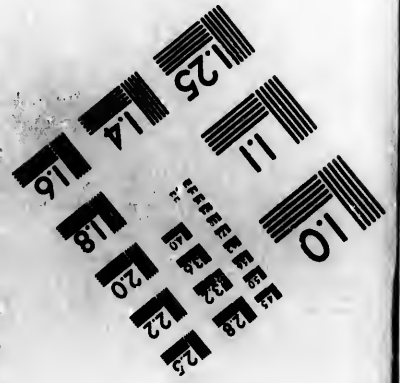
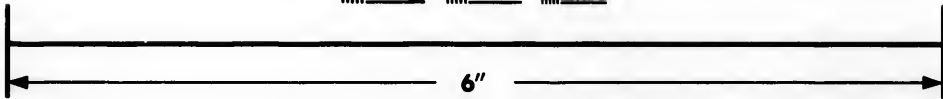
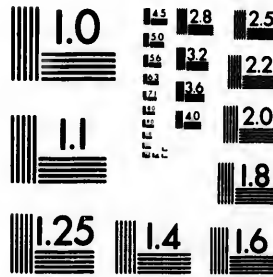


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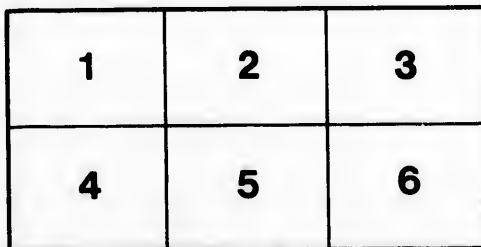
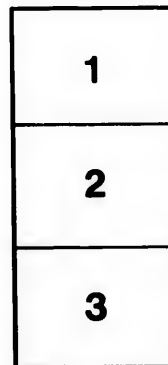
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SPORTING ADVENTURES

IN

THE NEW WORLD;

OR,

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOOSE-HUNTING

IN

THE PINE FORESTS OF ACADIA.

BY LIEUT. CAMPBELL HARDY,

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# CONTENTS

TO

## THE SECOND VOLUME.

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### CHAPTER I.

A Night Scene on the Lake—The Great Northern Diver  
—Fishing for a Breakfast—The Peebiddy Bird—"Pe or  
Kennedy"—The Spruce Partridge—The Musquash—  
Drysdale's Hole—The Black Flies—American Wax-  
Wings—Start for Chebucto. . . . . 1—16

### CHAPTER II.

Departure from Halifax—A Black Settlement—Beech  
Woods—French Girls—Wild Strawberries—Evangeline  
—Corduroy Roads—Roland's Inn—First View of the  
River—A Capital Meal—The Aurora Borealis—The

Nova Scotian Nightingale—Breakfast of Cold Tea—A Well-Stocked Pool—The First Fish—Famous Sport—The Narrows—A Race—Catching a Bull-Frog—A Commotio. in the Pond—Return to Halifax—The Drive Home. . . . . 17—41

## CHAPTER III.

From Halifax to Truro—Her Majesty's Mail—The Tantemara Marsh—The Bend—The Gulf of St. Lawrence—The White Cedar—Chatham—A Long Day's Walk—The Fire of 1825—Bathurst—Jenny Lind Hotel—The Papineau Falls—Losing a Fish—The Old Camp—A Rough Path—The Pigeon Berry—A Jam—River Driving—Adventure with a Bear—The Grand Falls—Camping out . . . . . 42—67

## CHAPTER IV.

A Jolly Breakfast—The Smoking House—A Natural Tunnel—Canadian Boatmen—Constructing a Camp—Contest with a Salmon—Dangerous Rapids—The Grand Pitch—The Chain of Rocks—Salting Salmon—Mr. L.—An Evening in the Woods—The Acadian Boatmen. . . . . 68—82

## CHAPTER V.

The Chain of Rocks—The Portage—Shooting the Rapids—Wild Fruit—A Picturesque View—Salmon Pools—A Fine Fish—Troublesome Mosquitoes—Spearing

## CONTENTS.

v

Salmon—The Spear—Assault and Battery—The  
Papineau Falls—Beautiful Scenery—Canadian Wood-  
Ducks—Catching a Poacher—An Eccentric Host—  
Large Quantity of Salmon—Return Home. . . 83—102

## CHAPTER VI.

Summer in Nova Scotia—A Treat for Waltonians—The  
American Salmon—Their Principal Haunts—Rivers  
in New Brunswick—The Miramichi—The Wolloostook  
—Large Sturgeon in the St. John—Mode of Spearing  
Sturgeon—Salmon a Source of Wealth—Illegal Fish-  
ing—Reckless Slaughter of Game—Return of the  
Grilse—The Nepisiquit River—Heavy Fish—Netting  
in Salt Water—The Sea Trout—Fresh Water Trout—  
Their Principal Resort—Lake Trout—Difference of  
Colour—Trout Catching in the Winter—Other Fresh  
Water Fish—Shad and Gaspereaux—Eels and Suckers.  
103—127

## CHAPTER VII.

Another turn at the Moose—Corduroy Roads—The St.  
Croix Bridge—The Indian Hunter—A Musical Treat—  
Tom Phillips—Voyage up the Lakes—Picturesque  
Scenery—The "Runs"—Autumnal Foliage—Long  
Lake—A Rough Passage—A Walk through the Woods  
—Repairing Camp—Manufacturing the Call—Com-  
mencing Operations—Ill-success—A Violent Gale—  
Visit from a Moose—A Sad Disappointment. 128—145

## CHAPTER VIII.

An Early Call—Another Turn at Calling—The Answer—  
 The Visit Declined—Killing a Porcupine—Work for  
 Mrs. Paul—Fresh Moose Tracks—Beautiful Forest  
 Scenery—A Fairy Tale—A Brace of Sheldrakes—Bear  
 Tracks—The Moose Startled—Moccasins Manufacturing  
 —A Fatal Shower—Return Home—Better Luck next  
 Time. . . . . 156—158

## CHAPTER IX.

The Month of October—Animated Nature—The Perils of  
 the Moose—Renew the Fire—A Primitive Camp—The  
 Old Clay Pipe—The Fish Lake—Twilight Reflections  
 —Joe Paul, the Indian—A Morning Walk—A Barren  
 —White Moss—Chickadee Birds—A Rural Sketch—  
 Calling the Moose—Another Disappointment—159—176

## CHAPTER X.

A Hearty Breakfast—Making Tracks—Indian Silence—  
 The Old Canoe—The Missigomis—A Magnificent  
 Panorama—A Leaky Boat—The Old Camp—Bad  
 Sport—A Lucky Escape—An Indian Visitor—The  
 Still Water—Creeping a Moose—Cautious Progress—  
 The Moose! Emerging from the Forest—The Wounded  
 Bull—The Headlong Chase—Joe more Successful—A  
 Lovely Night—Aurora Borealis—Bellowing of the  
 Moose—How Joe Shot the Moose. . . . . 177—203

## CHAPTER XI.

An Uncomfortable Situation—Indian Superstition—A Birch Torch—Return to the Camp—Preserving the Moose—Carrion Moose Birds—The Dead Moose—The First Taste of Fresh Meat—Birch Bark Plates—Cutting up the Meat—A Day of Rest—Baked Marrow-Bones—Farewell to the Woods—Ship Harbour Lake Again—Back to Halifax. . . . . 204—214

## CHAPTER XII.

The Aborigines of Canada—Their Stories and Legends—Provincial Functionaries—Character of the Indians—The Mode of Treatment—Unfounded Prejudices—The Micmaes, an Unconquered Race—Effects of Kindness—The Missionary Society—The Native School—Visit to the Indian Camp—The Story-Teller—The Story of Tee-am. . . . . 215—246

## CHAPTER XIII.

Indian Superstitions—Glooscap the Immortal—An Indian Orpheus—Glooscap's Residence—His Beaver Pond—The Maleeset Indians—A Transformation—The Way to Live a Long Life—An Evil Genius—"Rolled with a Handspike"—Sampson among the Indians—Traditions about Animals and Birds—Conversations with a Rabbit—The Bear and the Fisher—A Tale of Indian Warfare. . . . . 247—276



CHAPTER XIV.

Flies and Tackle for North American Waters. 277—288

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APPENDIX. . . . . 289—299

# SPORTING ADVENTURES

IN

## THE NEW WORLD.

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### CHAPTER I.

A Night Scene on the Lake—The Great Northern Diver—Fishing for a Breakfast—The Peebiddy Bird—"Poor Kennedy"—The Spruce Partridge—The Musquash—Drysdale's Hole—The Black Flies—American Wax-Wings—Start for Chebucto.

It was a fine, calm night, and the stars glittered with unusual lustre through the top foliage of the firs, the lower branches of which were lighted up by the blaze of our fire. Not feeling sleepy, and the rest of the party

disturbing my meditations by a chorus of most unromantic music, I walked quietly through the bushes to an open space, and looked out on the lake.

The shadows of the dark woods round its shores nearly covered the water, though there was a little space in which appeared the reflection of the bright stars, and of the Aurora, whose fitful columns were rising and shifting rapidly in the northern sky.

Divers were the sounds proceeding from birds and animals, which broke the silence of the calm night. The wildest and most startling of all was, the scream of the loon, or great northern diver (*Colymbus glacialis*.) These birds appear on the lakes of Nova Scotia, where they breed in great numbers in the spring, migrating southward in the fall. Their note is a prolonged yell, and would seem rather to have emanated from a human

being, and he a maniac, than from a bird. It is broken in the middle by a sudden flaw, as if the bird had a cracked voice. Sometimes the loon utters another sound—an hyæna-like laugh.

The screaming of these birds at night (two or three will sometimes keep it up between them for hours together) is generally supposed to indicate the approach of wet weather. The bird itself is nearly as large as a goose; its plumage being, on the head and back, glossy black reflecting green. The breast and body are white, and a broad band of most beautiful black and white bars encircles the neck. Its quickness in diving, and power of remaining for long periods under water, are wonderful. It is impossible to hit them even with a bullet, as they dive at the flash. The only chance of shooting them is, when they come up to the surface close to the boat, and, from the unexpected

contiguity of their pursuers, endeavour to rise on the wing.

The occasional bark of a prowling fox, the loud, booming noise made by the night-hawk in swooping downwards from a great elevation on his prey; or the hollow plunge of a musk-rat, or mink, diving into the water, caught my ear at intervals. Standing still, however, in the night air, soon made me feel inclined to return to the crackling fire, the light of which, illuminating the outlines of the camp and adjacent trees, shewed a picture strongly contrasting with the one I had just gazed on.

We were all cold enough when, at the very peep of day, first, Frederic's arousing salutation, and then, the notes of birds, caused us unwillingly to open our eyes.

Not a particle of smoke arose from the blackened ends of the logs, which lay around the pile of expiring embers in a circle. A

sheet of birch-bark, and some splinters of dead wood, soon renewed the cheerful blaze; and, having squatted over it till we were thoroughly warm and awake, we strolled down to the shores of our island, to try a cast, while Frederics cooked breakfast.

The lake was covered with circling wreaths of vapour, and its surface was continually broken by gently expanding ripples, caused by the rising of trout. Standing on a ledge of rocks, which extended some distance into the lake, I threw the flies over into the dark water. As the tail fly was leaving the surface, two fish darted after it from their retreats, the water undulating in lines as they rushed under the surface. Casting over them, they rose simultaneously, and I hooked them both. Frederics, answering my shout for assistance, and appearing with the landing-net, secured them, and trudged back with them direct to the frying-pan.

It was a beautiful morning, and the scene, lighted up by the rays of the rising sun, and enlivened by the songs of warblers, was charming. The calm surface under the western shores glowed with the reflection of the sunlit foliage of maples and laurustinus, and of the blossoms of Indian pears and Guelder roses. Even the fir forests, which rose up in the back ground, seemed to be tinted with a warmer hue than usual.

The notes of the feathered tribes in the Nova Scotian woods, if not so melodious, are wilder, and sometimes, even, more plaintive than those of our British songsters. The pipe of the peebiddy bird, as this well-known songster (*Muscicapa nunciola*) is called in this country, is extremely sweet. Sitting on the tops of the highest firs, he will, throughout the day, give utterance to his simple though plaintive whistle. This bird is sometimes called the Kennedy bird,

from the fact, that a person of that name was once lost in the woods, and, after being nearly starved to death, was found and brought out. He said that his most constant companions were these birds, who appeared to be for ever commiserating his fate, by singing, “ Alas ! poor Kennedy, Kennedy, Kennedy ! ” the notes of their song being repeated in the same order as the above sentence would be read.

Thrushes and warblers of many varieties sing enchantingly on a fine summer’s morning, and make one glad to have shaken off sleep, to enjoy this fresh and happy time of the day.

We caught some half dozen trout around the rocky shores of the island before breakfast ; often, however, entangling our flies in the branches of the firs overhead, to effect the dislodgment of which, we made Frederics, as he expressed it, “ swarm up among the sticky far trees.”



## SPORTING ADVENTURES.

During breakfast, we heard that sound—so strange to ears unconscious of its origin—the drumming of a spruce partridge. This noise, which is similar to that which would be caused by striking with a gloved hand on an empty hogshead, is produced by the male sitting on an old rotten tree, and striking the wood violently with his wings.

The blows at first begin distinctly and slowly, and gradually increasing in force and rapidity, at last run into one another like the rolling of a muffled drum. The effect is quite ventriloquial, and it is often puzzling to tell whence, or at what distance, the sound proceeds.

Going out in search of the bird, we found him sitting on the lower branch of a venerable moss-grown spruce, his neck stretched out to its utmost extent, and looking the picture of inert stupidity. Frederics fastened a noose of string to the end of a stick, and creeping

gently up to the tree, dropped the noose over the neck of the stupid bird, who submitted to the operation without wincing, and jerked him down. We let him go, however, as being of not much use to us, when he took no further pains about escaping than by flying up into an adjacent tree. One may throw stones at these birds when seated on a branch out of arms reach, and they will never move till they are hit.

As they are tolerably numerous in the swamps around lakes, and by the side of brooks trickling through the forest, they are much sought after by cockney sportsmen from Halifax, to whom a sitting shot is the ultimatum of fowling. Fredericks said he was "great at shootin partridges."

The spruce partridge (*Tetrao Canadensis*) is a handsome bird. The plumage is of a dark slate, beautifully mottled, and over the eye runs a line of the brightest scarlet. The

flesh is tolerably good in the summer, though in the winter, from the bird feeding on the berries and foliage of the spruce, is supposed to be poisonous.

After breakfast we pulled across the lake towards the run-out. Several large trout were caught by our flies trailing in the wake of the boat. So bold these large trout, lying in deep water, appear to be, that I have caught a fish by his taking my fly as it hung over the side of the boat, and in the very eddies left by the preceding stroke of the oar. We saw, and gave chase to an otter, swimming from an island towards the shore. However, he dashed into the bushes before we could overtake him. Not so fortunate though, was a musk-rat, which we came upon just as the animal rose to the surface, after an unavailing dive. Frederics killed him with a stroke of the oar.

These animals, called by the settlers, musk

rats, and by the Indians mushquash, are very numerous in the lakes of Nova Scotia. They inhabit the sedgy swamps by the side of the lakes, in which they erect habitations of mud, something on the same principle as the beaver-dam. They are about three times the size of an English water-rat, and a strong odour of musk emanates from them, especially after death. Their skins are sold for about sixpence a-piece in Halifax. In the neighbourhood of lakes, miniature dead falls, baited with fish, are set for minks and otters, whose skins are valuable. The American otter is larger and darker coloured than the European variety. The mink is a smaller animal, subsisting, like the otter, on fish. Its fur is beautiful, and of a very dark brown colour. The skin of a mink is worth from six to ten shillings, and that of an otter from ten shillings to a pound sterling, in the American market.

Getting out of the old boat at the run out, and drawing it up a short distance into the bushes, we followed the small brook, which danced merrily over a rocky bed, till it emerged from the shade of the woods into a little pond, about five hundred yards in length, called "Drysdale's Hole."

Here we discovered several fresh moose tracks in the soft moss, which made us wish that our rods could be transformed into rifles, and Frederics into an Indian hunter. The trout, notwithstanding the heat of the sun, rose tolerably well in the rough water, where the run joined the pond. In a short time, however, we were compelled to throw down our rods, from the attacks of those pests—the black flies. They bit our faces with such relentless ferocity, that our features were scarcely distinguishable from blood. We seated ourselves around a pile of rotten wood which had been ignited, the dense

smoke from which kept them at a distance.

The settlers, who are equally exposed to their annoyance as the new-comers, anoint their faces, necks, and hands with the fat of salt pork; a mixture, sold at druggists' stores in Nova Scotia, and labelled "Angler's defence," is also very efficacious in keeping them off—as they abhor acids, of which, together with some essential oil, this mixture is composed.

While sitting round the fly-repelling smoke, I saw, for the first time, a flight of those exquisite little birds, the American wax-wings. This bird (*Ampelis Americana*) visits the provinces in large flights during the summer months. It is commonly called the cedar-bird, from its partiality for the berries of that tree. The general plumage is of a dark fawn colour; a crest of the same tint rises from the head. The most curious fact con-

cerning this species is, that on the ends of the secondary feathers of the wings, and sometimes of the middle tail feathers, are found, apparently cemented on to the feathers, small pieces of a bright crimson substance resembling wax.

As we reposed quietly under the shade of the bushes, several curious birds, for which this picturesque little spot in the heart of the woods appeared to be a favourite haunt, uninterruptedly pursued their avocations around us.

A golden-crested wood-pecker, one of the largest and most laborious of his tribe, was making the woods resound with his heavy hammering on the summit of a bleached pine. Several of his smaller and less ambitious congeners—such as the black and white-barred, and the diminutive three-toed woodpecker (*Picus tridactylus*) — were rambling over the rough bark of the spruces.

The unwearied night-hawks sailed in circles overhead, screaming incessantly; and the plaintive whistle of the peebiddy birds answering one another from the summits of the firs, with the melody of throngs of warblers in the dense shrubberies round the little lake conduced to animate and enliven the sylvan scene, and to divest the American forest of the lifeless silence generally ascribed to it.

Finding that fishing was anything but a pleasurable occupation, owing to the unceasing torments of the flies, we retraced our steps to the boat, and pulled back to our canvas castle on the island. After a hearty meal, we commenced the work of taking the camp to pieces, and making up the loads for the order of march.

There is something so melancholy in leaving a camp, particularly if you have occupied it for some days. One is sorry to part, even with the adjacent woods, with every tree of



which an acquaintance has been made. And seeing the smoke still rising from the smouldering logs, as the distance between you and your recent habitation increases, implants a determination in your mind of visiting the spot again, if only for the sake of looking upon, and remembering those old trees.

Good Mrs. Ansell seemed as gratified as ourselves at the number of trout which were discharged from our baskets upon the grass outside her house.

“Why Charley,” said she to Frederics, “I never seen you fetch home a finer lot. Charley’s great at troutin’, gentlemen, aint he now?”

Having once more refreshed ourselves with her spruce beer, we put to, and started for Chebucto.

## CHAPTER II.

Departure from Halifax—A Black Settlement—Beech Woods—French Girls—Wild Strawberries—Evangeline—Corduroy Roads—Roland's Inn—First View of the River—A Capital Meal—The Aurora Borealis—The Nova Scotian Nightingale—Breakfast of Cold Tea—A Well-Stocked Pool—The First Fish—Famous Sport—The Narrows—A Race—Catching a Bull-Frog—A Commotion in the Pond—Return to Halifax—The Drive Home.

It was on one of those delicious mornings, about the middle of June, when the summer has fairly commenced, and a rural drive in Nova Scotia is really delightful, that we started in a single waggon from Halifax, for the river Musquedoboit, distant twenty-eight

miles, in which we had heard from reliable sources that the sea trout were running in great force.

The rods, fishing baskets, landing nets, and such like, were securely attached to the light Yankee waggon, which the "old hoss" rattled along at an average speed of seven miles per hour—pretty good going, considering the rocky nature of some parts of the road, over which it was necessary to walk for the sake of our springs.

About seven miles from Halifax, we passed through the Black Settlement of Preston—an assemblage of most miserable log huts, with here and there, growing on patches of ground between the rocks, stunted crops of potatoes or Indian corn.

In and around Halifax, there is a very large black population; some of them refugees from the States; but, the greater part, the descendants of those six hundred

negroes who were transplanted from Yankee-land to Nova Scotia, towards the conclusion of the last American war, by Sir George Cockburn.

Generally inert, averse to employment as labourers, and unhealthy—for the climate is too cold for them—their advent to this country has been much deplored by the white colonists. In the capacity, however, of servants in private houses or hotels, these people seem to succeed very well, probably from their being able to gratify their love of smartness in dress, and ludicrous affectation of gentility.

However, one must not run down poor Sambo; for he is a good-humoured, harmless, and amusing fellow, and when met with in any condition, in America, is to be pitied.

“E'en he, the favour'd man, from thralldom free,  
Yearns to behold his tutelary tree.”

Out of Preston finer timber appeared in the woods on either side. I noticed, in particular, some groves of magnificent beeches, which would have done honour to an English park. Moose-wood, as the striped maple (*Acer striatum*) is generally called, from the partiality of the moose for its broad juicy leaves, appeared amongst the under-growth of the forest in great abundance; and the reflection of the patches of sunlight on its broad leaves of brightest green, might be seen far back in the shady woods.

The banks on either side of the road were covered with wild strawberries, now in their prime; and we took advantage of every walk up the hills, to pick a handful of these small but delicious fruit.

A little farther on, we met a party of French girls, who were trudging on to the Halifax market, with large baskets containing wild strawberries, put up in pint cases, neatly

manufactured out of birch bark. We stopped and bought two cases to eat on the way, partly out of charity to the Acadian damsels, whose merry laugh and jest, uttered in their own patois, lighted up their finely chiselled features as they took our coppers.

