Campbell Hardy

Stannard & Dixon

MOOSE HUNTING.

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SPORTING ADVENTURES

IN

THE NEW WORLD;

OR,

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOOSE-HUNTING

IN

THE PINE FORESTS OF ACADIA.

BY LIEUT. CAMPBELL HARDY,
ROYAL ARTILLERY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE desire of imparting some portion of the gratification felt by a writer of travels or sporting adventures, forms his best excuse for appearing in print; but there are one or two other pleas which seem to him plausible enough for obtruding his sayings and doings upon the public, and which he hopes will appear pardonable to others.

One of the two branches of sport treated of in this little work—moose-hunting—is unknown to those Englishmen who have not crossed the Atlantic, except through the

casual notices of general writers on North America. The author believes that no treatise on that sport, nor any full and exclusive narrative of a thorough moose-hunter, has yet appeared. He is encouraged, therefore, in his undertaking by the persuasion that he has something novel to present to the sporting world.

He flatters himself, moreover, that if the general reader may not find in these volumes "moving accidents by flood and field," and "hair-breadth scapes," to which, indeed, the sojourner in the bush of North America is but slightly exposed; yet he will meet with enough of the romantic and wild in the description of those profound solitudes to awaken a lively interest.

As to literary composition, the author disclaims all pretensions to skill, and confesses himself an unpractised scribe. "*Scribere jussit amor*"—the love of Sport. One claim

upon the reader's interest he hopes he may, however, be permitted to advance, that what he has written, was compiled from notices entered, at the time and on the spot, in his note-book ; whence it may be presumed that it is morelikely to contain just and lively images of the objects described.

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SPORTING ADVENTURES

IN

THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

Nova Scotia—Description of the Country—Fertility of the Soil—Vegetation—The Overland Route—Windsor—Splendid Scenery—Cape Blomidon—The Village of Grand-pré — Longfellow's "Evangeline" — Deficient means of Communication—Immense Tracts of Forest—The Hemlock Spruce—The White Pine—Old Men's Beards—The Maple—The Moose Bush—Fires in the Woods — Cariboo Barrens — The Indian Cup — The Hackmatack—Blueberry Barrens—Wild Gooseberries—The Food of the Nova Scotian Bear—The Mayflower—The Sweet Fern—The Indian Summer.

NOVA SCOTIA is a peninsula situated at the south-eastern extremity of the British possessions in North America. Including Cape

Breton, from which island it is only separated by a narrow strait—the Gut of Canso, —the province is somewhat over three hundred miles in length, and of an average breadth of seventy miles. It is joined to New Brunswick by an isthmus only ten miles broad.

Though the nearest and most accessible to Europe of the British provinces, Nova Scotia is but partially cleared and settled, and is still open to the appellation of a young country. This is the result, partly, of unfounded prejudice, and, partly, of its very contiguity to the mother country: the restless tide of emigration flowing much farther, to the broader and less peopled wilds of the Canadas.

Certainly, the traveller or casual passenger through Halifax, one who has landed there on his way from Europe to Canada, or the United States, and perhaps been a few miles into the country out of curiosity, might leave

the capital of Nova Scotia with a very poor and erroneous opinion of the fertility, romantic beauty, and internal resources, developed or undeveloped, of the province; though gratified by the manners, air of contentment, and hospitality evinced by its inhabitants.

He would take it for granted, from the sterility and primitive appearance of the country in the neighbourhood of its capital, that the soil of Nova Scotia was barren and irreclaimable, and that the sombre branches of stunted evergreens waved everywhere over huge irremoveable granite boulders.

And his conclusions, though wrong, would have been justly deduced from appearances around Halifax. He finds few evidences of trade with the interior, though he sees great bustle going on at the numerous wharfs which jut out into the harbour; and he probably puts down in his notes:—

"Nova Scotia—a miserable country—incapable of cultivation. Its inhabitants, however, are very courteous and open-hearted, and seem to make fortunes by exporting salt fish to the West Indies."

But let our traveller change his mind, and, instead of continuing his sea voyage to Boston, take the overland route through Nova Scotia to Annapolis, with the intention of crossing the Bay of Fundy, *en route* for Canada, or the States. For nearly forty miles from Halifax, he will maintain his former opinions, and fancy that his notes have been accurate.

But on nearing the town of Windsor, what a glorious panorama is unfolded to his view! What a breadth of cultivated landscape appears before him! The gloomy pine and stunted spruce are now no longer seen, except in small copses, ornamentally shading the broad meadows. Herds of cattle wander through

the grassy plains; the fields of grain being protected from their incursions by substantial snake-fences.

Windsor is a neat town, composed like Halifax of wooden houses, neatly built, and painted white. Many families of wealthy Nova Scotians reside in this town, which is prettily situated at the junction of the river Avon, with an arm of the Bay of Fundy, called the basin of Minas. The tide here rises and falls more than forty feet, and at low tide the ships loading or unloading at the wharfs may be seen reposing on soft red mud.

From Windsor to Annapolis, the western road runs through a broad alluvial valley, watered by several picturesque rivers, and hemmed in on either side by two mountain chains, which run parallel to each other for nearly one hundred miles—called the north and south mountains.

Skirting Cornwallis, rightly called the garden of Nova Scotia, the north mountains jut out into the Basin of Minas, abruptly terminating in a steep and almost perpendicular cape, known by the name of Blomidon, or as some write, Blow-me-down. The latter appears to be a most appropriate name, as furious gusts of wind descend, apparently from its very summit, upon the basin of Minas for some distance around its base; often, suddenly assailing the mariner, when the surface of the rest of the basin is unruffled by the gentlest breeze.

From a hill, a short distance out of Windsor, may be obtained, on a fine summer's day, one of the most extensive and picturesque views imaginable, of the Basin of Minas and the surrounding fertile country. The Basin itself stretches away to the northward, gradually expanding, till its shores are no more seen, though the

Cumberland mountains rise up on its northern shore, enveloped in dreamy-looking blue haze.

Blomidon, with its bold outline, appears indignant that the lofty north mountains, of which it is the abrupt termination, can proceed no farther; and its base may be seen enveloped in mist, torn from the waves by a storm of its own creation.

Around the mouth of the Gaspereaux river, which joins the basin, a few miles above Blomidon, lies a succession of gently undulating plains in the highest state of cultivation. Here is the site of the Acadian village of Grand Pré, the opening scene of one of the most beautiful poems of Longfellow.

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré

Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.

For nearly a hundred miles, the Annapolis stage road will convey the delighted lover of fine scenery through this rich valley, passing the flourishing little towns of Horton, Kentville, Wolfville, and Bridgetown. Here he will learn that, instead of scarcely being able to walk, as is the case round Halifax, without stumbling against shapeless rocks, the settler, or farmer, can hardly so much as find a hearthstone.

Between Bridgetown and Annapolis, the the country appears in places as one vast orchard. Apples literally grow wild, and any number may be picked from the top of the passing coach. This fruit is largely exported from Annapolis county, and cyder is made at Annapolis.

"And why," asks our traveller, "have I seen no evidence of all this prosperity in Halifax?"

The reason is this. With no canal, and no railroad to facilitate, or indeed offer any inducement to importation of produce from the interior, the capital of Nova Scotia is isolated, as it were, from the country by the broad tract of wilderness which surrounds her. All the produce of these western farms finds a readier and easier market in St. John, New Brunswick, or even in the Northern States, aided by the easy navigation of the Bay of Fundy.

If it were not for her being situated on one of the finest harbours on the Atlantic coast of North America, for her great exportation of salt-fish to warm climates, where it finds ready markets, by her harbour being the touching point of the British and North American mail steamers, and lastly, by her

being a garrison town, Halifax could not maintain her position as the capital of Nova Scotia. Strenuous exertions are being made by her legislators for the establishment of a line of railroad, which shall offer inducements for the importation of produce from the interior, and which railroad, running through New Brunswick, and part of Lower Canada to Quebec, shall bring into closer connection, both with regard to the individual provinces, and to the whole country collectively, the commerce, and undeveloped resources of British North America.

Besides the fertile and beautiful country in Annapolis county, many other parts of Nova Scotia are of equal interest from the beauty of the summer scenery, and capabilities of the soil. The shore road which runs from Halifax along the western coast passes through many picturesque districts. The scenery around St. Margaret's Bay,

Chester Basin, and Mahone Bay, Port Medway, and Shelburn Harbour is lovely.

As has been before stated, however, vast tracts of this province remain covered by the primeval forest, destined probably to stand for ages, the haunt of the moose, carriboo, and bear, and the hunting grounds of the Indian and sportsman.

Many of these forests extend over thousands of square miles, here and there, only, intersected by a bush road; its gloomy scenery enlivened occasionally by a road-side inn, or a settler's farm, with a few acres of cleared land usurping the place of the monotonous bush. However, the forest scenery of Nova Scotia is pleasing enough to the sportsman and lover of nature in her wildest garb.

The inhabitants of the Old World generally fancy that a life in the fir forests of America is attended by a constant feeling of depression and gloom, and that the face of the sojourner

in them becomes as sombre as the branches of the pines. This idea is erroneous. There is a feeling of freedom and happiness in being in the primeval forest, in treading noiselessly with the moccasined foot on the soft springy moss, under tall groves of pines and hemlocks; and, after an exciting chase after the lordly moose, or wary carriboo, in enjoying delicious repose on a bed of fragrant fir boughs; a feeling of buoyancy and exhilaration of spirits, which cannot be produced by other scenes in other countries.

The Nova Scotian forest is a varied mixture of evergreens and deciduous trees, locally called soft or green wood, and hard wood. The evergreens fill the valleys and swamps. Rising grounds, covered with deciduous trees, are called hard-wood hills. Of the evergreens, the most frequent class are the spruces. Black, white, and red spruce (*Abies*) are found in the Nova Scotian forest, sometimes

growing in such dense shrubberies, that a passage through their closely interwoven and prickly branches becomes impossible.

The most beautiful of all the evergreens, however, is the hemlock spruce (*Abies Canadensis.*) It is one of the largest timber trees of America, though, except for its bark, which is coarse, and of a reddish colour, and used for tanning, seldom touched by the timber merchant. This tree sometimes grows to the height of a hundred feet; and, for nearly two thirds of its height, does not throw out a single branch; then, long fantastic arms thickly diverge from the massive and even trunk, and, covered with graceful foliage, not unlike that of the yew, shade the ground for a great distance around its roots with a dense canopy.

In groves of hemlocks, which generally occur in low and moist grounds, such as banks gently sloping down towards the

margin of a forest-lake or river, very little underwood of any description impedes the view through the mellow gloom everywhere pervading under their shade. The ground between their roots is covered with soft mosses, and trailing berries. Here and there is still to be found the giant trunk of the white pine (*Pinus strobus*), its lofty summit rising far above the rest of the forest, as if inviting the scrutinizing search of its deadly foe—the lumberman.

From the contorted limbs of the larger and older spruces, are to be seen, hanging in great profusion, and sometimes in bunches of six feet in length, pendant lichens of a whitish colour, and in long fibres. They are sometimes called "old men's beards."

Amongst the hard woods, the maples and birches occupy the most frequent places. The maple is a graceful tree, and its leaves, shaped like those of the vine, retain their

brilliant spring-green till they are more gaudily coloured by the scarlet and crimson tints of Fall. There are several varieties; the most common being the white maple (*Acer eriocarpum*), and the rock or sugar maple (*Acer saccharinum*).

Hard-wood hills are sometimes entirely covered with tall groves of the white birch (*betula papyracea.*) The bark of this tree is of a pure white, shewing, where portions have been peeled off, patches of dark reddish brown, which often beautifully variegate the clean stem.

It is called sometimes the canoe birch, as the Indians cover the framework of their canoes with broad sheets of its pliable and easily peeled bark. In summer, the bark splits readily into a succession of leaves, or sheets, of the thickness of the finest silver paper. In winter, it is more consistent; and then it is peeled from the tree in vast sheets,

by the Indian, to cover his wigwam or canoe. Shrubs and berries, of many varieties, form the undergrowth of the forest. The moose-wood (*Acer striatum*) is a tall, slender stem, covered with rough green bark, and emitting sprays terminating in foliage, broad, and of the brightest green.

The moose-bush (*Viburnum lantanordes*), for the leaves of which, as for those of the last-mentioned shrub, the moose evinces a great partiality, grows under the shade of the forest. It is a smaller shrub than the moose-wood, and its leaves are not cloven as those of the maples. They are nearly round, and of the size of a large plate. The flower of the moose-bush is very similar to that of a Guelder-rose.

The expanses of the Nova Scotian forest are continually broken by beautiful lakes, wild, rocky rivers, or moss-grown plains. It has been estimated, that nearly one quarter

of this province is occupied by lakes, or rivers. The former—some of them of large extent—traverse the country, in connected chains, in all directions. The scenery on them is charming. Around their shores, spring up copses of the most graceful shrubs and deciduous trees; and berries and bushes, of every description, overhang the water. The reflection of the rich tints depicted on nearly every shrub and tree in the Fall, on their calm surface, is productive of beautiful effect. Cranberries are often found thickly fringeing their shores.

It is very pleasing, too, after a long trudge through pine forests, to find yourself suddenly standing on the edge of a fairy-like lake, in the heart of the woods; the surrounding air rendered odorous by the numerous flowers of the white water-lily (*Nymphæa odorata*), growing between broad leaves, which repose on the unruffled surface.

The forest itself is not without a fragrance of its own. In the heat of summer, the sun extracts the most pleasing odour from the heated branches of the evergreens. In particular, where a spruce has fallen and become somewhat withered, the fragrance exhaled by its prostrate foliage is of the most delicious kind. It reminds one of the fresh smell of a basket of strawberries.

Here and there, extensive open expanses occur in the forest. These are of two kinds, one the result of fire, and the other natural. Fires often occur in the woods in spring and summer, particularly after a long drought. Their effects are of the most desolating nature. Originating sometimes accidentally, and sometimes the result of wantonness, they will, when favoured by a high wind, and occurring after a lapse of hot weather, lay waste miles of the once noble forest, leaving

a desert waste covered with charred and bleached stems and calcined rocks.

Nothing can be conceived productive of a more dreary feeling than a walk through these burnt woods. Not a spot of verdure can be detected, and the gaunt stems standing firmly in their places, denuded of bark, and their ashy hue, here and there, variegated with a patch of black, give rise to the idea that one is walking on the face of a destroyed world, the use of which has been for ever forbidden to man. Immense numbers of wild raspberries spring up in these burnt woods, with numerous other briars, growing from the tangled masses, on which may be seen the bright pink flowers of the fire-weed. Even the woodpecker seldom visits the scathed trees, whose wood is hard as adamant.

The other description of barren is of a much more pleasing appearance. Situated

in the heart of the forest, and surrounded by the woods as by a wall, lie these little plains, covered with a soft and often swampy carpeting of mosses and lichens, which from their being the favourite feeding grounds of the American rein-deer, have obtained the name of Carriboo Barrens, or Bogs.

In the moister parts of these barrens, may be seen the vase-shaped leaves of that curious and beautiful plant the Indian Cup (*Sarracenia purpurea*). The leaves remind one of tall slender urns or vases—relics of the classic ages. In the spring, they are of bright green, intersected with delicate crimson veins.

Autumn, however, deals with them as with the rest of leafy nature, and tinges them with deep scarlet. The leaves, or rather cups of this plant, are always to be found filled to the brim with water, which the Indians drink medicinally. Bristles, pointing downwards, line the interior of the

cup, and cause the death of many insects which enter the cup to drink.

The flower, which appears in May or June, is beautiful; but its beauties are not at first apparent, as it droops downwards. It grows upon a tall stem, similar to that of a tulip, and its petals are of alternate deep red and greenish yellow.

The lichens and mosses found on these barrens, are of the most varied and beautiful formations. A bushy lichen, of a greenish white colour, and growing in foliating sprays, like some of the corals, is most numerous, and often gives a hoary appearance to the whole barren.

Sometimes these barrens are more uneven. Scattered boulders of granite or limestone lie in confusion on more elevated portions; and here and there may be seen a stunted spruce, or a group of the American larch (*Larex Americana*),

locally known by the Indian name of "Hackmatack."

On these barrens, and by the margin of lakes, may be gathered, in the latter end of the summer and fall, many varieties of delicious berries. Amongst these are huckleberries, common and bush cranberries, blueberries, raspberries, blackberries, and gooseberries. Great quantities of cranberries and blueberries are annually picked for preserving by the settlers; the first around the margins of lakes, the latter on plains, which, from being sometimes literally covered with this delicious fruit, receive the name of Blueberry Barrens.

About fifteen miles from Halifax, at Hammond's Plains, dwell many families of negroes, who have quite a small trade of their own with the Haligonians, whom they supply with hundreds of bushels of blueberries, for preserving purposes. The cranberry does not

ripen till winter sets in; and they are best when gathered in the spring, having been matured under, and protected by, the ice and snow of the previous winter.

The wild gooseberry is very small, and, except for its being covered with hair, might be mistaken, both in size, colour, and flavour, for a currant. On these berries, the Nova Scotian bear revels, and grows prodigiously fat, in the fall; and he is sometimes seen lying at full length in the middle of a barren, far from settlements, lazily picking the blueberries, one by one, with his muscular lips, from the adjacent shrubs.

Many beautiful wild flowers inhabit the Nova Scotian forest. First among these, earliest in blooming, most endearing in appearance, and sweetest in smell, may be placed the Mayflower (*Epigæa repens*). This pretty little flower grows on sunny banks, everywhere in the woods, in clusters. The

flower is waxen-looking, white, sometimes shaded with delicate pink, and though larger than, is of the same shape as a flowret of the lilac. The plant trails in a modest manner on the ground, between overbearing heaths and shrubs, and entails a close search.

The budding of the Mayflower is greeted with much pleasure by the fair daughters of Nova Scotia, who make long walks into the woods in search of a bunch of this emblem of modesty, wherewith to adorn the hair, or scent the room.

In travelling through the woods, the sportsman or naturalist will often be suddenly aware of a delicious fragrance pervading the atmosphere, resembling the odour of verbena. He will find that it proceeds from the leaves of the sweet fern (*Comptonia aspenifolia*), which often covers acres of soil.

Again, I repeat, a sojourn in the wild old woods, or by the river side, of Nova Scotia,

or New Brunswick, is captivating in the extreme, and more pleasurable each time it is repeated. The lover of nature in the Old World cannot realize the delightful, soothing, and exhilirating feelings, caused by a residence in them during the freshness of spring, the warmth and fragrance of summer, or the gorgeous colouring of autumn; particularly, during that season called the "Indian summer," when stern winter, which lately has been drawing on apace, seems to relent, and all nature appears lost in a dreamy reverie.

At this season, which lasts but for a few days, and generally takes place in the latter end of October, the air, during the day, resumes the mildness of June. Not a breath of wind stirs the dying foliage, and the landscape is rendered indistinct by a smoky, blue haze—such as would be occasioned by the woods being on fire in calm weather.

Its transitory glories over, the scarlet leaves

of the maples, and the bright yellow and orange foliage of the birch, are swept off by the northern blasts, and buried deeply under the first snows of an American winter.

CHAPTER II.

The Aborigines of Nova Scotia—The Micmacs—Averseness to Civilization—Occupation of the Indians—Dress—General Appearance—The Indian Hunter—Difficulty of Progression in the Woods—Creeping the Moose—Working the Yard—The Milecete Indians—Differences of Language—The Annual Conference—Traditions.

THE aborigines of the soil, the Micmac and Milecete Indians, still inhabit the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, though in greatly reduced numbers. These tribes are branches of the great nation which extended over the north-eastern portions of

America—the Algonkins. The Indians of Nova Scotia are all Micmacs. Though they have lived for more than a century in constant and peaceable communication with white men, they are still as averse to the tenets and progress of civilization, as ever; preferring a secluded and melancholy existence in the wigwam, to a settled life in any sphere.

Around Halifax, and other towns, situated on a grassy bank, surrounded by the forest, and, probably, by the side of a trickling brook, may be seen the Indian's camp. Outside, generally appear the squalid, half-clothed figures of young Indians, running about among piles of fire-wood and shavings, and chasing starving curs from a few tin pots and pans, which form the cooking-utensils and dinner-service of the family.

On entering the camp, a group of two or three squaws and Indian maidens are generally to be seen, with baskets full of dyed porcu-

pine's quills lying beside them, working beautiful mosaic designs on birch bark, in the shape of chair-seats, fans, boxes, or portfolios. The male portion of the family are either in the town, drinking to the gradual ruin of themselves and their tribe, the poisonous rum of the country; or are back in the woods, looking for porcupines, or cutting a supply of fire-wood for the night.

One must not expect to find the noble bearing, the finely-chiselled limbs and features, or the grace and dignity of conversation, belonging to the tribes of the Far West, in the Micmac, though all these attributes may have formerly belonged to him. The Indian of Nova Scotia is generally ragged and dirty in appearance; and, when not engaged in hunting, indolent in the extreme, and addicted to spend all the earnings of his squaw in the purchase of intoxicating liquors.

Still, however, especially in the remoter districts of the province, there are exceptions to this character. I have seen Indians walking about the streets of Halifax, where they had arrived on a visit from the westward, in all the native dignity of their forefathers. Unlike those of their tribe residing round Halifax, and clothed in the cast-off rags of white men, they appear in the showy costume of the tribe, in a dark blue or scarlet flannel coat, ornamented with beads, porcupine's quills, and moose-hair, and their moccasins adorned with similar devices.

Their squaws, generally walking behind the men, have the head covered with a tall conical cap of cloth, bordered with beads, their long cloaks fastened by some glittering ornament, and a neat scarlet or blue handkerchief fastened round the neck. Outcasts, as it were, in their own country, and sensible of their position, they bear themselves with

becoming haughtiness towards the mob of staring Europeans in the crowded street; and, hastily purchasing their few necessaries, they retreat, as they came, to their hunting grounds in the interior.

The Micmac is generally well formed, active, and capable of enduring great abstinence and amount of cold. His complexion is of the colour of brick-dust, though of a more dingy hue. His hair, long, coarse, and maintaining its jet black hue till an advanced age, falls irregularly over the neck and shoulders. The eye is of the darkest hazel, and the white is more dingy than that of the European. The hands and feet of the Indian are small, and often exquisitely formed. This, in the case of the foot, is rather strange, considering the freedom which is given to it by the yielding moccasin; and the features, though coarse, are extremely expressive.

When engaged in following up the tracks

of moose or carriboo, the face of the Indian is all animation; his eye sparkling from excitement, and the few words which he utters on such occasions, coming in suppressed whispers, hissing through his teeth. In walking, he does not point his toes outwards, as the European, but rather turns them inwards, placing one foot in front of, and in the same line with, the other. This may be one reason why he can traverse the bush in an undeviating line.

It is truly wonderful to witness the sagacity, and unerring precision, with which the Indian hunter can trace his route from one spot to another, no matter how great the distance may be, through the most dense forests, and over the most rough and broken country. It does not signify whether he has travelled through the same country before, or not: he knows the direction, and that is sufficient. In his native forests, he is never at a loss;

walks evenly and softly at all times, as if he were on the trail; seldom speaks, or makes a false step, or unintentionally breaks a branch. He quietly brushes through the dense copses, scarcely displacing the boughs; while his restless eye glances incessantly around, instantly detecting the slightest displacement of the moss or snow, a broken or bitten branch, or a moving object.

Long practice is requisite to enable the white man to walk straight, even for half a mile, through the bush. At first, he invariably deviates, thinking he is taking a straight course, and describes a circle, ending at the very spot whence he started. When there has been no sun, I have gone completely round, in a square half-mile.

Many are the rules which I have heard laid down by white settlers, for finding one's way through the woods. Some say, that they observe the bark on the trees, and are

guided by the mosses and lichens, which always grow thickest on the north side. Another rule, and one that will generally be found correct, is to observe the direction in which the top foliage of pines and hackmatack grow. They will invariably be found pointing to the north-east. The foliage and branches of hard wood trees, are more ample on the south side of the tree, and the bark is generally smoother on the side exposed to the northern and north-eastern gales.

A good rule for any one travelling without a guide through a forest country which he does not know, supposing him, at first starting, to have made up his mind to follow a certain course, is to select a prominent object at any distance off in the right direction, and to walk straight up to it; then, selecting another in the same line, to proceed to it, and so on.

A pocket compass should, however, always

accompany the young hand; and let the end of the needle which indicates the north be marked, as is not always the case, or he will be at as great a loss, and more confused than before.

I have heard all these methods described as being resorted to by the Indians in finding their way, but I am confident that they do not use them. When I have mentioned them to an Indian, he has invariably laughed heartily, saying, "Ingine no want look at bark or tree-top, 'cept when he hunt porcupine."

In walking through a forest district for the first time, an Indian will carefully observe, and remember ever afterwards, every hill and valley, every grove of hardwood or evergreens, and the general "lie" of the country, with regard to irregularity of surface, the nature of timber growing on it, and the direction of the brooks running through it.

Frequently when hunting with an Indian, in a country which he had only traversed once, and that years previously, he has shewn his thorough knowledge of the ground by telling me what sort of country we were approaching.

"Big birch woods on other side of hill; plenty good brouse for moose; I tink he gone there."

