

upon. This bull was a three-year-old, the flesh proved very fat and delicious, and the hide was of a beautiful brown.

Early on the following morning we dropped down the stream, now grown considerably in volume, two miles to the falls, which were very picturesque, but were devoid of any grandeur. Here the river makes a long elbow or bend, and by making a portage of three miles we were enabled to accomplish six miles of river. By nightfall we had portaged all our stuff to the river's brink at the place of re-embarkment, and here we made preparations for passing a quiet Sunday. Nothing was lacking for the promotion of our comfort; our table was well supplied with fish, fowl and flesh: the air was balmy, and its breath was sweet with the soft odours from the forest; our surroundings were very romantic, our tent being pitched in a valley surrounded by fine hills, well wooded. During the night we were awakened by some caribou that passed near the tent, and frequently struck their horns against the trunks of trees, but it was too dark to get a shot at them.

On Monday morning we proceeded down the dancing waters of the Upsalwitch, that by receiving tributary brooks soon swelled into a river of respectable size.

When we paused for lunch we removed the cedar shoes from our canoe, as the water now allowed of our running freely without contact with the sharp rocks.

We ran over hundreds of salmon that were assembling in the pools in the vicinity of the spawning grounds, preparatory to the act of spawning. It was very amusing to disturb a large fish in very shallow water and watch his plunges and swift darts hither and thither. In one pool we saw some two hundred fish, none exceeding twenty pounds, the fish of this river as a rule running small.

It took us two days to reach the Restigouche, and two very enjoyable days they were. The men, relieved of all toil, were in excellent spirits; the bark floated merrily along, only needing steering; rapidly we passed sweet bits of intervale, shaded by tall elms, steep rocky cliffs, hardwood groves, and imposing hills and mountains.

The gliding panorama did not include the habitations of men until we neared the Restigouche, and these were now deserted—picturesque little fishing villas, owned by wealthy New Yorkers and occupied by them for a brief season only.

The broad Restigouche seemed very noble when we were fairly launched on its bosom. The scenery grew pastoral, a sudden change from the rugged forest scenes to which we had grown accustomed. We met parties being towed up stream in launches by a pair of