They came from Chezetcook harbour, a few miles farther on our road, where there is a large settlement of these unfortunate creatures—the remnants of the people who inhabited Nova Scotia, and parts of the other provinces, when, under the name of “l’Acadie,” they belonged to France.

Longfellow, in his poem of “Evangeline,” having treated of their expatriation from Nova Scotia, thus makes mention of the few who still reside on the eastern coast.

“Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of  
its branches.

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from  
exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot, the wheel and the loom are still  
busy ;  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps, and their kirtles of  
homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neigh-  
bouring ocean  
Speaks, and, in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of  
the forest.

The dreadful jolting which we experienced in travelling over the transverse logs, which were placed across the road where it ran through low and swampy grounds, frequently compelled us to dismount for the sake of the springs. This method of forming and repairing roads through swamps, is commonly resorted to both in the States and British provinces; and from it has arisen their facetious appellation of "Corduroy roads."

Between the cross timbers, are shovelled

in stones and earth, which, being soon washed away by rains, leave the logs on the surface loose and bare, and make travelling over them most trying to the springs of a vehicle.

Passing Porter's lake, the view of which from the bridge, over a narrow strait, connecting the upper sheet of water with the lower, was very fine, from the boldness and height of its shores, topped with a pleasing blending of the sombre foliage of the fir tribe with the bright spring greens of the maples, and the numerous thickly-wooded little islands which rose smilingly from its calm expanse, we arrived, in another hour, at our destination, Roland's Inn.

It was a neat, two storied, wooden building, painted white, with green shutters, and a verandah overgrown with roses. A good barn and stable, to which our horse was not unwillingly led, stood outside.

As we entered the house, carrying all our



fishing-gear, Mrs. Roland "guessed we were gents from town," and bustling her daughters about the house to cook some dinner, and "fix" the best bed-rooms, ushered us into the little parlour. The walls were of deal boards, bare, but beautifully planed, and adorned with Yankee pictures, representing subjects such as Ellen, Susan, Robert Burns and his Highland Mary, the principal colours of which, being crimson and green, did great credit to the lively imagination of the artist. Pots containing bunches of fragrant May-flowers, and varnished specimens of the huge fungi which are found growing from rotten trees in the woods, adorned the mantel-piece.

Before dinner, as there was still an hour's daylight, we strolled down to the river which ran under the road, about half a mile past the inn. On the way, our piscatory ardour was increased by meeting a settler carrying a

fine salmon bright as silver. He told us that it had been taken that morning by a g d fly fisherman, named Anderson, who keeps an extensive saw-mill about three miles up the river.

A lofty bridge, constructed of stout timbers, and elevated some twenty feet above the water, conducts the road across the Musquedoboit, the view on which, from this spot, is one of the most picturesque river scenes in Nova Scotia.

Looking up stream, steep cliffs of red slate, crowned by gloomy forests, enclosed the clear and rapid river. Over a barrier of rocks, about two hundred yards from the bridge, the water descended in a cascade, below which were some dark-looking eddying pools.

Below the bridge, the cliffs ended abruptly, giving place to low, grassy banks; and the river, turning sharply round a corner, de-

bouched—as we conjectured by seeing over the bushes the tops of the white spars of a little schooner—into Musquedoboit harbour.

Such a feast awaited us at the inn! The plates and dishes of our little table literally overlapped each other. It was perplexing to know what to commence with. Of course, the principal item, and one that makes its appearance at every meal in every Nova Scotian inn, was an immense dish of ham and eggs. A basin, full of boiled eggs, stood next. Piles of buttered toast, slap-jacks (a sort of short cake) hot from the oven, a tart of preserved blueberries, and a towering dish of wild strawberries, with a cup of delicious cream to mix with them, swelled the entertainment.

The tea, which is produced, at a Nova Scotian inn, at breakfast, dinner, and supper, is always good, though, for persons of a

nervous tendency, it requires considerable dilution.

For an hour, before retiring for the night, we sat on the benches under the verandah, enjoying our tranquillizing pipes, and the various sights and sounds which attend a fine summer's night in this country.

Some light-coloured clouds, which had, during the afternoon, formed across the zenith, now became, at intervals, distinct and luminous, and after quivering like an expiring flame, would suddenly disappear. Then, a single streamer of light, at first, pale and modest, but gradually growing brighter and taller, would shoot up from behind the dark forest on the northern horizon. The short reign of its glory gave place to that of others, now beginning to rise swiftly and more brilliantly from a bright are of light, which had appeared in the northern sky.

Before we retired, we had witnessed one of the finest Auroras I have ever seen in Nova Scotia. The incessant playing of the streamers which were rising from almost every point in the horizon, produced a dancing light perplexing to the eye. Around the zenith, was formed a corona—an irregular luminous circle, towards which the flashing streamers appeared to rush through the sky, and between the lower well-defined edge of the bright arc which still remained steadily over the northern horizon and the earth, the sky appeared of a hue black as ink, though the light of the stars could be distinctly seen through it.

The settlers say that a display of Aurora denotes wet weather to be shortly approaching. We thought so too, and were strengthened in our opinion by the unusual clamour of the frogs in the swamps by the edge of the lake which stretched away towards the sea from the front of the inn.

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Throughout the night and a great part of the day, emanating from every roadside swamp in Nova Scotia, may be heard, with the occasional dull, booming croak of the bull-frog, the noisy clamour of the marsh frogs. It is like the chirruping of a multitude of small birds, a circumstance which has procured for the reptile the appellation of the Nova Scotian nightingale. They are prettier creatures than the English frogs. Their skin is of a bright golden colour, and the back and sides of the head are of an emerald green.

Their piping, and the tinkling of the cattle bells in an adjacent meadow, at length made us feel sufficiently drowsy to re-enter the house, and so to bed.

We were up long before the sun next morning, and, after a hasty draught of cold tea which had been left out for us the night before, started at a good pace towards the

river. The morning was foggy, but from the transparency overhead, we knew that the rising sun would dispel the mists and unveil a cloudless sky, and that consequently the morning's fishing would be the best. The boy who accompanied us, said, that it was no use fishing for sea-trout anywhere above the bridge, and, when we arrived, pointed out the best spot, about a hundred yards below.

Here the river glided smoothly and swiftly for some thirty yards before tumbling over a high ledge of rocks, below which it was carried away in a succession of falls and rapids till it mingled with the salt water at the head of the tide.

This pool, he said, was the first resting-place for the trout on their way up from the sea, and, during the season they would always rise at a fly here better than in any other pool on the river.

My comrade, recrossing the bridge, went to fish on the opposite side, and between us, we had the perfect command of the pool.

Whilst putting on my flies, I saw several silvery fellows, of a good size, jump from the swift water, evidently in great delight at having surmounted the rapids, and at finding themselves in fresh water.

After a seeming age of tyeing and looping and straightening the gut, the arrangement of the tackle was complete; and, away went two of my gaudy sea-trout flies on to the surface of the pool. The current was so strong that they were carried away beyond control; and so as to put delicate working out of the question. However, it did not matter, for almost directly I had a bold rise, and struck my fish firmly.

He was a very game fish, and, in his



strong rushes, made the little ten foot rod bend in a most dangerous manner. He was very nearly over the falls more than once. However, I was determined that he should not go back to sea again, and, after a few more wild dashings across the pool and back again, and several jumps into the air, after the manner of a hooked salmon, I had him short under the rod in a little pool of black water close to the shore, where the boy captured him in the landing net.

It was a fine sea-trout, weighing nearly two pounds, with spots on his sides of the most delicate pink.

After disengaging the fly from his jaws, the stupid boy nearly lost him; for the fish, with an energetic struggle, got clear from his embrace, and, falling on the slippery rocks, commenced a series of somersaults, each of which took him nearer to his native

element ; and he most certainly would have re-entered it, had I not literally thrown myself upon him.

My comrade had now another fish hooked, which, in a few minutes, he landed himself ; the trout in the pool jumping all the time, in a most unconcerned manner, and, now and then, as we could see by the gleaming of their silvery sides in the rays of the now rising sun, pursuing the hooked fish, as if in derision.

In the course of an hour, sitting down at intervals, to give the pool a rest, we captured over a dozen sea-trout, which, from their gameness, and their habit of jumping several times when hooked, gave us almost as much sport as small salmon ; particularly, as our rods and tackle were of the lightest description.

Stringing our fish on a withe of alder, we took them back with us to the inn,

where we sat down with satisfaction to a breakfast consisting of exactly the same items as the dinner of the day previous, with the addition—made by ourselves, and causing most of the provided delicacies, except the strawberries, to be left untouched—of a couple of sea-trout.

After breakfast, proceeding to the house of a fisherman named Byers, at the head of the harbour, we engaged him and his boat to transport us down the harbour about six miles, to a spot called the Narrows, where we had heard that sea-trout were to be taken in great numbers with the fly, when the tide came in.

There was not a breath of wind ; and the harbour being as smooth as glass, we had to pull the whole distance. The blue tint on the calm water was of the most delicate azure, imparted to it by the general tone of the cloudless, though hazy, atmosphere of

one of the hottest days of a Nova Scotian summer.

Small fishing craft reposed on the water, appearing perfectly stupified by the heat. Even the crows and gulls flew with slower movement of the wing than usual. The sandy beach was covered, where the tide had exposed it, with dark-looking masses of rock, interspersed with bright orange patches of sea-weed, and was skirted by a sombre forest of stunted firs, which appeared, through the dancing particles of rarefied air, as through a mist.

By the time we had arrived at our destination, we all agreed that we had had warm work. At the spot called the Narrows, the harbour, from the contraction of its shores, presents the appearance of a river. Outside was a long bank of sand, stretching across the harbour, and covered with sea-weed. This was our fishing station.

Mooring the boat off the bank, we commenced flogging the salt water, dropping the fly close to the edge of the weeds, just as the tide began to turn. The trout lay under the weeds in great numbers. Sometimes, two or three would rush out at the flies together, and we often had a couple of fine fellows on the line at the same time.

Although the amount of our spoil, after an hour's fishing, was very large—between three and four dozen, some of them weighing three pounds, having been taken—the sport in my estimation, was not to be compared with fishing on the river, where I would rather take one trout, than half a dozen in salt water.

A little after noon, when the trout would rise no longer, we started homewards, in company with another boat, in which two fly-fishermen had, shortly after us, arrived

at the Narrows, and commenced operations a few hundred yards from our fishing grounds.

A fresh breeze followed us up the harbour, and enabled us to hoist a little piece of old sacking, in the form of a lug-sail. The other boat was after us, and, catching us up, from her superior rig and quantity of canvas, we, knowing that they wanted to reach the pool below the bridge, determined to give them a race for it.

We rigged out a yard with the lower joint of one of the rods, to which was attached my light linen coat. Studding sails were next set, a waistcoat and a large bathing towel, acting in that capacity; and various other portions of clothing being stretched out in the rigging, and standing in every available position to catch the breeze, enabled us to hold our own with the rival craft.

Double-manning the oars, our boat shot past her. It was a case of sport or no sport, that evening, on the pool at the bridge, which would only accommodate two rods. Our exertions were rewarded by arriving at our favourite stand, and fishing it unmolested till nearly sun-down.

I tried very hard to rise a noble salmon, whose huge back fin and tail had several times appeared above the surface of the water. However, though I put on some of my most resplendent salmon flies, and thereby lost several trout, by whom the morsel was rather too large to be taken in at one mouthful, I did not succeed in tempting him.

On the way back to the inn, seeing several large bull-frogs lying with their heads out of water, in a muddy pond by the road-side, I dangled my fly

from the end of the rod over the head of one.

Paying no attention to us, or to the rod which was moving about over him, the portly monster eyed the fly with an air of extreme rage. His throat and broad chest were inflated to thrice their usual size, and at last he made an energetic flounder upwards, seized the fly, and fairly hooked himself.

Such a scene commenced in the muddy pond! As he dived about, his slimy brethren threw themselves upon him with horrible croakings, hugging him in the fashion of a bear, till at last there were half-a-dozen of them, all in a lump.

In fits of laughter from the strange sight, we "hove rocks," as the expression is amongst the urchins of Nova Scotia, at the excited mob of frogs, and in the midst of the fray, my fly was disengaged,



much to my relief, as I expected that amputation of the line would have been necessary.

After a good dinner at Roland's, we started for Halifax, with our silvery prey reposing in damp moss, in the fishing baskets. A drive on a fine summer's evening in Nova Scotia, is as delightful as it is in the early morning. The cool exhilarating air is still redolent of the fragrance given out, during the day, by the heated masses of fir foliage. The dusky forms of the night-hawks flit past you in multitudes, screaming plaintively, and at intervals emitting that loud and startling booming sound, which, on hearing for the first time, one would never ascribe to a bird. Fire-flies appear in myriads, their brilliant scintillations sparkling and dancing through the bushes, and over the swamps by the road side.

Our horse went uncommonly well, as

horses will do, when travelling after sundown, and took us just in time to catch the last ferry-boat, which crosses the harbour from Dartmouth to Halifax. at ten o'clock.

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## CHAPTER III.

From Halifax to Truro—Her Majesty's Mail—The Tantemara Marsh—The Bend—The Gulf of St. Lawrence—The White Cedar—Chatham—A Long Day's Walk—The Fire of 1825—Bathurst—Jenny Lind Hotel—The Papineau Falls—Losing a Fish—The Old Camp—A Rough Path—The Pigeon Berry—A Jam—River Driving—Adventure with a Bear—The Grand Falls—Camping out.

“Good bye to old Chebucto.\* Now for a three days' jolting over these horrible roads,” said I to my companion, Lieutenant L——, as we started, on a beautiful July

\* The Indian name for Halifax.

morning, in the mail coach which runs daily from Halifax to Truro.

Our designs being of a piscatory nature, we had decorated our straw hats with garlands of gaudy salmon flies, which, proclaiming our mission, anticipated the many questions which are asked of a traveller through this inquisitive country.

Our salmon-rods, gaff-handles, &c., were securely strapped to the outside of the coach, which was one of those comfortable, though queer-looking vehicles—a sort of hybrid between an old English stage and an omnibus—which convey Her Majesty's mails, and any number of passengers, safely over the rocky roads of Nova Scotia.

Six good little Nova Scotian horses, changed four times during the journey, took us through an uninteresting, densely-wooded country, to the verdant pasture lands which encircle the small, though neat, town of

Truro—a distance of sixty miles from Halifax.

Dining here, we proceeded in another vehicle, smaller than the last, and which we had all to ourselves, over the steep Londonderry mountains to Amherst, near the junction of Nova Scotia with New Brunswick. We crossed the boundary between these provinces at about four o'clock next morning, not having been able to close our eyes during the night, from the prodigious amount of jolting, which would have endangered any other springs, than the broad leather bands which acted in that capacity in our vehicle.

Daylight found us going on an improved road through the great Tantemara marsh, extending for more than twenty miles up the course of a river which bears that name, and where at the proper season, snipe and duck-shooting — some of the best, probably, in North America—may be obtained.

About noon we arrived at the Bend, so called from the river Petitcodiac here turning suddenly to the east, at right angles to its former course. As we were changing horses here, I observed with interest the Boah, a phenomenon which accompanies the rising of the tide in all rivers flowing into the head of the Bay of Fundy.

The influx of tidal water standing nearly four feet above the surface of the river, came foaming and hissing along with immense velocity. Several small boats pulled hastily to the shore to avoid its wrath.

Leaving the Bend, we bent our course eastward, and, during the night arrived at Shediac, on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, whose calm moon-lit waters I perceived as we left the town.

Chibuctouche and Richibucto, towns situated at the mouths of rivers bearing those names, were passed towards morning, and

daybreak, which we were not sorry to greet, found us travelling on smooth, straight roads through the magnificent forests of New Brunswick.

The size of the pines far surpassed that of the Nova Scotian trees; and I here saw, for the first time, occupying a frequent and conspicuous place amongst the pines and hackmatacks, that graceful tree, the white cedar (*Cupressis thyoides*).

This tree, not found in Nova Scotia, is very common in the New Brunswick forest, and, in that province is extensively used for building purposes. I noticed that nearly all the snake fences of the clearings and farms were constructed of this wood. The foliage, which is thrown out at some distance from the ground, is like that of the European cedar, and the bark is light coloured, very rough, and of a loose, stringy texture.

Our driver often allowed us to get out and

pick wild raspberries, blueberries, or cherries, which grew in the greatest profusion by the road-side. Here and there the bushes, as far as we could see, appeared perfectly red from the masses of ripe raspberries.

In the afternoon we arrived at Chatham, a business-looking little town, deriving its prosperity from its salmon fisheries and the lumbering trade, and situated upon a noble river, the Miramichi, here more than a mile in breadth.

Our coach stopped here, and as we had yet nearly fifty miles to go to reach our destination, Bathurst, we roamed about the town in search of a conveyance. As luck would have it, a settler, who was about to return to that town, immediately offered to convey our luggage, and when on level road, our own persons in a small pony-cart.

Closing with him, we started, walking by the side of the cart for Bathurst, a distance



of forty-eight miles. For some distance out of Chatham, our road lay through a desolate country, covered with the charred stems of pines, monuments of that dreadful fire which, in the summer of 1825, ran through a broad tract of the New Brunswick forest from the St. John river to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, destroying many villages and farms, and causing a great loss of human life, particularly among the unfortunate lumberers, who were then engaged in the woods.

Wherever a piece of level road occurred, which was not often the case, we jumped up, and the old pony mustered up a trot.

Having snatched a couple of hour's sleep on a bench in a little inn on the Tabusintac river, we again proceeded, and arrived at Bathurst early next morning.

Bathurst is a neat little town, romantically situated at the débouchure of Nepisiquit into

the Baie de Chaleurs. The primeval forest slopes down towards the bay ; at the back of the town and on the opposite side, at the distance of thirty miles, rise up the lofty blue hills of Lower Canada. Through a deep chasm in the red slaty cliffs on the right of the town, the Nepisquit, a noble salmon river, discharges into the bay its clear waters, which though here smooth and sluggish, have higher up been subjected to every variety of cascade and rapid.

At the neat little hotel which went by the name of the 'Jenny Lind,' and was kept by a worthy couple by the name of Bowser, we found that a friend, Captain A——, who by appointment was to have met us here direct from England, was now encamped at the Grand Falls, a distance of twenty-two miles up the river. As we wished to join him without delay, we at once set about procuring a canoe and the services of two Acadians,

who were to transport us up the river, shew us the pools, and build camps, cook, &c.

These people are half French, and half Indians; and are the descendants of the early French settlers, who frequently intermarried with the Indians.

Leaving them to transport our baggage, and the necessary amount of provisions, which we had procured at a store in the town, up the river on the following morning, we were driven in Bcwser's waggon to the Papineau Falls, the first fishing station on the Nepisiquit, and distant eight miles from Bathurst.

After a two hours' drive over a narrow and rocky path, through gloomy fir forests, we were apprised of our vicinity to the river by the dull roar of falling water, and presently emerging upon a broad plateau of granite rock, beheld the Papineau

Falls below us. From our elevation, we had a magnificent view of the river for some distance above and below the falls.

“What a splendid river!” was our simultaneous exclamation, as we gazed upon its transparent waters tinged with limpid green, as they roared over a succession of granite barriers, and finally were carried away in long undulating rapids, between red cliffs, towards the bay. Smooth and broad masses of rock, tinged with a delicate pink tint, overhung the water, and appeared to be choice stands, from which the sportsman might cast his flies over the dark foam-crested pools below.

On either side of the river, at some thirty yards from the water, rose up steep banks, to the very edge of which advanced the lofty forest.

In the centre of the plateau, on which we

found ourselves, stood an old square log which Bowser told us went by the name of Gilmore's camp. Here, we determined to sleep that night, and, as we had brought the rods, and all the necessary gear, to enjoy that evening's and the next morning's fishing before proceeding up to the Grand Falls.

“Now then, gentlemen,” said Bowser, as we completed the operation of binding together our splice-rods, and fixing thereon our heavy click-reels and lines. “I want to see you kill your first fish, before I take the old mare back. What sort of a fly have you fixed on? Aye, that's a regular killer! Now then, do you see this dark looking pool, just under us, below the grand pitch? Well then, clamber down cautiously to that broad rock, where you will be able to command the whole pool; and if there's a fish in the river, I'll

warrant you that you will rise one before many minutes."

I accordingly descended, and commenced cautiously to cast among the curling eddies. At my third cast, as the fly was dancing along in the water, towards the lower end of the pool, the water broke in great circular waves. I felt a slight tug, the rod bent into a semi-circle, round spun the handle of the reel, and, presently, about thirty yards below the pool, among the rapids, a scaly giant sprung nearly three feet perpendicularly from the water.

"Lower the point of your rod, Sir. Lower your rod to his jump," shouted Bowser from above.

But it was too late, and I had the mortification of winding up the slack line with about three inches of the single-gut casting-line attached to it.

"Well, I reckon that's a pity," said Bowser.

“For the fish you have just lost was a twelve pound salmon, and generally nothing but grilse are to be taken at these falls in this month.”

However, his desire of seeing us land a fish was gratified, for in a few minutes, as I was arranging the broken gear, a shout from L——, and Bowser's exclamation of “He's got one,” announced that he had hooked a fish.

“Keep him up, Sir, keep him up. If you let him go over the lower falls you will lose him, as the other gentleman did the salmon,” said Bowser, scrambling down the rocks, gaff in hand, and eager for the fray.

After five successive jumps, he was brought under the rod, and Bowser dexterously gaffing him, our first fish, a fine fresh run grilse, of nearly six pounds weight, lay flapping and floundering on the smooth

rock, a pastime which, however, from the proximity of the water, we thought it advisable to terminate speedily by a tap on the head.