Very often, after a long stretch from camp in search of game, the sportsman tries, by recollecting the various directions and turnings in which he had been travelling during the day, to deduce, by a long geometrical problem, the direction in which the camp would lie. It becomes more and more puzzling, as he thinks over the intricate course he has been pursuing, and, at last, out of curiosity, he asks the Indian. The Indian, at once, pointing derisively, says, "Camp lie there."

In creeping on moose, too, the Indian

displays a thorough knowledge of the method of working the "yard," which is incomprehensible to the white man. The hunter finds a fresh moose track. It appears to lead straight from him. Instead of following it up, as the white man would do, after examining the track and the surrounding bushes, and looking up to ascertain the direction and amount of wind, he probably strikes off through the bush in another direction.

The sportsman thinks he has abandoned the chase, but does not ask. In a few minutes, the Indian brings him again upon the track of the same moose, evidently fresher by several hours, or perhaps a whole day, than the tracks which they had at first hit off.

The powers of woodcraft in all its branches appear, in the Indian, to amount to an instinct not belonging to, and never capable of being attained by, the white man.

The Milecete Indians inhabit the province of New Brunswick only, living in small villages along the banks of the St. John. The coasts of north-eastern New Brunswick are inhabited by Micmacs, who generally prefer the neighbourhood of the ocean, and go by the distinguishing appelation of "salt-water Indians." Their canoes differ from those used by the Milecetes, in being longer, broader, higher out of the water, and more adapted for performing sea voyages around the coasts.

The canoe of the Milecete is sharp fore and aft, lies low in the water, and is easily upset, being, in fact, only adapted for a smooth river, as the St. John. Their paddles too differ; that used by the Micmac being round and broad in the blade, whereas the Milecete paddle is long, narrow, and sharply pointed.

The languages spoken by these tribes differ

entirely. The Micmac language is beautiful. Its tones are soft and musical, and it is uttered, especially by the women, with the most exquisite pathos. The Milecete language is harsh and grating, and seems to bear the same relation to the Micmac that the hissing Portuguese does to the sonorous grandeur of the Spanish. A few Micmac Indians are found in Newfoundland, in which country its ancient inhabitants, the Red Indians, have been long extinct.

The Micmacs of Nova Scotia are about a thousand in number, the greater part living in the woods at easy distances from settlements. Whether they have, or have not, a chief, is a matter of doubt. They themselves are extremely taciturn and guarded in their conversation concerning their own laws, and the cherished customs of their tribe.

Large meetings are annually held by them on the banks of the Shubenacadie, where

some land has been granted to the Indians. Old and young flock to these meetings from all parts of the province, and do not allow of the presence of a white man.

Presents of a blanket and a gun are annually made by government to a certain number of Indians. In Canada, the commissioners travel a long distance up the lake in canoes to the territories of the chiefs, and the presentation of gifts is conducted in a most formal manner.

Few traditions exist amongst the Nova Scotian Indians concerning the habits and wars of their forefathers. They all agree, however, in saying that constant feuds existed between their tribe and the Mohawks. I have seen stone arrow-heads, which have been picked up in the forest; and a favourite pastime amongst the young Indians of the present day is shooting at a mark with a bow and arrow, made of ash, or the hard elastic wood of the rock maple.

Soon after the first settlement of the province by the English, when the site of the present town of Halifax was covered by the forest, the Indians came up the Shubenacadie and the Dartmouth Lakes in great force in canoes, and made an attack upon the town of Dartmouth, then composed of a few houses; massacreing and scalping nearly all its inhabitants.

The Indian of the present day is, however, a harmless and peaceable being, and for ages has not dyed his hands in the blood, either of the white man, or of his own race. His final extinction, not far distant, and which cannot be prevented, except by evacuation of the broad lands which have been wrested from him for the starving thousands of crowded Europe, can only be looked forward to with feelings of melancholy and regret.

CHAPTER III.

Animals of the British Provinces—The Moose—The Carriboo—Habits, &c.—The Black Bear—Their Love of Plunder—How to Spend the Winter—Bear-traps—The Grey Wolf—The Fox—The "Lucifer"—Beavers—Wanton Destruction—The Otter—Minks and Musk-rats—Uses of the Skin—The Canadian Porcupine—The Quills employed by the Indians—Nova Scotian Game—The American Woodcock—Snipe—The Birch Partridge—The American Robin—Cockney Sportsmen—Abundance of Sport in Nova Scotia.

THE animals of the British provinces, unprotected by laws from wholesale and wanton destruction, are, like the Micmac Indians, fast

receding before the civilizing efforts of the white man.

The forest tracts of Nova Scotia, remote from roads or settlements, still harbour large herds of the moose (*Cervus alces*). It is even strange that this animal, so averse to the most distant sound of an axe, or other sounds foreign to the natural forest music, and which cause him to fly precipitately for long distances, should still be found in such numbers as he is in Nova Scotia. The probable number of these noble animals in this province is difficult to be ascertained, even approximately. It must consist of several thousand head. Mention is made of the natural history of the moose in a separate chapter.

The carriboo (*Cervus tarandus*) is so seldom met with now in Nova Scotia, that it may be considered as on the verge of extinction in that province. This may be the

cause of the extreme wariness and timidity of the animal. He is still more liable to be scared than the moose, and, when once started, will travel for days, seldom revisiting the country where he was first alarmed.

The carriboo, or rein-deer of North America, is identical with the rein-deer of northern Europe. The animal generally stands from three to four feet in height at the shoulder.

The horns are long, branching, and partly palmated. The brow antlers stretch forward over the forehead, almost in contact with each other, and resembling human hands placed vertically side by side, with the fingers extended. The colour of the antlers, which decorate the head of the female as well as that of the male, is deep reddish brown.

The coat of the carriboo is close and shining. In the summer, it is of a dirty fawn colour, changing, in winter, to tawny white. The hoof of this animal is broad

and spreading, and enables him, by its expansive elasticity, to travel over deep snow, and on ice, with great facility. When lifted from the ground, the divisions of the hoof contract, coming in contact with each other with a sharp clicking sound, which some naturalists have attributed to the crackling of the knee joint.

The carriboo browses exclusively on succulent lichens—either those found on barrens, or on the trunks of hard-wood trees. The flesh is like venison, and more esteemed than that of the moose. The carriboo is a gregarious animal. Though the Indians assert, that vast herds, containing nearly a hundred of these animals, once roamed over Nova Scotia, more than four or five together are now seldom met with. They are generally hunted in open country, thickly interspersed with barrens, and the sport partakes of the nature of deer-stalking; the hunter crawling

along, taking advantage of sheltering masses of rock, tall patches of ground laurels, or moss-grown mounds, to within range of the herd. Great attention must be paid to the direction of the wind, as the carriboo is possessed of the most delicate sense of smell; and, when once it has got wind of a human being, farewell to all hopes of getting a shot on the part of the sportsman.

The desolate and unsettled wastes of Newfoundland and Labrador are still trodden by countless herds of these animals. In the summer of 1853, a party of sportsmen penetrated some distance into the more unfrequented districts of Newfoundland. They returned after a few weeks, most of which was occupied in travelling, having shot forty carriboo.

The lowing of the carriboo is a short, hoarse bellow, more like the bark of a large dog, than the voice of one of the deer tribe.

In the western parts of Nova Scotia, and in the neighbourhood of the Cobequid Mountains, near its junction with New Brunswick, carriboo are still tolerably plentiful. No attempt has ever been made to use these animals in America, as is done in Northern Europe, for the purposes of draught, The docility of the Laplander's rein-deer is the result of ages of domestication; and it was first attempted by him, as his only resource.

The black bear of America (*Ursus Americanus*) is found everywhere in Nova Scotia. Unlike the former animals, he appears to prefer the neighbourhood, not of large towns certainly, but of small farms and settlements. He grows to the length of five feet, standing, sometimes, more than three feet in height. The coat of this animal is thick, glossy, when in good condition, and jet black. On each side of the muzzle, appears a patch of tawny

colour. The head is sharper and longer than that of the European bear. The eye is set low down in the head, black and twinkling, and strongly indicative of his ferocious disposition.

In the neighbourhood of Halifax, bears often appear, and cause great uneasiness to the small farmers and settlers living by the side of bush roads, between Halifax and St. Margaret's Bay, by predatory excursions on the sheep folds. When stopping at one of these log houses in the neighbourhood of some small lakes, on which I had been trout-fishing, I have seen the cattle come rushing from the bush, panting, and evidently in great terror, up to the door of the house. They had evidently been pursued by a bear.

These animals seldom molest a man, unless assaulted by him first; and then, be it ever from so slight a blow or wound, they will immediately turn on him, and the conflict,

if he has not a bullet wherewith to drop the animal at once, becomes exceedingly doubtful. The bear will parry the strongest blow of an axe, with the greatest dexterity and ease, with his powerful arms; and, when once he has embraced the individual in his vice-like grasp, the knife becomes the man's last chance. I have seen Indians exhibiting frightful scars received during a combat with a bear.

On the approach of winter, the bear, who is now prodigiously fat after revelling on the numerous berries which ripen in the fall, crawls to his den, generally under the roots of some dead giant of the forest, or between overhanging masses of rock. Here he quickly falls asleep, and passes the long winter in one uninterrupted snooze.

Sometimes, when the first snows of winter have fallen, the Indian visits the various dens in a large forest district, and discovers

whether Bruin has gone to roost or not, by the tracks on the snow outside. A few pokes on the ribs, with a long stick; or, if very obstinate and sleepy, the rousing effects of the thick smoke of a birch bark torch, will bring out the bear, who is at once shot in the head. The skin of the black bear forms a handsome ornament, either for the decoration of a sleigh, or as a rug. It may generally be purchased for from five to eight dollars.

Young bears, to which the female gives birth two at a time, in the month of April, are frequently brought into Halifax, by the Indians, for sale. They may be easily tamed, though, when they grow up, their friendship can never be relied on.

Bears are often trapped, in the summer, in the dead-falls. A small semi-circular enclosure is made, by driving stakes firmly into the ground, between two trees, the

trunks of which are a few feet apart. Over the entrance to the enclosure, and slightly attached to the trunks of the trees, is suspended a cross-beam, heavily loaded at either end by immense logs of timber. A bait of flesh, or dead game, is placed inside the enclosure, and the surrounding trees are smeared with honey, of which the animal is inordinately fond. A bar is placed across the entrance to the enclosure, and so connected with the cross-beam, that, upon Bruin's attempting to force his way to the bait, the beam and its weight of superincumbent timber, come down by the run on the back of the unlucky glutton, and make him a hopeless prisoner.

The grey wolf (*Canis lupus*) has but lately made his appearance in Nova Scotia, not as in other provinces, however, in company with his prey, the Canadian deer (*Cervus virginianus*). The grey wolf is a large, fierce, and

powerful animal. In Maine and New Brunswick, several instances have been known of his attacking singly and destroying a human being. This animal sometimes grows to the length of six feet. The hair is long, fine, and of a silver grey. A broad band of black, here and there, showing shining silvery hairs, extend from the head down the back. The tail is long and bushy, as the brush of a fox. A wolf skin forms a frequent decoration for the back of a sleigh.

They are seldom seen, as they are very vigilant, and constantly travelling. In their present numbers, they can earn but a precarious livelihood in this province, as they are too few to venture an attack on the moose, or even the carriboo. A single blow from the powerful fore-leg of a moose would astonish a bear, and would tell much more on the lean ribs of a starving wolf.

The American fox (*Canis fulvus*) is a larger and more darkly-coloured animal than his European relative. This animal is common in the woods of Nova Scotia, and his short, sharp bark may often be heard echoing through the trees on a clear, calm night. He subsists on rabbits and small game.

The black fox (*Canis argentatus*), generally supposed to be an accidental variety of the common fox, is rarely met with in this province. Its skin is a small fortune to the lucky Indian who shoots one of these animals, as it is worth from twenty to thirty pounds sterling.

The loup cervier (*Felis Canadensis*), commonly called the "lucifee" by the settlers, is abundant in the woods of Nova Scotia. Its fur is long and glossy, of a brownish grey on the back, becoming nearly white below. A few irregular dusky spots and markings cover the skin. Tufts of stiff black hair

grow on the tips of the ears. The tail is very short, seldom exceeding three inches in length. The length of the animal is about three feet. It is a timid creature, flying from the presence of man, and subsisting on rabbits and partridges.

The wild cat is more abundant than the former animal, is nearly of the same size, but of a lighter and more tawny colour. It is a powerful animal, its fore-arms being very thick and muscular, and is a match for a very large dog. Its tail is longer than that of the lucifee, and is tipped with black.

The beaver (*Castor Biber Americanus*) once was found on every lake, brook, and river in Nova Scotia. Pursued for the sake of his beautiful coat, more relentlessly than any living creature except the buffalo, the beaver is nearly exterminated in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. A few, however, are still to be met with on the

banks of the shady brooks which join that beautiful chain of lakes and rivers running across the province of Nova Scotia, between Liverpool and Annapolis. Here, in consequence of the decreasing demand for their skins in the European market, they are said to be on the increase.

The discovery and destruction of this interesting quadruped has been greatly facilitated by the conspicuity of his aquatic tenement, and its accompanying defensive structure—the "dam." The dam is constructed of brush-wood, or even logs of small timbers, several inches in diameter, gnawed through by the powerful incisor teeth of this animal, and conveyed to the destination on its back. Wherever the brook or river is too shallow to admit of the building of its semi-submerged mud-house, the water is deepened by the beaver throwing up a substantial dam, sometimes entirely across the

channel. The house itself is of mud, conical in shape, and its chamber, to which there is a slanting entrance from above the surface, is situated below the level of the water.

The beaver is easily domesticated, and will evince the affection of a dog for its master. In the spring of 1853, an Indian brought me a tame beaver, which he had captured when quite young, in the neighbourhood of Lake Rossignol, in the western end of Nova Scotia; when he wished to leave it, the little animal shuffled after him, whining piteously, and having reached him, scrambled up his clothes to his neck. The Indian afterwards sold it to a zealous naturalist residing about two miles from Halifax, at the head of the North-West Arm. Nothing would satisfy it for days afterwards, but nestling in the Indian's blanket, which he was obliged to leave for that purpose. Its owner fed it on bread and milk, with a few cabbage

leaves and other esculent vegetables. The animal was perfectly tame, appeared pleased at being noticed, and answered to the name of "Cobeetch," the Indian for beaver.

I have frequently seen in brooks, pieces of timber which showed marks of the beaver's teeth; and not long since were to be seen the remains of a beaver-dam, in a small brook, which trickles into the North-West Arm of the sea, near Halifax.

The otter (*Lutra Canadensis*) is larger than the European variety, and is of a uniform dark brown colour. It is numerous in the lakes of Nova Scotia, where it revels on the plentiful trout. Their paths often appear among the sedges and grasses, on the low swamps, in the neighbourhood of lakes. In these they are often caught by steel traps attached to a large log. The American otter is sometimes three feet in length and its fur is valuable, a good skin often fetching five

dollars. Otters leave curious trails on the snow which covers the lakes in winter. The track is broad, and conveys the idea of having been formed by a large cart-wheel.

The mink (*Mustela Canadensis*), and the musk-rat (*Fiber zibethicus*) abound in the Nova Scotian lakes. The fur of the former is valuable, and of a dark reddish-brown colour. Considerably smaller than the otter, the mink, like him, subsists on fish, and is often captured in miniature dead-falls for the sake of the skin. The musk-rat, called "muskquash" by the Indians, is a beaver in miniature. Its hind feet are webbed like those of that animal, and it lives in mud houses, partially submerged in sedgy swamps.

The Indians can call musk-rats by squeaking into their closed hands; the animal, coming out from the reeds, is immediately shot for its skin, which is worth fourpence or sixpence in the market. Many of these

skins were formerly used for the purpose of mixing the fur with that of the beaver in the manufacture of hats. When dead, the musquash smells strongly of musk. They are easily tamed, but must be kept in a tin cage, on account of their propensities for gnawing wood.

The Canadian porcupine (*Hystrix dorsata*) is abundant in the forests of the provinces. The Indian name is "Madwiss." This animal is about two feet in length, and closely covered with long, coarse brown hair, intermixed with sharp spines three inches long. These spines grow most numerously on the lower part of the back. They are extremely sharp, and on very close examination, their points will be found to be armed with minute barbs, pointing downwards, thus rendering the quill, when once it has entered the flesh of a man or animal, difficult of extraction.

The quills are of a dusky white colour,

tipped with black. They are extensively used by the squaws in ornamenting sheets of birch bark with curious and gaudy designs. The squaws stain them of the brightest and most durable colours. Some of the dyes are procured at chemists; while others, are extracted from flowers or bark. They preserve the secrets of obtaining these dyes with great caution.

The porcupine proves good eating in the fall, when in good condition, from feeding on blueberries and beech-nuts. In the winter, they may constantly be seen on the branches, inaccessible to climbers, of the hemlock; on the bark and foliage of which they feed at this season. They are dull creatures, slow of motion, and, when surprised in a tree, will take no pains to escape, until knocked over by a shot or stone. They live in dens under collected masses of rock, or roots of trees. In summer time they peel the bark of young

spruces, betraying, by the conspicuous denuded stem, their whereabouts to the prowling Indian.

Among the game birds found in Nova Scotia, the American woodcock (*Scolopax minor*,) is entitled to the first place, and notice. It is smaller than the European woodcock. The upper parts of the plumage are dark reddish brown, barred with black, the breast being very light, almost tawny. Its flavour is equally good with that of the European bird. The woodcock arrives in Nova Scotia in April, sometimes earlier, if the spring be forward, breeds in this country, and does not leave it till the sharp frosts set in at the beginning of November.

Excellent sport may be had with these birds in clumps of thick alder bushes standing in meadows by the roadside, in the months of September and October. Well-timed and necessary laws lately have imposed

a fine upon shooting this bird in the summer, as was formerly the case, the young birds being destroyed wholesale, before they were full grown and able to fly. It requires a quick eye to kill three out of four woodcocks, put up in the dense and tall alder copses in which they are found. The sportsmen sometimes, however, when they have a number of good dogs or beaters, surround the covers. The woodcock seems to travel late in the evening, and, at night, for, unless disturbed, they are never seen on the wing during the day.

Large bags are annually made by sportsmen from Halifax, in the covers, which are tolerably numerous within a circuit of twenty miles from that city. Many can boast of having shot two hundred couple of these birds in a season, going out for a day at a time, twice or three times a week, perhaps.

By far the best grounds for cock in Nova Scotia, and perhaps in North America, are in the neighbourhood of the picturesque village of Kentville, situated on the Annapolis road, at a distance of about sixty miles from Halifax. The country is here composed of low copses of alder and hazel, for some distance on either side of the road, and the ground interspersed with ferns, heaths, and moist mosses. The flights of woodcock, which arrive in these covers annually, are surprising. The sport can only be surpassed by that to be enjoyed in Albania.

The woodcock does not appear to have been found in Nova Scotia at its first settlement. He is never seen far from clearings in the forest, though here and there likely-looking covers may be met with.

A drive on a fresh autumnal morning through the gorgeous scenery of the fall, and then a day in cover, watching the motions

and working of the lively little "cockers," returning in the evening with a bag containing eight or ten couple of plump cock, and the good dogs reposing in the waggon between your knees, conduce to render a day's sport, with these delicious birds, a delightful change to the monotony of town life.

The snipe (*Scolopax gallinago*) arrives in Nova Scotia, and leaves the country, later than the woodcock. They are very plentiful in the marshes around Kentville. Perhaps, the best snipe ground in the world is the Great Tantemara marsh, in the south-eastern part of New Brunswick. The American snipe is nearly identical with the European.

Two kinds of partridges, or rather grouse, are found in the woods of Nova Scotia. The best, most lively, and handsomest bird of the two, is the ruffed grouse (*Tetrao umbellus*). This bird is called, in Nova Scotia, the "birch partridge," from its being generally found in

hills covered by groves of birch, on the young buds of which they feed. This bird is wilder, and not so stupid as the spruce partridge, which is described elsewhere.

The birch partridge is a very handsome bird, its general plumage being reddish brown, mottled everywhere with shades of light fawn and dusky colour. When irate, it struts about in the fashion of the male turkey, drooping its wings, expanding its broad tail, and elevating its ruff, which extends from the back of the head down the sides of the neck.

These birds are very good eating in the autumn and winter, though not to be compared with the English partridge in this respect.

Amongst the earliest migratory birds which arrive in this province in the spring, is the American robin (*Turdus migratorius*). This bird is one of the thrushes, rather

larger than the common English thrush, and much more gaudily coloured. The bill is yellow; the head, wings, and tail, black. The back is of a bluish slate colour, and the breast bright red, the colour of brick dust.

By all, the arrival of the robin is hailed with pleasure. They arrive in great numbers, frequenting the barrens in search of berries, and pasture-meadows for worms.

Groups of these birds may be seen hopping about in the green meadows in the neighbourhood of settlements, while, perched on the top rail of a snake fence, or on a branch of a solitary tree, may be noticed the watchful male, ready to announce to the feeding birds the approach of danger.

The song of the robin is melodious, and very similar, in some of its strains, to that of the English thrush. Their being good eating, numerous, and easily shot, extin-

guishes, however, all the romantic feelings of regard, with which the arrival of this early, pretty, and sociable songster, should be attended, on the part of many of the lower class of Nova Scotian sportsmen, who go out on the barrens between the North-West Arm and the Three-mile House, or along hedge-rows in green meadows, in quest of robins.

After the expenditure of a great amount of powder and shot, a couple, perhaps, of robins are brought to town in triumph, held by the tail.

For several days towards the end of summer, Halifax common, and the open fields towards the North-West Arm, are the scene of great excitement from the arrival of large flights of plover, which birds stop here to rest before proceeding farther southward. Every man or boy, who can muster up a "shooting iron," goes out to blaze away at the plover as they pass.

Some of the sportsmen kneel down, with powder and shot lying loosely beside them, ready for quick and indiscriminate loading. "Here's another lot comin'," is the cry, and bang go dozens of guns, pointed at the dense flight of plover. Then there is a general scramble for the slain. Some of the more knowing ones only load with a little loose powder, and claim as many of the dead birds as they ought to have put shot into their barrel.

Of all the British provinces of North America, Nova Scotia offers the greatest facilities and opportunities to the orthodox sportsman, whether resident or visitor, civil or military, who may wish to pass a week or so in the wild old woods, or by the side of her numerous and picturesque rivers and lakes.

The wild scenery of the forest, the magic beauty of the lake, the health which accompanies the sportsman in spite of exposure or

frequent saturations, the knowledge that the moose is reposing unconscious of your presence and murderous intentions at no great distance, and that the glassy lake or wild, rocky river teems with the finny tribe—all contribute to render a camp life in Nova Scotia as agreeable and exciting as the lover of wild life and wild scenery can desire.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Bathurst—Canoe Voyage to Fredericton—Arrival at Dalhousie—Chaleurs Bay—Scotch Farms—The Fairy River—Tracadigash—A fine Salmon River—A Coachman a Sheriff's Officer—Campbell Town—The Restigouche—The Mission—the Indian Camp—McLeod's Hotel—Passing the shoals—Poling the Canoe—Hard Work—Harry's Squaw—Mr. Frazer's Farm—Cordial Welcome—A Magnificent View—The Matapediac—A Morning's Fishing—"Dry Outs"—Good Sport—Playing a Salmon—The Pesobsicol—Abundance of Grain.

Bathurst, Chaleurs Bay, August 19*th*, 1853.—To-day my companion and myself arrived at this pretty little town, situated at the mouth of Nipisiquit, from the Grand

Falls on that river where we had been enjoying the sport of salmon fishing for some weeks. Our intention was to proceed without delay to Dalhousie at the mouth of the Restigouche, where, having hired Indians and a canoe, we were to commence a canoe voyage of several hundred miles; our destination being Fredericton, the seat of government in New Brunswick, situated on the river Saint John.

We were induced to return by this route, partly for the sake of the fine scenery which, from all accounts, we were likely to see on the Restigouche; and partly for the purpose of discovering some new waters which might afford good salmon fishing, when the old Nipisiquit should become—as it soon must—too hackneyed a stream for free and uninterrupted sport.

August 20th.—Leaving Bathurst at one o'clock, A.M., this morning, we arrived at

Dalhousie, distant fifty-eight miles from the former town, after a cold ride of nine hours. By the bright moonlight, during the first few hours of our journey, followed by day-break, we were enabled to appreciate the interesting scenery passed through.

The road wound along the steep shores of Chaleurs Bay. On our left was the forest, here and there cleared away to make room for the neat farms of Scotch settlers, who are very numerous in northern New Brunswick, and appear to be a more thrifty and industrious class than any other, far more so than the Irish. We crossed several small rivers flowing into the Bay, the principal being the Tootoo-goose, the Jacquete, and the Benjamin. All these streams were formerly frequented by salmon, but from wholesale netting in the fresh water, a single fish is now rarely obtained from them.

The Tootoo-goose, in the Indian language,

means the River of the Fairies, so called, most probably, from the exquisite scenery to be met with near its head waters. From the summit of a steep hill, about two miles from Dalhousie, we had a fine view of the Bay of Chaleurs, which narrows gradually towards the mouth of the Restigouche, here three miles in breadth.

