

ready to pursue their journey to St. John, to dispose of their furs, and reap the reward of their toils and privations. Two of our party were to set off for some plains, a few miles distant, in pursuit of cariboo, and with the hope of falling upon the trail of several bears, of which the trappers gave information. Our excellent companion, the *Nochein-peel-wat*,* left us, with his bugle, greatly to the regret of the Indians, to pursue his geological researches. Sabattis walked down to the water-side with the *pee-pee-quat*, the bugle, in his arms, followed by the other Indians, and, depositing it gently in the Doctor's canoe, he patted it with his hand, and said, "Ah! *pee-pee-quat! pee-pee-quat! me berry sorry lose you!*" Truly this leave-taking was very touching and affectionate.

Some few hours were occupied in packing up and loading the canoes, apportioning the stores, and making our selection of Indians; but all being at length settled, the whole of us left the camping-place at the same moment, separating to proceed on our several routes; the notes of the bugle mingling with the wild cries of the Indians and our own shouts and cheers, as we parted. A friend, a captain in the 43rd Light Infantry, an untiring sportsman, and thorough woodsman, had agreed with me to make an excursion across the province to its eastern shore, which is washed by the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and we set off, each in his own canoe, accompanied by Sabattis and Mahteen. Leaving Otter Point, we proceeded some distance up the lake, to the head of a deep bay, and then up a stream which fell into it; from whence, by a short *portage*, we reached another stream, which led us into the river called, by the Indians, the Obscache, which we proposed ascending. The lateness of the hour at which we started, and the time lost in effecting the *portage*, made it near nightfall ere we reached the banks of the Obscache, where we at once halted, and proceeded to encamp. While the Indians were making the necessary arrangements for the night, the captain and myself amused ourselves with catching a few trout for supper. The waters of the Obscache are of an unusually dark brown colour; and the trout, in consequence, have a very sombre appearance: they were small, but in fine condition; and while rising boldly and freely at the bright and gaudy flies with which we found it

necessary to tempt them, they appeared, in the twilight, to be black fish, leaping out of a river of brown sherry.

While thus engaged, a log-canoe came down the river upon us; it was paddled by one man, who sat in the stern; while another, apparently an invalid, was stretched at full length on the bottom. The paddler paused to exchange those greetings which are always cordially given and received by wayfarers who meet accidentally in the forest; and we took the opportunity of enquiring what was the matter with his companion. We were told that he was a "lumberman," one of the party who were "making timber" further up the river; that on the day previous he had been severely torn by a bear, and was now on his way down to the settlements, for the benefit of medical advice, and that attention and assistance which could not be rendered him in a lumber-camp. We invited them to remain with us for the night; assuring the wounded man we would do all in our power to render him comfortable; and our offer was most thankfully accepted. We carried the poor fellow to our camp fire, and laid him on our blankets; he appeared in much pain, and to be in a state of great nervous excitement; our endeavours were, therefore, used to alleviate his sufferings, and sooth him into a calmer mood. In a few hours our efforts were so far successful that he became tolerably quiet and easy, and then we learned the particulars of the mishap which had befallen him.

The lumbering party to which the wounded man belonged were about thirty miles further up the river, encamped at the distance of a mile or more from its banks, in a grove of large pines. They were engaged, as usual with these parties, in cutting down the large trees, and "making them into timber," which means, squaring them with the axe, for exportation.—In winter, when the swamps and small brooks are frozen, and the snow is deep enough, the timber thus squared is hauled by oxen to the banks of the nearest river or stream of sufficient size, and in the following spring is "driven" down with the icy floods, caused by the melting of the snow, to the main river, where it is stopped by booms, and, being thus collected together, is formed into large rafts. Upon these rafts, houses, or "shanties," are erected, and in the course of two or three weeks, with the aid of a gentle current, they reach the sea port whence the timber is shipped to Great Britain. A party employed in the woods is made up of three classes; first, the men who fell the tree with the narrow axe, who are

* Dr. Gesner, the able and indefatigable geologist, who is now conducting the geological survey of New Brunswick.