Bowser now leaving us, we continued our sport till sundown, killing half-a-dozen more between us, and a great weight of sea trout, which, in spite of our wishes to the contrary, would take our flies, destined for nobler mouths.

We slept comfortably in the old camp, though heavy rain fell during the night. The broad and well-arranged coverings of bark on the roof, kept out the wet completely.

Next morning we rose. I was going to say with the lark, but there are none of these birds in New Brunswick. However, the fish were awake, and rising too, for as we were immersing our faces in the little brook which trickled down



behind our camp, we saw several fine fellows display their proportions in the lower pool.

It was a brilliant morning. The rain drops sparkled in the rays of the rising sun, and the misty spray, as it reached upwards, from below the falls, displayed prismatic colours of the brightest tints.

We were soon at work, and in the course of an hour four grilse were stretched on the rocks.

After breakfasting on roast salmon and the remains of a loaf, which had fortunately been brought, we deemed it advisable to proceed in search of the captain. An old Irish settler, living about a mile from the Papineau, came to see us shortly after we had breakfasted, and apprised us that he was going with his horse and cart about eight miles up the river, and offered us his services as guide.

We accepted his offer, and, putting up the rods, stowed them away in the cart, and started, walking alongside, for a trudge of fourteen miles, to the Grand Falls.

Our path ran through the forest, in a course generally parallel to that of the river. But such a path! Every fifty yards, or so, all hands were employed with axes, chopping through, and removing piecemeal, the trunks of decayed pines, which had fallen directly across our track.

The closeness of the forest, which hampered in the narrow road, prevented the cart from avoiding, by going to one side or the other of the boulders of rock and projecting stumps, in surmounting which, the strength of the vehicle was well tested.

In the soft mud of the swamps, in which the cart was sometimes buried to the axle, requiring our united efforts in assistance of the wretched horse, I saw numerous tracks

of cariboo and bears. Patches of fur appeared sticking to numerous dead stumps, against which Bruin had been rubbing himself. Patches of ground under the pines appeared, from a distance, to be perfectly scarlet, from thick clusters of pigeon-berries.

The pigeon-berry (*Cornus Canadensis*), the flower of which is like that of a white anemone, springs up everywhere from the carpeting of moss under the shades of pine groves.

The berries, which have a fleshy, insipid taste, ripen in July, and derive their name from their being the almost exclusive food of the passenger-pigeons, which arrive in this month in New Brunswick.

After a wearisome trudge of three hours, we arrived at what the old settler called his farm—a patch of rank grass by the river side, with a small dilapidated camp in the middle.

We rested for half-an-hour here, and, with many verbose, though not very lucid, directions concerning the road from our late guide, again started; hoping to reach the Grand Falls, distant six miles, and meet our friend, the Captain, before dusk.

Our path was one of those which intersect the woods, in the neighbourhood of a large river in New Brunswick in every direction. They are used by a class of men who, passing the greater part of their shortened lives in the woods, are denominated lumberers.

Their occupation is to fell the tallest and stoutest veterans of the forest, which, cut into logs of fifteen to twenty feet in length, are hauled over the snow by oxen, from sometimes great distances back in the woods to the river side. These logs, when the ice breaks up in the spring, and the river is swollen, are launched into the stream, and

are left to find their way down to the harbours, where they are secured by the timber merchants.

The logs get dreadfully damaged sometimes, in striking against rocks, and in shooting over lofty cataracts. When one log is intercepted in its course by projecting rocks, it will often cause the stoppage and accumulation of thousands of others. This is called a jam. A jam forming, as is often the case, completely across the stream, will occasion a rise in the river above it to the height of twenty or thirty feet.

The breaking up of one of these obstructions is attended with great danger to the lumberers ; as, directly the main cause of the obstruction (often a single log) is removed, the whole mass, with its superincumbent weight of water, is swept down with immense violence.

Seeing the logs safely down the stream, is

called “river-driving ;” and, from the persons of the lumberers being continually submerged in the chilling snow-water, is one of the principal causes of the shortness of life, which attends these unfortunate, though light-hearted, “New Brunswick boys.”

We passed several of their old camps, which, from their great length, must have been built for the accommodation of sixty or eighty men. The frame-work was still standing, and the charred logs pointed out the sites of their old camp fires.

We noticed in the forest numerous traces of their devastating labours in the gigantic stumps, from which had once risen majestic pines. The surface of these stumps, which were some of them nearly six feet in diameter, was as smooth as that of a table, so dexterous are these children of the forest in using that effective weapon—the axe of the American woodsman.

The old settler had told us that we should find the Captain's camp at the foot of the Grand Falls, which we could not miss, as there was now a straight path all the way. However, we were greatly deceived in our hopes and expectations by finding ourselves still in the woods at sunset. The river had long been lost sight of, and the lumbering paths crossed and recrossed one another in an intricate maze.

It became dark, and we had no idea of what direction we were pursuing. What was the worst of all, we had only one biscuit between us—a sorry meal to be eaten in an unknown forest. The moon rose, and still found us urging our way forwards, careless of direction from a feeling that we were lost in the woods. Several times we mistook the bright patches of moonlight playing through the branches of the thick evergreens for the light of a camp fire. The dismal

hootings of the horned owls echoed in the depths of the forest.

On suddenly turning a corner, our attention was attracted by a crashing in the bushes on the left, and on looking for the cause, we discovered, coolly standing in a patch of moonlight, a bear. L—— had his gun with him certainly, but it was in a case, and the ammunition had been left with the rest of the luggage to proceed in the canoe, and as I had nothing but the fishing rods, acting offensively was out of the question.

However, he took no notice of us, and we heard him, as we passed on, quietly retreating into the forest.

“Listen!” we both exclaimed at once, as a dull booming sound, apparently emanating from the woods on our left, a little behind us.

“Why, that must be the roaring of the



Grand Falls. Come along, we've hit it off a last."

We were greatly relieved, for we had serious apprehensions that we were lost, and striking the first path which led to the left, we emerged, after half-an-hour walking, upon the summit of the cliffs immediately over the Grand Falls.

Crawling cautiously to the edge of the precipice, we looked over. The scene below, as it appeared in the bright moonlight, was so grand, that, at first, it engrossed our undivided attention.

On our right, and on the same level with us, the river contracted between perpendicular walls of slate rock, commenced its precipitous descent in a succession of cascades of the purest white. Then, gliding swiftly, though smoothly, as if preparing for a fearful plunge, for about thirty yards, over it fell, in an undivided body. Being directly over the

grand pitch, we could not see the depth to which the water fell, though, from the deep and sullen roar, as if liquid lead were descending from a great height into the bowels of the earth, which struck our ears perfectly distinct, from the almost deafening rattle of the upper pitches, we conjectured that it could not have been less than fifty or sixty feet.

Below the falls, as far as we could see, the dark waters, bearing on their surface miniature icebergs of foam, wound through the narrow chasm, whose sides rose up perpendicularly to the height of two hundred feet from the surface. Satisfying ourselves that it was impossible for our friend to have encamped in the immediate neighbourhood of the Falls, and feeling very fatigued, we looked out for a dormitory amongst the bushes. Luckily, we had matches, and there was plenty of dead wood lying about; so lighting a blazing fire, we stretched on some

spruce boughs, under the shelter of some dwarf firs.

It was very cold that night; and we constantly woke up, and plied the fire with fresh wood. At daybreak we rose, feeling very hungry, but were obliged to be content with a few berries, which grew in the greatest profusion everywhere, and a mouthful of water; and, having filled our pipes, started down the river in search of the Captain.

Scrambling through a dense forest on the edge of the cliffs, for nearly half a mile without seeing any signs of human beings, we, at last, slid down a gently sloping descent, to the water's edge, and gave one or two lusty shouts, drawing echoes from all sides of the rocky chasm. In a few minutes, to our inexpressible satisfaction, a canoe, paddled by two Acadians, appeared rounding a bend in the river. Squatting down in the bottom,

we shot quickly down with the current, and found the long-sought camp a few hundred yards below, situated on the summit of a steep grassy bank.

## CHAPTER IV.

A Jolly Breakfast--The Smoking House--A Natural Tunnel--Canadian Boatmen--Constructing a Camp--Contest with a Salmon--Dangerous Rapids--The Grand Pitch--The Chain of Rocks--Salting Salmon--Mr. L.--An Evening in the Woods--The Acadian Boatmen.

BREAKFAST was going on at the camp, where we met our friend and an American gentleman, who had hospitably entertained him till we should arrive. We did ample justice to the great dishes of salmon cutlets, bacon, Indian meal cakes, and capacious pannikins of tea which were set before us

by the French cook. I saw lying in a dammed-up pool of the little spring which trickled down the grassy hill, nearly a dozen fine fish, the results of that morning's sport in the dark pools between the camp and the Grand Falls. One of them, caught by the American gentleman in the pool nearest to the falls, weighed twenty-three pounds, and was the largest he had as yet taken on the river.

The smoking house, erected near the camp, was tenanted by nearly five dozen salmon, the produce of his rod during the past ten days, not including the weight of fish devoured daily by his three hungry Acadians.

The tunnel through which the river runs for more than a mile below the Grand Falls, which appear to have gradually, in the course of ages worn their way back through a formation of transition slate, suddenly terminates at an

enlargement of the stream, a mile in length, and five hundred yards broad, called the Basin. Here, by appointment, we were to meet our canoe. The Captain was to camp with us, and taking leave of his kind host, he started with us and all his baggage in his canoe to make a new camp on the shores of the Basin.

As we entered this picturesque spot, we could see our men advancing to meet us from the other end. It is very interesting to watch from a distance the motions of the canoe men, when using their poles in shallow or rapid water. They perform every action in concert, and the long white poles, removed dripping from the water, glisten in the sun as they are raised aloft for a fresh purchase. Leaning with their whole weight against the poles, which are planted on the river bed, they make the canoe shoot forward under them, till you fancy that

they must lose their balance and fall backwards.

A large camp had to be constructed, as there were eight of us. Two men for our canoe, two for the Captain's, and a cook. So each seizing an axe, we were presently dispersed through the forest, making the woods echo with the sound of our chopping.

First, the substantial framework was put together; then, peeling the finest stems of the pines and cedars, we procured some ten or twelve sheets of bark, about six feet square, which were fastened over the slanting poles with strips of the inner bark of the cedar.

Another trip into the bush with our bush knives, to cut huge piles of the tender flat boughs of the silver fir, with which to cover the bottom of the camp, and the work was completed. A partition had been



made in the middle, to separate the aristocracy from the dirty Frenchmen. Two large fires were soon lighted in front of the camp, and the provision-bags being opened, our cook commenced his duty.

After a hearty meal, we might be seen enjoying the fragrant weed, reposing on blankets, and comparing the respective merits of our flies and fishing gear; the Acadians next door, jabbering bad French, and occasionally popping round the corner, to narrate to us in as bad English, the exploits of some former fisherman on the Nepisiquit. In the afternoon, we started to fish; the Captain going down, and we to the pools up the river. Though they would not take a fly here, the Basin seemed to be a favourite resort of immense numbers of salmon, which were jumping incessantly all round us as we glided over its waters.

On entering the tunnel at the head of the Basin, our men pointed out to us, in the deep clear water, almost under the canoe, shoals of fish, some of them perfect monsters, lying in rows, with their heads up stream. The canoe being now carefully paddled in close to the cliffs on one side of the river, we commenced casting across a dark, though smooth pool, in which the water glided swiftly over a rocky bed.

Not a sound was to be heard. The flood rolled with a stillness unbroken by the sound of a ripple. My fly had skimmed round the pool three times, in increasing circles, and had not been touched, when, making a long cast nearly across the pool, as it was playing through the water in small jerks, a small gurgling splash, followed by a quiet strain on the rod, informed me that I had hooked a large fish. For two or three seconds, he remained perfectly motionless,

when away he went, leaving undulations on the surface behind him, like those in the wake of a steamer.

After a headlong course of nearly forty yards, he stopped suddenly, and, changing his tactics, shot up from the surface, with a tremendous bound, his heavy splash, as he re-entered his native element, drawing loud echoes from the cliffs. After two or three more jumps, accompanied by short rushes down the stream, the small quantity of my line still unwound compelled us to abandon our position, and give him chase.

He fairly took us into the middle of the Basin, opposite the camp, before he could be gaffed. Old Ténace, our head canoe-man, gaffed him beautifully at the first jerk, and my first Nepisiquit salmon, a clean, fresh-run fish, of twelve pounds weight, lay on the bottom of the canoe. His tremendous

struggles shook the frail bark from stem to stern, and compelled us speedily to knock him on the head.

In the evening we went up again to try our luck in the pools close to the Grand Falls, to reach which we had to ascend several awful-looking rapids. These rapids are formed by a slight fall in the river, where it pours its volumes with wonderful rapidity between ledges of rock stretching out from either bank towards the middle.

Our men, keeping the canoe close to the shore, would creep round under the ledges, aided by the counter current, to the edge of the roaring rapid, when, screwing up their nerves for the effort, they would shove her into it.

Thrusting their long poles against the bottom or projecting rocks, they exerted all their strength in slowly gaining the summit

inch by inch. The force of the rapid was so great, that sometimes we stuck motionless for nearly a minute; the water shooting past us and rising from under the prow of the canoe in a jet, and we were not sorry when, at length, we glided into the smooth water above.

Descending these rapids was a much easier business. Our men standing up, would grasp their poles by the middle, and steering the canoe by gently touching the rocks on the right and left, took her over as easily and lightly as if she had been a cork. Three or four grilse and another salmon were caught in the evening in the dark pools near the Falls. From the last pool, beyond which our men said it was dangerous to go, we had a fine view of the Falls, distant about two hundred yards. The grand pitch proved to be over fifty feet, and the deep water below, here and there appeared between the

eddying masses of foam, to be as black as ink.

The whole scene appeared more fraught with a dismal grandeur than any I had yet seen. In front were the Falls. On either side, precipitous cliffs of rugged slate towered over us, topped with the forest. The light of the heavens was let down upon us, as from the mouth of a well, while the mist from the Falls fell around like small rain.

Our men said that logs were continually snapped in two in descending the Falls, and they affirmed that they had known logs to remain for half-an-hour under water, from the time they had plunged into the pool to when they rose to the surface.

Next morning at daybreak, after a plunge in the clear water of the Basin, at which our Acadians marvelled greatly, and a good breakfast, we proceeded down

the river to fish a spot, called the Chain of Rocks, so called from the Nepisquit here tumbling over a succession of terraces and ledges of rock, for a space of nearly half a mile.

Between the cascades were curling pools, in which we were not long in finding that the salmon lurked in great numbers. There was one particular spot, about a hundred yards below the lowest Fall, to which I was attracted by the incessant jumping of salmon of all sizes. To reach it I was obliged to wade out till the water reached my middle, and found it hard work to keep my legs, owing to the strength of the current. However, I was well repaid for my ducking by the amount of sport.

The whole time during which I was playing a fish, others, perfectly undisturbed at the commotion that was taking place in

the pool, continued their pastimes, sometimes, as I could plainly see by the gleaming of their silver sides in the sunbeams, pursuing the hooked fish. I noticed, too, that as the fish grew exhausted, multitudes of large eels surrounded him, endeavouring to fasten on to the gills and throat.

After a good morning's sport, landing a dozen salmon and grilse between us, we returned to camp, and commenced the operation of splitting and salting our salmon. Ténace had hollowed out with his axe the stem of a large pine, in which the split fish were placed in layers, with a good sprinkling of salt between them. In the heat of the day, when the salmon would not rise, L—— went off into the woods, accompanied by Ténace's son, Joe; and I, putting together my light trout rod, sauntered down the shores of the Basin,



to the mouth of a cool brook, which rushed down the rocky banks from the shady forest. The pure cold water, which is poured from one of these streamlets, attracts round its mouth multitudes of trout. In the present instance, I caught in little more than half-an-hour the number of forty-three plump trout of various sizes, the largest being nearly three pounds in weight.

Having strong tackle, I lost no time in landing them, literally hauling them up on the beach, before they had recovered from their first shock of consternation. So voracious were they, that having mouthed off every particle of feather and tinsel from the hook, I stuck on a piece of my red flannel Jersey, and found it answer as well as the neatest fly.

L—— returned in time to have cooked for dinner two plump spruce partridges,

which he had shot not far back in the woods.

During the three or four pleasant days we spent in the camp on the Basin, we frequently interchanged visits with the hospitable Mr. L——, who is one of the best and most adventurous sportsmen of the United States, and who, I hope, will enjoy many another annual excursion to the salmon-waters of the British Provinces.

In the cool, delicious evenings we could sit outside the camps, looking at the scintillations of the myriads of fire-flies, and listening to the heavy splashings of the salmon, as they continued their playful bounds till long after sunset.

On these occasions, the garrulous Frenchmen would edge near us and recount their numerous perilous, though exaggerated adventures in the woods and on the river.

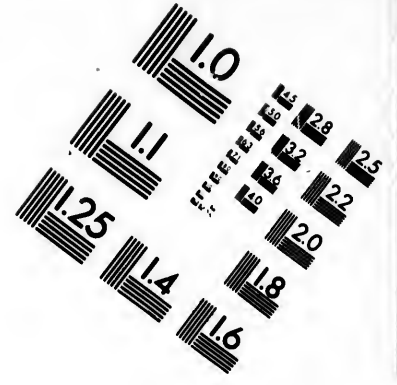
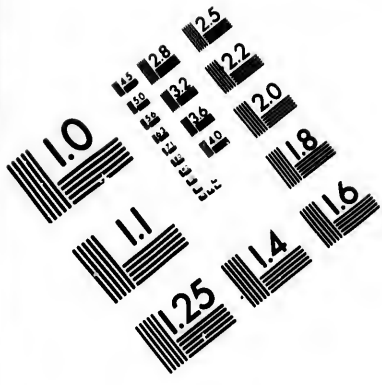
Certainly these men were the best hands at working a canoe that I have ever seen, and though when not observed, they are very much given to spearing salmon on the sly, are the best possible, and in fact, indispensable guides to the sportsman on the Nepisiquit.

## CHAPTER V.

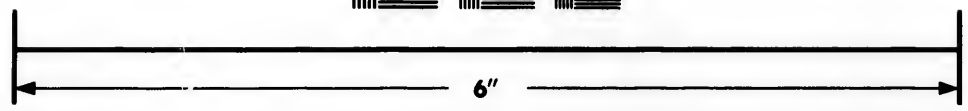
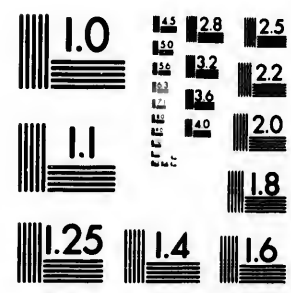
The Chain of Rocks—The Portage—Shooting the Rapids—Wild Fruit—A Picturesque View—Salmon Pools—A Fine Fish—Troublesome Mosquitoes—Spearing Salmon—The Spear—Assault and Battery—The Papineau Falls—Beautiful Scenery—Canadian Wood-Ducks—Catching a Poacher—An Eccentric Host—Large Quantity of Salmon—Return Home.

ON the morning of our fifth day at this camp, we packed up our baggage, and left, in the canoes deeply laden, the old camp, with three cheers. On arriving at the head of the Chain of Rocks, three miles lower down the river, the canoes were beached, and the whole of our effects, including more than a





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hundred weight of salted salmon, portaged about half a mile through the woods, to the foot of the chain, where it was proposed to camp. The Captain's canoe was also portaged through the woods by his two men.

However, our Acadians, Ténace and Joe, who prided themselves on being, and really were, the best canoe-men on the river, having taken the load across the portage road, announced to us their intention of shooting the rapids, to save the labour of carrying the canoe. We, accordingly, went to the foot of the Falls to watch their descent. Squatting down close, one forward, and the other aft, and grasping their poles by the middle, they launched out into the current, and, in another minute, were tossing about in the troubled waters of the Chain of Rocks.

By light and dexterous touches, right and



left, with their poles, they steered clear of the projecting masses of rock. Sometimes, the bow seemed to be driven under by the mass of foaming water from behind, which urged the frail thing forwards with alarming impetuosity. Once, we thought the canoe must have been swamped. She struck on a submerged and unseen rock. The men instantly stood up, thrust their poles against the rocky bed, and almost hung upon them, when the canoe, relieved of nearly their whole weight, got clear from the rock, and glided away, as if in quest of fresh dangers.

The remaining part of the rapids was accomplished without a check. As they bounded over the last pitch, and paddled up to where we stood, we greeted them with a cheer ; and a smile of contempt might have been seen on the face of old Ténace, as the other canoe now appeared struggling through the

bushes, on the shoulders of the Captain's men.

The site of the new camp was a patch of soft grass, surrounded by low alder bushes. Cherries, raspberries, blue berries, and a host of other fruit-bearing shrubs grew around in profusion. The river, as if tired of the tossing and tumbling to which it had recently been subjected, glided in circling eddies through a succession of dark pools for several hundred yards, and then expanded into a broad quiet stream.

The view from our camp down the river was very picturesque. Meadows of tall rank grass, skirted by the dark forest, lay on either side of the water for nearly a mile down the stream, when a further view was prevented by the intervention of many beautiful islands, covered with maples and graceful elms, which appeared to dam up the river. Several fish-eagles were

hovering over the expanse of water, now and then descending with a heavy splash on its surface, capturing their prey, they would again rise and skim with a rapid flight over the tops of the forest trees to their retreats.

The pools below the Chain of Rocks appear to be a resting-place for the salmon, who are here perpetually jumping, as if to try their powers before attempting the rough passage before them. Everything being "fixed," I commenced operations in the evening by walking out to the end of a ledge of rock, which stretched nearly half-way across the river, and commanded a fine pool.

I threw my fly with unusual caution; for I had seen a perfect monster of a fish fling himself into the air and descend with a tremendous splash into his native element. I rose him at length after a few

casts ; but he did not reach the fly, which I consequently quickly withdrew from the water ; and I could see, for a second or two, the top of his great back, fin and tail above water, as with a motion like that of a porpoise, he again descended to his former station.