The lofty mountains of Gaspé, in Lower Canada, appear on the northern shore of the bay. The most conspicuous object in this mountain range, is the steep and flat-topped Tracadiegash, the highest mountain in the bay. It rises about twenty miles below the town of Dalhousie, to the height of two thousand feet, almost perpendicularly from the water, and can be seen by mariners from the entrance of the bay.

A short distance below the Tracadiegash, appears a cleft in the mountains, through which flow the waters of the Cascapediac,

pronounced Cascapéjar. This is a noble salmon river, on which, as I learned from information I received at Dalhousie, very heavy fish may be caught with a fly, during the months of June and August; but no sportsman has visited it for many years.

After a hurried breakfast at Dalhousie, the stage took us on eighteen miles along the right bank of the Restigouche to Campbelltown, where we were to hire Indians and canoe, and commence our voyage. Our driver, who was one of the old style, talked about the good old days of coaching, and practised vigorously on a battered horn of home manufacture. He surprised us, when about half way to Campbelltown, by suddenly giving me the reins, and jumping down from the coach. Vaulting over the snake-fence by the roadside, he gave chace to a figure which we now perceived to be vanishing over the top of the next hill into the

woods beyond. Our wonder only abated when we learned from a fellow-passenger that he exercised the calling of sheriff, as well as that of stage-driver, of which circumstance the retreating individual was evidently aware.

In half an hour he overtook us, in company with his victim, who turned out to be a deserting sailor. Shoving his culprit under the box, and giving the horses, which he had borrowed from a settler for the purpose of overtaking us, a whack apiece to start them homewards, he jumped up, and resumed his office as coachee.

Campbelltown is a clean little place, composed of low wooden houses, most of them of pure white. It is the last settlement on the Restigouche, and is chiefly inhabited by Scotch settlers. At the back of the town rises, suddenly, out of a plain, to the height of seven hundred feet, a curious conical mountain, called, from its shape, the

Sugar Loaf. This town owes its prosperity to the lumbering trade, and to its salmon and shad fisheries, which are of considerable, though declining importance. Between Dalhousie and Campbelltown, I saw salmon nets, stretching out from the shore into the stream, at frequent intervals. Their produce nightly, is, I believe, enormous.

The Restigouche is one of the noblest rivers in this part of America. At its junction with the Bay of Chaleurs, it is three miles in breath. At Athol House, about a mile above Campbelltown, and distant twenty miles from Dalhousie, it is a mile in breadth. Throughout the whole of this distance, it may be considered as one magnificent haven, fitted for ships of the largest class.

At the head of the tide, a short distance above Athol House, the river narrows to half a mile. From this point, for a distance

of eighty miles up stream, the Restigouche is enclosed, on either bank, by lofty and densely-wooded mountains. Here and there, between the foot of the mountains and the river, are meadows of alluvial land, termed intervale, covered with rich pasture, and shaded by groups of the elm (*Ulmus Americanus*), which graceful tree loves moist valleys by the river side.

The Restigouche is two hundred and twenty miles in length, and, together with four large tributaries, and frequently-occurring brooks, is supposed to drain upwards of six thousand square miles of country. It is, moreover, the dividing line between Canada and New Brunswick.

Salmon ascend the Restigouche in immense numbers, for the purpose of spawning in its tributaries; the main river, from its general rapidity, furnishing, with a few exceptions, no resting-place for these fish.

Opposite Campbelltown, is a large Indian settlement, called the Mission. Here, in a fine piece of intervale ground, between the river and the Gaspé mountains, reside two hundred families of Indians. Some live in substantial log-houses, with little patches of potatoes, or Indian corn, attached; others, in their ancestral mansions, the wigwams; while a neat little Catholic church stands in the midst of the village.

Assisted by the obliging inhabitants of the town, who manifested the greatest anxiety in forwarding our wishes, we were not long about engaging two stalwart Indians. They had a bran-new canoe, in which they stipulated to take us through, at the charge of two dollars a-piece per diem. I accompanied one of them, who became known to us under the name of "Larry," to his camp. He had a long and vehement argument with his squaw, who, as he told me afterwards, was

very unwilling that he should go, and doubted his ever returning.

Salmon and trout spears leaned against the camps; and I saw many fine salmon, and unusually large sea-trout, which had been speared during the preceding night, reposing in the grass. The Indians said that the last-mentioned fish frequently attain the weight of six or eight pounds, and may be taken with a fly anywhere in the river below Campbelltown.

Telling our men to be ready for a start at daybreak next morning, we returned to the town; and spent the remainder of the day in sketching and laying in a stock of provisions for our voyage, not forgetting, at Larry's urgent request, a small jar of rum, without which, he said, "the canoe could never get over the rapids." We slept at the only inn, a small, though clean, one-storied building, called "McLeod's Hotel."

August 21.—We were aroused this morning at daybreak by the Indians. They said we must start immediately, in order to pass the shoals above the town before the tide, which was now falling, was out. Sitting down in the bottom of the canoe back to back, the baggage being between us, we commenced the journey; the Indians pulling vigorously against a strong tide and current, which with united force were sweeping down the river at the rate of some four or five miles per hour.

The pole is used in propelling a canoe when the water is too shallow, or rapid, to allow of the use of the paddle. It is a straight smooth stick of light wood, generally fir, about eight feet in length, and shod with an iron spike at one end. In poleing a canoe up stream, the men stand up, one in the bow, and the other in the stern, and planting their poles perpendicularly on

the bottom of the river, bear their whole weight on them, making the canoe shoot forward some fifteen or twenty yards, according to the strength of the water.

In ascending rough and difficult rapids, poleing becomes very hard work. The men exerting all their power can scarcely force the canoe over some of the worst parts. The poles, withdrawn from the water for the purpose of making a fresh stroke, must be planted again immediately, for were they off the bottom for more than two seconds, the canoe would be swept back beyond the power of stoppage, and most probably turning broadside on to the falling waters, be quickly swamped, or dashed to pieces against projecting rocks.

Two miles above Campbelltown, the broad expanse of mingled salt and fresh water ended, and we entered the Restigouche itself, here meandering in several channels between

clusters of lovely islands—the whole bounded on either side by mountains of a thousand feet in height. The glimpses, obtained between these islands, of the broad river below, and of the white houses of Campbelltown at the foot of the Sugar Loaf, were charming.

After an hour's wading and dragging the canoe through the shallow waters of a perfect labyrinth of channels, we were clear of the islands, and the river being here about two hundred yards broad, and of the average depth of four feet, the Indians poled away with comparative ease.

Shortly afterwards we perceived, to our surprise, the figure of Larry's squaw trudging away on the bank, and keeping pace with the canoe. The very copper-colour deserted Larry's face from rage, though he said, quite calmly: "Let him go. I teach him better manners when I come back."

Our first resting-place was at the junction of the Restigouche with the first of its tributaries, the Matapediac, which joins it from the Canada side. Here were two extensive farms. The owner of one of them, a Mr. Alexander Fraser, to whom we were indebted for unlooked for civility and kindness during our short stay with him, came down to the beach, where we were unloading the canoe.

Learning our intentions, he invited us to stop at his house for a day or two, before proceeding further. We accepted his invitation for a day at least, and were most cordially welcomed by the family on entering the neat farm-house. His brother Daniel was one of the finest men I ever saw, standing six feet four, and like his brother, remarkably courteous and well informed.

Our Indians found shelter in the camp of some of their brethren who were employed by Mr. Fraser in securing his hay-crop.

Here Larry found his squaw, and, with our united assistance, succeeded in pacifying her into a promise of returning to her camp next day.

After a substantial tea, during which we partook of all the luxuries which a well-stocked farm can produce, with fresh salmon and trout from the river, we scrambled up, through a tangled mass of wild raspberries and briars, to the top of the mountains behind the farm to enjoy the view which our host said was one of the finest on the river.

It certainly was a magnificent panorama, and well repaid us for our tumbles and scratches. Looking down stream, we could now see the whole extent and formation of the islands between which we had passed in the morning. With their rich foliage glowing in the rays of the setting sun, and surrounded by channels of glistening water, they appeared as gems set in silver.

Far away down, peeping over a confused mass of sunlit foliage, into which the groups of islands were gradually resolved, appeared, in faint, but clear colouring, the sugar-loaf mountain at Campbelltown.

On turning round, was presented to our view a succession of waving hills covered with the forest, occasional dark shadows pointing out the gorges through which flowed the Restigouche. Matapejar, nearly equal, in size, to the main stream, rolled its clear rapid waters into the Restigouche at our feet. The broad pasture meadows of the little farm, skirted by the two rivers, were dotted with cattle; and fields of waving grain, hedged in securely by snake-fences, extended for some distance along the left bank of the Restigouche.

After a stroll down to the Indian camp, where we smoked a calumet over the blazing log fires, we returned to the house.

August 22.—Up at daybreak. After breakfast, Mr. D. Fraser, who is a bit of a sportsman in the trout line, took us down to the river, to fill a basket with trout, and, perhaps, rise a salmon, though, he said, he had never yet seen one taken with a fly. His curiosity, and, as he confessed, envy, were greatly excited by the appearance of our rods and flies.

My companion was poled over to the opposite side of the river in the canoe. I was taken to the junction of the Matapejar with the Restigouche, in a wooden canoe. These craft, called "dug-outs," are much used on the large rivers of New Brunswick by the white settlers. They are hollowed out with the axe from the trunk of a large pine, and are still more difficult to manage than the Indian bark canoes.

A prettier, and more likely-looking spot for a salmon to lurk in, I never saw, than the

pool I now commenced to cast over. The waters of the Matapejar, flowing into the main stream at right angles, and being here the most rapid of the two, forced their way nearly to the opposite shore, before they were carried away by, and mingled with, those of the Restigouche.

It was no easy matter to throw from the crank old dug-out. It trembled perceptibly from the velocity of the current, and required all the Indian's strength to keep it steady with his firmly planted pole. I nearly went overboard in hooking my first fish—a sea-trout.

In a few minutes, the bottom of the dug-out was covered with fine trout, of from one to four pounds weight. They took my fly with a greediness which I never saw equalled. In changing my well-mouthed fly, I saw a salmon break water in the eddying rapids, below the canoe, and within an easy cast.

Standing up, I threw a gaudy salmon-fly within a tempting range of his position. At the second cast he took it eagerly, as a sharp tug, followed by a rush of the line, informed me. Down he went without a pause, and, my line having nearly become exhausted, I motioned to the Indian to withdraw his pole from the water. We shot down the boiling rapid in safety; and, on arriving at smooth water below, I was delighted to find that my salmon was still at the end of the line. After five successive jumps, he was brought to the surface, close to the canoe, where I gaffed him myself.

The Indian pronounced him to be an Upsalquitch fish, on his way up to the spawning-grounds in that river, which is the second tributary of the Restigouche. The Restigouche Indians will, at once, tell, from the appearance of a fish, to what river it belongs. The salmon of the Upsalquitch

are small, bright fish, rather slim, with a sharp nose. The Restigouche fish are darker and heavier; whilst those which ascend the Matapejar, are perfect monsters in size.

Mr. Frazer assured me that he had purchased salmon from the Indians weighing nearly sixty pounds, while the older inhabitants declare that salmon were formerly taken in the Restigouche of from sixty to seventy pounds weight.

Seeing a spot in the river, a little lower down, which looked as perfect a pool as a sportsman could wish to throw over, I landed and walked down to it. At my second or third throw I hooked a salmon, who dashed at the fly, his head and shoulders appearing above the surface as he took it.

For nearly an hour he showed as determined a fight as ever a salmon of his weight did before him. Our host, who had been looking on at the sport with evident delight,

gaffed him skilfully. Returning to the house, we weighed the salmon. The first weighed ten, the last, which was a small Matapejar fish, fourteen pounds.

My companion, who had lost a large salmon after a short struggle, soon made his appearance, followed by the Indians with a perfect load of sea-trout.

During supper, we gained a good deal of valuable information concerning the fishing in the tributaries of the Restigouche. We were told that, if during the months of June and July, we should ascend the Matapejar for about thirty miles from his farm, we would find a stream named the Pesobsicol, which, from its being very rough and rapid, and consequently undisturbed by nets or spears, in the months above-mentioned, teems with large salmon.

"We should be almost certain," added our host, "to obtain shots at bears, which were

constantly to be seen pacing its rocky banks."

Cariboo and beaver he represented as being very numerous in its vicinity. The Upsalquitch he described as being a fine salmon river. He informed us that we should not be likely to kill more salmon on our voyage up the Restigouche, though we might always fill our baskets with trout at the mouths of the cool brooks, which flow through shady forests into the river at frequent intervals throughout the course.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Mr. Frazer's—Kindness of the Family—A Dinner in the Woods—Fine Prospect—Dead Timber—The Nigger's Rafting Ground—Miles' Shanty—Salmon Spearing by Night—Camping by Night—Fish Ducks—A Lucky Escape—Skill of the Indians—Clearing the Rapids—Grindstone Nook—Fried Ducks and Fat Pork—Wild Onions—Heavy Rain—The Ground Hemlock—The Cross Points—Slow Progress—Wild Pigeons—A Yankee Settler—"White Eye"—Trout Fishing—Smoked Salmon—The "Ranger"—The Devil's Half-acre—The "Ground Plum"—The Belted King-Fisher—The Canoe Swamped—Repairing—The Last House on the Restigouche.

AFTER breakfast, on the morning of the 23rd of August, we parted with our kind entertainers, who stowed away in our heavily-

laden canoe several little luxuries, such as fresh butter, eggs, and literally as many potatoes as there was room for. They told us, however, that from the present unprecedented low state of the water, occasioned by the long drought, we could not leave the Restigouche for ten days, at least; particularly as we were greatly overloaded.

This rather disconcerted us, as we had only ten day's provisions, and we knew that many days of portageing, wading, and other tough work must ensue between our departure from the Restigouche and arrival at the waters of the St. John. However, we determined to proceed.

About six miles from the mouth of the Matapejar, we passed on our left a fine river —the Upsalquitch. It joins the Restigouche from the New Brunswick side, and rises, at a distance of about sixty miles from its mouth, in the same mountainous district

as the Nipisiquit and north-west Miramichi rivers.

Our dinner on the beach was a different affair to the sumptuous repasts at the farm-house. However, salt pork, potatoes, and biscuit, washed down with fragrant tea, are never despised by the hungry and healthy sportsman in North America. Besides, we were accustomed to what is generally called, though, I think, wrongly, "roughing it" in the woods.

The Restigouche was here about one hundred and fifty yards broad, very rapid and shallow; and our Indians could do little more than one mile in the hour. Often, too, all hands were obliged to get out and wade, when a harsh grate against the shingly bottom showed that there was not water enough to float the deeply laden canoe. Towards sundown, we entered upon some exceedingly beautiful vistas in the river.

Lofty mountains, covered with rolling forests of maples, sloped down to the water's edge, leaving a narrow beach of white sand. Here and there, I observed vast piles of dead timber on the beach. Clusters of trees had slipped, carrying everything with them, down the steep sides of the mountains, a broad trail of bare soil marking their course.

Turning round a bend in the river, we arrived at a spot called the "Nigger's Rafting Ground," so called, according to Larry, from a black man having been the first to fell trees in the neighbourhood. It was a circular enlargement of the river, surrounded by an amphitheatre of steep and gloomy mountains. Here, warned by the rapidly decreasing light, we beached the canoe, and proceeded, at once, to make camp. I caught some fine trout at the mouth of a transparent brook which trickled down the hill-side.

On the opposite side of this river was a

primitive and dilapidated shanty. Its occupant, an Irishman named John Miles, visited our camp in the evening, and begged a piece of tobacco, saying that he had not tasted it for months. We gave him some, and the pitiable looking creature, who was dreadfully bitten by black flies, departed. After dusk, his two sons launched an old dug-out from the opposite beach, and, lighting a birch-bark torch, poled about the river in quest of salmon.

They looked perfect little demons as they glided through the dark water in their well-managed canoe; their faces and persons lighted up by the flaring torch. The mountains re-echoed their yells, as a dash was made, with the poised spear, at some unlucky fish discovered within reach. Their orgies ceased in about an hour's time, and we composed ourselves to sleep on the fragrant fir boughs. A small piece of waterproof canvass

was stretched over our heads, to keep off the dew, and a well-supplied fire enabled us to enjoy uninterrupted repose.

August 24.—A heavy mist veiled the summits of the mountains this morning when we arose; and the water proved colder on our morning plunge, than we had yet felt it. Soon after sunrise, we were again seated in the bottom of the canoe, and stemming the ever-rapid current of the Restigouche.

"Ducks, Sir—ducks comin!" shouted our second Indian, Francis, causing us hastily to uncover our ready-loaded guns. Down they came—five of them—half galloping, and half flying, over the surface of the water, and quacking loudly. Two only fell to our four barrels; for, shooting from a canoe, in a sitting posture, requires practice. One of them, only slightly wounded, gave us some trouble, by making long and repeated dives down stream.

They proved to be fish-ducks. These birds are very numerous on all the large, unfrequented rivers of New Brunswick; where they spend the summer months, returning southward on the approach of winter. The settlers call them fish-ducks, or shel-drakes. Their proper name is the merganser (*Mergus merganser*). The bill, which is serrated on both mandibles, and terminates in a hook, is admirably adapted for seizing their finny prey. Though they taste very fishy, and are seldom eaten, we found them an addition to our salt pork, when fresh trout was not to be had.

About six miles from the Nigger's Rafting Ground, in the middle of one of the strongest and fiercest rapids of the Restigouche, where the water rushed downwards in undulating waves, and with immense velocity—Larry's pole snapped in the middle.

If he had not immediately knelt down, and, with the remaining fragment, which he

fortunately retained, kept the last purchase, we should have been swept back, and capsized. By beautiful management, on the part of the Indians, we returned down the rapid, in safety, to smoother water below, and made for the shore, as it was necessary to cut a new pole before again attempting the passage.

The casualty was soon made good, and the Indians re-embarked, leaving us to walk past the rapid on the beach. We watched, with great interest, the Indians working the lightened canoe up the rapid. The falling water rose up under her bow in a jet; and, though the Indians' poles bent under their efforts most alarmingly, she moved upwards literally by inches at a time. However, at length, it was surmounted; and we waded out into the shallow water above the rapid, and stepped into the canoe.

A cunning duck, which had dived some distance ahead, thinking that we should pass

in the meanwhile, came to the surface, close to the canoe, and was immediately knocked over. We camped, at dusk, by the side of a little stream, flowing into the main river, called "Grindstone Brook." The flies annoyed us so this evening, that we were forced to hold our heads in the smoke of our camp-fire, as the only means of keeping them off our faces.

The ducks, which were fried in portions, with lumps of fat pork, were not unpalateable, and a bunch of wild onions, which we gathered on the beach, appeared to us a delicious relish. In flavour and size they were like the young spring onions of the vegetable garden.

As the Indians prognosticated, from the appearance of the sky, and the unwonted ferocity of the mosquitoes and black flies, heavy rain fell during the night, and obliged us to stretch one of the blankets over the

camp-poles, as additional shelter. A well stretched blanket affords as complete shelter from rain as could be desired. The Indians lay outside, their clothes steaming before the fire; and, though wet to the skin, appeared to sleep as comfortably as ourselves.

August 25.—Going back a little way into the gloomy forest, I found, growing from the soft moss, in great profusion, a little evergreen shrub with bright transparent crimson berries. The Indians called it the ground hemlock. The berries were sweet and delicious.

We started in heavy rain, protecting ourselves, the guns, and provisions, with the waterproof canvass. We could scarcely judge of the scenery, from the heavy mists and drizzling rain which almost concealed the still mountainous banks. We passed a curious bend in the river called the "Cross Points," where, after poleing for a distance of

four miles, it appeared that we had only advanced a quarter of a mile as the crow flies.

A short distance below the clearing of a Yankee settler, named Merrill, we saw a flock of wild pigeons feeding in a pine grove by the river-side. My companion landed, and cautiously creeping through the bushes, succeeded in shooting one of these beautiful and delicious birds. The passenger pigeon of America, (*Columba migratoria*) arrives in this province in immense flights in June, and remains till the fall. The bird is very shy, flies swiftly as an arrow, and is very difficult to be shot. Its plumage on the back is of a pale slate colour. The breast is delicate fawn. The two middle feathers of its long wedge-shaped tail project considerably beyond the rest.

Merrill's is the first habitation on the river above the Matapejar. It is thirty miles distant from the mouth of that river,

thus proving that, as we reached it on the evening of the third day, our average rate of poleing was ten miles per diem. Mr. Merrill was employed in company with two men in building a chimney to his little log-hut when we arrived.

He immediately desisted on seeing us, and, asking us into the house, produced a black bottle with a wooden cork, from which he poured into three broken tea-cups, some of that execrable spirit, a poisonous description of rum, called by the settlers "white eye."

He "guessed we were strangers, come up to fix the railroad from Halifax to Quebec, and hoped we shouldn't run it through his clearing."

He appeared greatly relieved when he was informed of our vocation and designs, and apologizing for not being able to offer us shelter, showed us where to camp on a bank about a hundred yards below his house.

While the Indians were building the camp, we caught some fine trout, in consequence of which, the coarse fishy ducks were dispensed with. In the evening, one of Merrill's companions visited our camp, and squatted over the fire. He was very communicative, and told us that Merrill obtained his livelihood by netting salmon in summer, and by furring in winter. He had now nine barrels of salmon, the produce of the pool opposite the house, which would fetch eight dollars a barrel in Campbelltown.

During the previous winter, he had trapped over two hundred sables and black-cats, the skin of a sable being worth two dollars, and that of a black-cat, or fisher, three dollars, in the market.

"Beaver," said our informant, "were very numerous in the small brooks at some distance back from their mouths." He told us of a species of bear, known to the settlers, and

lumberers, by the name of the "Ranger," and often seen by them in the woods around the head waters of the Restigouche. He described it as a long legged animal, larger than the common black bear, and having a white spot on the forehead. I have heard accounts of this animal from several settlers in this part of New Brunswick.

Though I have never seen a skin or specimen, and notwithstanding the opinion of naturalists, that only one species inhabits Canada, and the other British provinces, I am inclined to believe in the existence of another variety of bear, in the unfrequented recesses of the vast forests of New Brunswick. Our friend told us, that an immense flock of ducks, probably flying from the approach of our canoe, had passed up the river during the day.

August 26.—Before starting, Merrill, in return for a present of some salmon and

trout flies, gave us a quantity of potatoes. He expressed his fear that, though the current was not so strong higher up, we should seldom find sufficient depth of water to take us along without wading.

About two miles from his home, we passed the mouth of the Patapejar, a stream rather smaller than the Upsalquitch, joining the Restigouche from the Canada side.

At the junction of the two rivers, the water was overhung by picturesque clusters of maples and elms; and the tall rank grass, and tangled bushes were of the freshest green. We could see for nearly half-a-mile up the Patapejar, which, higher up, appeared completely screened by the dense foliage. Here and there, its dancing waters sparkled, as they glanced past the sunbeams, which struggled through the overhanging boughs.

The mountains, which had accompanied us thus far, now dwindled down to steep hills,

and, instead of the rolling masses of maples, they were clothed with the sombre foliage of the fir tribe. The warning sound of a rub against the shingly bottom obliged us to get out and wade frequently; and shortened the day's work with respect to the distance gone over.

We camped at a spot nine miles distant from Merrill's, called the "Devil's Half-Acre." This odd name appears to have arisen from a patch of ground on the hill side, quite bare of soil or vegetation, and covered with loose boulders of limestone. Here, our men told us, was the best spot in the main river for salmon; and putting our rods together, we caught eight handsome grilse, whilst the camp was being built. The largest weighed six pounds, according to our pocket steelyards. Trout, too, were numerous; one I caught, weighing about two pounds, was the handsomest river-trout I have ever taken. The

deep olive green on his back was fantastically marked with broad stripes of yellow, and the blue and crimson spots on his sides, were of the brightest hue. Perfect, too, in shape, I gazed on his evanescent tints for some minutes, before delivering him into the hands of the Indian cook.

On the sandy beach grew, in great profusion, a creeping shrub, heavily laden from its roots to the extremity of each trailing branch, with round purple fruit, very similar to the black cherry in size and flavour. The Indians called it the "ground plum." Our dinner to-day was quite a feast. A salmon was expanded on forked sticks, and roasted whole; and we concluded with biscuit and molasses by way of sweets.

August 27.—A fine, clear morning; the heavy dew on the bushes sparkling in the rays of the rising sun. The woods, in these their secluded recesses, are not enlivened as

on their borders, or near settlements, by the melody of thrushes and other warblers. The only living creatures we had seen for the last few days, besides the duck, and an occasional fish-eagle or raven, were blue jays and king-fishers; the discordant warning screaming of the former, and the sharp shrill rattle of the latter, being anything but melodious.

The belted king-fisher (*Alcedo alcyon*), the only one of its genus found in North America, is a much larger bird than its brilliant European relative. Its plumage is of a slaty-blue colour, beautifully marked with black and white bars and spots. A broad belt of dark slate colour passes round the breast. The bill is nearly three inches in length. We met with this bird in great abundance throughout our journey, coming upon them when seated on dead overhanging branches at every bend in the river. Elevating their long black crests, they would fly past us

quite closely, uttering their loud and startling rattle as they went by.

Sometimes I saw them hovering, with a quick motion of the wing, over the stream, from which position they would dart down upon their finny prey with great rapidity.

