaw's work, and the threads she uses are the tough and stringy roots of the spruce tree. The lining is made of cedar splits or laths, and five transverse bars of tough wood securely fastened to the gunwale keep the canoe stiff and shapely. For caulking purposes, a pitch made of resin and grease is used, and with this mixture the stem, stern, and other unavoidable seams are hermetically sealed, and the pitch-pot is a part of the furniture of every canoe.

The tools used by the Indian for building his ship are the axe, the awl, and the crooked knife—the latter a curved blade used as a spokeshave.

The paddles are made of rock or bird's-eye maple, 6 feet 6 inches or 7 feet in length. They should be light and springy. In paddling the upper hand is at the extreme end, and the lower one (or the left hand if the paddler is working at his left side) grasps the paddle close to the blade. The farther apart the hands are held the more power can be put into the stroke. At the commencement of each stroke the paddle is nearly perpendicular, and throughout the arms are held nearly stiff, the motive power coming from the shoulders.

The birch-bark canoe weighs about 60 lbs., and can be paddled or "portaged" by one man with the greatest ease, yet, light as it is, can carry four heavy men with perfect safety. With two or more of a crew two persons paddle, one at each end of the canoe, and at opposite sides. When the canoer is by himself he steers, not by shifting the paddle from one side to the other, but by pulling the water towards him as it were, or by pushing it from him with the blade of his paddle. Paddling in smooth water is by no means hard work, and the art can soon be learned.

Rapidly as the Indians are degenerating and losing their characteristic traits, still the particular tribe to which a red man belongs can be told at a glance by the pattern of his canoe. Thus the Micmac, who lives on the sea-coast, has a larger and more weatherly craft than the Milicete, who "paddles his own canoe" only on the inland waters. Both are, however, made out of

the same materials, and differ only in size and shape. The Micmac canoe has high bows and stern, with gunwale raised amidships to throw off the sea. These canoes, when well handled, will stand as much sea as any open boat, and in a short, chopping sea are perhaps drier. Their extreme length is about 22 feet, beam 3 feet, and weight 115 lbs. They are paddled and "portaged" by two men, one at each end. In smooth water a Micmac canoe will carry 15 cwt. of a load with perfect safety. The Milicete canoe is as long, or nearly so, as the Micmac; it is much lower and narrower, and the lines are finer. Inferior to the other in sea-going qualities, it is admirably adapted for lake and river navigation, and although capable of carrying four men (or weight equivalent), is so light that an Indian thinks nothing of throwing it on his shoulders and carrying it for 2 or 3 miles at a stretch. In old times I have heard that it was not unusual to "portage" canoes in one day from the head of the St. John to the St. Lawrence, a distance of 18 miles; and I myself have seen an Indian "portage" his canoe 11 miles through the woods. In "portaging," the centre bar of the canoe rests on the back and shoulder.

The canoes of the nor'-west are very much larger than the above, and are capable of carrying eight or ten men and a large load; they are sometimes as much as 6 fathoms in length, but they are made exactly in the same way and out of the same materials as the above.

The log canoes are about 30 feet in length by 22 inches in width, and are made out of a single pine tree. I have seen good rough canoes on which no other tool but an axe had ever been laid; for the world cannot produce better

choppers than the Canadian lumbermen; the axe is their plaything in childhood and their companion through life. Log canoes are capital things in shoal, rocky rivers; no amount of bumping can hurt them; but, on the other hand, they are clumsy and difficult to "portage," and for general purposes are inferior to the bark.

To make a complete angler's list of all the rivers and lakes in the Dominion, and to give particulars of the sport obtainable on that vast extent of water, would be a task beyond my power. I may, however, briefly mention a few of the best rivers for the possible guidance of anglers. To commence with the south shore of the St. Lawrence: we find that the streams above Quebec, though presenting a most inviting appearance, have been almost depopulated of fish. The first really good salmon river is the Rimouski, which is let on lease up to the year 1878, for the sum of \$20 per annum. Salmon average about 16 lbs. in Rimouski. The Metis comes next, and is, I believe, let for the same period, at a nominal sum. Matane is a nice little river, leased up to the year 1882, at \$40 per annum. Besides these there are several other small unleased rivers in the county of Rimouski, which occasionally hold fish. This district is very accessible; there is a railway to Quebec, and in summer frequent steamers. The Upper Canadians come here in numbers in the hot weather for sea-bathing, and there are generally plenty of anglers among them.

Farther down the coast, passing the Cape Chatte, which is a good trout stream, with an odd salmon, we come to the St. Anne's des Montes, a beautiful river, which is leased for \$50 per annum up to 1879. Salmon run large

in St. Anne's, averaging nearly 20 lbs. The Magdalen is the next salmon river on the coast, it is leased up to the year 1881, at \$20 per annum. This river, like many others, had been fished out, but, under better management, is improving.

Emptying into the beautiful basin of Gaspé there are three perfect little gems of rivers. They have the advantage of being very accessible, two or three steamers a week in summer, calling in at Gaspé. Unlike the big rivers in the Bay of Chaleur, one has not to go far up these streams for sport; indeed I have had excellent sport in the York river from the hotel at Gaspé. With better hotel accommodation Gaspé would be a charming summer retreat for the tourist. There is no heat in summer, the air is very bracing, and the scenery pretty. The St. John is the best salmon river of the three; it is a charming stream to fish, and salmon run large; it is reserved for the use of the Governor-General and his friends. The Dartmouth is another charming stream; 2 or 3 miles from the mouth there is a beautiful pool at the foot of some falls, where I have killed big sea trout and salmon till my arms were tired. Recently these falls have been blasted to let the fish higher up the river. This river is leased up to the year 1882, at the yearly rent of \$100, but I believe that the lessees allow casual anglers to fish at a small payment per diem.

The York river is leased up to 1883, for \$75 per annum. Fish do not run quite so large as in the St. John, but there are plenty of them, and they take the fly very freely. These three small rivers show what the fishing would be in the many hundred little rivers that flow into the river

and gulf of St. Lawrence if obstructions and sawdust were removed. Malbaie is a nice-looking stream, which salmon have access to, but it has been poached to death. It is unleased. Big and Little Pabos are also unleased; they are offered by the Government on five years' lease, at respectively \$200 and \$100. They are both rivers that, if properly looked after, would no doubt afford good sport, but they have never as yet been taken in hand. Grand river is a good stream; salmon plentiful, averaging about 12 or 13 lbs.; it is leased up to the year 1878, at a yearly rent of \$200. The angling season for all these rivers on the south shore is from the 10th June to the 15th July; of course this is only approximate, because seasons vary according to the melting of the snow in the Shick Shock mountains. After the middle of July most of these rivers run very fine, and salmon fishing is then uncertain, though sea trout and grilse never fail.

