

sive of maledictory emotion, and in fact swore oaths enough to last a ship's crew for a month. On the Restigouche, the pest was worse than any of our party had ever experienced. One morning—the night had been one of torture—we sprang from bed to plunge into the river for the mitigation of our troubles, and stepped on a heap of blankets from which to our astonishment the Doctor unrolled himself. He had taken refuge from the enemy on the floor. “How are you off for flies,” said we. “Oh!” was the reply, “I can't stand it: I'll go home: what have I done to be punished like this?” and springing up, he threw back his shirt, revealing a chest on which the flies had evidently expended much careful work; “look what the cusses have done. All the devils on the river have been down on me. I'm a martyr: write me in the noble army. I ought to get to heaven on the strength of that chest alone:” and he slapped himself in serio-comic despair. A thorough wash with soap, however, soon brought him up to the level of his usual equanimity; and at breakfast he proved to be, in every sense, himself again.

N. B.—After a night with the sand-flies, wash all over with soap, and rub it well in; it's a charm to make you forget your troubles.

We have mentioned these inconvenient concomitants of the Restigouche fishing, because we understand them to be common to the Canadian rivers, and general. They are specially interesting to the salmon-fisher, as showing him what he has to expect. We cannot close our narrative without a word about our Indian assistants. They were excellent fellows, cheerful, obliging, trustworthy: ready to “pole” or “paddle” you off at a moment's notice, by day or night, ready to do you any service on land or in water, never obtruding their good offices on your recognition, careful of your property as if it had been their own. “A man's a man for a' that,” though he have straight black hair and tawny skin. With such men as Larry and his nephew, and the two Peters, one felt he could have “gone anywhere and done anything.” A few men like these, we believe, would have saved Sodom: such is our estimate of the *morale* of these Restigouche Indians (Micmacs). Their skill in handling the gaff is astonishing, but the gaff is brother to the spear, their ancestral weapon. We saw old Larry gaff a salmon in the following case. The fish had fought nearly an hour, and the strain upon him being slight, was far from exhausted. He had taken the canoe down the best part of a mile to a deep pool, and