We caught three more salmon whilst the Indians were loading the canoe; and, in consequence of the additional weight of the fish, some alteration was made in the stowage of the load. The scenery we passed through this morning was very picturesque, and pleasingly different to the grand, though monotonous, mountain gorges through which the river had flowed hitherto.

The banks were lower, and shaded by a pleasing mixture of evergreen and deciduous foliage. Occasional islands, densely wooded with maples, birches, and elms, and fringed with tangled thickets of dogwood, moose-bushes, and berry-yielding shrubs of every

variety, expanded, though lessened the depth of the river, and entailed a general disembarkation, and a splashing walk by the side of the canoe.

A shower of rain came on towards noon, and ruffling the surface of the water, prevented the Indian in the bow from steering clear of submerged rocks. A long grating rub, which quickly stopped the canoe, followed by an immediate perception that our seat was none of the driest, informed us that we had grounded, and that a hole was cut through the bark which separated us from the buoyant element.

Out we jumped, and towed the wreck ashore, where the provision sacks and blankets being taken out, the canoe was turned over. A hideous gash, nearly a foot long, showed the extent of the injury.

"This will never do, Larry," we exclaimed. "We have got nearly thirty miles of this

river to get through yet, and in all probability it will become much shallower higher up."

"Yes, Sir, I 'fraid we have bad times of it. However, he's bound to go through, and we soon patch up this scratch. By and bye we put wooden bottom on him."

A neighbouring birch afforded a good sheet of bark which was sewn over the rent with spruce roots. The seams were plastered over with melted tar and resin, which were always carried in the canoe in a little tin pot, and in half an hour we were again on our way.

About five o'clock, P.M., we reached a settler's farm, tenanted by a hospitable Scotchman, named Chain. Here, through the kind invitation of the owner, we stopped for the night, sitting down soon after our arrival, to a perfect feast, ably cooked by an antiquated dame, who, according to her

own account, had not left the clearing for seven years.

Chain's is twenty miles from Merrill's, and is the last house on the Restigouche. It is a resting place and a store, at which, sometimes provisions, &c., may be procured for the lumberers, and for the few persons who now and then pass by this tedious route from the settlements on the St. John river, to those at Chaleurs Bay, or *vice versa.*

CHAPTER VI.

New Brunswick Lumberers—The Kedgewicke River—A Carriboo seen—Lovely Scenery on the Restigouche—White Fish—A Poor Breakfast—Choke Cherries—Troublesome Flies—The Little Forks—The Canoe tracked—The Beaver Rat—A "Jam" in the River—The Lumberers again — The Waagan—A substitute for Coffee—A covey of Partridges—More Jams—The Portage Road—Numbers of Rabbits—Mr. McLeod—Chances of Starvation—The St. John—French Acadians—Bitter Prospects.

August 28.—This morning, two log canoes, poled by four of those jolly boys, the New Brunswick lumberers, arrived at Chain's. They were on the way back to their head-

quarters on the St. John, from a business visit to Dalhousie. With the honest frankness inherent in these fine looking children of the forest, they at once accosted us.

Learning our destination, they hoped that we should keep company with them; and offered to help and pioneer us through the difficulties and hardships which must be undergone before we could arrive at the waters of the broad St. John.

Of their assistance we should have been glad, for, as we now discovered, neither Larry nor Francis, though born at Campbelltown, had ever been further up the river than Chain's. It was evident that both the strength of the canoe, and of our own muscles, would be put to the test.

The lumberers told us that first we should have to follow the course of the Restigouche for thirty miles further. Not a great distance above Chain's, they said, it branched off into

separate streams, which were mere rocky brooks. Next would come the worst bit of the whole route—a little muddy brook called "the Waagan." Having worked the canoe up this for seven miles, we should have to portage everything through the woods for three miles to the water, or rather mud of another stream, called "the little Waagan." The little Waagan leads into "Grand River," down which last stream, having travelled for twenty miles, we should at length float on the deep water of the St. John.

Even Larry looked blue when we heard of the work before us. However, as he said, "we were bound to go through;" and, having thanked Chain for his hospitality, in return for which he would accept of nothing but a few of our flies, we started after the dug-outs. It was soon found to be impossible to keep up with their long, sharp, wooden canoes, which were lightly laden, and, regardless of

bumps on rocks, cleft the water with long strides.

Two miles above Chain's we passed, on the right, the mouth of the "Quota Tam Kedgewicke," called the Tom Kiggivick by the lumberers. Up this stream, which is considerably larger than that which we were ascending, all the salmon run; not one ever having been seen on the Restigouche above the junction.

Both Chain and our Indians asserted that good fly-fishing might be expected on the Kedgewicke, which is a rocky and rapid stream, and not molested by spears or nets. Here was a small patch of meadow land belonging to Chain. One of his men, who was making hay, hailed us, and said, he "wished we had been here a spell sooner, as a carriboo had just walked across the river, and we might have gunned him beautiful."

The scenery, on the now narrow little Restigouche, was lovely. The firs and spruces locked their branches over head, and amongst the bright foliage of the shrubs on the banks, appeared clusters of the scarlet and crimson berries of the dogwood and choke-berry. Masses of dark rock stood out from the water in bold confusion. Kingfishers kept up a chorus of rattling, as we passed their favourite pools, and a large fish-eagle remained perseveringly in front of us all the afternoon, shifting a few hundred yards forwards to another lofty pine, as the canoe approached too close.

Sometimes, after wading for a long distance in water too shallow for the canoe to float in with our weight, we would suddenly find ourselves standing on the edge of a precipice, where a great cavity in the bed of the river, perhaps twenty feet in depth, was filled with water clear as crystal. I could see the shoals

of trout, suckers, and white fish, at the bottom of these deep holes as plainly, as if the medium of the water had not existed.

We camped on a little island, about two miles above the mouth of the Kedgewicke.

August 29.—Although we tried every fly in our books, not one trout could we induce to rise. White fish, as we could plainly see, were numerous, but would not take a fly.

These fish are common in the head waters of the Restigouche, and St. John, and are found in great abundance, and of a large size in Lake Temiscoanta, and the Madawaska river, which flows from it. Those we saw appeared to be of from one to three pounds weight, and looked most tantalizingly eatable. Our Indians said that they had never seen them caught either with the fly or bait.

The breakfast this morning was very meagre, consisting of biscuit, and a little of our

nearly exhausted pork, washed down by tea, which last item was also on its last legs. Chain, unfortunately, had not been able to supply us with provisions of any description. We were obliged to wade nearly all day in the rocky stream, as there was no beach to walk upon; the shrubs and briars overhanging the water on either bank. I often stopped to pick a bunch of bush-cranberries, or choke-cherries, which grew, with many other varieties of eatable berries, in the greatest profusion.

The choke-cherry derives its name from the strong astringent taste which immediately follows on its being eaten. The sensation in the mouth is similar to that which ensues on eating an English sloe, though its general flavour is delicious. We passed the smouldering embers of a fire lighted by the lumberers, showing that they could not be far ahead of us. A solitary duck was shot, as

he endeavoured to pass the canoe, and was devoured eagerly at dinner.

Having advanced twelve miles during the day, as nearly as we could judge, we camped for the night. The flies were very annoying this evening. They bit us even whilst washing in the river, causing a precipitate retreat to the protecting smoke of the camp fire.

August 30.—The last piece of pork was consumed at breakfast this morning. Before starting, I made a bag for my head out of a handkerchief, with holes for the eyes and nose; as the river was now so narrow, that the flies scented us as we passed with the canoe. Hitherto, we had not suffered from their attacks whilst travelling during the day.

About a mile from camp, passed a spot called the "Little Forks," where the river divides into two branches. The channel which we ascended, and which still rejoices

in the name of the main river, was the smallest. About four miles from the "Little Forks," the Indians suddenly beached the canoe, and taking out the load, turned her over.

"Guess it's no use. We fix wooden bottom on him right off," said Larry.

This operation taking some time, we made up our minds to camp in the locality. Neither fish nor fowl were to be obtained; though one of us flogged away at the clear, bright water most perseveringly; and the other, with a gun, waded cautiously along the banks, in search of sandpipers.

Our resting-place was at a charming bend in the river. On one side, the steep red-clay bank was crowned with a thick forest, in which that beautiful tree, the white cedar, occurred at frequent intervals. On the other, was a broad beach of soft white sand, skirted by an impenetrable thicket of flowering

shrubs, dog-wood, alder, moose-bush, and every variety of berry.

On the sand, I saw numerous tracks of moose and carriboo, to which the fresh foliage of these thickets and copses by the river side, affords excellent brousing. Moose appear to inhabit the broad track of forests between the head waters of the Restigouche and Lake Timiscouata in great abundance, according to accounts which I have heard from lumberers.

They are seldom or never hunted by Indians; and the country contains a plentiful supply of their favourite "brouse"—moose-wood. The moose does not appear to frequent the wild, mountainous country lower down the Restigouche, towards Campbelltown; though this district is the resort of herds of carriboo.

The Indians, who had been making the woods resound with the strokes of their axes,

now returned with six long thin planks, which they had dexterously split from the stem of a cedar.

The strips of cedar were about six inches broad, half an inch in thickness, and of the same length as the canoe. They were placed side by side along the bottom of the canoe, to which, from their extreme elasticity, they were made to fit closely. Ropes passed round them, and, fastened to the framework of the gunwale, kept them firmly in their places. To-day we had nothing but biscuit and a little molasses for dinner.

August 31.—It was raining heavily when we awoke this morning. A few days sooner, and we should have hailed the rain with delight, and hoped for its continuance long enough to raise the feebly-trickling stream; but now it would not help us, as a river generally takes two or three days to

feel the effects of rain, and by that time we hoped to be in deep water.

Embarkation was now out of the question, and, this morning, we took to the water at once, Larry fearlessly dragging the strengthened canoe over the rocks, and Francis propelling from behind. A little animal, perfectly black, and appearing to be about the size of a musk-rat, swam across the stream at some distance ahead. Larry called it a beaver-rat, and described it as being exactly similar to the beaver in habits and conformation, only smaller, and a very rare animal.

I have never seen this little animal before or since, and do not believe it has ever been noticed by naturalists.

In the forenoon, our progress was obstructed by a "jam"—a massive pile of drifted timber and brushwood, of nearly ten feet in height, which completely blocked up the channel.

Unloading the canoe, we lifted her over, a work of some labour, as she was now very heavy from the additional weight of the wooden bottom. The baggage was taken out piecemeal. Shortly afterwards we shot a couple of sand-pipers. Though they were not larger than larks, we looked forward to dining on them with pleasure.

At dusk we were still splashing along through the water, and looking out for a spot on the banks for a camp, when we saw, at the further end of a long avenue of evergreens which skirted the stream, a column of smoke. Presently, a red-shirted figure, emerging from the bushes, informed us that we had overtaken the party of lumberers.

They greeted us cordially. The long sought for Waagan, they said, was about two miles further on. We declined their invitation to share their meal with them, seeing

that they had not now enough pork to carry them through, and, wishing to camp that night in the neighbourhood of the Waagan, we pushed on.

Though the Waagan itself was not, at first, discovered, signs of its being in the immediate neighbourhood were numerous and plain. Remains of old camps might be seen all around, and the woods were quite thinned, from the quantity of timber which had been felled for firewood. Names and dates, rudely carved on the bark of the pine, shewed conspicuously in every direction; and, nailed on a prominent tree, was a board, with the word "Waagan" indented on it by burning.

Here we camped; looking forward with great pleasure to the easy paddling and good living, which we might expect, when once on the broad St. John. The sand-pipers proved delicious at our evening meal—equal to any snipe in flavour.

Our tea having been all exhausted, the Indians made a decoction of burnt biscuit boiled in water, which they called "coffee."

September 1.—Whilst making a hurried sketch of the contracted, though lovely and fairy-like view from this, our last camp on the Restigouche, the lumberers' canoes poled up. Having exchanged salutations with us, they plunged, with loud yells, through a canopy of dense bushes and briars, which almost concealed the entrance to the Waagan. A few potatoes, which had hitherto escaped notice in the bottom of one of the sacks, were discovered with delight, and immediately roasted.

After breakfast, bidding adieu to the Restigouche — at this point, distant one hundred miles from Campbelltown—and protecting our faces with our arms, we entered the muddy little brook, seven miles of which

must be traversed, before we might again fearlessly hold up our heads.

It surpassed our worst expectations. Dense thickets overhung the channel, generally at the heighth of three feet only from the surface of the water, and sometimes almost excluding the day-light. The stream itself, so narrow, in places, as scarcely to allow of the passage of the canoe, sometimes deepened suddenly into six or eight feet of water; obliging us to re-embark in a dripping state, though only for a few yards.

However, we found a dinner to-day most unexpectedly; for, as I was scrambling along in front, I heard the "cluck" of a partridge close at hand. Looking round, I discovered a group of partridges on the bank, strutting about on the moss under a clump of cedars, and expanding their broad, fan-like tails in a most impudent and fearless manner.

Hastily beckoning to the Indians to stop,

I cautiously returned, and informed my companion of the good news. In five shots from the same position, we dropped the five birds, which appeared to be perfectly stupified.

There was no disregarding the fact, that we were very hungry; and, leaving the canoe, we at once made our way up the bank to an open spot, where a fire could be lighted: and, in a quarter of an hour, four of the partridges were roasted and devoured.

"Partridge-shooting seems to begin on the first of September in this country as well as in England," remarked my companion to me as he picked the bones.

The sunbeams, struggling through the leafy canopy which everywhere enveloped us, disclosed, in the dark water, a few dingy-looking trout, flying to their muddy retreats on our approach. Seven large jams were surmounted with great labour, during our

passage up the execrable Waagan; and, for the last three miles of the journey, the canoe was dragged, by our united efforts, through a liquid mass of mud and sand.

At length, by the side of a steep grassy bank, we found ourselves, to our great relief, once more standing erect, and in broad daylight.

Joyfully scrambling up the bank, we stood in a small meadow, surrounded by lofty burnt woods. Here was the commencement of the Portage road. Lying on the grass were the provision sacks, and various other portions of the baggage belonging to the lumberers, who had evidently gone on, carrying their canoes across the Portage road.

We camped in the meadow, the prostrate stems of burnt trees affording us a good supply of fire-wood.

In the evening, the lumberers returned, and camped at a short distance from us.

Rabbits came out, after sundown, from the surrounding bushes; but, though we hurled various missiles at them, we did not succeed in killing one.

September 2.—The master of the gang of lumberers, named McLeod, came to our camp at daybreak this morning, and smoked his pipe over our fire. He wished us good-bye, as his canoes were at the other end of the Portage road, ready for launching in the little Waagan.

He said that we should find Grand River almost as bad, in places, as the Upper Restigouche. After breakfast, the Indians informed us that the biscuit would hold out for only four more meals. Hastily packing up, for the flies clustered on us like bees, we started with our loads; the Indians carrying the canoe, and we the whole of the baggage on our backs.

The path lay through a dreary looking

burnt forest; the ground between the blackened stems being covered with a rank growth of yellow grass, wild raspberries, and blueberries. Everywhere appeared the bright pink clustering flower of the fire-weed, a plant which springs up with magic rapidity wherever a fire has occurred in the forest. Whenever the weight of our loads compelled us to rest, we feasted on the blueberries and raspberries.

The blueberries were larger and better flavoured than any I had yet seen. The taste of these berries, which grow in great profusion in burnt woods, banks of rivers or roads, and barrens, is not unlike that of a fleshy grape. A delicate bloom, such as is seen on the black grape, covers the berry, which is about the size of a pea, and grows in clusters, from a small-leaved trailing shrub.

After a weary trudge of three miles, we

arrived at the banks of the little Waagan. Here I discovered and shot a spruce partridge, which was immediately roasted, and divided between us. The Little Waagan was only two miles in length, and much more free from obstructions to the passage of our canoe than the Big Waagan. An hour's poleing brought us out on Grand River.

"May be grand enough after freshit," said Larry, "but he most shocking dry just now."

However, it was a great improvement on the latter part part of our voyage, and wading was only necessary here and there; besides, the stream was with us. The timber was of a much loftier description than that on the banks of the upper Restigouche, and some portions of the scenery passed through this afternoon were really beautiful. Islands, whose broad beaches of white sand

were trampled down by countless tracks of moose and carriboo, frequently divided the channel; the verdure of their dense copses of ash and maple was bright as in spring. Trunks of huge white pines had fallen here and there, across the river, causing us to crouch in the canoe as we glided under them.

During the afternoon, two sand-pipers and a young rabbit were shot, the latter a most acceptable addition to our reduced larder.

We camped in an old shanty, on a steep bank. The biscuit was finished this evening. All, however, looking forward to reaching the St. John next morning.

September 3.—Soon after sunrise, we were again on our way down this picturesque river, which deserves the name of Grand if only for its enchanting scenery. At a short distance from camp, a general dis-

embarkation was necessary, for, as far as could be seen, boulders of rock rose up from the channel, dividing the stream into innumerable little runlets. It was the hardest half mile of river travelling we had yet dealt with, and the passage occupied the best part of an hour.

Soon, however, we were greeted by the welcome sight of a roof peeping over the bushes on the banks. The forest now appeared to break on either side, and the banks to lower, and a herd of cattle were seen standing in the water below.

Presently the banks, falling to the level of the water, disclosed to our delighted gaze a broad and cheerful landscape, and rapidly passing through some green meadows dotted with settlers' houses and cattle, we smoothly glided into the stately St. John.

"Guess he's pretty big river," said Larry, as he now looked for the first time on the

mighty Walloostook. The St. John is here, although distant two hundred and ten miles from the sea, more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, of immense depth, and its current rolls smoothly on at the speed of some two or three miles per hour. Broad alluvial meadows extend far back from either bank. Lofty mountains, covered with forests of maple, gently rise from the edge of the plains, and enclose the river and its fertile valleys. Our first thought was of breakfast.

A neat white house stood on the opposite bank, and to it we paddled swiftly. We were rather disconcerted though, when on asking for something to eat, and that quickly, an answer was returned in the almost unintelligible French of the Acadian settlers.

However, the women—there were seven of them, and all talking at once—were at last made to comprehend, rather by signs

than by language, the nature of our wants, and produced a large bowl of fresh milk and some delicious bread made of flour and Indian meal. Of them we bought some potatoes, bread, and a large cake of maple sugar, which is extensively manufactured in the districts of the upper St. John, inhabited by French settlers; and going out to the beach, lighted a large fire, and set the Indians to work to "fix" some breakfast.

The wooden bottom was now taken off, and the canoe turned over to have her seams well gummed, preparatory to the voyage down the St. John. The French girls informed us that the Grand Falls of the St. John were distant eighteen miles lower down.

It was past noon when we started. The Indians now changed their poles for the paddle, and, seating themselves on the cross pieces of their ash, in the bow and stern,

made the canoe shoot along under their vigorous strokes.

The banks were so thickly settled, and what trees there were still standing, looked so designedly ornamental, that we had some trouble in finding out ground to camp on. However, a portly old French farmer pointed out a patch of trees about a mile further down, and we made for it, reaching it just in time to put the camp together before dark.

There was a magnificent display of Northern lights this evening. The Indians appeared quite happy and jovial at this release from their long fasting and rough work. I must say these men behaved very well. For the last two or three days they had barely had sufficient food to keep them from famishing, and had gone through most severe work without a murmur.

CHAPTER VII.

The Grand Falls—The Portage Road—Shattered Logs—The Cascades—A Natural Tunnel—Circular Basins—Action of the Water—The Town of St. John—A Sad Accident—Bitter Beer—The Rapide des Femmes—Ducks and Wild Pigeons—The Arestook—Intoxicated Indians—Night's rest disturbed—The Arestook Falls—Wild Scenery—The Boundary Line—Yankee Timber—The Tobique—Copper and Lead—Indian Settlement—Tobique—The Electric Telegraph—Tow Boats—Provisions for the Lumberers—Gold Found—Woodstock—The Meductic Rapids—A Dangerous Passage—Fredericton—Departure of the Indians.

SEPTEMBER 4th was a delicious morning. We enjoyed a plunge into the deep river before breakfast exceedingly. From the summit

of the bank on which our camp was pitched, the view was magnificent. We could see patches of the river over the waving hills at a great distance.

The mountains on either side of it were covered by the bright foliage of maples and beeches, here and there displaying a patch of crimson, painted by the slight frosts of the few previous nights. As far as the eye could see down the river, was a succession of undulating hills, covered with gloomy pine forests, and far away down, rose up indistinctly a lofty mountain, coloured in the faintest and most delicate tints by the rising sun.

Starting early, we reached in the forenoon the settlement at the Grand Falls. The St. John, at this point, after a course for the last twenty miles running due north and south, takes a bend to the eastward, and most suddenly tumbles over a tremendous precipice. For a mile past the grand pitch, the river

tosses and roars through a channel contracted between cliffs, rising boldly to the height of nearly three hundred feet.

Below the settlement, which is situated on the summit of the precipice, and on the right bank of the river, the St. John directs its course to the southward. A portage-road runs through the whole of the settlement, from a short distance above the falls to the basin, whence the river is again navigable downwards. Horses are always in readiness to convey across the portage, on trucks, canoes, or tow-boats, which are used by the lumberers for the purpose of transporting their provisions from the towns lower down, to the forests on the head-waters of the St. John, where their gigantic operations are carried on in winter.

We transported our bark and baggage in this manner to the basin, and made camp at the foot of a densely-wooded precipice, on the top of which stands the settlement.

We all visited the Falls in the afternoon, guided by a very obliging and well-informed resident, named Leslie, who said he had formerly belonged to the Royal Artillery, and had been sent here by the Commissariat, when it was a military post. The Falls, as we saw them from the ruins of a once extensive saw-mill, formerly owned by an enterprising man, Sir John Caldwell, were magnificent. The first pitch is over seventy feet in heighth; and the whole of this mighty river is squeezed between cliffs scarcely fifty yards distant.

About half way down the descent, the cascade is broken by a huge projecting mass of rock, which, as our guide told us, was the cause of destruction to many a fine log, when the lumber comes down the river in the spring. Just below, and a little on one side, is a basin, in which is a whirlpool of black, turbulent water.

Still revolving in this, I saw several fine logs, their ends worn round by continued friction against one another and the rocks. Our guide told us, that now was the time to see the Falls, as the water was low, and the pitch, consequently, higher; for, he said, when the river was full, the water could not escape fast enough through the narrow and precipitous chasm below, which it filled up, to the heighth of some twenty or thirty feet above its present level.

He said, it was wonderful to see the Falls, when the water was high, and the lumber coming down the river. The huge logs of timber, twenty or thirty feet in length, and three or even four feet square, would be whirled about in the descent, as if they were straws. Sometimes they would shoot out clear of the cataract into the air, and fall into the whirlpool; and their sharp crash, as they were snapped in two, either against the

projecting mass of rock, or each other, might be heard above the deafening roar of the Falls.

From the Falls, we walked through the woods on the edge of the cliffs, to see the minor falls and cascades, which occurred everywhere throughout the mile of tunnel between the Falls and the Basin. Some of these were very fine, and the surrounding scene was of the wildest description. We scrambled down a winding path, cut in the cliffs, to the water's edge.

Round the corner, a few hundred yards up the river, rolled clouds of mist from the Grand Falls, whose sullen roar might be distinctly heard above the sharp rattling of the smaller cascades and rapids, above and below where we stood.

The towering cliffs which concealed the sun, though it was still many hours high, were composed of contorted masses of blue

and red slate and limestone, their strata lying in a most fantastic and irregular manner. Here and there little brooks fell from the top of the precipice, rolling out suddenly from the overhanging bushes, and, long before they reached the river, ending in sheets of spray.

Near the water's edge, our guide pointed out to us a number of deep circular basins, or wells, evidently worn away in the rock by the action of the eddying torrents of former times. He told us that the falls, which are second only to Niagara, in British North America, were receding at the rate of about one foot every year. There is no doubt but that they have, in the course of ages, worn their way back through the limestone cliffs, from the basin to their present position.

The town is a rising place; it boasts of more than a hundred houses, with a church,

court-house, and two inns. In the churchyard I saw the grave of a man who had attempted to cross the river above, and too near the falls, and had been carried over in his canoe and dashed to pieces.

Here we laid in a good stock of provisions, and at the principal inn we obtained a bottle of that adventurous composition, Bass's bitter ale. In the evening a thunder-storm came on, and a torrent of rain deluged us, as our camp was situated at the foot of a precipice, down which the water poured in rivulets.

September 5th.—All hands lay asleep on the boughs this morning till long after the usual hour, as our night's rest had been broken up by the wet weather. It was a beautiful day when we arose. Soon after a good breakfast we started, intending to reach the mouth of the Arestook, eighteen miles below the Grand Falls by sunset.

The current aided our progress greatly. A few miles from the falls, we passed the Rapide des Femmes and the White Rapid. They were each of them nearly a quarter of a mile long, and we glided downwards over the long undulating waves with fearful velocity. Luckily, there was everywhere plenty of water to float the canoe. Contact with a sunken rock would have been immediate destruction.

The shores are composed of gently rising hills, covered with forests of an enormous growth. A flock of duck got up a little in advance, and passed the canoe. However, they were far out of range of our guns, as we were in the middle of the stream, and they hugged the shore.