The rivers flowing into the Bay of Chaleur are among the best in the Dominion. The Bonaventure is a nice stream, which is leased up to the year 1880 at a yearly rent of \$20. Two rods have killed sixty fish in ten days' fishing here, averaging about 14 lbs., which is considered small for the Bay of Chaleur. The Little Cascapedia is let up to the year 1878 for \$300 per annum. Salmon were until quite recently shut out of this stream by a timber jam, but naturally it is an excellent salmon river. Fish average about 16 or 17 lbs. The Grand Cascapedia is celebrated for the immense size of its fish. This is a large and very rapid stream; its water not so clear as most Canadian rivers, owing to a branch that flows out of a large lake, round which are peaty barrens,

which discolour its waters. On the other branch salmon ascend to the falls, which are near the Shick Shock mountains. Poling a canoe up this river is heavy work; it is in fact one hard push all the way up. The angler who meditates a long stay up the river is obliged to take two canoes, one for himself and the other for his traps. Salmon average 23 lbs., and every season mighty monsters of the deep are hooked by anglers. Fortunately, owing to the colour of the water, somewhat coarser tackle can be used than in most other rivers. The Cascapedia is leased up to the year 1878 for \$600 per annum. There is occasionally a vacancy for a rod on it for \$100.

Just opposite Dalhousie two beautiful little rivers run into the bay, viz. the Nouvelle and the Escuminac. There is no artificial obstruction on either of these streams, and yet salmon do not ascend them. The reason of this, in my opinion, is that both of them empty their waters into the bay over flat, muddy bars, which are grown over with sea grass. In both these streams there are a peculiarly large and fine run of sea trout. These trout are quite different in colour and in shape from the sea trout that are taken in the other Bay of Chaleur waters. I regret that I am not learned enough in fishes to give their peculiar ichthyological marks. Their average weight is larger, their colour darker, their flesh firmer, and their habits different from those of other sea trout that I have met with. In their habits, the places they choose to rest in, and the way they rise at the fly, and play when hooked, they exactly resemble salmon. In fact, trout fishing with light tackle in Escuminac is salmon fishing in miniature. They average about 3 or

3½ lbs.; the smallest fish is not under 1½ lb., and the largest not over 6 lbs. It is perhaps worth noting that these trout are peculiar to the only two streams in the Bay of Chaleur in which there are no salmon.

The next salmon river is the Metapedia, which is leased up to the year 1882, at \$20 per annum. The fish in this river are nearly, if not quite, as large as in Cascapedia, a stream which it resembles in characteristics. Salmon average 21 or 22 lbs. It is noticeable in the Bay of Chaleur, and I think in Canadian rivers generally, that the stronger the stream the larger the fish. There are about 40 miles of fishing water on this river. The best pool is at the Forks, about 35 miles from the mouth. Here the Causapsacol, a very rough and rapid little river, joins the main branch. The largest fish go up this branch; the fish average about 25 lbs. It has seldom been angled, owing to the great difficulties to be encountered—first in getting up it, and next in fishing it. On one occasion I pushed some 10 miles up this stream with great trouble. The bed of the stream is so rough and rocky, and the stream so strong, that it is a herculean task to push a canoe up; while the banks are so precipitous that it is impossible to walk. In one place I found a long gorge, through which the stream foamed, throwing itself over a lot of ledges into as many basins. In these there were plenty of salmon, but I found it almost impossible to catch them. A canoe could not live in this place; the banks were precipices, and even when one could get one's fly into the water and hook a monster, the chances were ten to one against getting him. The Intercolonial Railroad runs for 30 or 40 miles along the

very bank of the Metapedia, so that it is perhaps the most accessible river in all Canada. The fish do not take the fly quite so freely in the Metapedia as in the Restigouche; seldom more than one hundred fish have been taken in a season. Season, July and August.

The Restigouche is divided into two angling stations, one commencing at the mouth of Metapedia, and extending upwards about 20 miles, the other includes all the upper waters of the river; these are let for \$20 each per annum up to 1880. Of the two, the lower section is the better. At the mouth of Metapedia there are one or two pools, in which casual anglers can get fishing on payment of \$1 per diem; but these pools are generally over-fished. Salmon average about 16 lbs. on the Restigouche. The river is very large, and a good deal of fishing is done out of canoes. In the year 1874 over fifteen hundred salmon, averaging 16 lbs., were killed with the fly on Restigouche and its tributaries. Before the confederation of the provinces one bank of this magnificent river belonged to Lower Canada, the other to New Brunswick. Each province had different fishing regulations, and, as might be supposed, between the two all protective measures fell to the ground. After confederation matters mended. The fishing regulations were assimilated, and to a certain extent enforced; one-half the stake-nets were done away with, and the take of fish, five years after these salutary reforms were effected, was trebled. In 1873 the total catch of salmon in Restigouche was about 500,000 lbs. The Upsalquitch, a large tributary of Restigouche, on the Brunswick side, is an uncommonly pretty stream to fish. It is leased up to 1880, at \$20 per

annum. The Upsalquitch salmon are much smaller than the Restigouche or Metapedia fish; averaging perhaps 12 lbs., but they take the fly very freely. The fishing season on the Restigouche and its tributaries is a little later than on the rivers farther north; it is seldom in fishing order before the last week in June or the 1st of July. Farther down, on the New Brunswick side, we come to the Jacquet, a good little river, which is leased up to 1878 for \$105 per annum.

