

distance from the shore, at the edge of the deep water, perfectly still and motionless, forming a *cordon* round the fish within their circle, and waiting until the proper time should arrive for making their supper also. Ockmawbish fired a double gun, loaded with snipe shot, among the ravenous chub, killing several large ones, and that dispersed the whole of the fish, no doubt disappointing many hungry expectants of their anticipated feast.

The lakes of New-Brunswick abound with an immense variety of small fish, for many of which we have yet no name; and, as there are no pike in our waters, they increase and multiply almost beyond belief. In the neighbouring state of Maine, the lakes and streams are filled with pike (or "pickerel," as they are there called), to the exclusion of almost every other kind of fish; yet in this province "the fresh water shark" is not found, and it is sincerely to be hoped that he never may be, for he would do much toward destroying the excellent fly-fishing and trolling we now enjoy.

How delighted and astonished would be some of the numerous fishermen who try their "patience in a punt" on the bosom of old father Thames, could they but moor their boat in one of our unfrequented streams, into which, probably, a line had never before been dropped, and solace themselves for many previous disappointments, by filling their baskets as fast as they could take the fish, the only limit being their capability of endurance! I have frequently noticed one Londoner who has found his way to this province, and pursues angling in precisely the same style he has been accustomed to, in the deeps above Richmond Bridge. He regularly "peels" to the work, takes an immense quantity of perch during our long days, consoles himself for being unable to finish with a dinner at the Star and Garter, and sustains his fatigue, by imbibing an unlimited quantity of bottled porter, and smoking an endless number of cigars, bestowing not a thought upon the capital fly-fishing which is found at less than a mile from the favourite perch pool he constantly frequents.

The day after our night adventure with the chub, being Sunday, was devoted to rest and repose. The Indians performed their ablutions in the lake, and then each settled himself quietly on his blanket within the camp. They are all rigid Catholics, and keep the early part of the Sabbath very strictly; for hours they scarcely moved, and conducted themselves as devoutly as if in chapel, and under the immediate eye of their priest. Our party felt no in-

clination to disturb them; and we drew off to the margin of a bright mountain stream, clear as crystal, which dashed rapidly over a pebbly bed, and whose banks were fringed with a luxuriant growth of forest trees. The silvery stems and brilliant foliage of the birch contrasted with the dark and sombre green of the spruce, the heavy masses of which were relieved by the rich and glowing tints of the maple, and numberless bunches of the bright scarlet berries of the mountain ash. The lofty hemlock and majestic pine lifted their heads high above the graceful cedars and drooping tamaracks; while the spreading beech offered us a shade, under which we reclined, to enjoy the soothing murmurs of the brook, while listening to the beautiful homilies of old Isaak Walton, read to us by one of the party, to whom the volume is a constant companion.—Thus we spent the day; and not until the sun had declined in the west, and the shadows of the mountains had been thrown across the waters, did we perceive that our camp-fire was relighted, and that the thin thread of blue smoke, rising above the tree-tops, summoned us to return to the evening meal.

For several days after, we had full employment in exploring the bays and coves of the lake, its tributary streams, and the numerous smaller lakes connected with it. Of sport of all kinds we had abundance; for we shot pigeons, partridges, ducks, snipe, woodcocks, and, occasionally, hares. The latter are much smaller than those of England, but higher flavoured; they are of a reddish brown in the summer; but, with the first flight of snow, at the beginning of winter, they change the colour of their coats to a perfect white. If after that a thaw takes place, and the snow goes off, they afford capital shooting, their colour betraying them among the dead leaves, with which the ground is then thickly covered, and to which their coats bear the most striking resemblance before the sudden and mysterious change which is wrought upon them by nature, to protect them from their enemies.

We were very successful in fly-fishing, and in trapping otters; but in our rambles over the hills, and through the valleys, although we had seen deer occasionally, we did not obtain a single shot. We determined upon watching the shores of the lake at night, as then the deer and cariboo come to the water, to slake their thirst and cool their sides; while they, at the same time, rid themselves of the insects which torment them during the day, in the close recesses of the forest. A dark and sultry even-