Immense flights of wild pigeons were continually passing from bank to bank. We saw a flock of nearly a hundred seated in a maple overhanging the river. They took to

flight at our approach, and as many more rose from the ground, where they had been probably feeding on pigeon-berries.

Passing the salmon river on our left, the junction of which with the St. John was shaded by groves of magnificent elms, we arrived at the entrance of the Arestook into the main river about dusk. The Arestook joins the St. John on its right bank, and is a large river. We camped on the opposite bank, under a gigantic black spruce, affording us complete shelter from the rain, which fell heavily all night. Our sleep was disturbed by a party of drunken Indians, who were returning to their camps from the public-house at the mouth of the Arestook, and had seen our camp fire through the bushes. Larry pronounced them to be Milecetes, from their language.

September 6.—After breakfast, we crossed the river to the mouth of the Arestook, with

the intention of visiting the falls on that river, four miles from its mouth. A walk along a road through a lofty forest of pines and hemlocks, brought us within hearing of the falls, and we descended the cliffs to the water's edge.

The falls of the Arestook are not very lofty, though the scenery is of the wildest description. For nearly a mile, as we could see, the river tumbled, all foaming and turbulent, between sloping banks of slate, black as ink. The dark rocks were here and there relieved by a patch of light red, and gloomy tangled forests crowned the cliffs.

A few miles higher up, as we were told at the inn, the river crosses the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine. The forest along the line is levelled to the breadth of sixty feet. An iron pillar is erected at every mile, and one of wood at every half mile.

Salmon ascend the Arestook as far only as the falls. They may be caught with a fly in the basin below the last pitch. A great deal of Yankee timber descends the Arestook every spring from the forests of Maine. The Yankees are allowed to use the St. John for the passage of their lumber. We passed a second night under the spruce tree, having brought back a basket of luxuries for dinner, which we had purchased from a settler on the Arestook.

September 7.—This morning, we passed on the left the mouth of the largest tributary to the St. John—the Tobique. This river runs a course of nearly two hundred miles through Northern New Brunswick, rising in some large lakes, near the source of the Nepisiquit. A short distance up the Tobique rose the lofty mountain which we had seen from our camp two days previously.

This river is celebrated for its minerals:

copper, lead, and I was told silver, have been found on its rugged banks. At its junction with the St. John is a large settlement of Milecete Indians. Their wigwams appeared on the top of the bank, and innumerable canoes were drawn up on the beach.

On the summit of the right bank of the St. John, facing the Indian village, is the Tobique settlement, an assemblage of several neat white houses, with a church, and telegraph office. For the electric telegraph runs from the town of St. John to Quebec, skirting the river St. John for some distance above the Grand Falls.

To-day, we performed nearly thirty miles, camping about half a mile above the mouth of the Beggaguimick. We had, during the day, fired innumerable shots at ducks, but had only succeeded in bagging one, owing to the breadth of the stream, which enabled these cunning birds to get by us out of range.

Several tow-boats had been passed by us, going up the river, laden with stores for the use of the lumberers in the woods in the following winter. These boats, which are great flat barges, sometimes forty feet in length, are drawn by two or three horses on the shore. They have hard work in surmounting the heavier rapids of the river, below which two or three will sometimes collect, and, uniting the strength of their teams, perform the passage one by one.

It was a pleasing sight, and often relieved the dull monotony of the forest-bound river, to meet several of these tow-boats coming up the river. They would generally be crowded by the red-shirted lumberers, singing their own songs about the woods, or the pleasures of a spree in the settlements. They were always ready with some good-humoured jest, to fling at us as we passed in our canoe; but always willingly gave us correct informa-

tion as to distance, whenever we hailed them for that purpose.

In the stern of the tow-boat, is a wooden house, into which they may retreat in wet weather, and at night. The steersman stands on the roof of this house, holding the long handle of the rudder. The difficulty of supplying the extensive gangs of lumberers in the interior of the vast forests of Upper St. John, with necessary food, is very great. The provisions are taken in these tow-boats, a journey of between three and four hundred miles up the St. John. Teams of oxen transport them thence to the camps, often at great distances back in the woods. The cost of conveyance is generally equal to the original price of the articles.

September 8.—A bright morning: a fresh breeze blowing down the river. We went on shore at the mouth of the Beggaguimick. Here, as we learnt from a settler, great

excitement prevailed. A waggon dashed along the road as we landed, the occupants cheering wildly and firing off guns. The settler told us that gold had been found twenty-five miles up the channel of the Beggaguimick, where there were between two and three hundred people encamped, and digging away energetically in search of the precious metal. He showed us some pieces of what was found and supposed to be gold. I told him it was mica, as it was, which he appeared to disbelieve.

As we afterwards learned, we were taken by the settlers, located at the mouth of the river, for government officers sent up from Fredericton to seize upon the "diggins" in her Majesty's name.

As we had not time or curiosity enough to go up to the diggins, we started again in half an hour, to the evident relief of the settlers. In the afternoon we arrived at the

picturesque town of Woodstock, a distance of sixty miles from our destination, Fredericton.

Woodstock is a large town, some of its shops, called stores in this country, are very good, and a steamer runs from it to Fredericton, when the St. John is high. It derives its prosperity from the lumbering business, exporting great quantities of provisions to the woods around the upper St. John. We camped about a mile below the town.

September 9.—There was a perceptible frost this morning, and the maples were clothed in brilliant draperies of every shade of crimson and scarlet. About ten miles below camp, we passed the Meductic rapids, where a gang of about forty men, taking advantage of the lowness of the water, were blasting the rocks which projected above the surface. They looked aghast at us, as we, unconscious of the right channel, shot over

into the most turbulent and awful rapid that I have ever descended. The undulations of the water were forty or fifty feet in length.

We thought several times that we must have been swamped, for the velocity of the river was so fearful, and the projecting rocks so numerous. A little below these rapids, we fired at a flight of black ducks, but they escaped, one and all. The scenery on the St. John, which we passed through to-day, was very beautiful. The shores were generally steep and rocky, and numerous brooks fell in lovely cascades from gorges in the cliffs. High up in these gorges, shaded by groups of leaning pines and tangled brushwood, might be seen primitive saw-mills, rudely constructed out of massive logs. The autumnal colours, painted by the late frosts, now appeared more or less on every deciduous tree or shrub. This evening we camped only fifteen miles above our destination.

September 10.—This morning, we got into broader water soon after leaving camp. The St. John here expanded to the breadth of half a mile, and the current helped us but little from its sluggishness. Three hours paddling brought us to Fredericton, the seat of government in New Brunswick. Larry and Francis appeared quite bewildered at the size of the town, and the dress of the military quartered there. We entered the town with almost the same feelings as our Indians did, though we knew it, and many of its inhabitants well. Through our long absence from the abodes of civilization, we felt strange in walking the crowded streets, and in speaking to our old friends.

We were known at first by few, for our clothes were in such a dilapidated state, and our beards so wild-looking, that any one would have been justified in taking us for

lumberers in woods, on the very verge of civilization.

Much wonder, too, was caused by the appearance of our Micmac canoe, all the Indians residing on the St. John being Milecetes, and building canoes of a much lighter description. This evening, we paid our Indians, who were to return to the Bay of Chaleurs by coach from Fredericton.

Soon after sunset we were once more respectably dressed, shaven and washed; and after a good dinner, told our numerous friends who dined with us, all about the haps and mishaps of a Canoe Voyage on the rivers Restigouche and St. John.

CHAPTER VIII.

Modes of Killing Moose—Hunting in the Fall—Calling the Moose—Anecdote of a Haligonian Cockney—Dangerous Sport—A Tussle with a Moose—Creeping Moose—The Moose-Yard—Joe Cope—A Day's Sporting—Boy Jeem—A Kettle of Soup—Indian Account of the Origin of the Moose—Joe and the Whitemen—Indian extravagance—Depth of Snow—Running Moose down—Snaring Moose—Moose Traps—Inefficacy of Legal Measures—The Halifax Protection Society—Gradual Extinction of the Moose.

THERE are five methods by which moose may be hunted or killed in Nova Scotia, viz., creeping on them in the fall and winter, calling the bull-moose in the fall, running them down on snow-shoes in February and

March, bringing to bay with dogs, and snaring. The first three are orthodox; the last two practices arrant poaching.

The fall is the most enjoyable time for hunting the moose. The bull is, at this season, in his full vigour, and is truly a noble animal to behold. Adorned with massive antlers, and evincing a roaming, wild, and sometimes fierce disposition, there is more excitement attendant on shooting a bull-moose in the fall, than at any other time of the year.

The delicious days and mild nights, particularly during the Indian summer, are much preferable to the cold variable weather of the winter; while the science and woodcraft displayed by the Indian hunter in discovering and following a moose track, in places where, even by the closest scrutiny, the eye of the white man cannot distinguish the foot print; and the delightful ease of walk-

ing in moccasins over the elastic carpeting of moss in the fir forests, and on the soft, moist, newly-fallen leaves in the hard woods, give to this season undeniable precedence.

In the fall, too, additional sport may be obtained at night, and sometimes even during the day, by calling the bull moose. Most of the Indians, who make it their business to accompany the sportsman into the woods, are good hands at calling. The moose "call" is a trumpet, made by rolling a sheet of birch-bark into a cone. No material has been found to equal birch-bark for this purpose. Metal will not answer, producing a sound too shrill and ringing. The Indian commences to call at sundown, ceasing when it becomes dark, till moon-rise; as a moose coming up, when there was not sufficient light to see along the barrels, would almost certainly escape.

The very best time to call is towards morn-

ing—for an hour before dawn, and for a short time after daybreak. At this time, moose appear to be less cautious, and more eager to answer the call than they are in the early part of the night. In calling, the Indian and sportsman conceal themselves behind a rock, or a clump of dwarf evergreens, on the edge of a barren, the Indian standing on the top of a rock, or sometimes climbing a tree, so as to give the sound of his call every advantage for diffusing itself through the surrounding forest.

When an answer is obtained, and the moose appears to be bent on coming up, the Indian either recedes, or sends the sportsman some hundred yards or so in advance; or, should the animal hesitate on arriving in the neighbourhood of the caller, the Indian has a better chance of allaying the animal's suspicions, by the apparent distance of the cow. The moose, hearing the call at a

greater distance than he had expected, again advances, and, at a few paces, probably receives the fire of the sportsman.

Nothing can be more productive of feelings of excitement than sitting, wrapped in blankets, on the edge of a forest-girt plain, the moon peering through mists of gently-falling dew, and faintly illuminating the wild scene, now flashing on the white surface of a granite boulder, and then sparkling in the water of the swamp, and on the bedewed mounds of moss, and clumps of ground-laurels; nothing can be more exciting, when the wild notes of the Indian's call, rending the calm air, have dispersed over the echoing forest, than the succeeding moments of listening for an answer.

You scarcely believed your ears to have been capable of such exertion, if so it may be termed.

And then, when, far away from over the

hills, and through the dense fir-forests, comes the booming answer of a bull moose; when you hear the distant crashing of branches, and the rattling the massive antlers against the trees; and when, at length the monarch of the American forest emerges from the woods, and stands snorting and bellowing on the open barren, his proportions looming gigantic through the hazy atmosphere—then does the blood course through your veins as it never did before; and, scarcely knowing what is about to happen, you grasp the ready rifle, and crouch in the protecting bushes. It is hard to take precise aim by moonlight. Unless the bead on the barrel be of polished silver, it is advisable to chalk the end of the gun.

Some hunters draw a line with a piece of chalk from the bead to the eye. However, in calling, one has seldom occasion for a long shot, indeed, I have heard of the hair of a

moose's coat having been singed by the flash, so close has he advanced to the ambush.

Calling is seldom attempted, either at night or by day, if there is anything like a breeze stirring through the woods. Moose are more cautious in windy weather, are longer in coming up, and generally endeavour to get round to leeward of the caller. The Indians will seldom call when it is windy; they say it only makes confusion amongst the moose, and spoils the country; and they are very averse to starting a moose without getting a shot at him.

I have never heard two Indians call exactly alike, and the settlers assert that they can call as well as an Indian on this account. They say that any loud noise at night will make a moose come up to the spot. This idea is erroneous. The difference of note does not signify, for the cow moose

differ widely in their call, but it is in giving vent to the sound, making it appear to come from the lungs of a moose, and not from those of a man, that the Indian excels. Apropos of notes: I once went out to call moose in the neighbourhood of Halifax with a white settler for one night. He had a cockney reputation of being a good hand at calling moose. He represented his calling as "fust chop. He had a'most grand note, larned from the best Ingin hunter in Novy Scoshy."

At his first call, I scarcely knew whether to laugh, or to be angry with him for disturbing the country. I asked him whether he had ever heard the bray of an English jackass.

He "guessed not."

"Well then," said I, "the noise you have just made is it to a T, and if you can get an answer from any other living creature, I'm a Dutchman!"

In the fall of 1853, a white settler, who thought he would try his hand at calling, as moose were numerous in the woods at the back of his clearing, got, as he expressed it, "A'most a horrid scarin'" from a bull moose.

To his surprise he obtained an answer to his first call, and the moose came, in broad daylight, right up to the man, who was so taken "aback," that he did not fire till the animal was nearly upon him. He then discharged his gun without taking aim, and of course missed the moose, who attacked him at once, knocking him over. He said that for some minutes he did not know whether he was on his head or his heels, and that when he came to his senses again, he found, no doubt to his great relief, his persecutor gone. He was badly bruised, but by good luck escaped having his skull fractured by a blow from the foreleg of the powerful animal.

The calling season lasts from the beginning of September to the end of October; the best time to make an expedition for this purpose being for a week before and a week after the full moon, in October. It is a a curious fact, that a bull moose, if he be five miles distant when he first hears the call, will, even should it not be repeated, come in a perfectly straight course, through dense forests, and over rocky barrens and brooks, to within a few yards of the very spot where the call had been made.

Creeping moose, when the snow is on the ground, is a sport not appreciated by all. Healthful, manly, and exciting, though it be, it is attended with so much "roughing it," and by so many disappointments, owing to the state of the weather, that it is not every one who will care to repeat the experiment, particularly if a shot has not been obtained in the first attempt. Still, for a person who

can stand, and derive benefit from a hard day's work, and who likes a life in the woods at all seasons, it is enticing enough.

Moose, as has been before observed, herd together in winter, forming what is termed a "yard;" their movements being more or less restricted, according to the inclemency of the weather, the depth of the snow, and their wildness occasioned by proximity to settlements.

In the winter of 1852—53, I was hunting in the neighbourhood of Petite, Nova Scotia, in company with an Indian, named Joe Cope, the best hunter in the province, although his sight and hearing are beginning to fail him. During the whole fortnight I was out, the weather was clear, calm, and frosty, and there was only a foot of snow in the woods. From these reasons, and from frequently being started by parties who were taking advantage of the good sledding on

the bush paths, for the purpose of hauling timber, the moose did not yard at all. They were always on the move, feeding as they went.

They never lay down, without making a *détour*, and coming back to leeward of their tracks; and then they were constantly on the *qui vive*, lying with their heads down the wind, so as to have a clear view of the country to leeward, whilst their keen sense of smell would detect the scent of any creature passing to the windward of their position.

Moose, however, were in great abundance, and we looked forward to a favourable change of weather, as bringing certain sport. One afternoon, returning to camp, after an unsuccessful trudge on the barrens, in hopes of seeing carriboo, or moose, enjoying the sun by the edge of the woods, we saw the Shubenacadie mountains, distant about fifteen

miles, become gradually enveloped in what appeared to be a thick mist.

"Yes—no—yes. My sake! I very glad—he snow fast on mountains—plenty snow to-night—moose-steak for dinner to-morrow," said old Joe in great glee.

In half an hour, the flakes which drifted up with a gradually increasing breeze, fell thickly, and the iron crust which had formed on the surface of the old snow, during the late continuance of frost, relaxed.

As there was an hour's daylight still to be calculated upon, we went to look after tracks in a swampy valley, covered with thick evergreens, distant about half a mile from camp.

Here we at once hit off the tracks of two moose. They were quite fresh. "Gone by, only two, tree minute," said Joe. Just as our excitement was at its pitch, expecting to see the moose every instant, it suddenly

fell quite calm again. However, we continued to creep with great caution; and presently, old Joe, after bobbing his head about, as he tried to make out some object in the distant forest, beckoned me to come cautiously behind him."

"Moose—there—fire," whispered he, his rugged features enlivened by a savage grin of exultation.

For some seconds, I could not discover the moose. At length, seeing a dark patch looming through some thick bushes, at the distance of at least one hundred yards, I let drive with both barrels. On rushing up, we found that both moose had gone off; a few drops of blood on the snow, however, showed that one was wounded.

"I very sorry, but I sure if I try take you more handy, moose start before you get shot," said the Indian.

"Oh, I know it was not your fault Joe,"

answered I, "but I think we shall get him yet."

"Sartain," said Joe. "Moose-steak for dinner to-morrow, too dark to get him to-night, he stiff in mornin."

We followed the track of the wounded moose for a short distance, and returned to camp with the expectation of killing him in an hour after breakfast next morning. But our hopes were doomed to disappointment, when on waking next morning, we found that the snow, before so long wanted, had fallen most inopportunely, completely covering up the tracks of our moose. Tracking him by the blood marks on the trees, against which he had brushed in his course, for a short distance, we found to our chagrin, that he had taken to the open barrens, and we were obliged to leave the poor brute to perish, most probably, from his wound.

Wind is indispensable in winter-hunting.

On a calm day, however soft the snow might be, the tread of the hunter will in nine cases out of ten, start these wary animals, particularly should they be lying down. Unless there is a good breeze stirring the branches of the forest, it is only by chance that a shot may be obtained at moose, however numerous they may be. When a moose is started, he quickly gains his legs, and plunges forward for about fifty yards. Then he invariably stops for a second or two to ascertain the cause of alarm, and make up his mind in what direction to shape his flight.

This momentary pause often leads to his destruction, for the hunter, on hearing him start, will often be able to obtain a glimpse of, if not a shot at the moose, by rushing on in the direction of the sound.

A started moose will alarm all the moose which may be yarded in the country through which he flies. Consequently, it is useless to

attempt hunting in the direction he has gone.

The snapping of the boughs where moose are feeding, often make the Indian hunter aware of their proximity. Although every Indian can creep on and shoot moose when by himself, few can officiate as good hunters to accompany the white sportsman.

Much additional caution is necessary from the comparatively clumsy manner in which the white man will travel through the woods, and the whole affair is connected with so much more labour, and contracted resources on the part of the Indian, that it requires an old and experienced hunter—one who has made it his business to accompany parties of sportsmen into the bush—to ensure them a chance of success.

The Indian, Joe Cope, is one of the best of this class. He is, though getting old, still a very good hunter, and understands

perfectly all the necessaries for a camp, and ways of making it comfortable. He is a merry old fellow withal, having at his command an unlimited number of sporting anecdotes, wherewith to enliven the camp in the long evenings.

His son "Jem," commonly called by his father, "the boy Jeem," usually accompanies old Joe in the capacity of camp-keeper; and a capital one he makes too. He will guess the exact moment of your return to camp, after the day's hunting, and will have prepared a kettle of delicious soup—a sort of "*omnium gatherum*" of partridges, hares, peas, onions, &c. He takes care that the camp larder shall never be short of game; for he is a good shot at partridge, and is "great" at snaring hares.

The "boy Jeem" promises to turn out as good a hunter as his father. I have often been out with them together, when old Joe

has appealed to his son for his judgment as to the age of a track, or of a bitten bough, or concerning the manœuvres of a yard of moose.

"I b'lieve Jeem right," he would say, looking at me with a grin of satisfaction. One of Joe's recommending points is, that though he has shot nearly as many moose as he has hairs on his head, he hunts with the excitement and enthusiasm of a young hand. Joe, as well as several other Indians, entertains a firm belief that moose originally came from the sea; and that, in a case of extreme emergency, they will again betake themselves to that element.

"'Bout thirty year ago," says Joe, "there warn't not a single moose in whole province. They bin so hunted and destroyed for 'bout ten year, they all go to sea. Ingin go all over woods, everywhere, and never see single sign or track of moose anywhere—only car-

riboo—plenty carriboo then. Well, Capting, my father, he find first moose-track, when they begin to come back agen. I was leetle boy, then, and I never seen moose. We live in wigwam, away on Beaver-bank road; and, one day, my father come back to camp, and say, 'Joe, I seen fresh moose-track. Come along with me.' Well, we went; and father crept, and shot big cow moose. I never seen moose, and I 'most 'fraid to go near the poor brute.

"Well, we hauled it out whole to camp; and all the Ingin, from all parts of province, come to see carciss; and the old Ingin, they all clap their hands, and say, 'Good time come agen—the moose come back.'

"Well, Capting, after that, moose was seen almost everywhere; and one man see two moose swim ashore on Basin of Minas; and, since then, plenty moose all over province. I 'most 'fraid, though, these rascals

settlers, snarin, and runnin 'em down with their brutes of dogs, will drive the poor brutes away to sea agen."

Joe is a most honest and straightforward Indian, when in the woods, in the capacity of hunter; but if once overruled, or badly-treated, will never accompany the same person again.

His hatred of all white men, who are not of the class of his employers, particularly the settlers in the interior, is intense, and is often productive of much amusement. In the winter of 1852, I was proceeding along a bush-path, with Joe and Jim, dragging a hand sled, loaded with our camping apparatus, when we met a party of settlers, and their teams. One of them, calling Joe aside, asked him whether he had not cut some moose snares in that neighbourhood, the fall previous.

"Sure I did, always when I see them."

"Well, Joe," replied the settler, who, as I afterwards heard, had set them himself; "they belonged to a friend of mine, and I guess if you stop about here, you'll get your camp set a-fire."

Joe flared up immediately.

"I tell you what it is, you rascal. I know you. If you, or any other same sort, come near camp, and try do anything, I shoot you, 'pon me soul, all same as one moose. There now, you mind, I take my oate I do it, you villian!"

I should not have been surprised at old Joe carrying his threat into execution. The previous fall, his son Jim had fired at some animal, I believe a bear, which had crept up to him and his father while calling moose at night.

"What was it, Jeem?" asked old Joe, as the creature went crashing off through the bushes.

"Man," said Jim; "he creep on us. What business he come to meddle with us? I see him standin' when I fire."

When Joe has occasion to enter the bar-room of a roadside inn, as is sometimes the case in travelling to and from the hunting-country, he sits down in a corner, very sulky, and seldom vouchsafes an answer to the numerous questions put to him by inquisitive Blue-noses.

On one occasion he was retuning with me to Halifax, after an unsuccessful moose hunt, and was particularly short to the settlers, and teamsters in the bar-room of the twenty-seven mile house.

"Well, now, tell how you'd act when you got fixed in a snow-storm, and couldn't find camp?" asked one of his persecutors.

No answer from Joe, who drew volumes from his pipe, and spat with great emphasis on the floor.

"I guess you couldn't fix a moose with that are shootin-iron of yourn, at a hundred yards—could you now?"

It was too much for poor Joe, who said:

"Wat you want know for? You mind your own business, and I do mine. Spose I ask question 'bout hay, and all that sort, wat fool I look. And now you want know 'bout my business, you look like fool. You people always 'quiring and askin' foolish question which don't consarn you." And with that, he stalked out of the room.

From his frequent employment, and being paid a dollar a day, Joe should be well off. He is, however, always hard up. One day, in the early spring, when salmon was very scarce, and selling at a dollar per pound in the market, a friend of mine met him returning to camp with the head and shoulders of a fine salmon.

"Hallo! Joe, what on earth are you going to do with that salmon?"

"Why, Capting, Mrs. Cope he say this morning, 'Mr. Cope, I very fond of salmon, 'spose you try and get a leetle bit for dinner to day.' I tell him yes, and I see this very fine piece very cheap."

He had paid a pound currency for it.

Mrs. Cope makes a little money by working designs on birch bark with porcupine quills. Quill work, as it is termed, fetches a high price in Halifax, where it is bought by travellers to Europe or the States.

Joe said in my room one day, "Mrs. Cope he make a hundred a year by his work, and I make good deal by huntin. 'Spose 'bout a a hundred a-year too."

Before he departed, however, he said:

"Capting, I most shockin hard up just now. You got dollar handy! Pon my word I pay you in few days."

There are many other good Indians who can hunt with "the gentlemen," besides Joe Cope. Ned Nolan, Williams, the Pauls of Ship Harbour, the Glodes of Annapolis, and Joe Penaul of Chester, are all capital hands in the woods. They all ask the regular charge of one dollar per diem. In this province, the Indians do not claim the moose shot by the sportsmen—a much more satisfactory arrangement than that which prevails in Canada, where, for every moose that is shot, the Indians charge the sportsman one pound extra, claiming the whole carcass into the bargain.

To return from this digression, to the sport of creeping moose in winter. Creeping may commence in November, when the first snow has fallen. At this time, the bull moose is adorned with antlers, and the snow not falling very deep does not necessitate the use of snow-shoes. However, as the snow may all

disappear in one night at this time of year, and as the ground is constantly frozen, and thereby rendered callous to the impression of a moose's foot, sport cannot always be reckoned upon.

The very best time to go out after moose in the winter is, about the middle of January. If it be a hard season, with plenty of snow on the ground; and if he be favoured with a fair amount of windy weather, and occasional snow storms, the sportsman who goes into the woods, accompanied by good Indians, and has fixed upon a good hunting country, may make sure of success.