The Nepisiguit, one of the best known of Canadian rivers, is leased up to 1883 for \$300 per annum. There is frequently a vacancy on it for a rod at \$100. As far as numbers go, there is no river in Canada of the same size that can beat it; ten, twelve, and fifteen fish are frequently killed by one rod in the day. Fish are small, averaging about 11 lbs. The fish can only ascend as far as the Grand Falls, viz. about 20 miles. This is a lovely spot; the falls are about 80 feet in height, and underneath them the water froths and foams through a gorge or cleft in the rocks, which rise almost perpendicularly to a great height. Farther down the cliffs suddenly recede and form a broad basin, in which the waters are as smooth and unruffled as a mill-pond. The casts are within the gorge, and just at the mouth of the basin. The fish fall back into the deep water during the heat of the day, but take the fly freely in the pools in the mornings and evenings. Twenty-four fish have been taken here by one rod in the day. At a place called the Pabineau Falls, 8 miles from the mouth, there is another famous pool, perhaps the best one in Canada

for a lazy angler. Here the river suddenly narrows and precipitates itself over a ledge into a smooth rock-bound basin, in which the water bubbles and eddies. All round the rocks are as steep as walls, except one immense flat fellow, nearly level with the water, on which the angler stands. The fish lie in one spot, close to where the water shoots out of the basin, and can be covered with a very short line. When a fish is hooked little persuasion is necessary to get him out of the basin, where he must be handled with judgment in a thundering rapid to prevent the line from fouling on a rock in the centre. This danger avoided, it is all plain sailing. The fish is bound to go down, and the angler follows him along a little path high up in the rocks to the landing place. When the river is in right order in the early part of the season, viz. about July 1, there is room on the flat rock for two rods, "one down, t'other come on." There are many other excellent casts on the Nepisiguit. At the rough waters, close to the mouth, there are 3 or 4 miles of beautiful pools, which afford excellent sport in the first of the season, and are within a few minutes' drive of the town of Bathurst. Season for Nepisiguit, from June 20 to August.

In several rivers that flow into the Bay of Chaleur, notably in the Restigouche and Metapedia, trout have greatly diminished in numbers during the last half-dozen years. Before that trout were really worth nothing, anglers were few and far between, and the *Salmo trutta* and *Salmo fontinalis* had a good time of it. The construction of the Intercolonial Railroad brought thousands of people into the country, many of whom liked to catch

the trout, and all of whom were glad to get them to eat. So trout have been greatly thinned, to the undoubted advantage of the salmon fishery.

The Miramichi, a very fine river, is divided into two branches; the north-west and the south-west. The former is, I believe, still in the market; it is offered on a five years' lease, at \$200. It is not a first-class salmon river. The south-west branch is leased up to the year 1882, at a rent of \$50 per annum. This is, I venture to say, one of the nicest streams to fish in the world, but with one drawback, viz. that the best pools are nearly 100 miles from the sea, and consequently salmon have a perilously long journey, and, the Miramichi being a settled river, many enemies to elude. In no river that I have ever seen do salmon rise more freely at the fly. There are over 30 miles of beautiful fishing water on this stream. Salmon average about 12 lbs. Grilse fishing is first rate, and both salmon and grilse fishing are improving, owing to regulations being better enforced. The season is from June 20 to August.

On the north shore of the St. Lawrence there are some good rivers within easy distance of Quebec; among them are the Jacques Cartier, St. Anne du Nord, a very good stream, rivers Murray and Du Gouffre, both very fair. I am not aware of the terms on which these rivers are let, but some of them are open to the casual angler by payment. The Burgaroo is a stream free to anglers stopping at the Tadousac Hotel. Near the mouth of the magnificent Saguenay, to which comfortable steamers run three times a week from Quebec, is one of the best rivers in Canada, viz. the St. Marguarite. It is rented by the

proprietor of the Russell House, Quebec, on lease to the year 1883, at a yearly rent of \$555. The lessee has furnished cottages on the river, which he lets to anglers at \$50 per week up to the 10th of August, and at \$35 per week from that date up to the close of the season. The right of angling is attached to the cottage, canoe-men and food being extras. Salmon average about 16 lbs. on the St. Marguarite, and as many as 300 fish are taken in the season. The sea-trout fishing is also capital. The St. Jean, Little Saguenay, À Mars, Sault-au-cochin, and Laval are a group of excellent streams, which are all leased by one gentleman up to the year 1888 for \$450 per annum. The Bersimites is a lovely river, but it is given up to the Indians for spearing. The Portneuf is also a good river, but I do not know the terms on which it is let.

The Godbout is leased up to the year 1882, at a yearly rent of \$300; great numbers of fish are killed in this stream, sometimes 500 in one month, but the size is small, viz. about 12 lbs. The Moisie, another famous river, is leased at the same rent up to 1881. The fish are much larger on this river, and average about 20 lbs. I am told. The St. John's is another excellent stream, and fish large. I do not know the terms on which it is let. The Mingau is leased up to 1878 at an annual rent of \$520. It is a famous river. So is the Romaine, which is leased up to the same date for \$500. The Natasquan is perhaps one of the very best rivers in Canada. The only drawback to this and to many other splendid streams on the Labrador coast is the difficulty of getting at them. A Government steamer makes two trips down the coast in the summer,

and if the angler misses these chances he must go by sailing boat. The Natasquan was unleased up to the end of last year (1875), and was offered on lease of five years for \$800. The water of most of these rivers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence is very bright and clear. Good canoe-men are required on them all, as the rapids are most formidable. The angler must of course have his own camp. But this is no hardship, for the climate is charming in the fishing season, and the scenery perfect. Both the salmon and the sea-trout fishing are probably the best in the world, and the only drawback is the flies. The season for all these rivers is from the 10th or 15th of June up to the end of July. There are many splendid streams east of the Natasquan that have never been properly explored by the angler, amongst others the Kegascha, the Washecootai, the Mecatina, and the St. Augustine. It would be a delightful expedition to visit and explore these rivers during the fishing season. There are capital harbours, I am told, all along the coast for a yacht or coasting schooner, and a party of anglers, bent on discovery, might have capital sport and spend a most enjoyable summer cruising about the Labrador. An ornithologist too would find much to interest him on this shore, which is one of the greatest breeding places in the world for sea birds.

I was particular in mentioning the exact rents paid for all the above rivers in order to bear out a statement made at the commencement of this chapter, viz. that by a fair and impartial letting of the rivers a much larger revenue would flow into the exchequer of the Dominion. Let any one who questions this statement compare the rent paid

by two rods for the exclusive right of over 50 miles of grand fishing water in the Restigouche, viz. 8*l.*, with that which the lessee of the St. Marguarite gets from a number of rods, viz. 10*l.* per rod per week. Of the two rivers, which are both very good, the former is in every respect the better, whether as regards accessibility, scope of water, or size of fish.

