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Sporting Sketches from New Brunswick.

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LA BELLE TOLOTAH.

SEVERAL days were spent in ascending the Obscache; at times paddling swiftly along its rich alluvial banks, covered with luxuriant vegetation, beside which the deep, dark waters of the river flowed with gentle current; and then, again, toiling and struggling up a boiling rapid, in some narrow, rocky pass, where the pent-up waters were broken and lashed into foam, ere they regained their usual steady and placid course. On one occasion we encountered a rapid which, although long and violent, ran quite straight, and our Indians insisted that we could surmount it without a *decharge*; but in this they seemed likely to be mistaken, for twice we nearly gained the top, yet on each occasion had we failed, and been compelled to return to the bottom, and recommence the ascent. Before starting the third time, the trim of the canoes was altered, and we moved up the lower half of the rapid very slowly; then, by desperate efforts of strength, combined with great skill and dexterity, we succeeded in getting over the upper pitch, and pushed into an eddy, where we paused to take breath. The rocks here were of fine grey sandstone, lying horizontally in thin sheets, with the different layers very distinctly marked, and as the banks of the stream were quite perpendicular, they bore much resemblance to a lofty stone wall of ancient workmanship. From between two of the layers of sandstone we observed a jet of water, gushing out with considerable force, and as it looked cool and inviting, we landed to refresh ourselves with a draught from the living spring. Cups were hastily filled and eagerly quaffed, but oh! what grimaces and contortions followed! It was a powerfully impregnated mineral spring, destitute of smell, but, when swallowed, of great effect, and we

had the satisfaction of being treated to an apert draught, quite gratuitously and unexpectedly.

In ascending the river we found abundance of small trout everywhere, and amused ourselves with taking them from the canoes as we glided along, and in shooting whatever came in our way. We met with numbers of the *tee-tee-squass*, the green sandpipers, which, during the summer season, frequent the margins of inland streams, where they are generally found in pairs. They run very swiftly along the shores, and often into the shallows of the water, for they can swim a little, their feet being partially webbed, and the feathers, on the under part of their bodies, close and waterproof, like those of the swimming birds. The *tee-tee-squass*, as the Micilctes call them, are noisy birds, yet the shrill and wailing cries they utter are rather pleasant, as they serve to break the silent stillness of the lonely streams. We shot them as they flitted from side to side of the river, always, when disturbed, flying up the stream, and so keeping before us; they were exceedingly fat, and most delicious eating: when not torn by the shot, and carefully stripped of the feathers, and dressed, their bodies looked very like little lumps of butter.

Occasionally we landed to shoot pigeons, and amuse ourselves in the forest; but as the weather was very warm and dry, it became necessary to push on briskly, as the river fell rapidly. We reached the beginning of the *portage* in the afternoon of an exceedingly hot day, and then proceeded to make up our packs, intending to march across to the head waters of the Chemenpeek, distant about three miles, and there encamp for the night, leaving the canoes to be brought over the next morning. From the carelessness of some of the parties, who had formerly crossed the *portage*, in neglecting to extinguish their camp fires (a duty no thorough woodsman neglects), all the fo-