In the month of March, the snow generally lies very deep in the woods, and its surface is covered by a crust, caused by the alternate influence of the sun and frost. The hunter can travel easily on snow-shoes, while the unfortunate moose breaks through the crust at every step, sometimes sinking up to

his body and grazing his legs against the sharp edges of the broken surface.

Running moose down is rather a murderous practice; as, when a fresh track is found, and the moose started, the persevering hunter is certain to come up with the animal, after a chase more or less protracted. The moose is then shot, defenceless, and in a state of complete exhaustion.

Sometimes, when the snow is very deep, moose may be run down in a quarter of an hour, while at others he may be pursued for days, the hunter giving the chase at dusk, camping primitively on the spot, and recommencing the pursuit at daybreak next morning. At all events, from the certainty of shooting the animal, then in a state of utter helplessness, I consider the sport as inferior to creeping.

It is so destructive in a hard winter, that it should be prohibited by law, as well as the

practice of running moose down with dogs. Chasing moose with dogs is such an unsportsmanlike proceeding, that it is seldom practised, except by the settlers, who love to hear the yelping of their own brutes of curs, and to destroy a moose from mere wantonness, when they ought to be attending to their unprogressing farms and clearings.

The plan adopted is this: a party of these people go out into the woods with a pack of all the big long-legged curs that can be mustered in the neighbourhood. Surrounding some hard-wood hill, in which they know moose are yarded, they turn in the dogs The moose are at once started, and should they get past the "gunners," are quickly brought to bay by the dogs, and shot.

A dog will make more noise when after moose, than after any other game. Nothing scares moose so much as the voice of a dog; and a pack of curs yelping through the woods

will so alarm the moose in the surrounding country that they will immediately leave it never to return.

Snaring moose is still practised in Nova Scotia by the settlers, in spite of a heavy fine. The most common way of constructing the snare is as follows. The trees are felled in a line for about one hundred yards in the woods. Falling on one another, they form a fence some five or six feet high. Several gaps are made in this fence wide enough to admit of the passage of the moose. A young tree is bent down by the united exertions of several men over the gap, and is fastened by a catch attached to a false platform. A noosed rope is fastened to the end of the tree, and suspended round the opening. The unfortunate moose, after walking along the fence till he arrives at the gap, attempts to pass through; but, stepping on the platform, the tree flies back, drawing the noose

tightly round his head or legs. From the disposition to roam, evinced by moose in the fall, snares are generally set at this season.

The carcass of a snared moose is generally comparatively worthless, from the bruising it has received during the struggles of the animal in endeavouring to escape, particularly if he be only entangled by the legs. Sometimes the settler, not visiting his snares regularly, finds a moose in one, weighing perhaps twelve hundred pounds, in a state of decomposition.

It is from these snares being placed in haunts only known to themselves, and from the difficulty of tracing the original setter of the snare when it is found, that one of these infamous cases seldom meets with punishment. In fact, law is of little value in the backwoods.

Sometimes a simple rope with a running noose is fastened to a tree, and suspended round an opening in the bushes, leading to a

barren—for moose often form regular paths, like those of rabbits, only on a larger scale—by which they enter and depart from small barrens.

A society has lately been organized in Halifax for the preservation of the game and fish of Nova Scotia. Its exertions have, at present, been confind to the removal of dams, and other obstructions to the progress of salmon up the provincial rivers to their spawning grounds. This society is under the direction of an able and active gentleman, through whose exertions much has been done for the preservation of salmon, Captain C—.

May we not hope that this society, aided by the ability and well-directed efforts of its president, who is a thorough sportsman, will shortly do something towards preventing the extinction of the much persecuted moose of Nova Scotia? The forests through which

he ranges, will probably remain uncleared for ages, but cannot long continue to be the resort of this noble animal, whose extinction, not far distant, unless the wholesale destruction by the poaching practices above alluded to, be put a stop to by energetic and well-directed efforts, would be a subject of regret both to naturalists and sportsmen, and—when too late—to the Nova Scotians themselves.

CHAPTER IX.

The Monarch of the Forest—Origin of the word "Moose"—Habits—General Food of the Moose—Mouffle Soup—The "Bell"—Shedding the Horns—Bull Moose in the Calling Season—Mode of Fighting—The Moose in Winter—Domesticated Moose—Experiments made by the Author—Unsuccessful Result—Tameness of a Moose Calf—A Moose suckled by a Cow—Moose Trained to Draw a Sledge—Moose exclusively found in Eastern America—The Reindeer of America.

No one will dispute the title of monarch of the North American forest, when applied to the moose. This animal, if not identical with, closely resembles the elk, (*Cervus alces*) still found in Scandinavia and Northern Russia. He is the largest of the deer tribe; the wapiti, or

American elk, (*Cervus Canadensis*) ranking next in size.

The name moose, was given to this animal, by the early settlers, from the appellation of moosu applied to him in the Milecete, and several other Indian dialects. The Micmac Indians call him teeam. The natural grace of form and gait, and the agility belonging to the rest of his congeners, have not been bestowed on the moose, whose huge ungainly form, long bristly coat, with stiff mane, and massive antlers, cause the first sight of him, especially when obtained in his native forests, to be attended with emotions of extreme surprise, such as would probably accompany the first view of a megatherium, or of a similar extinct enormity.

I do not believe that more than one species of moose-deer is to be found in North America, though the moose of Canada are said to be larger than those of Nova Scotia and New

Brunswick; and I have heard the distinguishing appellation of the black bell moose applied to those of Nova Scotia. I think that the difference in size, if any, is to be accounted for by difference of climate and food.

A bull moose, when at his full growth, which he attains in his sixth year, will stand seventeen or eighteen hands at the shoulder, and will weigh from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds. His food consists of the leaves and tender branches of maples, birches, moosewood, (of which he is particularly fond, and will travel long distances in search of,) mountain ash, dog-wood, witherod, and a variety of other shrubs.

In the winter months, when the leaves have fallen, the tops of young shoots are pulled down by his long muscular upper lip, called the mouffle, resembling the short prehensile proboscis of the tapir, and are bitten off; and, at this season, when over-

taken by hunger, on his way through green woods, he will often feed on the boughs of young evergreens, eschewing, however, those of the spruces.

His short neck will not allow him to graze, or pick up anything from the ground without a very wide separation of the fore-legs, or by kneeling, which position, however, he often assumes to crop the fresh grass in some swampy meadow in the spring.

The coat of the moose is composed of long stiff bristles of a light ash colour near their roots, and is of a dark russet brown colour, which in the bull in winter changes to a glossy black. From behind the ears down the short neck and part of the back runs a hog mane composed of bristles nearly a foot in length. Under the body and on the legs, the hair is of a fewn, or, more properly, sandy colour. The eye is black, large, and very expressive.

The flesh of the cow moose in winter is

excellent, bearing the same comparison to beef that venison does to mutton. The mouffle is considered a delicacy; and soup made of it has a strong resemblance to that made of turtle.

Not the least curious feature about this extraordinary animal, is the bell, as it is termed—which is a pendant piece of skin covered with long black hair, growing from the junction of his disproportionately long head with the short neck. The antlers, which adorn the bull only, are massive and palmated, fringed with short spikes or tines, the number of which, as some assert, though erroneously, indicates the age of the animal. The lowest tine extends forwards over the forehead, and supplies the place of the brow-antler.

In travelling, the moose, slightly elevating his head, rests his antlers on his shoulders, in which position they do not offer so much

obstruction to the progress of the animal through the dense covers of his wooded haunts. Towards the end of January, bull moose shed their horns, which, beginning to shoot again in April, have attained their full growth by September.

These antlers, which often measure four feet from tip to tip, and weigh sometimes as much as sixty pounds, would, if used as such, prove formidable weapons of offence to any adversary; but the moose, unless in the calling season, between the beginning of September and the end of October, and then, only when wounded, seldom uses them against his pursuers. In the calling season, bull moose, animated by the spirit of jealousy, have dreadful conflicts.

* * * * * * *

"The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns with dreadful sound;

The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound;
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar,
Their dewlaps and their sides are bathed in gore."

GEORGIC II. *Dryden's Translation.*

An Indian told me that, often when calling moose, in the fall, which is effected by imitating the plaintive cry of the female, upon a trumpet of birch bark, and not succeeding in luring the suspicious animal in their range, he had changed his tactics, and, by imitating the note of the bull moose, had at once induced the bull, whose rage at finding a rival, got the better of his prudence, to come crashing madly through the bushes to destruction.

The same Indian said he had killed a moose, in the fall, a great part of whose flesh was literally worthless, from the wounds he had received in a recent joust. The foreleg is the most common weapon used by the moose, when attacking a man or dog.

Rearing up on his hind legs, he strikes downwards with the forelegs with amazing force and velocity. A blow given by a full-grown moose would, if delivered on the head of a man, fracture his skull; and I have seen a dog disabled by a blow from a young one in my possession, then scarcely able to stand, being only a week old. The cow moose gives birth to two calves in April.

As soon as the ground is covered with deep snow, in winter, moose, discontinuing their wandering habits, herd together, and form what is termed a moose-yard, by treading down the snow in some part of the forest covered with hard wood, as all timber and brushwood of a deciduous nature is called, which will afford them good browsing. In one of these yards, they will remain as long as the supply of provender lasts, or until they are disturbed, trampling down the snow in large circles, concentric with, and

gradually increasing as they feed outwards from the original starting point.

In Canada, where the snow falls to a much greater depth than in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, these yards are more regularly defined, and the moose more reluctant to leave them; consequently, the Indians, having discovered a yard, (called *ravagé* by the French Canadians,) taking a favourable opportunity, can return, days or weeks afterwards, with a party of sportsmen, and shoot nearly every moose in the yard.

In the summer months, the moose, partly from being tormented by the hosts of mosquitoes and black flies which swarm in the woods at this season, and partly for the sake of feeding on the leaves and tendrils of water lilies, and other aquatic plants, passes the hottest part of the day nearly submerged in the water of the little ponds and lakes which occur at such frequent intervals in the

forests of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

He is a fast swimmer, and is difficult to be overtaken, even by the fleet canoe of the Indian, by whom, however, he is often surprised and shot in the long chain of lakes and rivers which, running across Nova Scotia, between Annapolis and Liverpool is continually traversed by Indians on furring and trapping expeditions.

Although so thoroughly wild, and averse to the approach even of the common animals of the forest, it is a singular circumstance, that the moose when taken young can be easily domesticated, and becomes at once perfectly tame and audaciously familiar.

Having reared and kept for upwards of eight months a young moose, I noticed several curious facts concerning the habits and actions of these animals.

The calf moose in question was brought

to me with another of the same age, which could not have been more than a few days old, in the end of April. They were bull and cow, and had been surprised in the woods by some black men who were searching for partridges. Their mother forsaking them on the approach of the men, they were easily caught, and brought into Halifax next day in a bullock cart with legs bound. The cow died in a few days from the effects of a fall, which as I afterwards found she had received from the cart. The young bull, by great attention and repeated visiting, lived, and appeared to thrive. Few people have succeeded in bringing up young moose; for they have generally sickened and died from want of suitable and natural food.

I was advised to procure a domestic cow to suckle my moose calf—knowing, however, that, from the food of the moose being principally leaves, branches and bark, its milk

could not be so rich as that of the common cow, I diluted it with an equal quantity of water, which I gave to the young moose from a bottle, thickening it gradually with a little Indian meal.

When I found that he would mouth and swallow leaves and tender boughs, I sent into the wood every morning for a fresh supply of the young shoots of maples moose-wood, dogwood, and witherod, of the leaves and berries of which last two shrubs, moose are especially fond from their extreme bitterness. A lump of rock salt appeared to afford him great satisfaction, and might have been conducive to his health.

In November, he being at the time eight months old, and in perfectly excellent health and condition, I adopted by mischance an expedient which caused his untimely, and, by me, much regretted death. The winter having set in, and it being inconvenient to

send into the woods for a supply of boughs, I resolved to try a substitute. I fixed upon turnips, of which a pailful was given to him one evening, and which he appeared to relish greatly. Next morning, to my dismay, I found the poor creature dead, his body dreadfully distended, so much so as to have caused death by suffocation, if it had not been brought on by any other internal derangement. On enquiring as to the probable cause of his death, I learnt too late that turnips, when given too suddenly and in too great quantities to domestic cattle, will often cause death.

I regretted losing him the more, as I intended, in the following spring, to have sent him to England as a present to the Zoological Society, which, at present, I believe, does not possess a living specimen of the *Cervus alces*, either of Europe or America.

So tame was my young moose, that he would come into a room and jump several times over chairs, backwards and forwards, for a piece of bread. He had a great *penchant* for tobacco-smoke, which, if puffed in his face, would cause him to rub his head with great satisfaction against the individual.

His gambols were sometimes very amusing. Throwing back his ears, and dropping the under jaw, he would gallop madly up and down on a grass plot, now and then rearing up on his hind legs, and striking ferociously with his fore feet at the trunks of trees, or anything within reach, varying the amusement by an occasional shy and kick behind at some imaginary object. No palings could keep him from gardens, in which, when not watched, he would constantly be found, revelling on the boughs of currant and lilac bushes; in fact, tasting

fruit and flowers most indiscriminately. On being approached for the purpose of being turned out, the cunning little brute would immediately lie down, from which position, his hide being as callous as that of a jackass, he could be got up with difficulty.

In the very hot days of summer, when he appeared to miss the cool plunge in the lake, which these animals, in their wild condition, always indulge in at this time of year, I continually caused buckets of water to be thrown over him.

At the Agricultural Show at Halifax, in the fall of 1853, a young moose was exhibited, in company with a domestic cow, which suckled it. It appeared, from the owner's account, that the cow had, in the spring, strayed into the woods, as cattle often will do, causing the owner a long and weary trudge through the bush, till, guided

by the sound of their tinkling bells, he finds them.

A few weeks afterwards, she found her way back to the farm, in company with a young moose, towards whom she manifested the same affection as if it had been her own offspring. It is probable that her milk agreed with the young moose, owing to her having been forced, during her residence in the woods, to feed on the same description of food as these animals.

Some years ago, a tame moose, full-grown, was in the possession of a person named Schultz, who keeps the eighteen-mile-house from Halifax, on the Truro road, by the side of the Grand Lake. This animal had been, by great trouble, broken in to draw a sledge, which he did with great ease, and at a surprising pace. Being allowed to roam about at large during the day, he would often swim across the Grand Lake to the

opposite shore, about two miles distant, whence he would return at the sound of the conck, which is generally used in the interior of Nova Scotia to recall labourers from the woods. I believe he was finally sent to the States, where these animals, in a domesticated state, fetch high prices, exciting almost as great curiosity, though they are still occasionally found in the highlands of New York, as they would in England.

The moose is as strictly an inhabitant of the forests of Eastern North America, as the American elk or wapiti is of the prairies of Western America, the domains of one beginning nearly where those of the other leave off.

Commencing with Nova Scotia, which, I believe, contains a greater number of these animals than any district of its size in North America, we find him abundant in the wild forests of the State of Maine, and, though

now only occasionally met with, still farther west in the same latitude, in the mountainous district called the Adirondack, or the highlands of New York.

In New Brunswick, excepting at its northern end, the moose is more rarely met with than in any other of the British provinces which he inhabits, owing to the wanton and destructive manner in which these animals were pursued by the early settlers in the deep snow, and destroyed, merely for the sake of their hides and fat.

However, in the country round the head waters of the St. John and Restigouche rivers, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Lake Timiscouata, they are exceedingly numerous, and, as they increase, are migrating thence to the southward again.

Found everywhere in Lower Canada, on the right bank of the St. Lawrence, their territories extend over the immense tract of

forests which lie between this river and the Arctic Circle. Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, the Island of Anticosti, and Labrador, are not favoured by the presence of this noble animal; probably, from the rocky barren nature of the soil, the scarcity of the deciduous shrubs and trees on which they feed, and the immense barrens and bogs which have made these localities the resort of vast herds of carriboo, the rein-deer of America.

CHAPTER X.

The Indian Hunter—Preparations for Starting—The Start—Pleasures of Sleighing—Lodgings for the Night—Description of Halifax Weather—The Red Bridge—An Indian Camp—Carriboo Tracks—Crossing a Lake—Uses of a Blanket—Ship Harbour Lake—Fixing the Camp—A Night Alarm—Violent Storm—Falling Trees—The Gaspereau—Paul's Camp—The Big Lake—Abundance of Fish—A Disappointment.

"MORNIN, Sir! splendid day for huntin, this! Plenty wind, and snow beautiful soft. Like to be in the woods away to the eastward this mornin, Sir, along with you," said the Indian Williams, one of the best hunters in the province, as he marched into my room one

tolerably sharp morning towards the end of February, in the year 1853.

"Ah, Williams, is that you?" said I to the copper-coloured denizen of the woods, who had squatted himself down with his back towards me, over the fire, and was drawing volumes of not very savoury tobacco smoke from the bowl of an old black pipe, with the least possible particle of stem appertaining to it.

"Yes, Capting, I was out along with gentleman, other day, away to Musquedoboit, between there and Ship-harbour lake, and saw—my sakes!—I never see such lot of tracks—ground reglar tramped up by moose. Starten five moose day before yesterday; but only see small piece of one, as he go off, through the bushes. Bad luck, and bad sort of weather. Spose you go, Capting, and we have tolerable weather, you fire all day, I promese you."

"Well, Williams, I've a good mind to go out with you for a week or ten days. Do you think I shall bring back moose meat?"

"Sartin, Capting, ten days plenty—'spose we come back empty-handed—that is if you shoot well, and no miss every time, as some gentlemen does, I give you five dollars, and you no pay me nothin for my huntin."

"Done with you, Williams," said I. "I'll go and get some one to join me, and you must procure another Indian hunter, and a boy to keep camp; and mind, we will start from here at three o'clock this afternoon, so as to get a good piece along the road to-night, and arrive at our hunting grounds, and fix camp before dark to-morrow."

I have invariably found that an excursion into the woods, of long or short duration, is sure to prove more enjoyable, if got up on the spur of the moment. If you make up your mind long before it comes off, you have

most likely in your reveries and dreams forestalled the excitement of your sport.

And then again, on an excursion quickly settled, you start in favourable weather, which will most probably attend you for the first two or three days at least. And the finding yourself too, wrapped up in the old homespun coat, still redolent of the fragrant spruce boughs, on which you reclined in your last trip into the bush; trudging away under your load of blankets, on the same day that you had been looking idly out of your window, in the now despised town; comes with additional, because unexpected pleasure.

I was not long in finding a companion, or in packing up the necessary number of blankets, axes, guns, and the prog, the procuring and amount of which had been left to me, as being an old hand at such matters. On the present occasion, as there would be five hungry mouths to feed for more than a

week, we laid in a stock consisting of thirty pounds of fat pork, wherewithal to fry our moose-meat, or whatever other spoil our guns might procure us; fifty pounds of hard biscuit, tea, sugar; some tobacco for ourselves, and plenty of an inferior description for the Indians, whose zeal in your service would wonderfully flag, if their calumets were not well supplied with the fragrant weed. The necessary condiments, pepper and salt, with a good supply of onions, barley, rice, and peas, as ingredients for our soup-kettle, completed our commissariat arrangements.

Most of these were rolled up in one of the blankets, while the remainder, and the old camp-kettle, a sort of nest of pots and pans, knives and forks, all fitting snugly one within another, a most ingenious and indispensable contrivance for the woods, were enveloped in another.

Of course, an absurd number of bullets are

generally taken on a hunting expedition, sufficient to exterminate the moose in the district fixed upon as the hunting grounds. However, it is as well to take enough, as, if you have a bad day, the unfitness of which for hunting entails stopping at home; shooting at a mark outside the camp, becomes a favourite amusement both with yourselves and the Indians.

In the present instance, my servant staggered into my room with a small sack of bullets, which he had been casting all the morning.

It was rather late in the afternoon when our well-furred sleigh and pair drove up, and the loading process commenced; an operation which was performed carefully, as the depth of the snow, and the unbeaten state of the roads, at some distance from the town, would entail a considerable amount of jolting.

Everything having been stowed away

snugly underneath, except the guns, which should never be allowed to leave one's hands, the Indian jumped in behind, and my companion taking the ribands, with a "Let her go!" "Go lang, you hosses!" we glided away down the steep streets of Halifax, rattling on board of the steam ferry boat which conveys passengers and sleighs, or waggons, from Halifax to the pretty little town of Dartmouth, on the opposite side of the harbour.

Ten minutes steaming, a short drag up a rather precipitous hill in Dartmouth, and a few more spent in passing the suburbs; and we were trotting out on a well-beaten level road, by the side of a chain of lakes, which, commencing about half a mile from the town, stretch away to the north-west for about twenty miles, and give rise to the river Shubenacadie, the river of Acadia. (Shuben meaning, in the Indian language, a river,)

which empties itself into the basin of Minas. It was a glorious evening, and, though intense frost prevailed, the calmness of the air diminished its effect upon our noses. The moon had just risen, and somewhat "paled the ineffectual fires" of a splendid Aurora. The going was beautiful. The light sleigh glided over the frozen snow with an almost imperceptible motion; its runners, as they cut through the crisp surface, causing that peculiar crackling sound, always heard when the sleighing is good. The jingling of the merry bells attached to the horse collars, our lighted pipes, our feeling of comparative comfort, as we regarded the cold and desolate forest scenery from beneath our ample buffalo robes, all conduced to keep us in the highest spirits.

Then the visions of moose—huge animals standing to be shot at in gloomy recesses of the woods, mixed up with, in a confused

manner, those of Indians, lucifees, porcupines, huge wood fires, and savoury messes in camp, flitted across our fancies, and made us long for the completion of our journey.

A couple of hours more, however, made a great change in our mettle, if not in that of our animals. The cold contracted sensation in our hands and faces, made the fifteen-mile house, where we baited ourselves and horses, a very desirable refuge for a quarter of an hour.

A few miles farther on, we stopped for the night; and after a deal of hammering at all the doors and windows of an old wooden house, succeeded in inducing the Bluenose proprietor to give us the key of his stable, and to set his daughters to work at blowing up the embers of the kitchen fire, and broiling thereon the *everlasting* ham and eggs, which are set before the traveller at every meal in the roadside inns of Nova Scotia. Another

hour, and the whole party were snoring in concert, under the unrolled blankets, on the plank floor of the kitchen.

February 29.—We were aroused this morning by Williams's tolerably loud observation of, "Most time to be thinkin of startin, gentlemen. I tink he's going to be some sort of weather this mornin. He look very dark to southward. I 'most 'fraid soft weather comin. Better be startin soon, while snow good."

Jumping up and giving ourselves a hearty shake, we went blinking into the open air. It did look like a change, and in Nova Scotia changes follow each other fast and furious.

> "First it blew,
> And then it snew,
> And then it friz,
> And then it thew,
> And then it rained,
> And then it friz again,"

is an old description of a winter's day in

Halifax, which has become a proverb. After breakfast, which consisted of ham and eggs again of course, with pickles and cheese, the horses were put to, and we spun along to the tune of the bells, the drag, however, being heavier this morning from the softened state of the snow.

From the tops of hills we obtained some fine glimpses of the dark expansive forest, and of the numerous frozen lakes which lay in its bosom, covered with a smooth mantle of snow.

A couple of hours took us over the Red Bridge, on the Musquedoboit river, which was blocked up nearly to the top of its steep banks by masses of ice. Avoiding the settlement of Middle Musquedoboit, we took the small road to the eastward, which in another hour brought us to the last house in that direction, where we were to leave our sleigh, and regularly take to the bush.

Williams here went off to an Indian camp, about half a mile distant, for the purpose of engaging another Indian hunter, and a boy to keep camp, while we turned in to the house, and enjoyed our last meal, for some time, under a roof.

The two Indians, whom Williams had engaged for us, soon made their appearance, evidently eager for the job. They were father and son, old Francis Paul the father, being a remarkably athletic looking Indian, and thoroughly acquainted with the country and habits of the moose round Ship Harbour, as was afterwards proved. His son Joe undertook the office of camp-keeper, whose business is to cut wood for the camp fire, to act as cook, to pick fresh beds of boughs at least twice a week, and do anything that may be required in the neighbourhood of the camp.

"Couldn't have come no better time, Sir,

nor to no better country. Plenty moose, and beautiful country for creepin," said old Paul, as we sallied forth from the house, following a small sled, drawn by the settler's pony, which was to convey our luggage as far as practicable.

"Well, Paul, I'm glad to hear it. How far have we to go to-night, to camp?"

"'Bout eight mile, Capting. I've got old camp at this end of big lake, where I tink we stop to-night, and hunt country round, to-morrow. Then, next day, we go on to fish Lake for good."

To which arrangement we having assented, a long dialogue commenced between Williams and the two other Indians, in their own melodious and soft language, during which I distinguished the words, teeam (moose), and calibou (Anglice, reindeer), very frequently.

The language of an Indian dialogue is

harmonious in more than one sense, since they all seem to acknowledge the truth of each other's remarks, by the frequent use of the word "*Eh-hé*," or, "yes, exactly so."

The Micmac dialect is by far the finest of the many spoken by the various tribes which inhabit North America, and is very widely circulated through the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and part of Canada. Few white men understand more than a few casual words.