To amuse themselves or to amuse the public, I do not really know which, the Department of Fisheries have established a number of salmon-hatching houses on the chief rivers of Canada. I suppose it must be for their amusement, for to propagate fish artificially on such rivers as the Gaspé river, the Miramichi, the Restigouche, and the Saguenay, seems to me about as unnecessary a proceeding as the artificial propagation of Irishmen would be in Ireland. The argument made use of is that out of a hundred eggs laid by the female salmon in the natural way, only one comes to maturity, whereas a percentage of about seventy or eighty are hatched in the artificial way. I believe it is quite true that by great care this percentage of young fish can be produced, but I venture to say that not more than 1 per cent. of these fry ever attain maturity. They are turned into the river when little more than half an inch in length, poor little, helpless, artificially reared creatures, as food for trout, shell-ducks, and goodness knows how many devouring monsters. But, of course, it is a great thing when brought to task for jobbing away the rivers of Canada for a tenth of their value, to be able to reply, "We hatch so many millions of young salmon in these rivers every year." They get credit with the outside world, and the toys amuse them. I do not presume to run

a tilt at the artificial propagation of salmon. Unquestionably it is most valuable in re-stocking rivers with fish. There are many hundreds of rivers from Niagara down to Quebec, from which the *Salmonidæ* have been expelled, and it would be doing a good service to the country to re-stock these with fish. A gentleman of the name of Wilmot has in fact re-stocked two or three tributaries of Ontario, but it seems to me to be an absurdity to put up a fish-hatching house on a river like Restigouche, where there are hundreds of miles of spawning beds to which fish have access. An experience of many years on salmon rivers has proved to me conclusively that the best and indeed the only way to increase the supply of salmon is to curtail the fixed engines of destruction at the mouths of the rivers. In several instances I have seen these fixed engines cut down to a fraction of their former dimensions amid the outcry of the proprietors, who swore they would be ruined. But what was the result? Why in a few years afterwards their take of fish had increased in proportion to the reduction of their nets. In the river Moisie, in 1859, it required 15,000 fathoms of nets to kill 250 barrels of salmon. In 1873, the nets being reduced to 2500 fathoms, the yield of salmon was 680 barrels. In the Restigouche one-half the fixed nets were cut down, and in four years the take of salmon had doubled. Every fathom cut off a fixed net is worth a thousand artificially hatched fry, but then the proprietor of that said fathom makes a tremendous disturbance if it is taken from him, and the member for his county loses a lot of votes at the next election, whereas the public consider a thousand artificially hatched salmon fry cheap at the money.

There is something to be said both for and against the system of leasing rivers. Those in favour of it maintain that it takes the burden of protecting rivers off the shoulders of the Government, that by making the angling private property the rivers are better cared for than they could be by the Government, and finally that the rents are a source of revenue. On the other hand it is maintained that there is room enough and to spare for every fisherman in Canada on Canadian waters, but that under leases a very limited number of rods monopolize hundreds of miles of water; that with angling licenses a much larger revenue could be raised, and that anglers are the natural protectors of the salmon, and that on rivers that flow through a wild, unsettled country the more anglers that are on the rivers, the less poaching there would be. The inhabitants of those districts in which there are salmon rivers are universally opposed to the leasing system; they say, and say with truth, that if the angling were open, ten anglers would visit them for one that comes now, and ten times as much money would be spent. If angling licenses were issued by the Fishery Department at \$10, \$15, or \$20 for the season, empowering holders to angle anywhere within the Dominion, a much larger revenue, even taking the smallest sum I have named, would accrue to the country than under the present system, and the protection of the rivers would be self-supporting, to say the least of it.

But although opinion is divided on the subject of leases or no leases, there is, as I remarked elsewhere, general and wide-spread discontent, not only among sportsmen

but among all classes of the community in Canada, at the way in which these leases are given. They are not put up to public competition and knocked down to the highest bidder; they go by private favour and by backstairs influence.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLIMATE, ETC.

EMIGRATION to Canada has in times past been unfavourably influenced by erroneous opinions that have prevailed as to the severity of the Canadian climate. I have been over the greater part of the continent of North America, and have no hesitation in saying that in no other place is the climate so healthy and conducive to length of life as in Canada. The medical statistics of our army show that there is no healthier station for a sound man throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire than British North America. I say for a "sound man," because I believe there are certain complaints of the lungs and bronchial arrangements for which the great cold and extreme changes of temperature are not suited; but even in these cases it is a question whether the Canadian climate is more trying than the damp cold of our average English winter. In a country as large as Europe, there are of course varieties of climate; but, as compared with that of the British Isles, two general characteristics prevail over its entire extent, viz. greater heat in summer and greater cold in winter. Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and that part of New Brunswick bordering on the Bay of Fundy, owing to their propinquity to the Arctic current, combine the worst features of the Canadian and of the English climates, viz. savage cold with rain and fog,

rapidly alternating from one to the other. Travellers, therefore, who do not get beyond the seaboard, carry away with them an unfavourable and unjust idea of the Canadian climate.

A stranger having penetrated the fogs of the Bay of Fundy finds himself in the city of St. John a victim to the wind. When it blows from the north or north-west, the weather is dry and cold in winter, dry and warm in summer; the instant it veers round to the east it brings rain. Fogs roll in from the westward, and both rain and fogs from the southward. Let him now travel 10 or 12 miles inland, and he will escape all those sudden changes. Fredericton, 60 miles off as the crow flies, can boast of as much sunshine as any place I know of—steady cold winter, and a warm summer, with an unclouded sky six days out of seven all the year round.

Of secondary importance only to the health of the immigrant himself is the health of his stock. There is no part of the New World better suited to cattle than the Dominion of Canada. Both horned cattle and sheep are entirely free from the diseases and epidemics that periodically make such havoc among the farmers' stock in England. The air and water are eminently suitable to their health, whilst the climate and soil are equally suitable to the growth of their food. Professor Hurlbert in a treatise on American climates proves conclusively that those districts on the continent which nature clothed with forest are those best suited to the production of grasses and cereals. The latter like the forest require a certain amount of humidity. All Canada, east of the Red river, is or was clad with forest, and when cleared the

land is most favourable to grasses and stock raising. The immense fresh-water lakes and rivers of Canada have a counteracting effect on the dry and warm summers, which as a general rule parch vegetation throughout the most fertile districts of the great republic. The forests also exercise a very beneficial effect on the climate both in summer and winter. In the western states of the Union there is no forest to afford shelter from the cold winds and snow-storms of winter, and to check the evaporation in the early summer, which is consequently very rapid, and then as a natural consequence the land is burnt and the crops withered. The forests of Canada exclude the sun from the ground saturated with melting snow, therefore evaporation proceeds slowly and lasts all summer. Owing to this humidity, which favours grass and cereals, and to the heat of summer, which equals that of southern Europe, there is a wider range of crops grown in Canada than in perhaps any other country. On the one hand there are the crops of a cool climate, such as potatoes, turnips, wheat, barley, hay, and oats; on the other hand the crops of a hot climate, such as Indian corn, grapes, peaches, pumpkins, &c.

