

sharper curve and bowls itself against the opposing rocky wall with the force of a hundred battering rams, we have, as if smoothed out by the backwaters of thousands of years, a glorious amphitheatre of green; where you feel as if you would like to rest for ever and dream to the music of the winds and the waters. River-banks in the proper sense, there are none: for in the spring and the fall of the year the ravine is in most places filled from side to side with the stream; and all debris, and whatever water can undermine and tear away, is hurried down to the sea: and now, when the stream has shrunk to its summer size, it flows well within the limits of its pebbly and rocky bed. The exposures of rock in sections almost vertical, so frequent along the river, would interest the geologist. Having puzzled himself over the rock formations of Gaspé, he would do well to look here. The variety of stratification is not great, chiefly sandstone and a dark bluish-grey slate; but it has been heaved into all imaginable positions and angles, from the level up to the "perpendicular and more," and twisted into wisps and curves of distracting curvature. There must have been hot and heavy work here in prehistoric and plutonic times.

We travelled up the river at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles a day, doing our journey in the warm time of the day, and fishing in the mornings and evenings. From the roof of our scow-house, we could enjoy the scenery and do a good deal of fictitious fishing. For it is the privilege of the angler to ply his vocation and accomplish some of his most successful exploits in the realm of imagination. As he travels with a stream of the right kind under his eye, he notes the rocks behind which the fish are likely to lie, he drops his hypothetical fly into the feasible eddies and ripples, enjoys vivid conceptions of nibbles and plunges and races up and down stream, and beaches visionary monsters on probable landing places. In no other case that we know, do the pleasures of sport or recreation extend so much beyond mere matter-of-fact. Hence perhaps, the tendency to "romancing" so deeply seated in the angling breast. Let psychologists look to it, and explain for us this phenomenon, and show why it is that, let a man be ever so estimable and exemplary in all the relations of life, inflexibly upright and scrupulously true, yet, when he narrates you a tale of his fishing triumphs and losses, you mentally reduce each of his several statements about forty per cent. Our present narrative—*exceptio firmat regulam*—is for obvious reasons an exception to this rule.