It was a dreadfully broken and rocky road, and, for a long distance, ran through an elevated country, covered with burnt woods, and sprinkled with immense boulders of granite. The old sled cracked and grated over the rocky strata, here and there denuded of snow by the wind.

Before we had proceeded a mile, we saw the Indians, who were chatting away merrily in front, stop, and gaze at something on the

ground, pointing towards some distant barrens, which were visible on the right. It was the track of a carriboo, which, they said, had crossed the road the day previously. The remainder of the journey was down hill, the path very contracted, and overhung by the long arms of the hemlocks, and, in some places, there was scarcely room between the trees for the sled to pass.

Several more tracks of carriboo, of different ages, and those of two moose, which had been there not many hours before us, were passed, before arriving at the edge of a lake, where the path ended, and we had to take to the ice. Joe, going on, and making two or three incisions with his axe, pronounced the ice to be perfectly safe; and we led the pony and sled on to the lake. The travelling was now easy; and we jumped up on the top of the luggage, and our animal mustering up a trot, we were speedily transported to

the other end of the lake, about four miles distant from where we had entered it.

Here the conveyance was dismissed, and the Indians adjusted the baggage into suitable loads of about fifty pounds weight each, carrying them in the blankets, the ends of which turned inwards, were drawn up by a broad leather band, which bears on the chest and shoulders. The blanket thus fashioned according to the Indian plan, becomes a complete bag, out of which nothing can slip. It rests on the back over the shoulders, and does not project beyond them, as it would then catch against the stems of trees in travelling through thick bush, and impede the progress of the bearer.

There was only an hour's daylight to be calculated upon, when, after trudging under our loads through a swampy piece of ground, into which we sunk every now and then up to our knees, we arrived at Paul's old

camp, by the side of Ship Harbour lake. No time could be spared; for the camp wanted a good deal of *fixin.* Beds had to be picked and arranged, firewood cut, and a mass of snow, which had fallen in through the top of the camp, shovelled out. However, five hands all used to it soon made things appear comfortable; and, at the expiration of the hour, we were sitting on an ample and fragrant bed of the tender boughs of the silver fir, in front of a huge pile of blazing logs. We lit our pipes—the hunter's solace after fatigue, when a spare moment occurs—and looked with much satisfaction upon the great frying-pan filled with noisy slices of pork hissing over the flames. In the meanwhile, the tea-kettle being removed spluttering from the fire, informed us that operations might be commenced by a cup of the beverage "which cheers, but not inebriates."

"Can't get at the sweetenin to-night,

Capting," said old Paul. "He's in with the small things, at bottom of the sack. Get all fixed to-morrow."

"Never mind, Paul, we will dispense with the sugar to-night. Here Joe, put my biscuit to soak, and hang up my moccasins and socks to dry," said I, extending my feet to the warming element. "Now for the grub!"

Balmy sleep soon after the meal overtook the inhabitants of the camp; interrupted, however, suddenly, about the middle of the night, by a most appalling crash close to the camp, which at once awoke us. It was blowing a furious gale right up the lake, and the rain rattled against the bark-covered side of our camp.

"What was that horrid row outside, just now?" I asked of the half-awakened Indians.

"Sartin, Capting, big tree fall close to camp."

And they were right; for at daylight next morning, we found that the trunk of a dead pine had fallen during the night, missing our camp by a couple of yards.

February 28.—The prospect was dismal, and the rain still falling when we emerged from under our shanty this morning. The old ice on the lake, which stretched away as far as we could see, till it, and its lofty wooded banks were lost in the drizzling mist, was covered by nearly six inches of water. The snow had nearly disappeared from the ground round our camp, the bottom of which was saturated with water, though our beds were, fortunately, dry, from their having been raised on layers of wood.

A few hundred yards below the camp, the Gaspereau river, swollen to twice its usual size, fell roaring into the lake, rendering the ice broken and insecure for some distance around its mouth.

"Bad day for huntin," said old Paul. "I tink, however, some snow left still in the woods; and, no tellin, might be moose handy."

"Well Paul, let's go in out of the wet, and get breakfast, and then we will talk about what's to be done!"

Joe had turned the course of the water which had been flowing regularly through our camp, by a circular trench, and, opening an old cellar constructed on a hill-side, had extracted therefrom a basket of fine potatoes and dried smelts, which latter had been taken in the lake during the past summer.

This morning, our stay in camp was longer than is usually the case, as little was expected to be done during the day in the woods, and old Paul diverted us with some anecdotes of the hunting he had enjoyed at different times in this neighbourhood. The camp we were now in, was his summer and

fall residence, and was built on ground granted by Government to the Indians, called the Indian reserve.

A capital location this appeared to be for an Indian wigwam. The adjacent woods are full of moose, porcupine, and hares. The Big Lake, a stone's-throw from the camp, was seventeen miles in length, and connected with the Atlantic at its lower extremity by a short arm. In the summer months, it teems with salmon, fresh-water and sea-trout, smelts, and gaspereaux, which two latter fish are to be taken in great quantities in the river below the camp.

Paul informed us that, last fall, he had shot, in the neighbouring forest, two moose and a carriboo, and had put up more than a dozen barrels of gaspereaux and smelts, which he had disposed of advantageously at the settlement, twelve miles distant. After

a long smoke, we agreed to start, so, loading the guns, anointing both the outside of the barrels, and the finger-ends of kid-gloves, in which the bullets were sewn up and rammed down, plentifully with mercurial ointment, we sallied forth. Sheets of birch-bark rolled up into cones were placed over the hammers to protect them and the nipples from damp, and could be slipped off immediately in case of need.

As the hunting country lay on the other side of the river, which it was impracticable to cross at this point, we were forced to make a long détour on the lake. The water on the surface penetrated through moccasins and socks at the first step, and struck bitterly cold to the feet, while the surface of the ice underneath was so slippery that it was hard to avoid falling at every step, but a few minutes' tramp through the woods sufficed to restore circulation to our benumbed feet.

The country was very hilly, the tops of the hills covered with hard wood, and apparently holding forth great inducements, from the thickets of young shrubs, for moose to frequent them as feeding grounds, while their sides covered with tall hemlocks and pines, and the mossy swamps at their feet, appeared likely retreats for these animals during their hours of repose.

Strange to say, we did not see a single sign of moose having recently been anywhere in the broad tract of forest which we traversed—not a single track. We arrived at our camp about dusk, rather discomfited, and wet to the skin. However, lighting our pipes, after a hearty meal on soup and biscuit, our troubles were soon forgotten.

"Well, what's the reason we have not seen a moose track to-day, Paul? I suppose you scared them all away the last time you were down here."

"Well, Capting, I didn't much think we find um here—too much hunted round here last fall by settler and brutes of dogs—only I thought might be as well to try. 'Morrow we move off to other camp, away back to Fish Lake, where I know moose shocking plenty."

Our clothes were soon dry, and stretching out on the boughs in front of the blazing billets, we soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

Change in the Weather—Smelt catching—A Curious Bait—March through the Woods—A Natural Bridge—Creeping a Moose—Voices of the Night—Kindling a Fire—The Fish Lake—Carriboo Tracks—Indian Sagacity—The Nova Scotian Woods—The Bluejays—A Shot at an Otter—Screaming Moose-Birds—The First Moose killed.

On the 1st of March, there was a glorious change in the weather. We awoke, and found flakes of snow falling into the camp through the aperture in the top, which served as an egress for the smoke.

We all went outside at once, and found the scene completely changed by the light

and airy effect which always accompanies a fresh fall of snow in the woods. Every spray of the boughs was coated with fresh snow, the dazzling whiteness of which caused the depths of the woods to lose their gloom, and the perspective of the forest scenery to be materially altered. About two inches had fallen—quite enough for creeping.

"Wish we were at other lake this mornin, we most sure to have moose-steak for dinner to-night."

"Well, let's get breakfast, make up the loads, and start at once," we both exclaimed.

"What's Williams about there on the ake?"

"He catchin smelt," said Paul, "I tole him to get some for breakfast."

Delicious little fish they were, as was proved at breakfast. Williams had caught two dozen of them in as many minutes, with

a small hook baited with a piece of pork, through a hole in the ice.

Directly after breakfast, the Indians making up, and shouldering the loads upon their backs, followed by us carrying our blankets and guns, started for a tramp of eight miles through the bush to another large lake, which gave rise to the Gaspereau river, and round the shores of which we were to hunt for the remainder of our ten days.

The snow still continued to fall, a cold shower often descending on our necks as our heads brushed against the heavily laden branches of the firs. We passed through every variety of bush, by far the most pleasant for travelling being the tall greenwoods composed of hemlocks and pines, with very little underwood to impede our progress.

The hard woods were dreadful. Fallen trees lay about in all directions, inflicting frequent bruises on our feet and ankles, while

the frozen boughs of the thickets of young wood, through which we had to force our way, often gave us sharp cuts across the face, forcing out many an exclamation of impatience.

The swamps not being yet sufficiently frozen to bear one everywhere, now and then let us down above our ancles in the soft moss, which distilled bitterly cold water into our moccasins. Three hours hard trudging through the woods, and over numerous small lakes and extensive carriboo barrens, (as the plains of Nova Scotia, covered with soft mosses and lichens of every description, are called, from their being the grounds of the American reindeer,) brought us out on the banks of the Gaspereau river, about two miles from Fish Lake—our destination.

We crossed the river by a natural bridge formed of the trunk of a lofty beech, which had fallen over the channel. It is inter-

esting to watch the steadiness with which an Indian, under an enormous load, will walk along any trunk or branch that will bear him. Their feet not stiffened by constant enclosure within a hard casing like our leather boots and shoes, possess the same muscular power of grasping as those of a monkey.

My companion, and the other Indians had gone ahead, when old Paul found and showed me fresh tracks of three moose, which had been passed unnoticed by the others.

"Quite fresh, Sir, only this mornin," whispered he, putting down his bundle. "Your gun loaded, Sir? I tink we creep for few minutes."

"All right Paul," said I, putting on caps, and following the Indian, who was now gliding cautiously through the bush, regarding with scrutiny the various signs of the vicinity of moose. The red juicy tops of the young maples had been freshly bitten off,

sometimes at the height of ten feet from the ground, and the tracks showed that the animals had been feeding very quietly, and were probably not far distant. A few paces farther on, we came upon three great hollows in the snow, their beds—whence they had risen not many minutes, as the unfrozen surface showed.

"I most sure Capting," whispered Paul, pointing to a valley, grown up with a dense shrubbery of young spruces and firs. "I most sure moose lyin down agen in there. We go round and creep them. I most 'fraid though they smell us now."

The wind, unfortunately, was blowing lightly from us over the little valley. We had nearly finished the circuit to the opposite side of the valley, and were preparing to enter the thick bush, when the Indian exclaimed aloud, "Ah, dear, dear, I 'fraid bad luck—

start um moose, they get our wind when we were on other side."

On his pointing to where the snow had been brushed off the leaves of laurustinus, which grew thickly between the evergreens, I discovered their tracks. One foot point nearly overlapping the other, and the distance between the tracks showed that the animals had been started, going off at their usual pace, when disturbed, a long swinging trot.

We made the best of our way back to the bundles, and soon reached the shores of Fish Lake, where coming upon the track of our comrades, we followed them up to the opposite shore, and found all hands busily engaged in setting up the remains of an old camp, on a sloping bank, under some tall hemlocks.

The camp poles, sheets of birch-bark, and other portions of the old tenement, had been found lying about in all directions, for it had not been visited for two years, and as fire-

wood, of more importance even than shelter, had to be cut, our first night in it was rather uncomfortable.

Luckily there was no wind. We two, who had been playing truant after the moose, were considerably rated. Two moose had been started from the immediate neighbourhood of the camp by my companion, and the Indians, on their arrival, and there was no doubt, from the numerous tracks and other signs which had been seen on this side of the Gaspereau river, that the country was full of game. After sundown, the clouds, which had been discharging snow at intervals throughout the day, cleared off, and it began to freeze hard.

March 2.—Awoke about an hour before day-break, from the intense cold griping my shoulder and side furthest from the fire, which, on shaking off my blanket, I found to be one its very last legs.

My companion was awake too, and rustling about under his blanket in a most uneasy manner. Indians will sleep in any temperature, and require a large amount of rousing; so slipping on, with some trouble, my stiff frozen moccasins, I went out and returned with a few sticks, which, after blowing vigorously on the expiring members, were prevailed upon to ignite and emit a little warmth. Lighting our pipes, we squatted over the little blaze, waiting for daylight and the awakening of the Indians.

The forest trees were cracking in all directions from the intensity of the frost; some of them giving out a report like that of a pistol, and I heard the dismal hootings of the great horned owl, and the occasional bark of a fox, through the still frosty air, as distinctly as they had been uttered just outside the camp.

After breakfast, when guns were loaded,

pipes lighted, and the usual lunch of a biscuit and a lump of cheese stowed away in our pockets, we started for the day's hunting.

The morning was not well adapted for creeping, as there was no wind, without a small amount of which, enough to make music among the branches of the evergreens, it is very difficult to get within shooting distance of moose, in a thickly-wooded country.

The Fish Lake is a fine piece of water, four miles in length, from half-a-mile to a mile in breadth, and studded with numerous islands. Surrounded by fine hard wood hills, the valleys between which were darkened by thick groves of evergreens, and with the firm ice to facilitate the walk from camp, to any locality round its shores, the Fish Lake and its neighbouring forests appeared to hold out greater inducements to

the moose hunter, than any part of Nova Scotia I had yet seen.

After walking on the ice to the head of the lake, about two miles distant from our camp, we turned into the woods. Moose tracks, of various ages, were plentiful everywhere; but they were disregarded, when we suddenly came upon fresh tracks of five carriboo.

"Just gone by, Capting," said Williams, after a conversation in a low tone, with old Paul. "Paul say, s'pose we no try moose this morning, as there's no wind—go after carriboo."

Of course we assented; it being always wrong to alter or dispute about any course of proceedings which your Indians may arrange, unless you are certain that they are not doing their best to show you sport. A few minutes cautious walking through some thick greenwoods, which fringed the shore,

brought us to one of the hard wood hills, where, from the freshness of the tracks which now separated, it appeared that the carriboo were feeding at no great distance. The acute eyes of our Indians detected spots on the bark of the maples, where the lichens had been recently pulled off.

We were all together—four of us—too many, when on the tracks of moose or carriboo. There was no wind, and we expected, every instant, to see or hear signs of the game having started. Windfalls, and dead wood, lay about in every direction; and, now and then, a dead bough, buried in the snow, would snap under the moccasin, and cause every one to turn round, with a look of despair at the offender.

At length, the top of the hill was gained, and we were proceeding down the other side, when my companion stumbled against a rock concealed by the snow, and, endeavouring to

save his fall, by catching at an old yellow birch, which proved to be perfectly rotten, over it went with two or three sharp snaps, and fell down, with a dull crash, into the snow.

A moment of anxious suspense ensued; the Indians straining their eyes and ears for some sign of the game, when I distinctly heard, in front, a sound of trotting in the snow, accompanied with sharp cracking of dead branches.

"Come along, gentlemen," said old Paul, setting off a full speed; and on we all went, helter-skelter, down the other side of the hill, getting many a roll over in the snow, and an occasional bruise in the ancles, from kicking against frozen stumps, which projected everywhere.

On through some dark fir wood, at the foot of the hill, and we emerged on a large barren, just in time to see the carriboo turn

into the woods on the other side, four hundred yards distant. We now perceived that the Indians had given chase, knowing that they would cross the barren, and hoping to bring us out on it in time to get a shot.

"No use, Capting; I tink we sit down for spell, now, and have lunch. We have no luck to-day."

Brushing off the snow from a prostrate trunk, we sat down, and produced our biscuits and flasks.

"I suppose they won't stop for a long time, Paul," said I.

"Guess not—they gone to big bog on other side Tangier River, six mile away. They only hear us—no get our wind. S'pose they get our wind, they travel all day a'most."

Although you may walk through the woods of Nova Scotia for a whole day, without seeing a sign of animal life, yet, on

sitting down, hares, squirrels, moose birds, and blue-jays, will emerge from their hiding-places, and flit past you, either out of curiosity, or to scare you from their retreats.

The blue-jays and squirrels, in particular, behaved in a most impertinent manner towards us: the former hopping on the branches of the trees overhead, and screaming loudly. The note of this bird is not so harsh, and more plaintive than that of its European relative; while its plumage elevates it considerably above the English jay. The back and head are of a pale azure, the head ornamented with a crest of the same tint, while the beautiful markings on the wing feathers of the English jay are found both in its wings and tail.

The squirrels galloped about on the fallen trees, evidently in great wrath. Sometimes, raising themselves on their hind-legs, the hairs on their tail sticking out like those of a

bottle-brush, they uttered their war-cry—a prolonged rattling scream. The hares, nearly white at this time of year, appear to be particularly stupid animals. We had great fun in pelting one, which, sitting in the snow a few yards off, took a most cool survey of our position, with snow-balls. Not an inch would he budge, till a well-directed ball from Williams caught him right on the nose, when he went off at a racing pace, clearing the windfalls in fine style.

On getting up, before we had advanced a hundred yards, the numerous tracks, freshly bitten boughs, and other signs, showed that a yard of moose was in the immediate neighbourhood, and the Indians, judging it best, from the want of necessary wind, to leave the animals undisturbed, till a more favourable day should arrive, we made our way out cautiously to the ice, homewards bound. On the snow round the shores, there were innu-

merable tracks of loup-cerviers, called lucifees in this country, wild cats and otters, one of which latter animals I saw reposing on the surface of the lake, and prevented the formation of ice. I fired at, but missed him, not having aimed low enough; for the otter dives at the flash like a coon.

The camp was a palace to what it had been when we started. Joe had woven round it, to the height of four feet from the ground, a thick covering of spruce boughs; and, on entering, not a speck of daylight was to be seen through the sides. Internal improvements had taken place likewise. Sloping pillows of boughs, pinned on to reclining frames, had been erected for our heads, and birch bark baskets for tossing flasks and other pocket encumbrances into, on return to camp, constructed.

Joe said he had set some snares in the neighbourhood of the camp, for the hares

which would be a great addition to our soup kettle, no fresh meat, fish, or fowl having been as yet brought in. In the evening, the sky became obscured from the south-west, and there were signs of its going to be "some sort of weather," as Paul said, next day.

March 3.—The heavy, lead-coloured mass of cloud overhead this morning, promised a fresh discharge of snow during the day. The old snow appeared to be rather softer, and, consequently, better for creeping; but there was no wind. Four fine hares, snared in Joe's wires last night, were brought into camp; their skins, &c., thrown outside soon attracted numbers of screaming moose birds. This bird (*Corvus Canadensis*), called also the Canada jay, is always to be seen in the neighbourhood of a hunter's camp, into which they often have the audacity to venture, either through the door or smoke-

hole, in search of their favourite food, flesh, as soon as it is vacated.

Snaring them with a springle trap baited with offal, is a favourite amusement of the Indian boy who keeps camp. When noosed their screams are more unearthly and louder than any sounds I have heard uttered by a bird.

At breakfast, Joe affirmed that during the night he had heard a moose walk past the camp, and going a few yards up the hill, we found and followed the tracks to where he had been lying down till sunrise, when the chopping of fire-wood at the camp had startled him.

I left the camp in company with Williams, leaving my companion and old Paul to proceed in search of the moose yard, which had been discovered the day before. We turned into the woods at the bottom of the lake, and almost immediately found the fresh

tracks of a yard of six moose. We followed them for an hour through country exceedingly difficult to creep in from the thick underwood, impenetrable groves of spruces, and swamps, the thin ice formed over which broke under our feet with a crack loud enough to start any moose that might be anywhere near.

We were still cautiously advancing on their tracks, when Williams suddenly rushed on up a hill which was in front of us. I followed him, arriving at the top just in time to see a splendid bull moose, with a glossy coat, black as jet on the back and sides, bound over a windfall as he followed the rest of the yard, now out of sight. I fired at random and missed, of course; for I was completely out of breath, and the bull immediately disappeared behind the stems of a thick forest of hemlocks.

Williams's acute ear had heard them start

from the other side of the hill, and it seemed that the old bull we had seen was the leader of the yard, and had remained behind to ascertain the cause of alarm.

An hour afterwards we found the track of a single moose—a large bull—which we commenced creeping on. We had just crossed a swamp, the ice on which gave way with a crash at every step, and were standing talking in an undertone behind a mass of roots and earth formed by windfalls, when there was a tremendous crashing just on the other side. Williams, uttering an extraordinary bellow, in imitation of the call of a moose, stepped quickly aside, and discharged one barrel. I made a plunge through some thick spruces in hopes of catching a glimpse of the brute, but without success. Williams's ball had not touched him as we found by there not being a trace of blood on the snow by the side of his tracks.

"Well, in all my life I never see moose act that way. Why, look here, Sir, where he lie down not five yards from where we stand talkin. I sure, too, we made noise enough comin 'cross that swamp to scare moose half mile off. We go home right off, I sick of our bad luck."

Though it certainly was provoking, it was some consolation to know that the country was full of moose, and that when a favourable day, with soft snow and plenty of wind should arrive, we might certainly expect some sport.

Williams brought me out on the lake after a trudge of three miles in a course as straight as that of the crow, though he had never hunted through this country before. As we approached the camp, Williams, turning round, said with a grin of satisfaction:

"Capting; other gentleman and old Paul

home, and, I tink, shot moose; see little blood on the ice."

Outside the camp some fine steaks were hanging on a branch, and on squeezing through the little aperture which served as a door, we were greeted with cheers of success.

My companion had killed a moose, and had fired shots at two others without wounding them.

The dinner was a feast to what our previous meals had been. Tender steaks, kidneys, marrow-bones, which were roasted in the ashes, and other delicacies, appeared as separate courses, and the frying-pan was in constant use for more than an hour. The Indians ate themselves perfectly torpid: Williams's particular morsel being the paunch, which he boiled, and consumed to the last particle. My companion had enjoyed his sport exceedingly, but had, un-

fortunately, sprained his ankle. Sleep overtook all of us earlier this evening than usual.

CHAPTER XII.

A Cure for Indigestion—Plenty of Game—A Wounded Moose—Following the Trail—Death of the Moose—Cutting up—Slacking the Carcase—A Haul of Fish—Hares caught in a Snare—A Snug Lodging—The Pipe of Repose—A Snooze in the Woods—Unexpected Visitor—An Exciting Situation—Two Moose killed—The Hand Sled—The Indian Couteau de Chasse—Collecting the Meat—Fish Eagles—Substitute for a Pipe—Last night in Camp—Return to Halifax.

THE 4th of March was a fine, calm morning. The hole in the ice through which water for the use of the camp was procured, had been completely frozen up during the night, and had to be cut afresh. The lake was emitting a succession of boom-

ing sounds, which appeared to commence at one end, and to run with electric rapidity, under the ice, to the other. These sounds, which are very grand on a large lake, show that the ice is gaining in thickness and strength.

The woods, too, were giving evidence of the intensity of the frost, by the loud cracking of their stems, resembling the undecided fire of a party of skirmishers; while the snow crunched under our moccasins with a noise ungrateful to the ear of a moose-hunter.

Paul had a slight attack of indigestion this morning, and set off into the woods in search of some Indian remedy. He put no faith in the cures which brandy is said to effect, in the old song, and refused, as Indians invariably will when in the bush, my proffered remedy, a cup of *bucketeweech*—*Anglice*, brandy. His medicine proved to

be the little purple berries of the ground juniper, which have a strong taste of turpentine, and which he bruised and swallowed in a cup of hot tea.

My companion's ankle was so stiff this morning, that he was obliged to remain in camp; so Paul and Williams both accompanied me, when we started after breakfast. A fine breeze had now sprung up from the north-west, assisting us in our course down the lake, while the damp soles of our moccasins sticking to the surface of the glib ice, enabled us to run without danger of slipping.

We turned into the woods, at nearly the same spot that Williams and myself had done the day before, and soon found the fresh track of an immense herd of moose. According to the Indian's computation, there could not have been less than sixteen or seventeen moose in the yard. At length,

thought I, I shall get a shot at a moose. After a short consultation, in Micmac, between the Indians, in which the word *teeam* (moose), accompanied by gesticulations and pointings, occurred frequently, the creeping commenced. Williams, carrying my rifle, took the lead; old Paul directing me to step in Williams's tracks, followed with his rusty musket.

The wind now blew steadily, and made melancholy music among the branches of the lofty hemlocks through which the chase led us, drowning the crackling of the frozen snow under our moccasins. Still, our utmost caution was necessary, for the fine ear of the moose will, even in a gale of wind, detect the snapping of the smallest twig, or any noise foreign to the natural sounds of the forest, at a great distance.

Now is the time to see the Indian in his element and on his mettle. See how his

eyes glisten, as he bends down and scrutinizes the tall, slender stem of a young maple, the red, juicy top of which has been bitten off at the height of some nine or ten feet from the ground. Now he stoops and fingers the track, crumbling the lumps of snow dislodged by the huge foot, to tell the very minutes that have elapsed since the animal stood there.