In Canada West the mean temperature during eight months of the twelve is 40° . The mean temperature of the summer is about 70° , autumn 48° , winter 15° , spring 40° . Rain falls from sixty to seventy days in the year. The navigation on the lakes and rivers is closed for nearly five months. In the eastern provinces there is not much difference in the heat of the summers, though the winters are longer and more severe. Even in Quebec the mean temperature for seven months in the twelve is over 40° .

Here the mercury has been known to fall 35° below zero, and 15° or 20° below is not looked upon as anything unusual. I have myself seen a change of 70° of temperature within twenty-four hours in the maritime provinces. The greatest heat in summer is about 98° in the shade; but although now and then the mercury does ascend to this height, the heat is never overpowering. However hot the sun may be, the breeze is always bracing and refreshing, and the nights are cool. There is no day in the year in which a healthy man cannot do a good day's work; and sunstrokes are unknown. The extremes of heat and cold occur in cycles of not more than three days' duration. I have rarely known more than three very cold nights in succession, nor more than three very hot days. The hot days are often brought to a close by a heavy thunder shower, and the cold ones by a fall of snow.

The length and severity of the winters is generally supposed to be a serious drawback to farming in Canada. To a certain extent this is the case; but, as compared with our English climate, the disadvantages of the Canadian winter are by no means so great as might be imagined; in fact, their severity is a positive advantage.

Stock has to be housed and fed for rather more than six months of the year. During this time it is customary to turn them out in the straw-yards for a few hours each day. During this long winter none of the farmyard manure is lost or wasted. It is not subject to a deluge of rain, which in the old country washes away a great part of its value, but, on the contrary, is sealed up and preserved by the frost. The time during which cattle have to be fed is certainly not more than one month longer than in

England, although, owing to the cold, a considerably larger amount of fodder is required. When properly fed and sheltered, stock do not mind the cold; nature furnishes them with warmer clothing; and the Canadian farmer rarely if ever loses stock from any cause other than his own neglect.

From the beginning of November to the middle of April the Canadian farmer cannot touch his land. His ploughing, sowing, and harvest have all to be completed within, at the outside, seven months of the twelve. In this respect he is disadvantageously situated as regards the old-country man, who can plough, ditch, drain, and do sundry other jobs in the winter. But, all things considered, I am not sure but that five months of frost and snow, with a hot summer and a dry seed-time and harvest, is not better for the farmer than the damp yearly level of our English climate. In the first place, all growth ceases in the Canadian winter; the land has perfect rest, and awakes from its sleep in the spring like a strong man refreshed in the morning. The soil is then so friable from the action of the frost that it can be ploughed with the greatest ease, and all clod breaking, together with a great deal of harrowing, can be dispensed with. Seed-time and harvest, especially the latter, are very busy times with the Canadian farmer. All his crops, roots as well as cereals, have to be stowed away before the winter. During this six and a half or seven months of farming season he has, however, the inestimable advantage of a steady climate, with unfailing sunshine to ripen his crops; none of that catchy wet weather that makes haymaking and harvest so laborious to the old-country farmers. During

the season rain seldom if ever impedes farming operations for three days in succession. These two reasons—viz. the loosening of the soil through frost action, and the stability of climate during the farming season—enable the Canadian farmer to dispense with fully one-half the labour required at home. As an example of this, I may mention the system of haymaking common all over Canada. Early in the day—say on Monday morning—the machine is driven over the land. The following morning, as soon as the dew is off, two or three hands go over it with forks and shake out the swards. In the afternoon the horse-rake is put on, and the grass raked into wind rows for the night. On the third morning these are opened out with the fork, and the hay is made and hauled into the barn on the afternoon of Wednesday.

Nature, by way of compensation for the long and hard winter, during which not only many of the animals but the land itself remains in sound sleep, has blessed Canada with a marvellously rapid vegetation. Travellers from England are always struck with this. The trees do not slowly bud and struggle into leaf as do our English trees, but they positively burst forth at once into glorious bloom. So with the crops. The thaw heaves up the surface of the soil into loose mould, thoroughly moistened by the melting snows. On this comes a great heat, and the farmer or gardener can see his seeds growing. I have seen buckwheat, a rapid growing cereal, sown on the 15th June and reaped on the 15th September. It is needless to tell the practical farmer the value of this quick germination of the seed and rapid growth of the young plant. It brings it safely through the most critical period of its

existence, and enables it to distance the weeds: Here again the climate of Canada has an advantage over the English climate. The frost kills the roots of the weeds in winter, and one hoeing in the summer time in Canada is as good as two in England. The sun dries the upturned weeds and withers them. Hand-weeding can be dispensed with altogether, and thus a vast amount of labour is saved.

The Canadian summers are decidedly hot. There is never any danger of crops being lost for want of sufficient heat and sunshine to mature them. The degree of heat can be estimated by considering some of the crops grown. In Canada West, Indian corn, that most beautiful and most bounteous of cereals, grows well as a field crop (as a garden crop it is ripened all over the Dominion). We know that even in gardens at home this corn cannot be ripened, as it requires at least one month of a higher temperature than any English weather. Cucumbers, melons, pumpkins, squash, and tomatoes come to perfection in the open air all over Canada. Even in the vicinity of Quebec all these may be seen ripening in the gardens of the habitants. In Canada West grapes and peaches do well in the open; and so would many other crops which are but little cultivated at present, as, for instance, tobacco and hemp.

