

The river Restigouche has its sources far away in the scarcely explored depths of the New Brunswick forests, and through a large part of its course forms the boundary between that Province and the Province of Quebec. At six miles from the tidal waters, it is joined by the Matapedia from the north, an affluent nearly as large as itself. At this point there is just now a magnificent railway bridge in course of construction, for the Intercolonial Railway crosses here and continues up the valley of the Matapedia. The united stream falls into the Bay of Chaleur, so named, as some say, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, while others contend that the Bay shores are perceptibly warmer than the adjacent coasts. Our party numbered eight, its central figures being the Chief and the Doctor, the eighth being the warden of the river. The Doctor was appointed First Officer of the Commissariat, a post he was singularly qualified to fill, and the duties of which he ably administered throughout the expedition; and as we intended to go a long way up the river, and thus would be for several days far from our base, another of the party was told off to follow with provisional supplies. Our conveyance was a large barge or "scow," kindly lent to our Chief and party by the other lessee of the river. It was about forty feet long by ten or twelve in breadth, carried in the middle of it a flat-roofed house, and, seen from without, looked like a gigantic Child's Noah's Ark; within we had drawing-room, dining-room and kitchen, and sofa-couches for eight persons, with their appropriate furniture. Mosquito curtains gave to the carpeted interior a suggestion of luxury, which was fully realized when the subject of eatables and drinkables came on the *tapis*. The "scow" was an epitome of material comforts and itself the greatest of them all. The appliances of a Pullman car, of an ocean steamer, of a first-class hotel disappeared into the impalpable, compared with the comforts of our "scow." The river-warden took the captaincy. Our crew consisted of four white men and four Indians. On the morning of the 18th of July, all hands were piped at Matapedia, and taken aboard: four canoes were attached to the "scow" behind; a motive power of three horses was hitched on in front; and the whole system of us, thus composed, moved off up stream, amid the cheers of the Railway employès, which we exerted ourselves to reciprocate.

The scenery of the Restigouche will compare favourably with