How slowly those minutes, which I thought it proper to allow before again tempting him, passed. Standing up again, at length, I threw the same fly within range of his jaws. Again the water broke in great circular waves, when a decided resistance on the part of the fly to reappear on the surface, told me that it was firmly implanted in the jaws of "the monster." I waited anxiously for a few seconds for his first rush ; but not a movement did he make.

Availing myself of his sulky fit, and letting out line gradually, so as to keep the

same gentle strain on him, I backed cautiously to the shore, where, should he evince the desire of making a longer run than my allowance of line would permit, I might follow him on the smooth grass. I had just reached the grass, when, giving two or three resolute tugs at the line, as if to test its strength, away he went down the stream at a furious pace.

The music of my swiftly-revolving reel then was as grateful to my ear, as that of hounds at full cry is to the ear of the fox-hunter. Jumping proved as unavailing to him as running away; for after shooting into the air with frantic energy five successive times, the rod still remained bent, and the line taut.

At length, five-and-thirty minutes from the time of his being hooked, Ténace waded in, and with one dexterous jerk of the gaff secured the prize. He was a bright, hand-

somely - formed fish of eighteen pounds weight, and was the largest fish I had yet killed ; though, like most fishermen, I had lost fish of, in my own idea, tremendous size.

We all enjoyed good sport this day, the Captain bringing back two salmon and many grilse from the pools above the Chain of Rocks, and L—— eight grilse and a large river trout, weighing four pounds, from the other side of the river.

The greatest drawback to our enjoyment, during our stay on this river, was the annoyance which we received from the blood-thirsty attacks of the mosquitoes, black flies, and, the most venomous of all, the little and scarcely discernible sand-fly. Commencing their tortures at day-break, they would, throughout the day, swarm round us in thousands, alighting on our

faces, hands, behind our ears—in fact, on every exposed part whence blood was to be extracted. If not immediately brushed off, they quickly insert their long proboscis into the flesh with a sharp sting.

The bite generally bleeds, and shortly causes a large white lump, with most disagreeable itching. I have often thrown down my rod in desperation, and crawled under the thickest bushes, to escape their attacks.

Although the practice is strictly forbidden, under a penalty of five pounds for every fish so taken, we determined, partly from a wish to see the sport, and partly at the instigation of old Ténace, who professed himself to be the best hand at spearing on the river, to have one night's salmon-spearing on the Basin.

Ténace, calculating on our indulging his

poaching propensities, had brought a spear with him. This proved to be a long wooden pole, with a sharp iron spike at the end, between two elastic pieces of ash, which, opening outwards to receive, at the same time hold fast, the salmon transfixed by the iron prong. A number of torches were made of that brightly-burning material, birch-bark. As the least wind ruffles the surface of the water, and prevents any object beneath being distinguished, we chose a fine calm night for our poaching excursion.

Having arrived at the Basin, a torch was lighted, and stuck in a split stick in the bows of the canoe, and we were paddled slowly along by Joe; Ténace, with his spear poised, anxiously scrutinizing the illuminated water round the canoe.

Presently we distinguished the dark back of a fish lying perfectly motionless, and in



bold relief against the smooth white sand on the bottom. Joe dexterously handling the canoe so as to give his father the chance of a good aim; Ténace made a quick stab downwards into the water. Following up the spear with his arm, for it was a long shot, and the stupid fish was at length beginning to move slowly, and with a "Sacré, je le tiens," he hauled up hand over hand and threw floundering into the canoe a fine grilse, which immediately commenced a series of gymnastic exercises between our legs.

After a little more paddling about, we discerned what at first appeared to be a sunken log of wood, but by its slowly moving off as we approached, we perceived that it was an enormous salmon.

After a chase of a quarter of an hour, he favoured us by coming to an anchor immediately under the bow of the canoe, and

beneath the eagle eye and dexterous ram of old Ténace, who lunged at him with right good will, immediately and purposely letting go the spear.

At first we thought that he had missed his fish, but were soon undeceived by seeing the top of the spear reappear above the surface and commence a series of gyrations in the air, showing the struggles of the salmon beneath. We followed it till the quiet way in which the top floated, told us that the victim had surrendered himself to his fate, when Ténace, drawing up the spear, deposited in the canoe the tremendous fish whose fearful plunges bid fair to shatter our frail bark.

We were in roars of laughter, when a few more grilse having been taken, and another peculiarly lively salmon, the whole commenced a most vicious and determined course of battery and assault against

our legs—a proceeding which we could not stop, having to sit perfectly still in the bottom, to prevent the canoe from capsizing.

Having now nearly sufficient fish in the canoe, we cried, "Enough," and made for the shore, whence we watched the proceedings, as the canoe again started with the Captain, who had been patiently waiting on the shore for his turn.

Looking upon it, as we did, from a distance, the whole scene appeared picturesque and wild in the extreme. The strong red light of the torch illuminated the dense volumes of smoke which rolled from it, and the figures of the men, as they moved in the canoe. The dark masses of forest, on the other side of the water, formed the background to this striking scene. We could distinctly see when a fish was

caught, by the commotion in the canoe, and the momentary glitter of his scales in the torch-light, as he was hoisted in. After half an hour's torching, they returned to the shore, having captured nine fish.

The big salmon as we found next morning, turned the scales at twenty-four, and his scales appeared to be as large as a silver fourpenny-piece. I regretted exceedingly that he had come by his death in so foul a manner, and that he had not received fair play at the end of one of my double gut casting lines.

Having now spent four days at the Chain of Rocks, we determined to pass our remaining two days at the Papineau Falls, and accordingly found ourselves on a delicious morning, gliding swiftly with the current, down the river. The scenery which we passed through was everywhere extremely

beautiful. The river frequently divided into two or three channels, enclosing islands, the foliage on which was of the most lovely forms and tints imaginable. Through the dense foliage of the maples, birches and elms, protruded the sombre branches of the evergreens, amongst which, that beautiful tree, the white cedar occupied a frequent place.

Blue jays, belted kingfishers, and gaudily coloured woodpeckers, appeared in great numbers in the woods on the islands. Now and then, an osprey would swoop down on the river below us, and after a short struggle, soar away with an unfortunate grilse in his claws ; and as the canoes approached, otters, minks, and musk-rats, flung themselves into the water, from the top of some rock, where they had been watching for their finny prey.

We saw, but could not get within shot of,

a pair of those beautiful birds, the Canadian wood-duck. A little further on, four canoes full of Milecete Indians, evidently bent on a spearing expedition, passed us on their way up the river. Our men reviled them as they went by us, poling against the strong current, at a tremendous pace, and yelling defiance.

In the afternoon, we reached our former fishing station, the Papineau Falls. At the old log-hut we found, to our surprise, the owner—the Isaac Walton of the Nepisiquit—Gilmore.

He welcomed us cordially, and was extremely sorry that his camp did not afford accommodation for so large a party. He showed us, however, the remains of an old hut not far distant, which we at once commenced to repair.

Next morning, relinquishing his right of fishing to us, as we were only stopping till

the next morning, he accompanied us down to the best pools below the Papineau. He gave us, and advised us to try some of his flies, which were beautifully tied, and appeared to have a touch of the Irish salmon fly in their composition and construction.

We were surprised on walking down to the pools, by Gilmore violently laying hands on an old settler, who was standing on the rocks, flogging the water diligently, and with some degree of skill, notwithstanding his primitive apparatus, a rod all in one piece, a home-made line, and a curious-looking bundle of feathers fastened round a hook.

Seizing his gaff, Gilmore hove it into the river, where it was carried away, bobbing up and down in the rapids. He informed the old man that "he might

thank his stars that he was not sent to follow his gaff."

It was rather a shame, and we did not thank Gilmore for his over-zealous protection of our fisheries. However, the present of a few flies quieted the old man, who was allowed to resume his occupation.

After a tolerably successful morning's fishing, we returned to camp. During the day, our host of the "Jenny Lind" hotel visited us. He had heard of our arrival at the Papineau, and brought with him a huge basket of fresh provisions, and containing luxuries to which we had long been strangers. We took advantage of his arrival with his waggon to go into Bathurst, leaving directions for our men to come in with our baggage and the fish next day.

Our parting with the eccentric Gilmore was affecting, though ludicrous. He actually shed tears on the occasion, and, as we



started, gave vent to his grief by firing a salute from his rusty old musket, with blank charges, the popping of which we heard at intervals, for some time after we had felt the camp.

Next day, we paid our men their wages at the "Jenny Lind;" and amidst loud cheers from an assemblage of the inhabitants, who, on account of the distance we had come to kill salmon, looked upon us as beings of a superior order, drove out of the town on our way to Halifax, in a large double waggon, with a pair of good horses.

Our salted fish—more than two-thirds of the one hundred and ninety salmon which had been captured during our twelve day's sojourn on the Nepisiquit—was to follow us by the stage.

After a three days' journey in coaches and waggons, we arrived at Halifax, Nova

Scotia, having enjoyed our excursion exceedingly, and absolutely revelled in that glorious sport—Salmon-fishing in the British Provinces of North America.

## CHAPTER VI.

Summer in Nova Scotia—A Treat for Waltonians—The American Salmon—Their Principal Haunts—Rivers in New Brunswick—The Miramichi—The Wolloostook—Large Sturgeon in the St. John—Mode of Spearing Sturgeon—Salmon a Source of Wealth—Illegal Fishing—Reckless Slaughter of Game—Return of the Grilse—The Nepisiquit River—Heavy Fish—Netting in Salt Water—The Sea Trout—Fresh Water Trout—Their Principal Resort—Lake Trout—Difference of Colour—Trout Catching in the Winter—Other Fresh Water Fish—Shad and Gaspereaux—Eels and Suckers.

SUMMER, in the British Provinces of North America, suddenly re-appearing, prefaced by a short though fine spring, brings with it charms for all classes, in the fineness

and warmth of the weather, the almost tropical verdure of the forests, and the return of migratory birds, which now fill the long-tenantless woods.

To the disciple of old Isaak, too, this glorious season is hailed with delight, as it entices the trout from his wintry retreats, and causes the noble salmon to ascend his favourite rivers, and revel in the cool fresh water. No country can offer greater inducements to the fly fisherman—particularly him who seeks combat with the “king of fishes”—than British North America.

Unhindered by bailiffs, trespassing notices or other obstructions to the enjoyment of fishing in the Old World (where, even Norway has loosened the angler's purse-strings, before allowing him a cast over the waters of her salmon rivers), the orthodox sportsman may here roam from

stream to stream, casting his fly, at almost every throw, with a certainty of success, over pools by the side of which many a Cis-Atlantic angler would envy him his position.

The American salmon is identical with the "Salmo salar" of Europe; generally attaining the same size, and evincing the same habits and disposition as this latter fish.

In former years, salmon frequented every river eastward of the Hudson, but lately, dams, saw-mills, and other obstructions, the result of Yankee enterprise, have driven them from the United States, to find a retreat in the rapid rivers and streams of Nova Scotia, Canada, New Brunswick, and Labrador, which they ascend in nearly as great numbers as formerly.

They have, however, from the above-mentioned causes, and from poaching practices, nearly disappeared from the Jacques

Cartier, the Saquenay, and other fine rivers tributary to the St. Lawrence in Lower Canada; and the Quebec sportsman must now travel far to the Eastward, to the inhospitable shores of Labrador and Gaspé, before he can be certain of obtaining sport.

The large rivers of Newfoundland, difficult of access, from the uncleared state of the country through which they run—many of them having never, as yet, borne an artificial fly on their waters—teem with salmon. Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island can boast of several fine streams, favoured by the annual visit of this fish.

However, New Brunswick is, in my opinion, the head-quarters for the fly-fisherman. It abounds in fine clear and rapid streams, of easy access, and on which the scenery is of the most magnificent description

in North America. This province is intersected in every direction by large rivers; some discharging their waters into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and others, including the noble St. John, into the Bay of Fundy. The former rivers—from their rapidity, the frequent occurrence of cascades, and the great purity and coolness of their waters, when, in the heat of summer, more sluggish streams have become perfectly tepid—are the more favoured resorts of the salmon.

Of these, the Nepisiquit, the Restigouche, and its numerous tributaries, and the Cascapediae, all flowing into the Bay of Chaleurs, are entitled to the foremost places in the list of the salmon waters of New Brunswick.

The Miramichi, so well known from the association of its name with the dreadful conflagration which devastated the forests

and settlements on its banks, in October, 1827, is a large and beautiful river, running nearly across the province, in an easterly direction, and emptying itself into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

From the long continuance of smooth water, the sportsman must, however, proceed sixty miles up the stream, from Miramichi before he can obtain sport.

A few miles above Boiestown, are some splendid pools. A branch, called the North-West Miramichi, rising in the same mountainous region as the Nepisiquit, joins the main stream a few miles above the flourishing town of Chatham. This branch was visited, for the first time, with the intention of fishing for salmon on its waters in the summer of 1853. Notwithstanding the shallowness of the water, from the unprecedented drought which occurred in that summer, excellent sport was ob-



tained on it, and on its tributary the Sevogle.

Although, from the immense size of the stream, no salmon fishing can be expected on the St. John river, yet it is full of these fish, on their way up to its numerous tributaries.

The river St. John, called, in the Indian language, the Walloostook, is, after the St. Lawrence, one of the largest rivers of British North America. It runs a course of nearly five hundred miles, rising in numberless lakes in the state of Maine, between which and the British territory, it forms, for a great part of its course, the boundary.

Salmon annually ascend, in great numbers, its tributaries, which join it at frequent intervals.

Foremost among these may be placed the Kennebecasis, the Nashwaak, the Tobique,

and the Arestook ; the latter joining it from the State of Maine, about twenty miles below the Grand Falls.

The Falls, second only to Niagara, in the continent of North America, effectually stop the progress of fish up the river, being one hundred and fifty feet in height. I was told by the settlers at the Falls, that they had often seen salmon making vigorous attempts in the boiling Basin below the grand pitch, to struggle with this tremendous cataract.

The St. John teems with large sturgeon, some of them attaining a length of six feet. From the steamer which runs between the city of St. John, situated at the mouth of the river and Fredericton, the seat of government, a distance of eighty miles, I have frequently seen these fish flinging themselves into the air ; and at first mistook them for large salmon.

The Indians often spear sturgeon from canoes, using a description of harpoon. The head of this weapon is an iron prong, loosely fastened on, and attached to the middle of the pole by a rope. When the fish is struck, the head of the harpoon is disengaged from the pole, which, floating on the surface, acts as a buoy.

To return to our scaly hero, the salmon. These fish, notwithstanding the decrease in many rivers from wholesale netting and spearing, are still the source of much wealth to the British provinces, New Brunswick in particular. From St. John, the capital of that province, they are exported annually in thousands of barrels. From the ports, too, on the eastern coast of the province, immense quantities are sent to the ready markets of the United States, where fresh salmon commands a high price, a dollar a pound being the average value.

On account of this ready market for fresh salmon, every method is resorted to to capture them, in and out of season, both in the harbours and the streams themselves. Laws, more or less observed, prohibit their being netted, or taken in any way, out of season.

Netting in fresh water is forbidden. This practice, however, especially in the Nepisiquit and all the rivers flowing into Chaleurs' Bay, is carried on to a frightful amount; the salmon being swept out of pools, and off their spawning grounds when in the very act of spawning, by seines and drift-nets; while they are persecuted at night by frequent spearing by torch-light.

For the greatest possible present gain, all future benefit is overlooked. Verily, the settlers are the blindest to their own interests of all mankind. Every living creature, fish, flesh, or fowl, do they pursue with blind and

relentless ferocity, merely, in many instances, for the purpose of destroying it. Unparalleled, certainly, have been the destruction and disappearance of all game and fish in North America within the last few years.

Salmon ascend the rivers of the provinces at different times of the spring and summer. They first appear in the rivers of the southern and south-eastern coasts of Nova Scotia. In Gold River, which flows into Chester Bay, about forty miles from Halifax, salmon will take a fly in the first week in April, even before the snow-water has been all discharged from the river.

The rivers to the north-east of Halifax are not favoured by their visits till the end of May and the beginning of June, while they do not ascend the Atlantic rivers of New Brunswick till late in June.

After spawning, which is completed by the middle of November in all the provincial streams, the salmon, aided by the fall floods, or freshets, as they are termed, return to the sea. Sometimes, however, they will pass the winter in a torpid and emaciated state under the ice in the lakes.

In the beginning of April, I have seen two spent salmon, evidently having been under the ice all the winter, taken with the worm by a trout-fisherman, in a small stream about seven miles distant from Halifax, called Salmon River.

About a month after the arrival of the older fish in the river, the grilse revisit their native fresh water. From their beauty, liveliness, and delicate flavour, when caught, they afford great sport to the fly fisherman, and may be taken, with an occasional older and heavier salmon,

from the middle of July till the end of August, in the northern rivers of New Brunswick.

Salmon are only able to ascend the Nepisquit as far as the Grand Falls, which are nearly one hundred feet in height, and are distant twenty-two miles from the salt-water of the Bay of Chaleurs.

Throughout this distance, the river is particularly rapid and rough, containing only one spawning ground of narrow dimensions—the Basin, as an enlargement of the river, about a mile below the Grand Falls, is called.

However, this noble river, throughout the whole distance between its mouth and that insuperable barrier, the Grand Falls, absolutely teems with salmon, in the months of June, July, and August. Full of rapids, cascades, and intervening pools, there is

scarcely a spot on its banks from which the salmon-fisher might not throw his fly with reasonable expectation of an immediate rise. It, and the other fine rivers of northern New Brunswick, seem particularly favourable to the growth and health of salmon, owing to the purity and highly-aërated state of their waters, with which large quantities of oxygen enter into combination during their tempestuous career.

The size of the salmon which frequent the different rivers of these provinces varies considerably. In the rivers to the westward of Nova Scotia, the fish are large, twelve or fifteen pounds being the common weights.

In the Nepisiquit, New Brunswick, the average weight of the salmon taken with a fly is from eight to twelve pounds, though in the summer of 1852, I have taken a salmon of eighteen pounds; and, in the



ensuing summer, saw a fish of thirty-two pounds captured by a good sportsman, on a single-gut casting line, on this river.

In the Restigouche and its numerous tributaries, and the Cascapediack, which flows into Chaleurs Bay from the Canada side, the salmon are of a very heavy description.

Having captured a salmon of twelve pounds weight in August, 1853, in the Restigouche, I was informed by the Scotch settlers, that it was a "wee fish," and that they were commonly taken in nets of the weight of from forty to fifty pounds.

In several of the New Brunswick rivers, particularly the Miramichi and Restigouche, the tide runs up for a considerable distance from their mouths. As nets may be set, in the proper seasons, anywhere in salt

water, they are placed at such frequent intervals throughout these portions of the rivers between the harbours and the head of the tide, that it becomes a matter of wonder how the salmon get past them, and find their way up to their spawning grounds in such numbers as they still do.

These nets are attached to stakes driven into the bed of the river, and stretch out from the shore for nearly a hundred yards. At the end farthest from the shore, the net curves backwards, so that the salmon, after cautiously swimming alongside in hopes of discovering an egress, becomes baffled when he arrives at the end, and strikes the net.

The true sea trout (*Salmo trutta*) ascends for a short distance only, and with the tide, those rivers of New Brunswick which flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the streams

of Prince Edward's Island, and the river Philip in Nova Scotia.

A fish, generally known by the settlers under the name of sea-trout, white trout, or tide trout, is very numerous in all the rivers of the provinces which it ascends in company with the salmon.

This fish is in reality the common river trout, which, acquiring habits like those of the salmon, and spending the winter months in salt water, returns to the river a much livelier and prettier fish than its relatives, which have not attempted the voyage.

The true sea trout has no pink spots, and is of a dark blueish green on the back ; the tide trout is marked in precisely the same way as the river trout, only its markings have become fainter.

Tide trout are very bright and silvery ; their flesh is firm and pink, like that of the

salmon. I have caught these fish in all stages of their migration to and from the sea, and am satisfied that they are no other than the common river trout, which have found their way to the salt water, and have certainly benefited by it.

They are lively fish when caught, as they ascend their native rivers, and show determined play, sometimes, salmon-like, attempting a jump. They often attain a weight of four or five pounds, though they average from one to three pounds. When they are numerous, a day's sport with these silvery fish by the side of a fine rapid river is inferior only to salmon fishing.

In every river, lake, and mountain streamlet throughout the Northern States, and the British possessions of the northern continent of America, is found the fresh water trout (*Salmo fluviatilis*.)

Though of many shades of colour, sizes

and conformations in different rivers and lakes, it has been determined that only one description of the fresh water or river trout is found in this continent.

The trout does not appear to love the larger and rougher rivers, and is not often taken in them of a large size. I have, however, caught trout of four pounds weight when fishing for salmon in the Nepisiquit.

Small clear streams, which have a sandy or shingly bottom, appear to be their favourite resorts. For instance, the Tabusintac, one of the prettiest streamlets of New Brunswick, running through thirty miles of most romantic scenery, is literally alive with trout. In summer time the bed of this river is, where the stream is broad and shallow, almost dried up.

On these occasions, the settlers residing near the mouth of the river net them in

the deep holes, and barrel down large quantities annually.

The river trout of America is one of the most beautiful fresh-water fishes in the world. Its back is of a glossy olive green, fading towards the belly into delicate primrose. On the back and sides are fantastic markings of deep yellow. The sides are dotted with spangles of the most vivid azure and crimson.

The lake trout, which is found abundantly in every sheet of fresh water, whether having communication with the sea or not, in the Provinces, is not coloured with such richness or purity of tint as the river trout. Neither is he generally such a well-shaped fish.