There are some advantages of the long Canadian winters that may be called negative ones; to the farmer there is at least one positive one. I allude to the facilities afforded by the frost and snow for hauling loads of all kinds, and transporting produce. The swamps, the rivers, the creeks, and the lakes are all sealed up, and make the

best of roads. There is no wear and tear of farm-roads, nor destruction of land, which takes place more or less on every old-country farm during the wet winter. The Canadian farmer and his team of horses have full employment all winter. Fence-rails are cut in the woods and hauled on to the farm, where they are left ready to be put up in the spring. Firewood is cut and hauled to the farmyard. Lumber for carpentering and building purposes is cut and carried to and from the sawmills. Surplus produce is hauled to market. Manure is hauled from the farmyard and from the town on to the farm. If the farmer has not full employment for his own team or teams he can easily get employment by carrying for others at good wages. When the sleighing is good there is hardly any limit to the weight of the loads that horses will draw, and the length of the journeys they will perform. It is an every-day sight to see teams trotting along at the rate of 6 or 8 miles an hour, with loads of from 2 to 3 tons behind them. I have seen one horse drawing three loads of hay on the ice on three sleighs, one tied behind the other, and each weighing over a ton, or, in other words, one man and one horse doing the work of three men and three horses. The first necessary step in clearing new land also comes under the head of winter's work, viz. chopping down the trees. The industrious settler breaks in a few acres of fresh land every year, and in the winter he chops down the trees, putting the brush in piles to be fired, and hauls off the firewood, the fence-rails, and the logs. The backwoods settler generally contrives to turn some of the produce of the adjacent forest into cash during the winter. He sometimes hauls cord

wood to the city or village, and sells it, sometimes bark to the tanneries, or logs to the mill, or ship timbers to the ship-yard, or sleepers to the railway, &c., &c., accordingly as he happens to be situated.

A comparison between the climate of the United States and of Canada, as exemplified by the physique and appearance of the people, is very strongly in favour of the latter climate. A climate suitable to the forest, as we have seen, is also that one most suitable to the growth of grasses and to the health of cattle. It is also most favourable to man, who appears to benefit by a certain amount of humidity in the atmosphere as much as the forest tree. Thus the natives of the forest regions in North America are robust and ruddy, while those of the prairies and treeless regions are lanky and yellow. The world cannot produce finer specimens of manhood than are to be met with in the backwoods of Canada, more especially in the lumber districts. Canadian-born men are, if anything, taller than the old-country people, and less fleshy; they are hardy, robust, and vigorous, presenting a very striking contrast to their next neighbours.

Although the colonies are better known and more thought about in the old country than they were a short time ago, still there is a certain amount of mist to be cleared away. Untravelled and unthinking Englishmen are apt to suppose that because the two countries lie side by side in the map of the New World, separated through many degrees by only an imaginary boundary line, that therefore the citizens of Canada and of the United States must be almost identical in physique, appearance, habits, character, and so on. There cannot be a greater mistake.

Canadians are simply Englishmen who have been taken out of the nursery, and transplanted into a new field. As the strongest plants are generally chosen by the gardener for planting out, so in emigration it is generally the men of most strength, spirit, energy, and ambition that leave the old country to push their fortunes in the new. Conquering the wilderness, and making homesteads out of it, is an occupation calculated to stimulate, and not to subdue, those qualities of mind and body, such as self-reliance, energy, patience, on the one hand, and hardiness, strength, and activity on the other, which are supposed to be characteristics of Englishmen. There is as much difference between the United States citizen and the Canadian as between the Englishman and the Frenchman. By blood the American of to-day is a strange mixture of all the Old-World races—European, Asiatic, and African. He is famed and feared all over the world for his cleverness and shrewdness, or 'cuteness. But even the least observant traveller cannot fail to discover that he has cultivated his brains at the expense of his body. The citizen of the United States has also fought against and conquered the wilderness; but he has done this not with his own strong arms, like the Canadian, but with the hands of the Chinaman, the African, and the Irishman.

I suppose in considering the future of the two peoples, an ethnologist would study the women more than the men. There is quite as great a difference between the American women and the Canadian women as between the men. American women who have not to work for their living object to any sort of exercise except perhaps dancing. They neither walk nor ride. They go by rail and drive in car-

riages. They object even to the work of looking after and superintending a house, and on that account prefer to live in hotels. Those who are obliged to work for their living do so as school teachers, as clerks in post offices, in telegraph offices, in shops, in any way in fact where physical exertion can be dispensed with. The American woman has perfectly regular though rather sharp features, and when very young is undoubtedly very pretty, the bloom however rapidly fades away, and she is an old woman at thirty. She has only one or at most two children. The Canadian woman is a marked contrast. She is in appearance quite the Englishwoman—generally a blonde. Canadian ladies are fully as much addicted to out-door pursuits and amusements as are English ladies. 'Even in the depths of winter they have their daily walks or their snow-shoeing, trabogening, or skating parties. Thanks to this more healthy mode of life, to their robust constitutions, and to their healthy climate, they preserve their good looks to the last. As to the poorer women in Canada they have no Chinamen, negroes, or Irishwomen to work for them, and so they are compelled to attend to their own households and dairies, and this seems to agree well with them. Unlike the Americans there seems to be no limit to their families and no end to their good looks, and the middle-aged Canadian women (if such an expression can be applied to the fair sex) present as great a contrast to the worn-out and faded American women of a similar unmentionable age as can possibly be imagined.

I cannot help thinking that those people who speculate upon the absorption of the Dominion of Canada by the republic must be quite ignorant of the characters and

physical traits of the two peoples. As for the possible conquest of the smaller country by the greater, I don't believe that it will be ever attempted. The constitutional disposition, which renders Americans averse to bodily work, renders them also averse to employ force. They would infinitely prefer to acquire the whole of Canada by overreaching England in a bargain or series of bargains as they have already gained considerable slices here and there. But I believe that if any power attempted to gain possession of Canada it would not have a chance of succeeding without the consent of the Canadian people, and it will assuredly be the fault of England if Canada ever wishes to transfer her allegiance to another power. The conquest of a United Canada seems to me to be an impossibility. The hardy races of the north have generally proved able to defend their soil against invaders, and with an English fleet on her shores and in her lakes Canada is well able to hold her own.

It is now generally thought that the continent of North America is too large a country to be under one government; and it is possible that if the world lasts long enough it will be divided into many republics or kingdoms, as the case may be. When this disruption takes place there are certain natural and geographical lines of division that must greatly influence the partition. Thus, for instance, California, the gate of the Pacific, and the remainder of the Pacific slope is divided from the other habitable parts of the United States by a lofty range of mountains and a sea of desert. The southern and southwestern states, though not geographically divided from the other states of the Union, are yet divided by a broad

line of diversity of interest and mutual antipathy which the civil war only rendered broader. Climatic conditions too make the south a totally different country from the north and north-west. In the south white labour is impossible, and the same laws and institutions that answer for northern people will not answer for Africans and Chinamen. When this partition of North America takes place the north-western states of the Union must unite their fortunes with the Dominion of Canada. Their interests are identical and they have the same outlet to the ocean—the same great water highway—the St. Lawrence.

