

Indians brought back the wanderer, who, a prudent man, finding himself "off the track," sat down and waited, though anxiously, until found by the Indians. The discovery of a jar of molasses in the hut brought fresh joy to the Indians on their return. After brief explanation on the part of the wanderer, and congratulations on that of the others, we all resolved to "turn in" for the night.

I positively declined the post of honor in the corner of the hut amongst the rags and old spruce boughs, preferring the narrow table for my couch, though fearing to turn over, lest I should too suddenly turn out. Another drawback to my comfort on the table was the absence of a suitable pillow.

Lord Wolseley says, in his "Soldiers' Pocket-book," that he has frequently made use of his sword hilt as a pillow. I doubt, however, whether my patent pillow, adopted on this occasion, has been previously used. It consisted of two tin cups, placed one above the other, secured by a couple of axes stuck in the table. With these, and in spite of all drawbacks, I slept the sweet sleep of the laboring man, while my friends, if they slept, which I doubt, had evil dreams and lively experience on their softer couch. But short-lived are these evil dreams, passing as the morning cloud. Early morning found us on the bank of the most picturesque of trout streams, and with my lightest of Yankee trout rods, I soon had gained a vantage point on a rock from which to cast my smallest over a dark pool. Scarcely had the fly touched water when "in him" was shouted by all, for they saw I was "in" no small fish. The jump in the air, and the music of the reel, soon decided the matter—it was a fine grilse. Without gaff or landing net, I had my work cut out for me to keep sufficient strain on the fish and prevent his cutting the gut amongst the sharp rocks. I had necessarily to dance many odd dances from rock to rock. There is, however, nothing more successful than success. After, not a *mauvais quart d'heure*, but a lively half hour, I had coaxed my fish from the rocky pool to a sandy beach, where I safely landed him.

This was but one of a series of successful combats between fisherman and fish, in which both my brother anglers and myself took part on that memorable day, on which, in our search for trout, we found grilse and larger salmon in abundance. Owing, it appears, to the water in this stream having become suddenly and unusually low, these fish had found themselves shut in and unable to join their companions in the Miramichi river.

Rejoicing in our sport, and well-laden with fish, we returned to the hut, and afterwards to the canoes on the larger river bank. The rest of the trip down the Miramichi river was uneventful. We had lingered longer than we had intended in the wilds, and, therefore, abandoned the idea of prolonging the voyage by going down stream to the harbor at Newcastle, resolving to take the train where the recently-opened railway crosses the river at Boiestown.