In lakes, with high rocky shores, in which the water is deep and dark-coloured, the trout are almost black on their backs, their spots and markings dull, and the belly of

a dirty orange colour. The head and jaws of these fish are disproportionately large, and their flesh comparatively unpalatable.

In others, trout are found of a light colour, well-proportioned, with small heads and thick shoulders, and as game and well-flavoured as the river trout.

In some lakes, trout will only rise at the artificial fly during one month in the year, while in others they will take the fly readily at any time of the year that the surface of the water is free from ice.

As a general rule, however, trout will not rise in the lakes during several weeks of the extremely hot weather, which comes in the months of July and August, unless very early in the morning, before the sun is fairly on the water.

Trout may readily be taken in the winter by cutting a hole through the ice on a lake,

and by fishing for them with bait. They at once flock round the opening in the ice in great numbers, and are pulled out and thrown on the ice, where, in a minute or two, they freeze perfectly stiff.

I have taken them in the depth of winter with bait, in a run out of a large lake, where, from the rapidity of the water, ice had not formed.

Several of the New Brunswick lakes contain trout of a large size, sometimes attaining a weight of six or seven pounds. This fish, I believe, is the *Salmo ferox*, known in Scotland by the name of the Loch Awe trout. He is a comparatively worthless fish, though, from his size and vigour, he affords good sport to the troller.

Many other fish inhabit the rivers and lakes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia which, as never pursued for the sake of sport, shall be noticed briefly here.



The most frequent of this class are shad, gaspereaux, smelts, eels, white fish, perch, sturgeon, bass, cat-fish, and suckers. There are also others which at present have not even a scientific name.

The shad (*Clupea alosa*) and the gaspereaux (*Clupea vermalis*), are both similar to the herring in habits and appearance. The gaspereaux, known to the settlers by the name of alewives, ascend the rivers of New Boston and Nova Scotia in vast shoals from the middle of April to the end of June. They are rather larger than the common herring. They form one of the principal items of exportation in Nova Scotia, in whose rivers they are taken in scoop nets attached to long poles. They look very pretty and tempting to the fly fisherman, when sporting in the cool fresh water near the mouths of rivers, their silvery sides gleaming in the sunbeams. Unfortunately,

however, they will rarely take a fly; so much so as to make it quite useless to throw over them.

Perch may be taken in great numbers in the lakes, with bait. They are insipid in flavour, and seldom exceed eight inches in length.

Nearly every river in these provinces contains eels in abundance. The settlers, who smoke and use them as an article of food in winter, take them in hoop baskets, with a narrow mouth, and baited with offal. As soon as a sufficient number of eels have entered the basket or bag, it is quickly drawn ashore, where the eels are killed with sticks after a long contest, for these fish are most tenacious of life.

The sucker is a disagreeable-looking fish with a long cartilaginous mouth, opening underneath the head. They swim near

the bottom of rivers, and of the runs  
between lakes. Their flesh is unpalat-  
able.

## CHAPTER VII.

Another turn at the Moose—Corduroy Roads—The St. Croix Bridge—The Indian Hunter—A Musical Treat—Tom Phillips—Voyage up the Lakes—Picturesque Scenery—The “Runs”—Autumnal Foliage—Long Lake—A Rough Passage—A Walk through the Woods—Repairing Camp—Manufacturing the Call—Commencing Operations—Ill-success—A Violent Gale—Visit from a Moose—A Sad Disappointment.

WHEN at Windsor, Nova Scotia, on my return from a fishing excursion in New Brunswick, in September, 1853, hearing that moose were to be found in the woods, at no great distance from the town, I determined to spend a night or two in the bush,

calling moose, as now was the best season, and there was bright moonlight for the greater part of the night.

Again donning the old homespun and flannel clothes, and having purchased a supply of biscuit, salt pork, and tea, sufficient for myself and two Indians for a couple of days, I started in a light waggon for the Ponhook Lakes, distant seven miles from the town. After jolting for two hours over an execrable bush road, constructed for a great part of the distance in the "corduroy" method, I arrived at a bridge over the St. Croix river, which here makes its exit from the succession of large sheets of water known by the name of the St. Croix or Ponhook Lakes.

Here lived the Indians of whom I was in search, not in camps, but in small neat log houses, situated in a cultivated patch cleared by them. The owner of

one of the huts, an old Indian hunter, as my driver informed me, was engaged in hoeing a patch of potatoes when we arrived.

He acknowledged my verbose salutation by a slight inclination of the head, and throwing a potato at his dog, which was yelping most piteously at me, Tom Phillips, as the old Indian was called, sat down on a rock, and lighting his pipe, told me I might say what I wanted.

The Indians are generally noted for their paucity of words; but this old fellow was the most taciturn I ever met with.

After informing him of my wish to go up the lakes for a day or two, to creep and call moose in the surrounding forests, I asked him whether there were many moose in the neighbourhood.

"I don't know, I sure," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"But, surely, there are moose around Long Lake?" said I, affecting to be acquainted with the locality, about which I had made inquiries at Windsor.

A grunt, and another shrug, and the old fellow, dropping the stick which he had been whittling, whilst listening to me, looked up, and slowly scanning my person and accoutrements, said,

"You got proveesion?"

On my pointing to the bags which had been left on the road-side, he said:

"You see that house? Christopher Paul live there. Go, speak to him," and picking up his bit of wood, he declined farther conversation.

Christopher Paul was a fine-looking Indian, quite a contrast to old Tom in point

of loquacity, and introduced me formally to his squaw.

“You like fresh trout, you like blueberry, gentlemens? Take chair, sit yourself down,” said Mrs. Christopher.

Not being particular, and feeling hungry, I made a hearty meal. Mrs. Paul so overwhelmed me with attention, and the eldest son, a fine lad, about fifteen years old, commenced such a scraping on an old violin, by way of increasing the entertainment, that I could not get out a word on the subject I wished.

Having prevailed, at length, on the young Indian to hang up his fiddle, I informed Paul of the object of my visit. He jumped at my offer of taking him, and said that there were plenty of moose at some distance up the lakes, and that it was a very good time to go out.



He described his neighbour, old Phillips, who would have to accompany us, as a worthy old man, a widower, and living all alone with his dog. He had been one of the smartest Indians in the province, and was still a good hunter. Tom Phillips had a tight little canoe, one of the prettiest models, and best goers I ever saw, which he and Paul had built between them during the previous summer. We found her launched, and old Tom, ready for a start, standing beside her, holding the paddles.

Tossing in the blankets and provision-bags, I seated myself comfortably in the bottom, and we commenced our journey up the lakes. The progress of the canoe was considerably retarded by the stiff breeze blowing directly against us, and making the surface of the water very rough. The short, chopping seas breaking in the bow of the

canoe, made her tremble from stem to stern. However, she was a good sea-boat, and rose over the larger waves like a cork.

“Bad job, gentlemens, if he blow like this to-night. Can’t call moose leapt he quite calm,” said Paul.

The scenery on the Ponhook Lakes is very picturesque. The lakes are of various lengths, that of the smallest being about a mile. The sheets of water are connected by “runs” about twenty yards broad, through which a current flows rapidly. These runs are sometimes completely arched over by the interlacing of the branches of the hemlocks and pines growing on either bank, and the glimpses of the lake beyond, obtained through them, are of the most romantic beauty.

On the present occasion, the autumnal

foliage was in its glory, and greatly increased the loveliness of the scenery. The glaring scarlets and rich clarets of the maples and oaks, the brilliant yellows of the birches and beeches, mixed with patches of vernal greens, backed by the sombre foliage of the pine tribe, would, if faithfully depicted, astonish the eye of the English landscape-painter. After paddling for a couple of hours, we entered Long Lake, the last and largest of the Ponhook chain.

This lake is fourteen miles in length, and about two in average breadth. Its western shore is very rocky and precipitous, a succession of bold promontories rising perpendicularly from the water.

Though it was a bright, clear day, the shores of the lake were soon lost to our view in a mist of spray, torn from the waves by the fresh breeze; though, at a great

elevation, might be seen, here and there, the faint colours on the maples glittering in the sun-light, on the hills at its southern end.

The waves were so rough, that we spent another hour in reaching a little cove on the western shore, about two miles from the entrance to the lake. Here we disembarked, and turning the canoe upside-down on a broad beach of white sand, made up our bundles, and took to the woods.

We walked, for about a mile, on ground gradually ascending from the shores of the lake, by the side of a noisy rill, which trickled between boulders of rock overgrown with damp mosses. Several tracks of moose about a week old, and several of bears, which animals are very numerous in these forests, were passed; the Indians stopping for a few moments over each track, and holding a

consultation in their own language, and in low tones.

At length the summit of the hill was gained, and the Indians, throwing off their loads, told me in a whisper that it was our resting-place for the night.

Here were the remains of a former camp, one of old Tom's construction. It required a vast deal of repairing, as the poles were lying in all directions, and the sheets of birch bark had been scattered by the storms of the previous winter.

A few of the poles being stuck in the ground, and some of the bark collected, the Indians constructed a little open shanty large enough to cover me, and I picked armsful of the soft flat boughs of the silver fir, which the Indians arranged in a comfortable and elastic couch, as only Indians can do. No fire-wood was allowed to be cut, as the noise of chopping might alarm the moose if any

should be in the immediate neighbourhood.

While there was yet daylight, Paul proceeded to manufacture the instrument, called a "call," by means of which the lowing of the cow moose is imitated. Cutting a sheet of bark from a colossal white birch, he rolled it into a cone of about eighteen inches in length, and bound it round at the small end, and again at the middle, with a split fibre from the tough and pliable roots of a young spruce fir. He then tried the tone of the instrument by applying it to his lips and uttering a low "quoh," the grunt preparatory to the prolonged bellow of the cow-moose.

No one has ever succeeded in imitating the call of the cow-moose, with such truthful resemblance to nature, as an Indian. A white man may call in the right key, and loud enough for a moose to hear six miles

off, perhaps, on a calm night. He may even get an answer from a distant bull; but it is when the moose approaches, that he fails, and the Indian's tact comes into play. The cautious brute will stop, sometimes a dozen times in the last half mile, before coming within range of the hunter's rifle, and then it is, that those extraordinary sounds, suppressed bellowings and gruntings, which are uttered by the Indian, as if proceeding from the chest of a huge animal, allay his suspicions, and cause him to come crashing wildly through the bushes, bellowing and snorting to his destruction.

Old Tom, after a consultation with Christopher, at length, sanctioned a few twigs and dead brushwood being lighted, for the purpose of boiling the tea (tea is generally boiled in the bush), and cooking some slices of pork, which was eaten on clean sheets of

birch-bark—that all-useful material in the woods.

After the meal, the Indians stretched themselves on a few spruce boughs on the opposite side of the smouldering embers; and as calling could not commence till the moon rose, we smoked and chatted in a low tone for a couple of hours in perfect darkness. At length, a pale light diffused itself through the woods, and proclaimed that the moon was rising.

“I tink we try make call, gentlemens. I ’most ’fraid too plenty wind, though.”

A gentle breeze, which appeared to be freshening, was playing musically through the tops of the pines, and, as the Indian said, was against our chance of success. A call cannot be heard at half the distance as when it is calm, when



there is even a slight stir amongst the branches.

A moose coming up from the leeward would certainly be started by the scent of the caller, even when within the distance of a mile; and one advancing to the call from the windward, would not come straight up, if ever so well called, but would make a *détour* in order to get a sniff; and, in that case, he would be at once started.

However, Paul commenced operations, by cautiously ascending a tall spruce fir, which stood a few yards from the camp, and seated himself on a contorted branch near the top. Breaking off a dead bough with a loud snap, to imitate a moose walking through thick cover, he applied the call to his lips, and gave a short, low "quoh."

A few minute's pause, and he broke two

or three branches in sharp succession, uttering another "quoh" louder than the first. Then drawing a long breath, he commenced the plaintive cry, gradually increasing in intensity and force, which the lonely cow-moose is supposed to utter to attract the attention of her consort.

Away went the "call," reverberating through the stems of the forest trees, and left us restraining our breath and listening for the slightest sound in return. Nothing came, however, till a gust of wind, gathering in the distant hills, came rushing on through the forest, making the tall pines bend as it passed over us.

Two more calls were made, but no answer came; and Christopher, flinging the "call" to the ground, descended in evident disgust, saying:

"No good—no use t'all—too much kind. I tink we make up fire, and go

sleep. S'pose it calm in mornin, we try agen."

In an hour it blew a gale of wind. It is grand to be in the woods at night, when a storm of wind is raging amongst the lofty trees; and, when the immaterial wave has passed over, and left the adjacent trees at perfect rest, to listen to a fresh gust gathering in the distance, and then, coming tearing along, actually shrieking as it bursts through the trees overhead.

In the lulls, I could plainly hear the waves of the lake lashing the rocky shores. I lay awake for some time after the Indians were wrapped in sound and sonorous repose, looking at the flying scud, which was racing through the moonlit atmosphere, and hoping that each gust might be the last, when I heard a

sharp crack, as of a breaking branch, in the woods at some distance from the camp.

Touching the Indians, we all sprang softly to our feet, listening eagerly for a repetition of the sound. Presently we heard boughs again snap, though at a much farther distance, and the Indians whispered to one another, "Tee-am—Eh-he."

"Bad luck, Sir. Moose come up to call, and smell us. He gone back," said Paul.

"Well, but won't you try another call?" said I, dreadfully disappointed, but still thinking we might have a chance.

"No good—too much wind yet—only make confusion," said the Indian quietly, lying down again, and drawing the blanket over him.

Smothering my disappointment, and trying to think of nothing in particular, I at last fell asleep.

## CHAPTER VIII.

An Early Call—Another Turn at Calling—The Answer—  
The Visit Declined—Killing a Porcupine—Work for  
Mrs. Paul—Fresh Moose Tracks—Beautiful Forest  
Scenery—A Fairy Tale—A Brace of Sheldrakes—Bear  
Tracks—The Moose Startled—Moccasin Manufacturing  
—A Fatal Shower—Return Home—Better Luck next  
Time.

NEXT morning, old Tom woke me, as I thought, dreadfully early. I really felt too sleepy to get up, if a moose were to pass close to the camp. However, with a vigorous effort, I shook off the blanket, and stood up. The moon was still in the heavens, though fading before the rapid approach of a light

of another description. It was disagreeably cold, and not a vestige of life remained in the embers of our fire. The wind had completely blown itself out, and a death-like silence pervaded the lately uproarious forest.

Taking my rifle from under the blanket, which it had shared with me during the night, I followed the Indians to a small barren which lay in the woods, at the distance of about half a mile from the camp. The surface of the damp mounds of mosses and lichens was quite crisp from the frost of the morning, and the water in the Indian cups was covered with a film of ice.

The provident Indians had brought my blanket to keep me warm, whilst they were engaged in calling. It was now a perfect calm, and old Tom, taking the call, mounted a lofty block of granite;

and after carefully scanning the surface of the barren, which was about a mile long and a quarter broad, commenced operations.

Turning rapidly round whilst uttering the long-drawn note, and shaking the instrument, he drew echoes from the woods, which skirted the barren, in all directions.

Then came the ten minutes of anxious listening which must be allowed before the call is repeated. We heard nothing, however, except the distant bark of a fox, the unearthly yells or fiendish laughter of the cat-owl, as he pounced on his prey, and the merry chirruping of snakes in the marsh.

The echoes of the second call had scarcely died away, when the Indians both started to their feet, in an attitude of intense listening. An instant afterwards, I heard the short,



hoarse bellow of a bull-moose, apparently emanating from the woods on the opposite side of the barren, repeated three or four times in quick succession, and hurriedly fumbled about in my pockets for fresh caps.

“Plenty time, Sir,” said Tom, “plenty time. He tree—four mile off yet;” and putting the call to his lips, he gave two short lowings, indicative of impatience, and quietly sat down.

The country from which the answer came had been traversed by one of those destructive fires which, occurring in the heat of summer, run through the green woods, and are only stopped by the intervention of hard-woods or barren.

“Did you hear that, Phillips?” asked I, alluding to a sound which came from the burnt-wood country, like the rattling of a

stick when drawn across a line of railing.

“Sartin, I hear him. Moose rattle um horns agen dead tree. Bad sign, too. He havn’t made up his mind whether he come or no. He stop to consider.”

The Indian tried another call, and another, but no answer came; and, after waiting half-an-hour, during which the sun rose, and with it the wind, we gave it up as a hopeless case, and returned to camp.

On the way, we surprised and killed a porcupine, which was shuffling along amongst some large granite boulders, probably on his way to the barren to breakfast on the blueberries, which were very plentiful.

“Mrs. Paul say thank you for this,” said Christopher. “He make pretty work with quill.”

After breakfast we started again for the barren, with the intention of creeping the moose, which had answered our "morning call."

Passing by the spot where we had been standing in the morning, Paul suddenly stopped, and stooped to examine something in the soft moss.

It was a moose track, quite fresh. The conviction at once seized us, that our moose had, during our absence, come right up to the spot where we had been calling in the morning. A little farther on, we found the spot where he had fallen in with our tracks, the scent of which, as his foot-prints indicated, had started him off at a swinging trot.

The Indians were very much disgusted, thinking I might ascribe the unlucky circumstance to their want of tact.

It was one of those numerous pieces of

bad luck which constantly attend the moose hunter.

About a mile from the barren, we found and followed the tracks of two moose. They had evidently been alarmed, and were shifting their country, browsing on the young wood as they went.

The chase led us through some beautiful forest scenery. The moss, which carpeted the ground, and completely covered the rotten trunks of the wind-falls, was deliciously soft to the moccasined foot, and so elastic, that no one but the quick-sighted Indian could have discovered the tracks of the moose.

There was one spot we passed, which I could not help stopping to admire. It was a fairy-like little lake in the heart of the tall forest. We came upon it quite unexpectedly ; even the Indians had never seen it before.

The brilliant colours on the ash, dogwood, and cranberry bushes, which fringed it, were superb, and were reflected in the dark water between the broad floating leaves of water-lilies.

Whilst we were looking at it, a couple of sheldrakes, at first unseen, got up with a great splashing, and wheeling in the air once or twice round the lake to get clear of the trees, went off towards the Poonhook.

We saw several porcupines regaling themselves with the nuts on the branches of beech trees, and disturbed a horned owl, who was sitting in a dead pine, seemingly enjoying, as much as any other living creature, the glare and warmth of the sun.

Stooping to examine the track of a very large bear in a swamp, covered with soft wet moss, and grown over by dense and

lofty thickets of alder bushes, we heard, to our dismay, the moose get up and crash through the bushes at the other end.

We plunged through the cover in hopes of getting a glimpse of them, but failed. They were off. We found the broad indentations on the moss where they had been lying down. It would have been impossible to get a shot at them in such thick cover without the aid of a gale of wind, as moose, when reposing, are ever on the watch for the slightest scent or sound.

Seating ourselves on a dead tree, we produced our biscuits and cheese, brooding over our misfortunes as we sat.

"I never see such bad luck," said Paul. "We go back to camp, and cross the lake to other side.

During our progress up the lake, Paul, resigning his paddle to me, constructed

a pair of moccasins out of a piece of moose-hide which he had brought with him, in case of an emergency like the present, to replace the worn-out pair on my feet.

These were so full of holes, that I had constantly hurt my feet during the day's trudge by stepping on the sharp ends of dead branches.

We beached the canoe in a snug little cove on the east shore of the lake, about two miles from the last landing-place, and walked back into the woods for about half a mile by the side of a little brook. There were plenty of moose-tracks everywhere, some of them quite fresh, and the young wood had been bitten off recently everywhere around us.

We felt confident of getting an answer in the evening, and were sticking a few boughs in a semi-circle to keep the wind off during

the night, when rain began to fall from a heavy mass of clouds, which had gradually drawn over the sky during the last hour.

Better shelter than the circle of spruce boughs would afford us was now sought after, and, preferring a dry skin, though loss of clothing was entailed, we gave up our blankets, and stretched them over slanting poles.

We were doomed to be unfortunate; the rain presently came down in a torrent, and the rattling of the pattering drops on the dead leaves which strewed the ground, was as fatal to our hopes of sport as the wind of the previous night.

Calling being out of the question, the Indians collected a quantity of rotten timber, and we slept soundly in front of a roaring fire. The blankets kept



us quite dry ; though they became saturated, and so heavy, as to bear down the poles, which had to be propped up in front ; not a drop of moisture came through.

The rain was still pouring when we awoke next morning. We at once agreed to start for home. By the time we reached the canoe, what with the falling rain, and what with brushing through the wet bushes, we were saturated to the skin.

However, the Indians paddled vigorously down the lakes, and in a couple of hours I was steaming in front of a huge fire, in Paul's cabin.

"Yes, Paul," said I, as I started for Windsor. "I mean to try this neighbourhood again ; for I am sure that there are plenty of moose, and I do not think it probable that I shall ever meet with so

many misadventures in so short a time, as I have during the last two days on the Porhook Lakes.”

## CHAPTER IX.

The Month of October—Animated Nature—The Perils of the Moose—Renew the Fire—A Primitive Camp—The Old Clay Pipe—The Fish Lake—Twilight Reflections—Joe Paul, the Indian—A Morning Walk—A Barren—White Moss—Chickadee Birds—A Rural Sketch—Calling the Moose—Another Disappointment.

THE night frosts of October have again tinted the deciduous foliage of the Nova Scotian forest with scarlet, yellow, and orange. The bear now prepares for his long winter's fast, and revels on the barren amid the ripe blueberries. The showers of husks on the ground beneath, attest the

presence of the feasting porcupine in the top branches of the beech. The trout, recovering from the lassitude produced by the heat of Midsummer, again jumps vigorously at the dying insect, which falls on the surface of the forest lake; and all the denizens of the woods and streams, with one exception, may well rejoice at this glorious season. That exception is the monarch of the forest—the stately moose.