One often hears as an argument against emigration that an emigrant and his family banish themselves from society. People who use this argument imagine, I suppose, that outside their own little circle, or at any rate outside England, there is no society worthy of the name. And unquestionably there is no part of the world where wealthy English people are so likely to find society suited to them as in England. But people who emigrate are not wealthy, and I maintain that educated people of small means are far more likely to find congenial society in Canada than in England, for several reasons. In the first place wealth is more equally divided, and as people are more on a par in point of means, so there are fewer cliques and divisions in society. Probably the pleasantest sort of society is that in which the members are most on a level in point of means, and therefore able to participate on an equal footing in the same pursuits and amusements. In the second place society is more centralized than at home. Here it is scattered over the length and breadth of

the land, in Canada there is not yet a country-house society, people are collected more into the neighbourhood of the cities and towns, and the consequence is that a much larger and pleasanter society is to be met with in a Canadian town than in an English town of similar size. There are also more amusements. In every Canadian town there is a musical society, a club or news room, a rink, an assembly room, a snow-shoe club, &c., &c., where people enjoy themselves all the more as they have no "county people" to look down upon them. Canadians are deeply attached to the old country, and in no way do they show their attachment more than the cordial way they welcome presentable British newcomers to their little circles. Everything that the settler requires can be bought in Canada, and most of the necessaries of life are as cheap or cheaper than in the old country. I should recommend an emigrant to take nothing with him but cash, bearing constantly in mind the fact that money is worth twice as much in Canada as in the old country, and that for everything he pays ready money for, he may expect a considerable discount. Thus, if the credit price of a commodity be 10*l.* let him in the first place offer 5*l.* cash, and certainly not give more than 7*l.* 10*s.* Imported clothes, linen, and finery are of course rather higher than in England, but even these articles *de luxe* are reasonable, so much so that carpet baggers come over from the States with empty trunks, and take them back full of clothing and finery, the cost being so much less than in their own country, as to enable them to save enough out of the price to pay all the expenses of the trip. Clothes are made up very fairly. A Bond Street tailor has an

establishment in Toronto. As regards rough clothing—cloth, flannels, woollen socks and stockings, &c., &c., all these can be bought cheaper in Canada than in England, and quite as good. Canadian homespun is famous stuff; it is woven in the settlers' houses, and made out of the undyed wool; the black, the white, and the grey shades being judiciously intermingled. For shooting dress this is even better and more enduring than Scotch tweed. Canadian tweeds of very good quality are manufactured in the cloth mills. The country-knit stocking and mittens are very cheap and excellent, in fact so are all articles of clothing that come from the sheep's back. Boots are also fairly good, and very cheap; so is harness and all leather goods. Furniture is cheaper than in England, so is everything that is made out of wood, as might be supposed. There are numbers of large furniture manufacturers in Canada. A house can be built, painted, papered, and furnished in a very short time, and at very moderate cost. Carriages and vehicles suitable to the country are manufactured of excellent quality. A driving waggon costs from 20*l.* to 25*l.*, a farm waggon about 12*l.* Agricultural implements of all kinds, on the most improved principles, can be bought better and cheaper in Canada than in England. There is a reason for this. In a new country, where labour is dear and not always procurable on any terms, men have had to set their wits to work to invent labour-saving machinery, and in no part of the world have they been so successful as regards farming implements as in America. From a stumping machine, to drag the stumps out of his farm, to an apple-peeler to assist the good woman to make the "apple-pie,"

there is no labour-saving machinery that the Canadian farmer cannot procure at moderate cost.

The sportsman can get everything he requires in Canada with two very important exceptions, of which more anon. All sorts of fishing tackle are, however, better and cheaper in the old country. Cartridge cases can now be bought anywhere in the Dominion. Some years ago I bought a box of powder, in 6-lb. canisters, manufactured in Hamilton, Canada West, which only stood me about 1s. 6d. per lb., and was as good powder as was ever put in a cartridge; it had one positive advantage over Curtis and Harvey, viz. the dirt was of a damp, soft nature, and each discharge completely eradicated the dirt of the previous discharge; the gun was no fouler after a hundred shots than after one.

I would recommend sportsmen to take both guns and dogs with them to Canada. The guns for sale in Canada, and in the States too, are of the cheap Birmingham pattern, that may be seen in the windows of hardware shops. Although I have had an experience of many years in Canadian shooting, yet there is such a wide difference of opinion among gunners as to make, bore, and weight of guns, that I feel some diffidence in recommending any particular pattern. I do so, however, for the benefit of any possible reader of these pages who may not already have formed any opinion of his own on this subject.

To begin with makers. There are about a dozen in England and one in Ireland to choose from. Get your guns from a firm with a reputation. You will have to pay ten guineas for the name, but it is well worth it.

What is ten guineas in an article that will last a lifetime, and that will be your companion and friend in the field and the forest during many a pleasant ramble? You may get a good Birmingham gun cheap or you may not, but with a first-rate name on the barrels you are sure of a first-rate article. The guns of Messrs. Rigby, of Dublin, are as near perfection as possible.

As regards weight and bore of guns it must be remembered that the chief shooting in Canada is wild-fowl shooting. For this sport guns must hit hard, and guns will not hit hard without a big charge of powder, and to burn a big charge requires a big bore. A big bore means a heavy weight to carry. But after all a moderately strong man when he gets accustomed to it will not feel an extra 2 lbs. weight on his shoulder. A gun of the following dimensions fulfils my idea of the requirements of a gun for general Canadian purposes, when one smooth bore only is used. Weight, 9 lbs.; bore, No. 10; length of barrel, 30 inches. As regards action I consider the double grip lower action as enduring as any other. A very handy second weapon is a light 14-bore for cock, snipe, and quail. The drawback to this is that a man cannot shoot in equal form with two different weapons. 8-bores are much used for wild-fowl shooting, but a good 8-bore weighs 11 or 12 lbs., and with a gun of this description the number of extra long shots one makes in a day's shooting does not compensate for the near snap-shots one misses when flight shooting at dusk, to say nothing of the ponderous mass of iron on one's shoulder. One great advantage of a 10-bore over smaller bores is that it shoots with cartridge and big shot much better. The choke bore guns, about

which we have heard so much lately, are no doubt good for duck shooting, but I prefer the old system. In a good day's shooting one has as many near shots as long shots, and the gun that makes a fair pattern with the maximum of penetration is a better weapon than the gun that makes an extra good pattern with lesser penetration. Such at least has been my experience. To attain the greater penetration one must have a big charge of powder behind the shot, and to avoid disagreeable recoil a certain weight of metal at the breech is positively necessary. The idea of having the left barrel choked and the right plain looks well, though I have never tried it; but the same result or even a better one can be obtained with a loose charge in the right barrel and a cartridge in the left.

