

We started with great expectations. Some weeks before we came on the scene, men who never in their lives before had hooked a salmon, had killed an average of five or six fish a day, for a week on end. A skilled fisherman who was in camp at "Indian house," about thirty miles above Matapedia—and whom the Indians in admiration of his prowess called Chikkigeleegit, (which is by interpretation, "king-fisher")—had in about three weeks captured over one hundred and eighty salmon. And we—some of us indeed were novices, but some had killed grilse with midges and horse-hair gut—judging from these reported facts, had great expectations. Several things, however, were against us as the sequel proved. The water was unusually low and clear. The first great run of fish was over: and though there were "transient brutes" fresh from the sea, by far the greater number had been in the fresh water for two or three weeks, and were shy and dainty. We were all new to the river, and had equipped ourselves with flies and other gear, partly by the light of nature, and partly by the advice of the vendors of fishing-tackle; so that most of our flies were worthless. We had come a fortnight too late, and soon saw that we could have no such success as our predecessors.

The first evening we spent at ten miles from Matapedia, where a lovely stream, the Upsalquitch, about the size of the Cape Breton Margarie, pours itself into the Restigouche. If an *a priori* judgment is worth anything, one would, for fishing purposes, prefer this tributary to the main river. In the pool at the junction we saw some large fish "rising to themselves:" but the evening was chilly, the sky almost of a wintry hue, and we could establish relations with none of them. Here however, we met, encamped for the night, a party of three—two being an English Clergyman and his wife. We afterwards saw the lady using the rod, and certes she could lay down a fly very prettily. The recent history of this party seemed to be, that for two years, they had been "doing" certain out-o-the-way parts of the Dominion, on sport intent; and that they had lately canoed up the St. John river, and portaged to one of the upper tributaries of the Restigouche. They were now "canoeing it" down the river, and purposed further adventures. The weapons of warfare employed by the minister of the gospel, struck us as having a dash of the carnal about them, being a "six-shooter," "tommy hawk," and hunting-knife or dagger stuck in his belt, besides unknown rifles which he did not