“Poor Tee-am!” Restless, and ever on the alert at this season, you have good cause to be so! That blood-red leaf, falling on the surface of the lake from the branch of the overhanging maple, is a signal for your destruction; and the moccasined foot of your only and deadly foe is again following up the impress of your pointed hoof on the soft moss.

Yes! the Fall has arrived, and the sport of hunting the moose may be legitimately re-

sumed. The forest, at this season of the year, rendered marvellously beautiful by the brush of the painter, Autumn, and not yet deserted by the migratory birds, offers most interest to the lover of nature.

The bull-moose, too, is in his pride; his head is adorned with massive antlers, now at their full growth; he is perpetually on the move, and if perchance he hears the distant lowings of his consort, or the crafty imitation produced by the Indian hunter through his trumpet of birch-bark, the usually silent forest echoes with his hoarse, short bellowings.

Give me the Fall for moose hunting! the stealthy creep in the wild country, in the hazy atmosphere of an Indian summer day; or the "calling" on the moonlit barren.

And now as the Indian says, "Sokwaadie-naetch." Let us go into the woods.

"How cold it is! The fire must be out

again! Joe!" I shouted, from under my blanket. "Hi, Paul!"

But it was of no use. Indians are not easily awoken at night, and can sleep through any amount of cold; so, seeing that the exertion of making up the fire myself would be less than that of awakening the Indians, I flung off my covering, and sat up. It was yet night, and the stars still peeped brilliantly through the massive branches of the firs overhead. Of the enormous fire we had made previously to our falling asleep, nothing now remained but a few live embers, gleaming from under the charred black log.

Drawing on my moccasins, I stepped over the prostrate figure of my companion, and, after a few minutes groping round the camp, returned with a supply of dead wood and birch-bark. Presently, a cheerful blaze once more illumined the little encampment, and the stems of the surrounding pines.

Certainly the camp was a very primitive one. A few sweeping fir branches veiled our heads from the wind and dew, and some of more delicate fibre, spread on the ground, served as our couch. The two Indian hunters, their heads pillowed on their coats, slept undisturbedly on the opposite side of the fire, and at my feet lay the blanket-covered figure of my companion of the rifle.

Crouching over the renewed blaze, I lighted the continually used comforter of the sojourner in the woods—the old clay pipe—and entered upon a train of reflection.

Each puff of the fragrant smoke recalled to my memory some passed incident, till, like the cloud which I had created, and which floated quietly around me in the calm air, all the details of our excursion as yet experienced, became connected, and evident to my awakening senses.

The spot which we had made our resting

place for the night, was in the neighbourhood of the beautiful Missigomis, the fish lake of the Ship Harbour country. After a tedious ride of nearly fifty miles, we had taken to the woods, the whole of the previous day had been occupied in trudging under heavy loads over a difficult barren country, covered with the remains of the ancient forest, now prostrate from the effects of fires ; through deep swamps, and across streams overgrown with tangled brakes of underwood and briars.

Right glad were we when, at length, we changed our rough walking, so painful to the moccasined foot, for the luxury afforded by treading on the soft elastic moss, which everywhere carpeted the ground under the noble fir forests ; and when the sight of the first fresh impression of the monarch of the woods informed us that we had gained the hunting country, extending nearly fifty miles



to the eastward, uninterrupted by a settlement.

Besides I longed to witness the autumnal glories of Missigomis. I love to revisit old scenes, particularly when associated with the enjoyment of good sport and success, with either the rod or the rifle. Two years previously I had spent a glorious ten days in the woods around the Fish Lake, and which has formed the subject of a former chapter.

Though both the forest and the lake were then bound up in the icy chains of a Nova Scotian mid-winter, I had perceived that the scenery of Missigomis in the fall of the year must be beautiful. I felt that these woods were old acquaintances. I could fancy an old friend in every surrounding stem which was illumined by the glare of the replenished fire.

Perhaps I had trudged through the deep snow, in our long daily excursions from

camp, under those very fir boughs, which now wave overhead in the eddies caused by the ascending heat.

Then, as I sit and smoke, and gradually grow warm and comfortable and drowsy again over the night fire, I love to listen to the nocturnal sounds of the forest, the melancholy and deep-toned hoot of the great horned-owl, or the strange, demoniac laughter of the barred-owl, the distant scream of the wary loup-cervier, or a sudden distant crash in the forest, which makes your heart leap as you know it is the moose on his nightly wanderings, and makes you long for morning to be on the trail.

But the pipe is soon out, and sleep comes again to my aid; so, falling back on the boughs, and drawing the blanket over me, I contribute in a short time, as I have no doubt, to our small private chorus of forest music.

“Captin, Captin, day comin’. I tink we try call this mornin’.”

It was old Joe Paul, our head Indian, who stood over me, and endeavoured to rouse me with his foot and voice.

“Come, most ready, Captin? The other gentleman won’t go—too lazy.”

“All right, Paul, I’m ready;” and jumping hastily to my feet, I gave myself a hearty matutinal shake.

“Come, J——, don’t be lazy; the sun will be up in half-an-hour, and we might, perchance, get an answer this morning.”

J—— not replying, however, save by a deep and beseeching grunt, and an uneasy movement under his ample rug, I disengaged the rifle from the blanket, which it had shared with me during the night, and after a draught of cold tea remaining in the kettle from our last meal, followed the old

hunter into the indistinct gloom of the forest.

“But, Paul,” said I, as we felt our way through the dense bush, “I’m afraid the moose are scared away from this neighbourhood by the smell of our fire, and the noise caused by chopping the fire-wood last evening.”

“No, I guess not; pretty calm last night—the smoke go up quite straight. May be no moose round here yesterday; this mornin’, perhaps, plenty moose, quite handy. Bull-moose travel great deal at night this time of year.”

Emerging from the dense forest, we stood on a small barren, covered with laurels and mosses, all crisp and white with hoarfrost.

“Guess we make the call here; grand mornin’ this for call. You sit down,” said Paul, in a subdued voice, and pointing to a

prostrate stem, which lay, half hidden, amongst the rank laurels.

The mellow and rarely enjoyed light of a clear calm morning, preparatory to sunrise, had now overspread the whole sky, and unveiled the beauties of the landscape—the scene of our operations.

The barren was a natural one; not one of those dreary and rugged tracts of country strewn with bleached granite boulders, and distorted black trunks, which cover you with soot as you brush against them, and testify of the merciless fires which have, from time to time, vied with the destructive, though less wanton axe of the white man, in his encroachment on the primeval forests of America; but a little arena, surrounded by the dense fir foliage, as by a wall, and carpetted with high tufts of white moss, and ground laurel.

The white moss is constantly found in

large patches on upland, barrens, and in the open country; and is the almost sole food of the cariboo. It grows in tufts of more than a foot in height, and dome-shaped; and its intricate ramifications are very beautiful—resembling those of coral. I believe it is identical with the rein-deer moss - (*Lichen rangeferinus*) of Northern Europe.

Our barren was at a considerable elevation above the surrounding country, and, gently sloping between two lofty ridges, covered with hard wood. Through a broad opening at its lower end, a magnificent view of a wild undulating forest country burst upon us. Impenetrable gorges, choked up with a dark growth of hemlock and pine, separated the serpentine ridges, which were covered with rolling masses of maples and birches.

The beams of the now rising sun, here

and there, among the long shadows of the hills, lit up the beautiful autumnal hues, greatly deepened by the frost of the preceding night, of the deciduous foliage. Here and there, too, stationary sheets of mist, as yet in shadow and undispeled by the sunbeams, veiled the forest lakes.

Many miles distant, and beyond the chaos of foliage, a dull uniform grey tint proclaimed the immense wilderness of burnt barrens over which we had trudged painfully for a whole day; and in the extreme horizon, and tinted with hazy blue, rose up the Musquedoboit hills, indistinct, light coloured patches on their sides shewing the clearings of the settlement.

There, even as I gazed, all was the animation of civilisation. The cattle bells jingled merrily in the pastures, the air rung with lowings, the barking of dogs, and the "Haw" and "Gee" of teamsters as they

urged on the sluggish though enduring bullocks. Here, save the snap of a twig as the old Indian cautiously ascends a tree, no sounds disturb the peace of the primeval forest, other than the voices of nature from time immemorial.

The edges of the barren are now alive with birds chirping joyously, and hopping out from the obscurer recesses of the foliage to the extremities of the sunlit branches. A host of the noisy and inquisitive chickadee birds, so called from their note, swarm around me almost venturing on my shoulder in their anxiety to determine my genus. An owl noiselessly flits into the top branches of a pine, and descends hop by hop into its obscurer shades, perhaps the author of the startling hootings I had listened to in the night. There is a little chirp at my side, and looking round, I see, prancing about at the end of the trunk on which I



sit, a squirrel, evidently in a high state of excitement and wrath, his tail erect and bristling like that of an enraged cat.

A movement of my arm and he is off like an arrow, glancing through the frosted laurel of the barren.

Presently a wrathful rattling chirrup attests his presence in a distant spruce.

But now my attention is called to old Paul who has settled himself in the top branches of a tall fir. Applying the birchen trumpet to his mouth, he commences the three prolonged and plaintive notes--the cry of the cow-moose :

“ Quoo-o-o-o-h—quoo-c-o-o-o-r-h—quoo-o-o-rr.”

Away flies the startling sound, echoing through the forests. What sacrilege to disturb the peace of those beautiful morning woods by a sound so loud, and so strangely

wild! All is quiet again, and we hold our breath in our eager listening.

Suddenly Paul and I look at each other. We had both heard it. I hear it again, and this time quite plain.

“Quoh, quoh, quofh.”

It is an answer. Paul at once drops his call into the laurels, and rapidly descends the tree.

“How far is he off, Paul? How far is he off?” whispered I, fumbling in my excitement for a fresh cap.

“Quite handy, not more than quarter mile away. Come here, and no move till I tell you,” said the Indian, dragging me quickly back to a clump of young spruces behind, in which we crouched for shelter from the quick sight of the wary brute.

For nearly ten minutes we moved not a limb. At length, Paul stood up and made

another call. Again the moose answered, but his responses were suddenly ended by a sound which emanated from a hard-wood hill before us, and as if a stick were rapidly and fiercely drawn over a line of rails.

“What on earth can that be Paul?”

Disappointment was plainly expressed in the Indian's countenance, as he replied,

“Oh yes, the brute. Oh very bad job this. You hear um rattle um horns?”

“Yes, Paul; another moose, I suppose.”

“Sarten. No good to call any more. Moose no come up now, they 'fraid of one another; they 'fraid of the fight.”

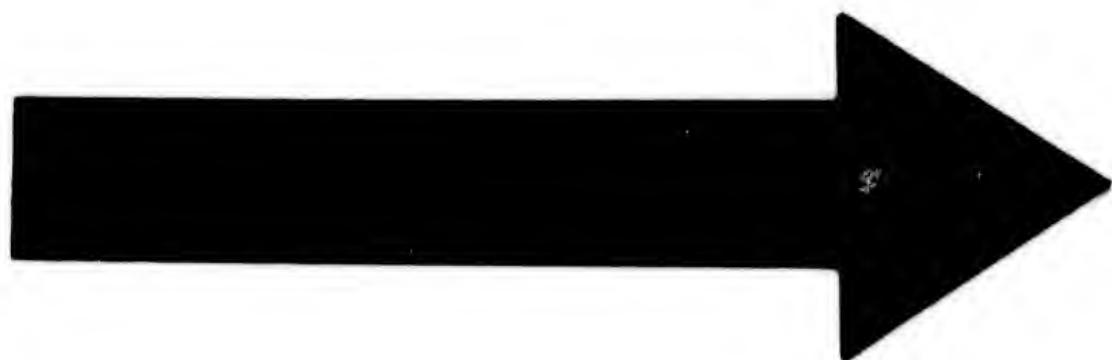
It was as old Paul supposed, not another sound could either moose be induced to utter, and the thoughts of a good breakfast partly smothering my disappointment, I followed the Indian back to camp.

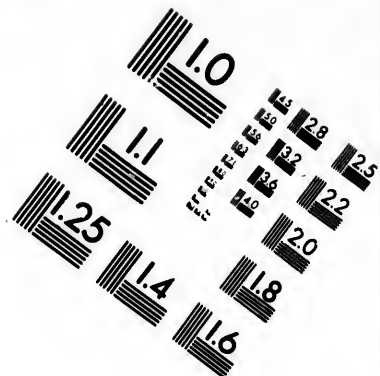
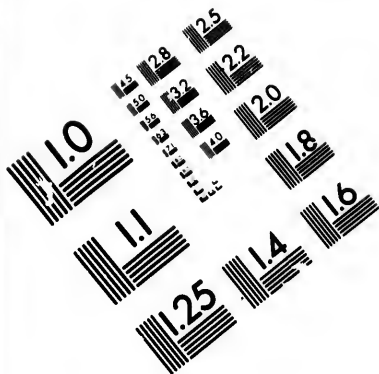
Well, J——,” said I, as we arrived, “no moose steak for you this time, my friend, though! we were not far from one, were we Paul?”

## CHAPTER X.

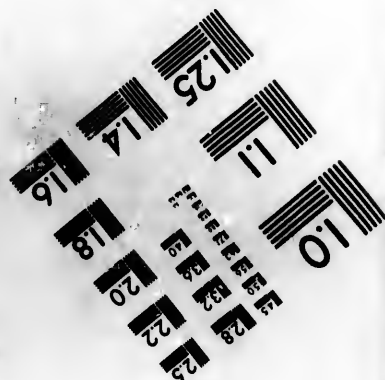
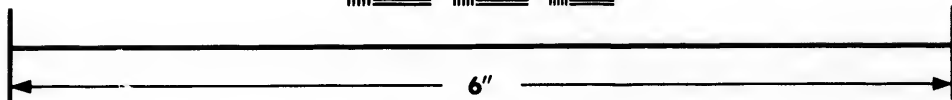
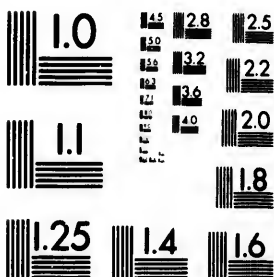
A Hearty Breakfast—Making Tracks—Indian Silence—The Old Canoe—The Missigomis—A Magnificent Panorama—A Leaky Boat—The Old Camp—Bad Sport—A Lucky Escape—An Indian Visitor—The Still Water—Creeping a Moose—Cautious Progress—The Moose: Emerging from the Forest—The Wounded Bull—The Headlong Chase—Joe more Successful—A Lovely Night—Aurora Borealis—Bellowing of the Moose—How Joe Shot the Moose.

AFTER a hearty breakfast on pilot-bread and fried pork, eaten on broad sheets of that useful material, birch bark; with a sharpened stick in one hand, and the belt knife in the other, we fixed the loads,





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and shouldering them, "made tracks" for the Missigomis.

A walk through the forest, under heavy loads, is generally a tedious and silent affair. At long intervals, the Indians exchange a few syllables in their melodious language, and impressive manner. Their subdued tones draw no echo from the woods, as does your quick and boisterous exclamation. Though they have no intention of hunting, should they find tracks quite fresh, their step is as light, and their caution as unrelaxed as on the trail.

In fact, either when hunting, or merely travelling through the woods, they avoid disturbing, in any way, game that might be in the neighbourhood of their route.

A three hours' walk through evergreen woods of a fine growth, and we discerned the sparkling water through the trees in front, and presently, to our great relief, threw off

the loads on the banks of a picturesque stream.

It was a lovely spot. Where we came upon it, the brook dashed over and between dark masses of rock, and expanded into a small basin, in which were reflected the bright autumnal hues of the overhanging bushes. An old canoe, turned over, lay on the opposite bank, a welcome sight to us, for on the finding of this canoe depended, in a great measure, our chance of success on the Missigomis.

Presently, the Indians, bounding over the stream from rock to rock, had commenced a strict examination of her condition. She was in a very bad state—the alternate frosts and suns of two years had opened the seams, and the bark hung in rags from the ribs.

“Guess we try make job of it,” said Paul, as they started back into the forest with

drawn knives. Indians are seldom overcome by any obstacle in the practice of wood-craft; and in a few minutes—during which we had set up a light rod, and were flinging bright trout out of the water to our heart's content—they returned, with a supply of spruce gum.

They simmered it over a small fire in one of our tin plates, and plastered it with the moistened hand over the yawning seams. The larger rents were covered by pieces of rag soaked in the composition. In half an hour she was in the water, old Paul standing up in her in triumph.

“Grand,” said he, “guess we take whole moose in. Now we go to lake right away.”

The stream was deep, and nothing was to be feared from submerged rocks. The vigorous strokes of the broad paddle impelled the canoe in rapid strides past the

steep wooded banks, and, suddenly rounding a point, we found ourselves in full view of the magnificent expanses of Missigomis.

“How beautiful,” simultaneously exclaim my companion and myself. The Indians withdraw their paddles, and placing them across the canoe, lean on them to survey and enjoy the well remembered scenery.

The panorama is too extensive, and the colouring too gorgeous to be comprehended by the eye at once. What contrasts there are in the tints of the massive foliage! the most vivid scarlet bordering on vernal green — the intense blue of the lake setting off the glories of the orange-coloured masses, which here and there sink into it, and the carmine of the cranberry bushes which everywhere fringe its shores. And how beautifully the bright

tints are toned down towards the extremer distances, by the hazy warmth of the atmosphere.

Innumerable islands, glowing like gems, dot the surface of the lake, and masses of bare rock, in some of which, resemblances to uncouth animals may be traced, rise starkly from the water.

What a contrast to the scene as I remembered it in midwinter. Where we now glide over the calm, dark water, I had then walked securely on firm ice, the drifting snow hissing past my feet, and those richly coloured forests were then only dimly visible, and in leaden coloured outline through the darkened atmosphere.

Notwithstanding the gumming to which she had been subjected, our canoe leaked badly, and as we paddled lustily across the lake towards a distant bay, the Indians constantly looked at the increasing depth of

water in her, and shaped their course so as never to be very far from islands or rocks.

At length we reach our destination—a little cove shaded by overhanging maples, and where water-lilies and various aquatic plants, undisturbed by storms, grew luxuriantly.

As the bow of the canoe buries itself in the cranberry bushes on the shore, we jump out, and I, impatient to revisit the scene of my old encampment, leave the party to unload the canoe, and rush forward into the forest.

I soon find the old path. Ah! here is an old moose foot, and I presently come upon a moose skin, stretched between two stems. Under a gigantic hemlock, which from its size had braved the axe of the camp woodcutter, stands the old bark tenement.

As I approach, an eagle, guardian for many a past month of all the bones, hides, and trophies of the chase, which lie blackening around, flies sullenly and unwillingly from the top branches of the lofty tree.

Brave old camp ! not a sheet of bark has moved. Many a joyous evening has been spent under those sheltering poles ! Many a moose steak cooked over blazing logs, and many a hunting story and incident of the day's sport recounted merrily, while reposing on those once soft fir boughs, which, dead and brown and shrivelled now, strew the ground inside.

But here come the Indians, and active preparations must end my reflections.

Several days passed, and though we traversed the neighbouring forests during the day ; and, aided by the canoe, visited the remoter parts of the lake, and called in the

evenings, as yet no moose meat had been brought to camp.

Fortune had not favoured us in creeping, and many a moose had been started without a shot. The Indians informed us, that it was a bad Fall for calling. The moose, though readily answering the call, would not come up. Either they were too numerous, and feared each other, or they suspected all was not right.

One morning, I was about to discharge my rifle, which had remained loaded for several days, and sent our younger Indian to make a fresh blaze with his axe, in the trunk of a hemlock about a hundred yards from the camp, as a mark.

He was about to lift his axe, when, bounding suddenly aside, he ran quickly back, pointing towards a dense undergrowth of spruce, on the right of the old tree.



I saw, from the waving of the boughs, that something was moving quickly through the shrubbery towards us. What could it be? Nothing, surely, but a moose. We were all present, and knew that no other encampment was in the neighbourhood. It must be a moose; and I had levelled the rifle, intending to fire, the instant the creature should shew itself clear of the copse.

Most fortunately, my finger was stayed. The branches parted, and forth strode the figure of a young Indian, his blanket strapped on his back, and carrying his gun and powder-horn.

I instantly recognized in him an old friend. He was old Paul's son, and had hunted for us, in our winter sojourn in these forests.

He had followed our tracks from the settlements to the head of the lake, and, guessing

where he should find us, walked round the shore to the old camp—a distance of not less than ten miles, owing to the intricate ramifications of the lake.

As soon as he had regaled himself with a hearty meal, he became communicative.

“Oh, my sakes!” said he; “the moose shocking plenty up round the Still Water. See plenty fresh tracks—some only gone by this mornin.”

“Well, Jim, are you a good hand at calling?”

“Guess pretty grand—call good many moose one time and another,” replied Jim.

“Very well; as soon as you have rested, you shall go with me to the Still Water, for the evening’s calling. I am glad you have come. May be, you will bring us good luck; and we want to taste fresh meat very badly.”

About three hours before sundown, we

all left the camp; my companion, with old Paul, going down the lake in the canoe; whilst the two young Indians accompanied me through the woods to the Still Water.

The Still Water proved to be a stagnant, muddy stream, flowing into the lake through swampy fir woods. The dark valley through which it passed, was overlooked, on either side, by lofty hard-wood hills.

The ground, in this thickly-shaded valley, was carpeted by wet moss, the numerous impressions on which showed that it was a favourite resort for the moose.

When we arrived, it was our intention to await sundown, and then ascend the hills to call; but we could not resist the inviting appearance of the tracks in the moss, and, as there was nearly an hour's daylight, we commenced to creep.

The rank moss greatly favoured our

stealthy manœuvring, and for some time we wound along through the valley, examining recent tracks and the cropped underwood.