As regards rifles a .450 double express is about as good a weapon as man wants in the Canadian forest. It should be flush-sighted for snap-shots in the forest, and balanced like the shot gun which the sportsman is in the habit of using. A Holland or Rigby pea-rifle is a toy capable of affording a good deal of amusement.

As regards the care of firearms there is not much to be said, except that in very cold weather little or no oil should be used, as when in a frozen state it is liable to interfere with the action of the breech and the lock. Oil should never be rubbed into the stock. In hard frost wood saturated with oil becomes as brittle as glass. In mid-winter oil is quite unnecessary, the air is dry and so is the snow, the latter dusts off the barrels like feathers, and guns keep in better order outside the camp than inside. In the matter of gun-covers seal-skin is the best material, next

to that comes blanket. The "waterproof" (so called) gun-covers of commerce are worse than useless, they are merely rust traps.

It is next to impossible to buy a well-trained dog in Canada, and very difficult to train one yourself as for more than half the year there is nothing to train them on. The Allan line carry dogs at 3*l.* a head, and it is well worth the sportsman's while to take out a couple with him to Canada. What is required is a strong, hardy, all-round dog, an animal that will retrieve by land or water and work a winged duck by the nose through the intricacies of the most tangled swamp. He must also be a good dog in thick cover, free from chase, a close hunter, and of high courage. He should not be large, about 40 lbs.—a big dog is a nuisance in a canoe or a waggon—and yet he must be strong to stand the fatiguing work of an alder cover or a swamp. We find these qualities combined in the spaniel. The clumber from his strength and sagacity ought to be excellent, but my experience of this breed is not favourable; they are often sulky and pig-headed. The cross however is good. The best dog I ever knew was half clumber half welsh cocker. When flight shooting with this animal in the swamps, I never looked after dead or wounded birds. We made a fair division of labour, I shot the ducks, he looked after them, retrieved them, and laid them out in a little pile beside me. He worked perseveringly without word or sign, and never lost me a bird. Often he was away for an hour after nightfall, and on these occasions always returned with a winged black duck. He gave me notice of ap-

proaching ducks by a whimper, at the same time squatting to escape observation. He was equally good in the cock cover and in the snipe marsh.

Perhaps the very best breed of dogs for general Canadian shooting is the Sussex spaniel, if you can only get them. These dogs have greater endurance, pluck, and teachability than the clumber. If broken to field and hedge-row shooting in England they readily fall into all Canadian shooting. They should hunt quite mute, except when they flush a bird, or get on a hot scent. These dogs make as good retrievers as any in the world. Retrieving setters are also used, they are often very good on quail, snipe, and cock, but a spaniel from 35 to 45 lbs. is by far the most useful dog in Canada, and to be a retriever is a *sine quâ non*. What English sportsmen see to admire in that big, heavy-looking breed of dog, the so-called "retriever," I do not know. Almost any dog can be taught to retrieve, and the spaniel, from his industry in following up foot scent, his perseverance, his courage, and his activity, seems to me to be a breed particularly suited for retrieving purposes. The Irish retriever is full of pluck, a dashing water dog, very intelligent, and a capital companion, but like the Irishman he is too impulsive. If he had a coat, he would always be wanting some one to tread on the tail of it. When game is in view he is positively irrepressible, and is addicted to hunting by the eye in preference to the nose. A big rough terrier is by no means the worst sort of dog.

As regards the government and political institutions of Canada the pages of this little work are not a proper place to discuss such matters, even were its author com-

petent to do so. But, as bearing upon the general comfort and well-being of immigrants, I may remark that the political institutions and government of the Dominion of Canada is just the government and political institutions of England, modified to suit a country in which population is not only more thinly distributed, but individuals of which are of a less helpless disposition than in the mother-country. Thanks to their connection with England, Canadians are saved the disreputable and demoralizing periodical election of a president. They are free on the one hand from the license that disgusts many in the neighbouring republic; and, on the other hand, from the rather irksome paternal authority which an old country is compelled to exercise over its numerous children who remain at home. Each Canadian has so much elbow room that he can practically go where he likes, and do what he likes, without interfering with his neighbour. There is practically no such thing as trespass. Canadians have, perhaps, mastered the theory of self-government more completely than any other people. Municipal institutions, which in an old country only exist in cities and towns, are universally applied through the Dominion. Every parish and every township numbering three hundred souls is a local municipality, for the management of its own local affairs, making its own roads, bridges, &c., &c. Every man over twenty-one years of age, who pays rates in this municipality, has a vote; and the business is transacted by a certain number of elected officers.

But, indeed, no people in the world require less governing than the Canadians. Except in the cities, where, of course, scamps collect, as they do in other parts of the

world, police are not needed in Canada. Canadians are orderly, peaceable, and honest to a degree. I don't know that I ever saw an enclosed farmyard in Canada, and in the rural districts locks and bolts are quite unnecessary. Valuable lumber lies, as I have before said, for months unclaimed and untouched on the banks of the rivers, but as safe as if it was in its owner's lumber-yard. Farming implements are left lying in the fields, and valuable crops in the back settlements are sometimes never seen by the farmer between seed-time and harvest. In many districts the sheep and cattle of a whole settlement wander through the woods and pastures in droves, and are never seen by the owners from spring till "fall," when they are driven in and claimed by their respective proprietors. In religious matters, a fruitful subject of quarrels, Canadians either agree or agree to differ. Education is free and compulsory, a school-tax being levied on every citizen. The settler's farming utensils and home necessaries are protected by a homestead law from seizure for debts contracted within a given period of the commencement of his occupancy. The British immigrant in Canada is at once on arrival entitled to every privilege, civil and political, enjoyed by his Canadian-born fellow-subject, privileges which he cannot obtain in the United States short of a three years' residence, and which he can never obtain there without surrendering the dearer privilege of calling himself an Englishman.