On we go, every foot stepping in the track of the leading Indian, our arms employed in carefully drawing aside the branches which impede our progress, and preventing the barrels of our guns from noisy contact with the stems, or boughs of the trees. The dense shrubbery of stunted evergreens, through which we had been worming our way for the last twenty minutes, appeared to be getting thinner, and we were about to emerge into an open space, with clumps of young hardwood interspersed through a lofty

grove of pines and hemlocks, when Williams suddenly withdrew his foot from a step which would have exposed him, and stepped behind a young spruce, his excited face beaming with delight as he beckoned me to advance.

There stood, or reposed, the stupendous animals in every variety of posture. Some were feeding, others standing lazily chewing the cud, and flapping their broad ears, now and then stooping to snatch a mouthful of the pure snow. About fifty yards distant, in a clump of tall dead ferns and briars, stood a huge bull, with a splendid coat. Levelling at him, I discharged both barrels of my smooth bore, one at and the other behind the shoulder. He dropped, and the rest of the yard, discovering their foes, plunged off through the bushes, knocking over the dead trees in their way as if they had been nine-pins.

Williams, thrusting my rifle into my hands, pointed to a fine cow, which was the hindmost of the retreating yard. I fired both barrels at her, as she showed herself in an open space between the trees, at about eighty yards distance. A slight stumble, and an increased acceleration in her speed, told us that she was hit.

"I think we shall get the cow, Paul," said I loading away. No sooner were the words out of my mouth, than the bull, which we thought to have been *hors-de-combat*, scrambling up, dashed off gloriously after the retreating yard on three legs.

"Come along with me, Sir," shouted Paul. "Williams, you take gentleman's rifle, and go kill cow."

We dashed on at full speed after the bull, who was nearly out of sight, and was shaping his course as a wounded moose alway does, through the thickest covers of the bush.

However, the poor brute left traces of his direction, which gave him little chance of eluding our pursuit, for the blood on the snow lay in a line nearly a foot in breadth.

A few minutes brought us to where he had been standing to rest and listen, as a circular pool of blood on the snow indicated, and we presently caught a glimpse of him going gallantly up a steep hill, about a hundred yards in advance. Several times I dropped on one knee and levelled, but the stems of the hemlocks were so broad and frequent, and my hand so unsteady, that before I could bring the barrels to bear on him, he was again out of sight.

On arriving at the top of the hill, I was completely used up, as we had followed him at great speed for nearly half a mile. I had lost my cap, and powder flask, bullets, and biscuits jolted out of my pockets, in the frequent rolls-over which I had received, were lying in the

snow at intervals between us and the spot where the chase commenced.

However, we must persevere, for the blood had nearly ceased, and if he escaped in his present wounded condition, he would die.

As luck would have it, on entering a little barren, we saw the moose standing at the other end, evincing no signs of wishing to make a fresh start. Shaking the snow out of the barrels and putting on fresh caps, I dropped him with one ball, and immediately advancing, I fired the second barrel at his head, aiming behind the ear. Down went his head into the snow, and with a convulsive quiver he stretched out dead.

"Well done, skipper," said old Paul, slapping me on the back. "You done well to-day. A most splendid bull," continued he, lifting up the huge head of the moose off the snow.

I own that I felt completely triumphant.

Perhaps the hard chase we had gone through before killing him, and my many previous disappointments in getting shots at moose had made me callous, but not the least remorse did I feel at having extinguished life in so huge an animal. Besides, it was my first moose. He measured nearly seven feet from the hoof to the shoulder, and we calculated that he must have weighed eleven or twelve hundred pounds. And the spot, too, was so wildly picturesque. It was a small circular area in the forest, and the bright scarlet leaves of the ground laurels peeped through the snow. He had fallen under a black spruce, which appeared to spread its massive snow-laden branches over him as the funereal cypress.

Seated on a log opposite, and lighting my pipe, I watched with great satisfaction the butchering process which Paul performed with the evident ease and skill of an old

hand. The moose birds soon made their appearance, and hopped round boldly, almost within reach. Ravens and crows wheeled in circles overhead, croaking horribly, waiting for our departure, to commence their feast on the offal.

Paul finished, by shovelling snow into the interior of the carcass, which was, by our united efforts placed on its belly and thatched over with spruce boughs and a thick coating of snow. In this state, the carcass of a moose will keep, provided the wolves and ynxes do not get wind of it, till the breaking up of the winter.

In the meantime, we had heard two sharp cracks from my rifle, with which Williams had gone after the wounded cow moose; so Paul, binding on to his belt a goodly bunch of steaks and other delicate morsels for home consumption, started in search of him.

Near the spot whence we imagined we had

heard the sound of the rifle to have proceeded, the old Indian uttered the dismal cry of the horned owl. An answer was at once returned from a spot not far distant, and on going up, we found Williams, with bared arms, busily engaged over the carcass of the cow moose. He had shot her after a race similar to ours.

Great were the rejoicings in camp that evening, after our late arrival. My companion had been down to the river, and with a long stick as a rod, two or three yards of twine, and a hook, baited first with salt pork, and afterwards with pieces of their own flesh, had caught several dozen fine trout, averaging a pound in weight a-piece, and which proved to be remarkably fine and well-flavoured, considering the time of year.

March 5.—After lying awake for some time this morning listening to the owls and foxes, I got up, and squatting over the fire, lighted

my pipe. I like thinking over the episodes of a day's moose-hunting, recalling the scenery passed over, and the little incidents which had enlivened the trudge through the woods, such as discovering a porcupine, ensconced high up in the branches of a lofty hemlock; coming upon the hated track of a wolf; or remembering the startling you received when, expecting to see moose every instant, a covey of partridges got up close to you, whose sudden and unexpected whirr made your heart leap to your mouth; while the excitement of the sport, the display of sagacity on the part of your Indian hunter, whose motions you watch as you would those of a well-trained hound, and the wholesome feeling of freedom which accompanies you at all times in the bush, strike the imagination more forcibly on after reflection.

Joe brought in three more hares this morning, and said that a snare that he had

set for lucifee, had sprung during the night, but the animal had broken away.

After breakfast, my comrade's ancle being nearly well, from numerous applications of brandy, used as a lotion, we all proceeded together down the lake. At the lowest extremity of the Fish Lake, a narrow belt of ground, covered with dense green-woods, separated it from a chain of smaller lakes. We were walking on the bank of a little rocky brook, which trickled through this isthmus, when old Paul stopped, and said,

"I got notion of something, Capting. I most sure moose in hard wood hill, away down shore of the smaller lake. S'pose one go along with me and Williams, to creep, and other gentleman stop here. S'pose we start moose—he very likely run through, just here; and then, whoever stop, have grand chance."

It certainly was likely that a moose, if

started from the woods on the north shore, would endeavour to gain the cover of the dense greenwood forests on the south side of the lake, which, as these animals rarely venture on the ice, could only be accomplished by passing through this belt of woods. It was about three hundred yards in breadth; and, from its centre, the ice on both lakes could be seen through the trees; so that any large animal, like a moose, running through it, must pass within range of the gun of a sportsman, concealed half way between the lakes.

I volunteered to remain here, on the chance, while my companion proceeded, in company with the two Indians, to hunt through the fine hard-wood hills, on the north shore of the lakes. As they would have to proceed nearly three miles, before turning into the woods to hunt, I determined to make myself comfortable over a fire, and

by the help of my pipe, for the next hour at least.

Near the centre of this isthmus, were the remains of an old bear trap. Cutting a lot of spruce boughs, I placed them on the ground, in the old dead fall, which, having kindled a merry little blaze outside, I entered and lighted my pipe; my guns, both ready for immediate service, leaning against the trunk of an adjacent hemlock. At first, I thought I should not be able to hear the sound of approaching steps, from the confusing gurgling sounds produced by the water in the little brook, trickling under the ice. However, my ears soon became accustomed to it, and to the murmuring of the wind through the lofty foliage of the hemlocks.

As far as I could see into the forest, on the side whence I expected the moose to make their appearance, the ground sloped

gently down towards the brook which ran in front of my position. Thick masses of stunted firs rose up everywhere between the lofty forest trees, to the height of some ten or twelve feet. My pipe going out, I fell into a reverie, which turned to drowsiness; and, at length, notwithstanding several startlings which I received from the sudden chattering of a squirrel, or the tapping of a wood-pecker on a dead trunk, to a sound sleep.

I don't know what awoke me again, whether it was from the cold, or any unusual noise; for I awoke with a start, and with the full expectation of finding a huge moose standing over me, and threatening retribution for the death of his comrades on the day previous.

My little fire had burnt itself out, evidently some time ago; and my feet were completely benumbed. I had scarcely risen,

when I heard something like a tread in the snow, though whence the sound proceeded, I could not at first tell. Hearing it again, accompanied by a slight crack of a bough, I made up my mind that something was walking in the snow, on the opposite side of the run. It might be my companion and the Indians returning; if not, it surely must be moose.

There was a large pine near me, overhanging the brook, and, crouching behind it with my two guns, I waited in breathless expectation. The tramping soon came nearer, and, by its stopping at intervals, I knew that it must proceed from moose, travelling cautiously.

At length, I saw the top of one of the dwarf spruces shake, and heard two or three sharp snaps of dead wood. A minute afterwards, two gigantic heads protruded from the evergreens, looking cautiously around and

sniffing the air rather suspiciously. I was more than once afraid that they would get my wind, as the currents of air are very undecided in a valley; however, to my great relief, I saw their ears resume a hanging position, and the bushes again wave, as they forced their way onward.

After two minutes of dreadful suspense, the leader, a huge cow moose, stood on the opposite bank, about ten yards in front of my tree. She was just descending into the brook, and, in another instant, would have brushed past the pine so closely, that I should have been able to pull the bristles from her coat, when I levelled at her enormous head and fired. She fell dead in her tracks.

The bull, as moose always will at the report of a gun, appeared stupefied for an instant; but seeing me stoop to pick up my undischarged rifle, threw back his head,

and went off briskly along the opposite bank.

Rushing along the bank, in a course parallel to his, I at length got a view of him through an opening in the trees, and fired both barrels simultaneously. As I hastily reloaded, I could still hear him crashing along through the dead wood. The cow was quite dead. Not knowing whether the bull was wounded or not, I crossed the brook and followed up his tracks to where he had been at the time of my shot. Here were a few drops of blood, and proceeding half-a-dozen yards farther, a broad trail of blood on the snow, shewed that he was hit hard on the left side.

Pushing along through dense thickets, with my arm up to protect my face, a sudden sound caused me to look up, when I found that I had stumbled suddenly on my moose, who made a desperate attempt at rising, but

failed. A ball behind the ear finished him, when I gave vent to my triumphant feelings in a loud yell. To my surprise, it was answered by another, at no great distance; and, in a few minutes, Williams emerged from the bushes, and stood looking with a grin of satisfaction, first at me, and then at the moose, simply remarking—

"You done well."

He said that my companion and Paul, having heard my shots at a great way off, had despatched him to my assistance. They had started, without having obtained a shot at the two moose which, unluckily for themselves, had attempted to cross the isthmus from a hard wood hill, about two miles distant, and were now hunting round to the north of the big lake.

After performing the usual operation on the carcasses with his hunting knife, he bound on to his belt the choice morsels, and

accompanied me back to camp. At dusk, my companion and Paul arrived, fatigued though also triumphant. Soon after Williams had left them, they had wounded a moose, one of an immense yard of ten, and after a chase of nearly four miles, through most difficult country, had shot the animal in the act of crossing a jam of ice on the Tangier river, a distance of at least eight miles from camp. This was our best day, and great feasting and merriment went on in camp, till long after the usual hour of stretching out.

We had now six moose lying in the woods at various distances from camp, and it was proposed by old Paul, and unanimously agreed to by the whole party, that hunting should cease, and that the more laborious operation of hauling out the meat from the woods to the lake should commence on the morrow.

March 6th.—The Indians, early this morning, commenced making a hand-sled on which to drag the moose-meat over the ice. Chopping out the different pieces roughly, they brought them into camp, and taking out their whittling knives, were soon nearly buried in shavings.

The knife, which the Indian uses in manufacturing anything out of wood, is a beautifully-tempered thin blade, curving backwards at the point. The handle is curved also, and there is a semicircular indentation at the end, for the ball of the thumb to rest in. In cutting and paring, the Indian, pressing the piece of wood firmly against his chest with the left hand holds his knife in his right, back downwards, and cuts towards him. They appear to possess immense power in detaching thick splinters, by this mode of using the knife, while they can pare off long

shavings as finely as if a plane had been used.

The hand-sled, when finished, turned out to be a platform, about two feet broad and four long, resting upon runners, cut out of rock maple, turned up in front, and beautifully smoothed, so as to run well over the ice.

After breakfast, they started to the spot where lay the farthest of the carcasses, and my companion accompanied me down the river about a quarter of a mile past its exit from the lake, with the intention of trouting.

Here there was a spot, where, from the velocity of the current, the ice had not formed, and in which trout may always be taken with bait on a fine day during the winter months. The rods were there, and we had brought lines and hooks; but where was the bait? We had forgotten to bring a

lump of salt pork. One is not long, however, in finding expedients in this country; so, cutting off a bit of my untanned moccasin, I baited with it, and made a cast among the rapids. Before it had fairly disappeared beneath the surface, it was taken with shark-like ferocity.

The rod was a strong one, and there being no fear of the line going, out he came, over my head, and fell with a plump on the snow behind, where he was seized by my companion, who speedily converted the whitest portion of him into bait. I believe that the trout would have risen at a scarlet hackle, for they seemed to refuse nothing, and were wonderfully lively for the time of year.

Two large fish-eagles watched our proceedings, evidently taking a lesson in the gentle art, and my companion fired, though ineffectually, a bullet at one, which was sitting on the branch of a scathed pine across

the river. The report of the gun caused a chorus of screams and yells from the jays and moose-birds which had flocked round us. As many trout as we could conveniently carry were caught in the course of an hour, and we returned to camp, where some of them were fried for lunch. The remainder of the day was spent in shooting partridges round the camp, practising with the axe, snaring moose-birds, and similar amusements.

The Indians returned late, rather fagged, having brought the carcasses of two moose out to the edge of the lake. Joe broke his pipe short off this evening, and I was much amused by his plan of making a wooden stem, in which to insert the bowl. Cutting a cylindrical piece of soft wood, about a foot in length and an inch in diameter, he notched it at one end, so that it appeared like a child's pop-gun, with the ramrod slightly

projecting. After allowing it to remain for a few minutes in the hot ashes, he took it in his hands, and holding the projecting knob firmly between his teeth, twisted it round several times, and finally drew out a mass of fibres attached to the knob. After finishing up neatly, with a few fantastic devices, the wooden tube, he inserted the remaining stem of his pipe into it. The smoke draws deliciously cool through one of these long wooden stems, and I prevailed on him to exert his ingenuity in making me several.

March 7.—The frost this morning was intense, it must have been at least ten or twelve degrees below zero. However, there was no wind to circulate the frozen particles of air, and we were all comfortable enough inside the camp. All hands left the camp after breakfast this morning, to haul out the moose, proceeding first to the spot where my first bull had fallen. We found the carcass

intact, though all the offal had been consumed by ravens and moose birds.

The hide was first taken off, and then after a few chops with the axe, and a dexterous cut or two with the hunting-knife, the huge mass lay in four quarters, weighing nearly two hundred weight a-piece.

The Indians, each taking one of them on the back, holding on in front by the leg, which bent downwards over their shoulders, marched off with apparent ease, while we, slinging a quarter on a pole resting on our shoulders, followed them, every now and then beseeching them to stop to rest. The remaining moose was served in the same way, and we returned to camp long after dusk, feeling that we had done the hardest day's work yet.

The Indians appeared excessively amused when we tried to repeat casual Micmac words, the meaning of which we had learnt.

For instance, instead of asking Joe for "more tea," we would say "Eganamooi abstch potacwae," at which they would go off into fits of laughter, and puff away furiously at their pipes, saying, "You get along well, Capting, speak all same as one Ingin."

This was our last night in camp, as we wished to be in Halifax in two days time.

March 8.—After breakfast we made arrangements for the removal of the whole moose-meat, excepting one carcass, which we gave to old Paul, to Halifax. This would be attended with some labour and difficulty, for a road would have to be made, by felling and clearing the forest for eight miles through the woods, over which the meat was to be dragged by a team of oxen on a sled. Having settled that Williams was to go in to the settlement to engage two men and a team of oxen, and that all hands should

remain in camp till it was all properly finished, we started under the guidance of Joe for a walk of eight miles through the woods, in a driving snow-storm, which made it anything but agreeable.

Four hours saw us once more under a roof, before a table covered with broiled ham, fresh eggs, butter and milk, luxuries to which we had been strangers for some time, and what was most acceptable of all, some thoroughly good London porter.

We sleighed in to Halifax by the afternoon of the following day, and in the course of a week had the satisfaction of seeing the arrival of the whole of our trophies, drawn by a team of four horses.

The meat was proved to be in excellent order, and was universally approved of, by the numerous friends and others amongst whom it was distributed.

Thus ended successfully and very satisfactorily, our ten days hunting in the woods down East.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nova Scotian Lakes—Commencement of Fly-Fishing—A Professional Angler—Margaret's Bay Road—Spruce Beer—A Rock a-head—A Tussle with a Trout—Pitching the Camp—Islands in the Lake—A merry meal.

NOVA SCOTIA, as has been before observed, is thickly sprinkled with lakes; some of them of large size, the scenery on which, in the summer months, is beautiful.

They are dotted with small and fairy-like islands, which, though of a rocky formation, have sufficient soil for the growth of dense groves of spruces and firs, against the sombre green of which the bright

broad leaves of maples stand out in brilliant relief. Cranberry, and other berry-bearing bushes and shrubs, growing between bold masses of rock, fringe their shores.

These lakes are generally connected with each other by small brooks, called runs, which, flowing through a chain of several large sheets of water, swell into rivers of considerable magnitude. Capital trout fishing may be obtained on most of the Nova Scotian lakes. It commences as soon as the ice has disappeared; sometimes, if the spring be an early one, towards the end of April, and lasts till the end of September.

During a few weeks, however, in the hottest part of the summer, when the water becomes tepid, the fish are unwilling to rise after sunrise, or before sunset. For several days, too, in the first week in May, when the

May-fly—in this country, a long black gnat, with gossamer wings—has emerged from its shell, and, in company with the stone-fly, hovers over the water, and covers every rock round the lake in countless myriads, the trout, gorging themselves with the abounding delicacy, will refuse every allurement of the fisherman, except an artificial resemblance of the insect in question. However, from the dispersion of the trout at this time, and from the surface of the water being covered with floating insects, I consider it of very little use to fish, either with the artificial May-fly, or with any other allurement.

It was on a fine morning towards the end of May, when the May-fly glut, as it is termed, was over, and the trout were beginning to recover from the torpor attendant on their late feast, that we made up a fishing party of three to proceed to

some lakes — distant a morning's drive from Halifax.

Included in our number was a professional angler, named Frederics, who generally accompanies fishermen to the suburban lakes, on which he has boats. He is, in a general way, a useful person, both in camp, and on the water; for he has the credit of being able to tie the best fly of any one in Halifax; knows the exact fly for, and the exact retreats of, the trout in every lake; and, moreover, is an amusing and a good-humoured fellow enough.

Taking with us a waterproof canvas camp, axes, blankets, the camp-kettle, and a sufficient quantity of salt pork, biscuit, and tea for two days, we started from Halifax in a double-seated waggon, for the twelve mile house on the Margaret's Bay road. A portly dame, named Mrs. Ansell, who

is the hostess at this inn, and can always give a good roast fowl, and a bed, to any one coming out to fish the neighbouring lakes, accosted us, as we drove to the door of the log-house.

"How d'ye do, gentlemen? My sakes! what a lot of rods! Dearee me! why, I do believe—why, wasn't you here last fall, Sir?"

"Yes."

"I knowed you again a'most at oncet. Lawks, Charley," as she called our man Frederics, "why, it's an age, I guess, sin' you come along here, last! Where are all your boats? My old man says as how you've been building a boat to carry about through the woods, covered with canvass. Where have you put it?—on Cranberry Lake, or on Five-island Lake?"

"Why, Mrs. Hensell," as good Mrs. Ansell is vulgarly designated, "I come out

with a gent from town, last week, and went in her a awful way, away down Hosier's River, a'most as far as Margaret's Bay. She's there now, I guess. Give us a bottle of your spruce beer, for I guess I'm horrid dry."

"Try some, gentlemen," said dame Ansell. "It's beautiful. I make it myself, from the boughs of the black spruce, with a little molasses and ginger."

After patronizing the good-humoured and garrulous hostess, by purchasing, for the sum of threepence, a bottle apiece of this really pleasant and refreshing beverage, we shouldered our loads, and, in Indian file, took to the woods.

A bush path brought us to the shores of a large lake, about two miles from the house, which for want of a better name, is called "Frederics' lake," from the partiality of that worthy, (who looks upon it

as exclusively his own property) for the locality. From the warmth of the day, and their own weight, our loads were tolerably irksome, and we were not sorry to toss them off, and sit down amongst the bushes, while Frederics went to launch the boat.

This had been drawn up from the lake several hundred yards back into the woods, and was carefully concealed amongst bushes, so as to prevent the possibility of any one fishing without his leave. The torments inflicted by the mosquitoes and black flies were dreadful. Thousands had scented and followed us on our way through the woods, and took the opportunity presented by our sitting down, to attack in swarms, every exposed part, running over our clothes, and frantically endeavouring to insert their probosces in search of blood. However, the boat, an old leaky, flat-bottomed tub of a

thing, arriving, we jumped in, and pulling away vigorously, soon got clear of our persecutors.

It was a fine piece of water, nearly three miles in length, with bays and arms running back into the woods, in all directions. We shaped our course towards one of the numerous fantastically shaped islands, which rose out of the water in groups, and prevented the whole expanse of the lake from being comprehended at any one view. Our rods, which had been put together, were leaning over the side of the boat, about twenty yards of line out, and the flies skipping over the surface, merrily in the wake of the boat, as Frederics said, "we were most sure to get some beautiful fish this way."

Frederics was sculling away very vigorously with a primitive pair of skulls, shaped with an axe, from young "far trees," as he called

them, when—there was a sudden collision, and—over he went backwards into the bottom of the boat. We had grounded on a sunken rock, in the middle of the lake.

"Why, Frederics, you ought to know the navigation of your own lake by this time," said we.

No harm was done, however, except that the old boat manifested an increased inclination to leak, and kept us hard at work, baling with the lid of a kettle; and we had nearly reached our island, when Frederics began to back water in a most energetic manner.

"What another rock ahead, Fred ?"

"No, Sir, reel up, Sir, quick. A most splendid trout riz at your fly. That's it, Sir. Now turn round, and make a cast just there."

He was right, for at my second cast,

a large trout leaped from the surface, and took my tail fly—a scarlet hackle. Lashing the waters into a foam on the surface, and then diving headlong into the deep dark water under the boat, under which he would drag the tackle in endeavouring to reach the surface on the other side, I several times thought that he would prove more than a match for my light gear. However, the gut, though fine, was strong, and after a fight of many minutes duration, he lay floundering in the bottom of the boat.

"Four pounds, if he weighs an ounce, and the biggest fish I ever see took in this lake," said Frederics.

In a few minutes more, the bows of our bark rustled through the bushes which overhung the shores of the island. Here we disembarked and landed the baggage, as this was the spot fixed upon for the camp. In a

few minutes, the strokes of the axes resounded through the woods, causing a chorus of chattering from the irate squirrels, and screams from blue jays. A couple of tall forked sticks planted in the ground about ten feet apart, a crosspiece resting in the forks, with long poles leaning in a slanting position against it, completed the skeleton of the camp.

The canvass was unrolled, stretched across the slanting poles, and tied on securely. An ample bed of fir boughs was next picked; and two or three stems of white birch being felled, and chopped into pieces about five feet long, for firewood, our camping arrangements were complete, and we again launched the boat for the purpose of fishing till sundown.

Three flies are generally used in lake trout-fishing. Frederics' favourite cast consisting of, first, a "Jenny Lind," as he christened a

fly, with a body of blue floss silk ribbed with broad gold tinsel, and wings of the feather of a scarlet ibis; the middle one having an orange body, with brown wings; and the tail fly being the never-failing scarlet palmer, or hackle, as it is usually termed in this country.

We landed on islands, and fished from bold masses of granite, standing perpendicularly out of the deep black water, where the big fish generally lurk. In these spots we caught many fine fellows. Fishing from the boat, too, along the shores, particularly in little bays, into which cool springs trickled through the bushes, we had good sport—the scarlet hackles doing nearly all the business.

We returned to camp in the evening, with the bottom of the boat covered with fine, richly-marked trout; the largest being rather over three pounds. A large fire soon blazed

up before the camp, and the frying-pan, full of trout and pieces of fat pork, placed over a jet of flame. The tea-kettle, with the tea in it, was suspended over the fire, hanging from a notched stick, which was stuck at a convenient angle into the ground. Some of the trout were roasted on sticks, in front of the blaze, which, I think, is the best method of cooking them. Clean, broad sheets of birch bark did service as plates.

After a hearty meal, eaten in the usual recumbent posture, we passed over the remains of the feast to Frederics, who made an *omnium gatherum* in the frying-pan, which served as dish and plate to him. Having swallowed a good proportion of the strong boiled tea, we followed Frederics' example of taking what he termed "a draw at the old pipe;" and threatening him with a ducking

in the lake next morning, if he should let the fire out during the night, we composed ourselves to sleep.

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