Presently, Joe, stooping down and examining a track with unusual earnestness, beckoned to his comrade. They had a short conversation, in tones almost inaudible, accompanied by gesticulations evidently illustrative of the manner in which the moose were working. As I joined them, Jim whispered:

“Quite fresh track, two bull and cow, they gone by just ten minutes. See here,” said he, bending down a young maple shoot bitten off at about ten feet from the ground; “see where he make the fresh bite.”

It was cropped evidently quite recently, for on breaking it off an inch lower down, no difference in colour could be perceived

between the fracture, and where the moose had bitten it.

“I tink you put on cap, no tellin when we see um moose now.”

Now begins the creeping in earnest. Jim takes the lead; we follow in Indian file. Caution is needed, at every step, and in the greatest degree. Here is a tanglement of branches in our path. Every twig must be carefully handled, that it may not snap or fly suddenly back. A long undulation in the rank moss shows the position of the fallen tree beneath. We carefully avoid stepping on it. It might be rotten, and give way with a fatal crash.

Especially have we to care, as we worm our way through the thickets, that our guns may not clash against the dense stems. All the faculties of the Indians are on the alert. Their eyes are searching the thickets in every direction. Mine have enough employment

in looking where to plant my foot, and what to avoid.

At intervals we find large cavities where the swamp has been torn up, and masses of moss and black mud scattered around, by the bull moose.

Suddenly a distant sound strikes our ears, and we stand listening in our tracks. It is repeated—a wild roar—and appears to come from over the hill on our left.

“The moose!” said Jim, and clearing the swamp we dash up the hill side, the energetic waving of Jim’s hand, as we arrive at the summit, warning us to exercise our utmost caution.

Yes! we are right. The brutes are in the valley beneath, and the forest echoes with the deep guttural bellowings of the antlered monster, and the plaintive answers of his consort.

There is a crash! A dead tree has

been laid prostrate. The clattering din of his horns, as they come in contact with the timber, show the progress of the bull.

I never felt such excitement on the trail. I have crept on moose, and shot them while standing in unsuspecting repose, or while dashing in alarm through the woods; but to follow behind such an uproar of bellowings, the crashing of falling timber, and rattling of antlers, was grander than anything I had before experienced.

Yet we in no way relaxed our former caution. We could not depend for any mistake on our being concealed by the tremendous uproar of the moose, and our course must still be shaped with due observance of the wind

We descend the hill obliquely to the edge of the Still Water, across which the moose have just swum.

The mud stirred up by them in their passage is still eddying in the stagnant water. With careful steps, on the certainty and firmness of each of which depends not only our coming upon the moose undisturbed, but also the chance of a tremendous ducking, we cross the water on a dead trunk, fallen from bank to bank.

We gain on our quarry. My nostrils become sensible of an overpowering odour of musk, which clings to every bush they have brushed past; and tightly grasping our guns, crouching, and endeavouring to penetrate the thickets ahead for a sight of the game, we advance rapidly.

Suddenly and unexpectedly we leave the dense underwood, and stand on the edge of a little open valley. Jim, as I emerge from the thickets immediately after him, bounds on one side, his arm extending and pointing.



“Fire,” he hissed. “Fire quick.”

I see. There is an enormous black mass standing behind a group of young maples, at the further end of the little valley. The antlers!

It is the bull! Something crashes away into the woods on my right, but I heed it not; my gaze is rivetted on that gigantic dusky form which is slowly beginning to move.

In a second the sight of the rifle bears upon him, and the surrounding forest reverberates with the unwonted report. Uttering an appalling roar, the huge brute sinks plunging into the laurels.

With a shout we rush on. To our astonishment he rises, with another fearful roar, and before I have time to check my speed and level the rifle once more, he has disappeared in the thickets.

“Come on,” shouts Jim, “we sure to get him—he badly hit.”

There is no tracking now ; the crashing branches, and the roars of the enraged animal direct us, and we dash through swamps, and bound over fallen trees with desperate energy.

But it is of no use ; the pace was too good to last, and presently, torn and exhausted, we flung ourselves at full length on the moss, and for a while listen to our own deep breathings, and to the hoarse bellowings of the rapidly retreating moose momentarily growing fainter.

Joe, the youngest Indian, a lad of extraordinary endurance, has taken my rifle, and renewed the chase by himself.

"Most rested?" asked Jim, after a long pause. "Guess we try a call."

"What, call after the fearful disturbance we have been making in these woods? What can you be thinking of, eh Jim?"

“ Oh, the moose never scare for the firin this time of year ; we go on little piece and try,” said the Indian, picking up his musket, and leading the way.

Presently we came out of the bush, and stood on the edge of an enormous barren.

The woods at the extreme end were barely visible, from the distance and the decreasing twilight. Two horned owls flew from a dead tree in front, uttering the most appalling yells. Jim scrambled up into the top branches of a spruce fir to commence immediate operations.

He called, and to my taste made a most admirable imitation of the cry of the cow moose. The echoes had just died away, and all was quiet again, excepting the screechings of the disturbed owls, and the still audible bellow of the wounded moose, when we heard the distant report of a gun emanating

from a hilly, hard wood country on our right.

"Jim," said I, aloud, "Joe has shot him. Come down—I am sure we cannot get an answer now. It is getting quite dark, and Joe will never find us."

Jim, however, made no answer, but impatiently waved for me to be silent, appearing to be listening intently. In a second or two, he rapidly descended the tree, and softly stepping up to me, whispered :

"Put on cap—two moose comin—one there—other there," pointing first towards the country we had just left, and then to the dim outline of forest across the barren.

"One pretty handy," said he, "not more than tree hundred yards, may be."

I would scarcely have believed it possible, from my previous knowledge of the caution,

and extraordinary and sometimes unaccountable penetration of moose at other seasons of the year; but in a few minutes I certainly distinctly heard the quiet grunt of a bull moose, at a comparatively very short distance.

In about ten minutes, Jim gave another call, which drew more decided and louder answers from the bull. We heard the twigs snap, and the rustling of his feet in the laurels. He seemed to be making a *détour*. Suddenly he uttered a roar, the counterpart of the sound uttered by the moose I had wounded, and crashing through the thicket, left us no hope of obtaining a shot at him.

“Bad job, Jim,” said I.

“Oh, sarten. I ’most afraid when I hear um first, he would fix us. He come across our tracks, and started when he smell um—very angry, very much disgust. Here come

Joe," replied the Indian, pointing towards the middle of the barren.

Looking in the direction, I saw in the indistinct light of the young moon, which was now smiling behind the trees, a dark figure approaching us, his lower part completely obscured by the rank mist exuding from the swampy ground. Presently he was with us, and cast himself down, as if exhausted, on the wet moss.

There was no sudden questioning of "have you shot him?" or, "how did you find us?" I took up his gun, and found a piece of meat bound on to the barrel. That was enough, and Jim at once commenced calling again.

At first, there was no answer. The country was quiet again, and our straining ears could detect nothing, except the occasional chirrup of a snake in a swamp, and that curious rushing sound of music—an

indescribable melodious rustling in the calm atmosphere, with which the ear of the moose-caller becomes so well acquainted, yet so unconscious of its cause.

Though it was very cold, and my damped limbs were stiffened under me from crouching so long in the same posture, I could not but enjoy the calmness and beauty of the night. The moon was now down very low, but the columns of a magnificent Aurora, shooting up to the zenith, threw a mellow light on the barren, which, covered by mist as by a sheet, appeared like a moonlit lake, and the numerous little clusters of dwarfish spruce as islands. We had not heard a moose answer to our call for nearly an hour, and were preparing to move, when the distant sound of a falling tree struck our ears. It appeared to come from the dim outline of forest, which skirted the barren on our left, and at a great distance.

Down we all drop again in our deeply impressed couches to listen. The sounds indicate that moose are travelling through the woods, and close on the edge of the barren.

Presently, the foremost moose is abreast of our position, and gives vent to a wild and discordant cry, more approaching to a yell than any other sound. This is the signal for a general uproar amongst the procession of moose, for a whole troop of them are following, at long and cautious intervals.

The timber is crashing loudly opposite to our position, and distant reports show that more are still coming on in the same direction. A chorus of bellowings responds to the plaintive wail of the cow. The branches are broken more fiercely, and horns are rapidly drawn across stems as if to whet them for the combat.



Momentarily I expect to hear the crashing of rival antlers. One by one, the bulls pass our position; and I long to get up and dash into the dark line of forest, and with a chance shot scatter the procession; but to do so would entail wanton disturbance of the country; so we patiently wait till the last moose has passed.

Never before had I heard the calmness of the night in the Nova Scotian forest so disturbed. They had passed as a storm, and now the barren and the surrounding country were once more enveloped in the calm repose of an autumnal night. The night's calling was now ended, and we might talk unreservedly.

"Now, Joe," asked I, "tell me how you shot the moose."

"Well," said he, "when I leave you, I run very hard for 'bout a mile—moose make great noise—I know he very sick; and soon,

when I come on little barren, I seen um standin on other side. Oh, my sakes! He got such a bad cough! He not able to hold up his head. Then I shoot, and he run a little piece further, and drop. You want to know where you hit um? Well, I telly you. You hit um in the neck—make um cough shocking.”

## CHAPTER XI.

An Uncomfortable Situation—Indian Superstition—A Birch Torch—Return to the Camp—Preserving the Moose—Carrion Moose Birds—The Dead Moose—The First Taste of Fresh Meat—Birch Bark Plates—Cutting up the Meat—A Day of Rest—Baked Marrow-Bones—Farewell to the Woods—Ship Harbour Lake Again—Back to Halifax.

IT was now perfectly dark ; and, as we had nothing to eat, and had no blankets with us, I could not help wishing to be snugly extended on the boughs in the well warmed camp, distant some five miles, in a straight line through the woods.

"Jim," said I, "can we manage to find our way back to camp to-night?"

"I got notion, myself, 'bout that," said Jim. "I just thinking we try. Very dark though. We make plenty torch, when we come to birch wood."

For about a mile, we felt our way in almost total darkness, through very thick greenwood. Obstacles and difficulties seemed to be ten times as numerous as in the day. The stems were often so thick, that we could not force our bodies between them, and we were greatly embarrassed by windfalls. I heard a squirrel chirp in a tree, and did not take any notice of it. The Indians, however, stopped, and had a very serious dialogue together.

"What's the matter, Jim?" I asked.

"You hear um squirrel? Well, in all my life, I never before hear squirrel cry at night ;

no more did Joe. The old people all say, it is very bad sign. We don't like to hear the squirrel at night."

Indians are very superstitious, and regard unwonted sights and sounds in the woods with great awe and dislike.

To our great relief, we at length came to a hard-wood country; and peeling broad sheets of bark from the birches, rolled them up into torches. One of these was at once lighted, and, by its cheerful, blazing light, we again proceeded, with much more ease and sureness of foot.

The torch held aloft by the foremost Indian, illuminating the colossal stems of the white birches, produced a grand effect.

The light, though it showed us where to tread, placed all beyond its circumscribed glare in mysterious blackness; and it ap-

peared wonderful on the part of the Indian, that he could shape his course with such unerring judgment.

As we approached the camp, the Indian's call, in resemblance of the cat-owl, was answered by his father; and in a few more moments, we were relating to attentive, and, perhaps, slightly envious ears, the incidents of the day's chase.

Early next morning we started with all our appointments in the canoe, paddling up an arm of the lake not far from the extremity of which lay the dead moose.

We were provided with the salt requisite for preserving the whole carcass.

Leaving my companion and old Paul at a little distance from the water, to make a primitive camp, I followed the two young Indians to the spot where lay the dead moose.

I must say I had feelings of awe and compunction, as I came near the spot where the noble creature had fallen. Carrion-moose-birds, always at hand on such an occasion, screaming horribly, and flitting from tree to tree, guided us to the moose. I experienced quite a shock, when I at length momentarily caught a glimpse of his black hide, between the thick fir boughs; and I rushed forward with impatience.

He lay on the moss of a sloping hill, in an attitude of wildly picturesque collapse, and a broad dark-stained line on the moss, shewed his course from the spot where the fatal bullet had struck him. Myriads of blue-bottle flies swarmed around the carcass, and whilst the Indians performed the butchering process, I lighted several fires around, to keep off these noisy and troublesome visitors.

It was a noble moose—black as jet—and exceeded my expectations, as regarded size, and the development of the antlers. When the head was severed from the body, I could not raise it from the ground.

What savoury odours arose from the frying-pan, which cooked that morning's breakfast! How many times was it loaded, again and again, with massive steaks! It was our first taste of fresh meat since we had left the settlements; and the venison—without the least savour of the musk which the animal, when alive had exuded so powerfully — was tender and delicious.

At length the feast was over, and the broad plates of birch-bark, on which we had eaten, blazed fiercely in the fire.

“Feel pretty smart, now,” said old Paul, as he wiped his broad hunting-knife on the



sleeve of his blanket-coat. " 'Most able to carry quarter of moose out to settlement. All ready? Well, we go all hands and fix the meat."

We all took part in the work, and the beautiful little barren was temporarily deformed by becoming a forest shamble. First, the hide was suspended in the form of a bag, which was fastened by numerous withes to cross-poles between the stems of three white birches. Into this, the meat, cut into blocks, and well-sprinkled with salt was firmly packed, and lastly the whole was thatched over with boughs to keep the meat from the birds, and the effects of the sun.

Bringing with us the head, divested of all superfluous flesh, the shanks, and as much meat as we could carry, we returned to camp to spend the rest of the day in repose, having determined to start for the settlements next morning.

The marrow-bones, which had been baked in the ashes all night, and the brisket, which had been suspended over the wood smoke, were luxuries for our last breakfast in the woods.

And well did we need a good breakfast, for a weary walk was before us, and under great loads. The least, which one of us carried, could not have been less than forty pounds. Placing everything in the old canoe, we paddled five miles down the lake. As we drew her up and turned her over in the cranberry bushes, we could not help entertaining feelings of gratitude at the opportune services rendered by the old craft.

Poor old canoe! though she was half full of water when we stepped out, old Paul promised to bring a good supply of rosin when he should return for the meat—"fix her up grand a'most," said he.

Where we had disembarked was the extreme end of the lake; and a few steps into the dense bush placed an impenetrable barrier of evergreen branches between our eyes and its picturesque and smiling expanses.

I always, in leaving the woods, entertain a melancholy satisfaction in saying farewell, and casting lingering glances back at old scenes — the camp, with the well-known stems of the adjacent woods.

How often have I looked back at the light fabric, and thought how sad it would be to find it prostrated by the fierce winter storm; and at the still ascending column of blue smoke from the dying fire, and wondered how long it would last after the farewell shout of its retiring kindlers had died away, and how shortly the moose, or the lucifee would stride over its charred logs!

We kept on gallantly for ten miles through the forest, Jim and the other young Indian carrying the massive head by turns.

“Why, Jim, you would not make a good moose. You can hardly struggle through the thick bushes with those wide-spreading antlers.”

At last, we arrive at the shore of Big Ship Harbour lake, and, procuring a settler's boat, sailed down it some fifteen miles before a refreshing breeze, and arrived at sundown at the road which skirted its lower extremity.

I pitied the poor Indians as we walked eight miles on the execrable road with our loads. They are never very good at walking on the bare rocky road, though they so infinitely excel in travelling through the wild country.

The next day, two waggons bore ourselves, Indians, and the magnificent head triumph-

antly into Halifax, where our stories and our  
steaks were discussed with infinite relish by  
numerous admirers.

## CHAPTER XII.

The Aborigines of Canada—Their Stories and Legends—  
Provincial Functionaries—Character of the Indians—  
The Mode of Treatment—Unfounded Prejudices—The  
Miamacs, an Unconquered Race—Effects of Kindness  
—The Missionary Society—The Native School—Visit  
to the Indian Camp—The Story-Teller—The Story of  
Tee-am.

To the resident or visitor, who may feel interested in the past history, present state, and future prospects of the aborigines of the the Lower Provinces of British America (and surely, such interest should exist amongst us, who have possessed ourselves of their soil, and dragged them into their present

miserable condition), personal knowledge of their habits and customs is creditable, and the acquirement of it attended with much amusement.

Their stories, legends, and topics of general conversation are fresh, and as untainted by intercourse with the white man, as are their own natural predilections and employments.

A stranger, unacquainted with their customs, and unused to converse with them, who may visit the Indian's camp, will most probably find that his rude, English questions and remarks are coldly and abruptly answered; and that his endeavours to draw them into conversation fail entirely. He will probably leave with a conviction, that what he has heard from unreasonable and prejudiced settlers, is true:—namely, that the Miemac Indian is a lazy, ignorant, incorrigible being; and

that, as, with sullen obstinacy, he has for nearly two centuries, kept aloof from the white man and his ways, his ultimate extermination is not a subject of so much regret, as some philanthropists would have it.

How detrimental to the well-being of these poor creatures, and how universally entertained have been the opinions concerning them, formed by our stranger, in common with most of those in whose keeping their happiness lies—I mean Provincial Functionaries! And how erroneous are those opinions! It is the white man who has kept aloof from the Indian, oppressed him, deprived him of his natural means of supporting existence; and, in the first instance, obtaining a sure footing on his soil by courtesy and conciliation, has gradually, by increasing might, laid hold of his whole territory, and



now no longer deigns to own him, but as an encumbrance in his own fair country.

At intervals, perhaps, some spirit, moved by a sense of justice, asks whether it is consistent with the recognized laws of humanity and of nations, so jealously respected where the powers are on more of an equality, than are the Micmacs and the Whites—to pay so little attention to the requirements, now comparatively small, indeed, of the native inhabitants of “Migumahkik.” His questions are stopped by replies, suggested by despotic power untempered by justice.

“Oh! it is waste of time to talk of them and their future prospects. It is waste of money to relieve them. Civility, and courtesy, and kindness are wasted, because unappreciated. Don’t talk to us about the Indians. Don’t come to us with a view of bettering their condition. Many well-meaning men like yourself have attempted to assist them,

both as regards their temporal and eternal welfare. Have they not failed? We found them in this state; and they are daily, from their fast decreasing numbers, becoming an item of less importance. Besides, they would not change, even if you would have them. They have become quite reconciled to the existing state of things, and feelings of resentment at, or even knowledge of, our having appropriated their lands, have long since died away."

Such are the arguments which, unwillingly entered upon by the opposers of our well-meaning friend, have generally closed the doors of justice. How wrong are such arguments! how uninformed, perhaps willingly so, are the arguers! They know as little concerning the Indian's sentiments and feelings, as our above-mentioned stranger, who could learn nothing from their own lips, but cold and common-place remarks.

But, first pay some attention to his habits and temperament, and then, cloaking your own rough English manner, go into his wigwam, and gain his confidence ; and when you shall have heard his tale, delivered with a degree of impassioned eloquence which would become a finished orator, if you leave not his tent ashamed of your own callous and oppressing race, you have not the heart of a Christian.

It is owing to their habitual reserve and caution, and their patient endurance of hardship, that the character of the Indians has been so little known and appreciated. The Micmac Indian is in reality possessed of feelings as fine, and as acutely sensitive as our race is capable of. The consciousness of primary wrong to his race, of long-continued neglect, and of tissues of violated promises, both personal and national, is still vividly and constantly impressed on his mind, and occupies his thoughts.

“If you had conquered us,” said an old Indian, “if you had ever fairly conquered us, then, though we very sorry, we never care so much about it, or, if you had bought our lands, and given us a fair price for the country, then, though, perhaps we afterwards find we been foolish, we never grumble. But you never conquered us, you never bought our country.”

Such is really the truth. The Micmac Indians are still an unconquered race, the forest lands, daily doled out to the inflowing tide of emigration, are still theirs by right, and though they say they “great friends of Queen Victoria,” not one of them would designate himself her subject.

Now it is absurd to advocate restitution of territory to them, to any extent, that might check the advances of colonization.

“ While down-trodden millions  
Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns,  
that they, too,  
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its  
division !”

Such concession would be untimely, and would be hardly appreciated. But let every white resident in the country, from the functionary to the distant settler, exert himself to the utmost of his power and of his means in endeavouring to reclaim, in relieving the wants of, and in educating, the Micmac.

Kindness and conciliation are of wonderful efficacy with these simple-hearted people, and so soon as they perceive a general endeavour to make reparation on the part of the white man, and can forget the past foul, and long-continued injustice, their hearts and hands will joyfully and gratefully receive the pro-

ferred good. It seems that, to our far-spreading nation is entrusted almost exclusively the propagation of God's word and its concomitant blessings. Are we exercising this trust to the best of our ability, with regard to the two thousand remaining inhabitants of "Migumahkik?"

Much is being done for them—much, when the paucity of means of those engaged in the good work is considered. There exists in Halifax a society, called the Micmac Missionary Society, supported by voluntary contributions. This society pays a clergyman of the church of England as its missionary, Mr. Rand—a person whose zeal in the cause has enabled him to master the difficulties of the Micmac language, and to render into it several portions of Scripture.

The society has purchased a tract of land

near Hantsport, where they have prevailed on several families to come and erect their wigwams. A building to serve as a school for the young Indians is contemplated. Abundance of firewood grows on the district, and a ready sale of all useful or ornamental articles, which they may manufacture, is ensured.

This is indeed a step in the right direction. Let more advances be made, and rapidly, and I am confident that the objects of the society will be attained. The Indian will be ennobled, reclaimed, and christianized; and then, and not till then, will he regard the day when first the white man set foot on his soil, not as accursed, which he hitherto has done, but will look back on it as the precursor of real blessings and happy times.

Then the white settler, knowing that all previous wrong has been atoned for by the

unspeakable gift of knowledge, which he shall have imparted to his red brother, may take him by the hand, and, bound in friendship by the ties of a common religion, may work with him in promoting the objects of civilization in the New World.

But to return to the subjects on which I propose to treat in this chapter—the legendary stories and traditions of the Micmacs. My friend, Mr. Rand, has, during his long acquaintance with them, noted down many of their amusing tales; and from him I quote several. Others I have heard myself in the Indian camp.

