

carry when he came in the evening to visit us. He was a whole storming party in himself, but he spared all our lives and chatted very agreeably far into the night.

Next day some of us were atop of the scow, our favourite drawing-room, when the captain, who had tooled us through some stiff rapids into a long reach of still water, suddenly threw up his hands, made an involuntary jump of astonishment and assumed a general resemblance to a St. Andrew's cross as he cried, "Look at them, look at them! great Cæsar, look at them! was there ever the like o' that? Queen o' Scotland, look at them!" and we looked and beheld. It is not often one sees a *shoal* of salmon in a river, so far as we have ever heard; but here they were by dozens and by scores. Some gliding up stream in front of the scow, some scudding athwart into the deep water, but most lying heedless of us on the other side of the current, which was here very gentle, and darkening the bottom of the river. No doubt after this there was abundance of fish in the river; but when they congregate thus, they are evidently waiting a rise of the water, and are in no humour to make their greetings to the sportsman. We passed on to a more hopeful place—a long pool, deep and sluggish on one side where it may be fished from the overhanging rocks; on the other, swift, rough, and comparatively shallow. The captain and the Indians agreed on the best spot, one however that none of us would have selected. Against this spot canoe No. 1 was launched, and in less than ten minutes were greeted with a splash and a spring, and a demand for eighty yards of line. The fish was evidently a twenty pounder at least. The battle was in no wise remarkable. In less than an hour, and after an ineffectual attempt on his part to sulk, the gaff brought him ashore. We cheered and weighed him on the spot—twenty-six pounds. Canoe No. 2, as soon as No. 1 had cleared away, entered the pool at the same place, and had hardly buckled to their work when, presto, the whirr of the ratchet-reel and three splendid leaps that would have made the fortune of a circus gymnast, told that a battle royal had commenced. There is no aquatic adversary like a twelve or fifteen pound salmon, fresh from the sea: and such was the foe in this case. But—and here we speak for ourself—we have always felt that a man with a ratchet-reel was unfairly handicapped in such a fight. *Punica fides* is a light description of the treachery of these instruments: and the event proved it so. After executing as many of the usual