The Micmac Indian of Nova Scotia stands, at the present day, in relation to the past history of his nation, just where the ancient inhabitants of Britain stood, before the art of writing was introduced among them. He has no chronicles of the past. He



cannot open the ancient volume, and read what authentic history has recorded. The few past years make up the whole of his existence in the region of sober reality and truth. What he heard from his grandsire is probably true ; it is ' agunoo-dumokun,'—historical fact. Beyond that, all is ' Ah-too-cwokum,'—fable, romance ; stories, treasured up, indeed, and handed down from age to age, and often told for diversion, and to keep in memory the habits and manners, domestic and political, of the ' sahk-ah-waych-kik,'—the ancient Indians— but nothing more.

Let us go to the Indian camp after the labours of the day are over, and the shades of evening have gathered round them. Here is one wigwam somewhat larger than the rest, and the young people are gathering there as the children exclaim, " Ah-too-cwet,"— " She is telling a story."

A young girl is seated on the spruce boughs in the camp, and a circle of old and young listen eagerly to her tale, though they have heard it, perhaps, a hundred times already. She commences :

“Wee-gi-jik-kee-see-gook,” an announcement which simply calls attention, and implies what sort of a relation is to follow. Literally, it signifies, “The old people have erected their tents;” but conveying very significantly this parabolic meaning: “Attend to a story of ancient times.”

“Cays-cron,” is the response; another mystic expression, signifying, “Aye, go on.”

#### THE STORY OF TEE-AM AND OO-CHIQ-E-ASQUE.

“There was a lake in the midst of a forest, and a large Indian town on the borders

of this lake. Near the edge of the lake, and somewhat removed from the main village, resided a young chieftain, named Tee-am, or Moose.

“He had the power of rendering himself invisible to mortal eyes, when, he chose, and of showing himself just when and to whom he liked. Parents he had none living, and the only other occupant of his wigwam was an only sister, to whom he was attached with the most cordial affection.

“The brother occupied himself, like the rest of his tribe, in hunting. It was the sister’s business to take charge of the venison, to cut it in slices, and smoke, and dry it ; and to prepare food for her brother, and perform all other operations in house-keeping.

“The history of Tee-am, the invisible youth, formed an important item in the village gossip. His merits, habits, and

designs were the theme of frequent discussion, and it soon became generally known, that he was intending to enter the order of matrimony.

“He was not disposed, however, to go in quest of a wife, but, reversing the usual order, it was his wish, that the young ladies of his tribe should adorn themselves in their richest attire, and come in quest of him.

“The girl that could behold him he would marry; and since he was a personage of no ordinary merit, various attempts were made by the young women to arrest his attention, to win his affection, and to draw him forth to the visible world.

“The way they usually proceeded was this: They put on their finery, washed their faces, anointed their heads, decked themselves with ornaments, and went to the wigwam of Tee-am; a number usually

going in company, and reaching the place some time before the hour at which he usually returned from his hunting excursions.

“His sister would receive them with the greatest kindness. They would spend the afternoon together, and at the proper time the sister, accompanied by her companions, would walk down to the shore to greet the approach of her brother.

“As soon as she saw him, she would announce his approach, and enquire of her attentive companions, if they saw him—‘Nemeeyok richigunum?’—‘Do you see my brother?’

“Every eye would be strained in the direction she was looking. Some would think they saw him; and ‘Co-goo-way wis-book-sich?’ the sister of the young man would enquire: ‘Of what is his carrying-strap made?’

“ Sometimes those who supposed they saw him, would say it was a withe, sometimes it would be a piece of raw hide ; and everything that had been known to be applied to such a use, would be seen, or supposed to be seen.

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ she would say, understanding instantly that he was undiscovered ; ‘ let us go home.’

“ Home they would go with her. When the hunter arrived, his sister always took charge of his load of game. The other girls would see this, and also his moccasins when he drew them off. They were thus assured that there was no deception—that he was really present, though they could not see him.

“ But they have not given over yet. ‘ I may see him,’ says each of them, ‘ after he has had time to look at us, and take his choice ;’ each supposing, of

course, that he would have discernment sufficient to see that she was the prettiest and best.

“The parties often dined with him and his sister, without seeing him; and sometimes remained over-night, and returned to their several places of abode, next day, unsuccessful.

“Now, there dwelt in this village a widower, who had three unmarried daughters. The youngest was a poor little weakly thing, and was often ill-treated by the eldest. She would beat her unmercifully, when her father was not near to protect her, and often burn her.

“The old man would find her covered with burns, bruises, and blisters, when he came home, and would be told, in answer to his enquiries, that she had fallen into the fire, and had by mischief and accident brought it all on herself.

“The condition of the little girl was pitiable, indeed. Every day she was exposed to the tyranny of the cruel and unrelenting sister, without the power of escape or redress; being afraid to plead her own cause before the father, lest she should only bring upon herself additional sufferings.

“The hair of her head was singed off, and she was covered with the effects of the cruel burnings she had received. Her name was a somewhat rugged one, but not difficult of pronunciation—Oo-chiq-easque—was indicative of her plight, covered with the marks of her sister’s inhumanity.

“Well, the two sisters had gone, with the approbation of their father, to make the experiment of the insulated wigwam. They had tried their success in ‘moose-hunting,’ and failed.



“Of course, no one dreamed that Oo-chiq-e-  
asque would be simple enough to go; and  
should she go, it was not possible that she  
could succeed. So they might have  
reasoned.

“The poor child, however, did not see  
what harm it could be for her to go  
where every one else went. A wedding  
suit she had not. A few beads spared  
to her through the entreaties of her next  
eldest sister, composed her whole stock  
of ornaments. She therefore gathered a  
quantity of birch bark, and fabricated  
for herself an uncouth dress—“oo-mah-  
go-dum,’ ‘her petticoat,’ and ‘oo-mahd-  
led-um’ her ‘loose gown.’ Her father’s  
cast-off moccasins, soaked and drawn on,  
were a substitute for shoes and stockings all  
in one.

“Thus accoutred, she arose and shaped  
her course away towards the edge of

the lake, and the extremity of the village.

“Her sisters called after her to return; but she appeared not to hear them. The men, women, and children, stared at her as she passed, laughed and hooted at her; but she heeded them not. And now she reaches the tent of the invisible youth. His sister receives her kindly. They walk to the shore at the proper time.

“‘Do you see my brother?’ says the girl.

“‘I do,’ is the reply.

“‘And of what is his carrying strap made?’

“‘Muncwon,’ is the immediate reply: ‘it is a piece of a rainbow.’”

“‘Very good; you do indeed see my brother. Glamh-de-nech—let us go home.’

“Arrived at the wigwam, the youth’s sister proceeds to adorn her person, and

prepare her for the nuptials. Her birch bark dress is taken off, and consigned to the flames. A copious ablution removes every scar and spot, and blemish, and presents her with a face fair and beautiful. Next comes the process of arranging and adorning the hair.

“‘Alas!’ said the poor girl, ‘for I have no hair. My head is bald and singed, and unpleasant to behold.’

“‘But no sooner do the plastic hands of her companion touch her head, than the hair, black, and beautiful, and flowing, starts out in profusion, and soon assumes the proper form and appearance. The brother comes in, laughing.

“‘Way-yool-kooos — we have been discovered, have we?’ says he to his sister. So Oo-chiq-e-asque becomes the wife of Tee-am.

“The scene now shifts to her father’s

wigwam. The old man is disconcerted at the absence of his daughter. Surely some mischief has befallen her, as she returns not that night. Her sisters know nothing about her; and he starts off early next day in search of her.

“He passes the wigwam of her husband, and she recognises him, though he cannot distinguish her, on account of her transformation. She introduces him to her husband.

“Weelee-dahsit keesee-goo—the old man is much pleased. He goes home, and tells his astonished daughters what a noble partner their sister has got, and how beautiful she herself had become.

“In course of time, a little ‘moose’ is presented to the head of the establishment, and there is great rejoicing over it. Keeamooch, soon becomes a fine boy, running about, shooting his little arrows,

wielding his little club, and playing off, on all convenient opportunities, 'the little man.'

"His mother now notices more particularly than she had formerly, that the bone of a moose's leg is usually left lying in the wigwam during the absence of the father; and her sister-in-law charges her to watch the little boy, and see that he does not touch it.

"After his father arrives home from hunting, the bone may be broken, and the marrow eaten.

"One day the women were more than ordinarily busy. They have a large quantity of meat to slice up and cure; and it occupies them nearly all day. The little boy plays about, and sometimes runs in alone into the wigwam. He gives the bone which lies on the ground, a blow with his club, and breaks it. Soon after his aunt goes in, and perceives

what has been done. She begins to wring her hands and weep.

“‘Tie up your child,’ says she, ‘and let us go in search of my brother.’

“Away they go along the lakes taking his tracks, and following upon the ice a long distance. They find him at length, fallen down with his load, and the bone of his leg broken.

“Sad is the meeting, and sad the parting! He takes an affectionate leave of his wife and babe, and directs her to return to her father’s house, as he will never be able to provide for her any more. She accordingly takes her child, and goes home.

“‘And you, my sister,’ says he, ‘go back to the wigwam. Bring the kettle, the axe, and the knife, and return to me.’

“She obeys. He then addresses her thus: \*

“ ‘N’mees, kesalin ?—my sister, do you love me ?’

“ She tells him, ‘ aye, I do.’

“ He replies, ‘ If you love me, take up the axe and despatch me.’

“ She is horrified at the proposal. She remonstrates, ‘ his leg will get well. The bone will grow together.’

“ ‘ No, it will never grow together again ; but as soon as you have smitten me down, you will find that it is a real moose you have killed. You will proceed accordingly. My flesh you will prepare and dry in the usual way. Carefully preserve the skin of the moose’s head. Make, as the women are wont to do, a ‘ work-bag ’ of it, and keep it always with you as a memorial of me.’

“ The poor girl obeys, and carries out all his directions to the letter.

“ Several days elapse before she fully

completes her task. She has gone up from the lake into the edge of the woods, and has there erected for herself a small tent.

“She has now dried the moose-meat, and hung it up in the wigwam.

“One morning, she is startled by the approach of a giant, a ‘koo-kwes,’ a species of humanity abounding in the regions of fable. Monstrous, huge, possessed of great strength, always bad—the enemy of mankind — destroying them without mercy, and feasting on their flesh.

“The ‘kwo-kwes’ walks in and seats himself very composedly; looks up at the venison, and praises her industry. She takes the hint, puts the kettle on the fire, and boils half of it for his breakfast. He devours it, and then stretches himself down for a nap. When he awakes, the terrified girl, with all the coolness she can command, gathers up



what is left, and asks him to accept of it.

“His giantship receives the boon, and then proceeds to advise her for her good. He recommends her to abide where she is, and not to attempt to find her way to any Indian settlement. There are so many difficulties in the way, that she will not be able to overcome them. Particularly, she will be obliged to pass two enormous serpents, who guard the path. She will see them in the distance, and take them for mountains.

“They lie on each side of the path, with their heads towards it. ‘You cannot go round them; you cannot climb over them; you must pass by their huge jaws.’

“He finishes his harangue and departs. She is not particularly impressed in his favour, nor much disposed to follow his

counsel. It is more likely than not, that his wish for her to remain in that solitary place is based upon the anticipated want of a breakfast some morning; and that she might, in that case, follow in the wake of her brother, should she stay. She will not run the risk. 'Poke-tum-cahsit.' She takes her departure.

"The giant's story about the enormous serpents proves true; but carrying with her the memorial of her brother, she is safe. Their mouths are shut, and their eyes closed in sleep. She passes them unharmed, and, after a long walk, reaches an Indian village.

"She enters the first wigwam she comes to, and takes up her abode there with three women, who own and occupy it. She frequently goes out visiting, and playing at the 'woltestokun'—a curious game, resembling

dice, still in great favour with the Indians—taking care to return at evening, and always carrying with her the mysterious work-bag.

“One night, as she lay down to rest, supposing the other women were asleep, she carefully placed this same important article away under the boughs, close up to the place where the wigwam touches the ground — the ‘kikchoo,’ as they call it. Next day, going abroad, she forgot the work-bag.

“After her departure, one of the aforesaid old women, possessing some amount of curiosity, was prompted to examine the contents of the stranger’s bag. She, accordingly, watched her opportunity, and took hold of it for that purpose. Scarcely had she begun to draw it towards her, when, with a shriek of horror, she

started to her feet. She had laid her hand on the hair of a human head!—of a living man!

“He sprang to his feet, all harnessed and painted like a warrior ready for battle. At one blow he dispatched the woman who had pulled him back to life, and then killed the other two.

“He then rushed out, and, uttering the terrible war-whoop, struck down every one whom he met. The ground was soon strewed with the dead and the dying. His sister saw him, and recognized him at once.

“‘O, brother! brother!’ she exclaimed. But he was inexorable.

“‘Boo-naj-jee-me,’—‘Leave me alone,’ is his reply. ‘Why did you not take better care of me? Had you taken better care of me, you would have had me with you for

ever.' And he strikes her down to the earth."

Here, abruptly, "respeakdooksit"—"the story ends."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Indian Superstitions—Glooscap the Immortal—An Indian Orpheus—Glooscap's Residence—His Beaver Pond—The Maleseet Indians—A Transformation—The Way to live a Long Life—An Evil Genius—"Rolled with a Handspike"—Sampson among the Indians—Traditions about Animals and Birds—Conversations with a Rabbit—The Bear and the Fisher—A Tale of Indian Warfare.

THE foregoing story is a fair specimen of the fabulous tales of the Micmacs. They are handed down from old to young, unaltered by a single transposition of a word. I have myself listened to many such—all told in the same manner—quaint, original, and simple.

There exists among the Indians a general belief in the existence of two extraordinary personages. The name of the one is Glooscap, and of the other, Kool-pee-joat. Glooscap is supposed to be immortal, and to have inhabited this world ever since it was inhabitable.

It is said that he was a denizen of heaven, who came down to examine the wonders of the earth, and, losing his way, was obliged to remain. Ever since, he has been endeavouring to make the best of his condition, and to do all the good in his power. He exercised a patriarchal guardianship over all the Indians, and acted as a shepherd over all the wild animals of the forest. The moose and cariboo came around his dwelling as tame as cattle, and the bear and the wolf would crouch at his feet, and lick his hand. He charmed them with his pipe. Sometimes he would go out in the

stillness of a summer's evening, and play upon his shrill-toned instrument. The music could be heard at an immense distance.

When seated on a rock at the mouth of Picton Harbour, the sounds could be distinctly heard at Chebucto, and all over Epaygwite (Prince Edward's Island).

Charmed with the melody, all the animals within hearing would immediately set off for his dwelling. There they allowed themselves to be slaughtered without resistance.

Glooscap had no fixed residence; several places, however, are pointed out as having been his temporary residences. One of his wigwams was on the top of Cape Blomidon. The Basin of Minas was his beaver-pond. He cut open the passage at Cape Split. He was, one day, hunting a huge moose,



with his dogs in full cry, when the moose took to the water. In the middle of the Bay of Fundy, the mighty hunter transfixed him, and he became an island of a thousand acres, and remains, until this day, the Isle of Haut; or, as the Indians call it, "Mus-wee-seet-kik."

He had another beaver-pond of huge dimensions in "Oo-num-ah-gie," (Cape Breton.) The Indians there will assure one with the greatest gravity imaginable, that they have ocular demonstrations of the truth of the legend.

They have actually picked up the huge bones and teeth of Glooscap's beavers. A tooth has been found, measuring five inches across, and bones proportionally gigantic.

"And why did Glooscap leave you?" I asked a respectable old sachem one day.

"Because we become so wicked," was his

reply. "He say, when we get better again, then he come back and be our chief, and all go on smooth again."

"And do you really believe he will come back?"

"Ahmooch eduh," was the prompt reply; "assuredly we do."

"But where is he now?"

"Toowow--we cannot tell, but somewhere in the Far West."

The Maleeseet Indians, who occupy the western portion of New Brunswick, know all about Glooscap, though they are a nation entirely distinct from the Micmacs, and speak a totally different language. They say that a party of Indians went in search of him a few years ago, and actually found him.

They were seven years in reaching his habitation. They found him busily engaged in making darts and arrows, for the purpose

of arming "his children" for a regular war of extermination, when their time should come.

They were kindly received, and hospitably entertained; and were allowed, at the close of the entertainment, to make each a request for some especial favour. One desired to live long, whereupon the patriarch, taking him by the hair of his head, swung him several times round, and then placed his feet upon the ground, and he became a cedar tree! The others at once departed and came home in a space of three weeks, crossing the country by a sort of aerial railroad.

Kool-pee-joat, or Egulupchoat, as he is sometimes called, is supposed to be an evil genius. Both his names have the same signification, namely "Rolled with a hand-spike."

On account of his sins, he is accused,

tried, and condemned to death by his tribe. They sentence him to be drowned. He is thrown into a river; but he floats, and refuses to die. They discover that he is immortal.

“You cannot kill me,” he tells them; “but you can bind me.”

So, like the Philistines with Samson, they betake them to the withes and ropes; and secure his hands, arms and legs.

But even this does not prevent him from doing mischief. Not only does he possess supernatural strength of arm, but so piercing are his eyes, that with a glance he cuts down every one who may pass before him.

To remedy this, they blindfold him. There they keep him lying in his wigwam, unable to rise or do any mischief. On one occasion, they turned his prowess to good account. A hostile army was approaching to attack

the village. They carried him out, placed him in full view of the enemy, and took off the bandage. One glance of his eye cut down the whole army, and saved the village.

Glooscap visited the village where Egulupchoat lay bound. The inhabitants consulted him, and asked him if he could deprive him of his supernatural powers. He assured them that he could manage him. So possessing the greater "medicine," Glooscap deprived him, not of his hair, but of his bones. Every bone was extracted, and his eyes were put out.

The Indians say that he is still in existence—that he never rises from the ground, lies a whole year on one side, and that then he is turned over on the other.

This operation is performed by a number of men, so heavy and so strong is he still; and they are obliged to have

recourse to the use of the handspike. Hence his name.

So long as the world lasts, they say, will he be deprived of his bones and eyes. Afterwards they will be restored.

Such is the account, carefully preserved among the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, of these two fabulous personages.

The Indians have also traditional stories connected with many of the animals and birds of the country. They tell them in their camps for the amusement of their children; but I have always noticed that they enjoy the narration of them just as much as do the younger portion of the community.

“Most all the animal tell the grand story,” said an Indian, named Michael Tom, to me one afternoon, as I sat in his wigwam.

“ Well, Michael, let me hear some of them,”  
I replied.

“ Well, I first tell you 'bout the  
' Ablege-muich' — what you call um? —  
rabbit.’

“ Well, we say to the rabbit, we say, ‘ What  
make you so white, Mr. Rabbit?’

“ ‘ Well, I just tell you how it was,’ the  
rabbit he say, ‘ We been dinin with um  
wedding ; we cover all over with the white  
ribbon.’

“ ‘ And what make you so short tail,  
Sir?’

“ ‘ You see, I tell you friend what make  
me so short tail. We use to dine 'long with  
the gentlemen long time ago, and we use to  
set in the chair great deal when we go into  
the parlour ; so the tail wore almost right  
off. Now you see, Sir, why we got the so  
short tail.’

“ ‘Well, Mr. Rabbit, what makes you jump so all the while? Why you no trot like moose or cariboo?’

“ ‘Now, sir, I just tell you all 'bout it. When we done the dinin, we use to come out and play ball, and we go into the field and jump, and I got the practice so much on me, that I jump all the time. I can't get out of it nohow. I very fond of the jump.’

“ ‘And what make you so long ears?’

“ ‘Well, I just tell you now. We always listenin for the news to tell the gentlemen, when we dinin 'long with them; and we all stretch the ears when the news a' coming in.’

“ ‘And what for you nose cut? Why you got the slit in the nose?’

“ ‘I tell you, friend, why. You know, Sir, when we dinin with the gentlemen off the dinners, we use the knife and fork, and I cut my nose, you see. I was very



fond of the knives and forks, and one day I had bad accident — I cut my nose shocking.’ ”

Absurd though the story was, and so delighted did all the inmates of the camp appear, (Michael himself could hardly tell it for his risibility), that I could not help joining in the universal burst of merriment.

“ Oh dear! oh dear! ” continued the narrator, wiping his eyes, and puffing dense clouds of “ Tamawee ” (tobacco). “ That rabbit queer fellow! He got married at last. He marry the Martin. He thought she very good woman at first; for he marry in winter, and the martin quite white in winter, you know. But by’ m bye, when the warm weather come on, she change colour, and then he shocking angry. He find he been and married coloured woman. Poor Able-gemuich! ” ”

“ Well, Michael, let us have another about animals.”

“ Well, Sir, I tell you story 'bout ‘ Moin ac Uphome’—what you call the ‘ Bear and the Fisher.’

“ Well, there was a moose-huntin time. Very old woman, the Bear. They call her the grandmother. Just as much as ever she could move, and raal blind altogether. And the Fisher, he was very smart-lookin man, nice built man, raal able lookin man. When he go out moose-huntin, he kill great many moose, and he always lay out so as to give old Bear the very worst meat, but himself keep the raal fat. He keep all the best himself.

“ Well, the old Bear, she think what makes this Fisher make such noise when he eat—what makes him slap um jaws so ?

“ Well, she ax the Wolf-boy—what you

call um?—Fox: ‘Wolf, will you get me any sort of a knife?’

“ ‘Grandmother,’ say the boy, ‘what you want with the knife for?’

“ ‘Well, my dear child, I just tell you. My nails all wore out, and I want the knife very badly to cut the tobaccy with. ’Long as you bring me sharp knife, I be very good-natered with you, my child. I give you good encouragement.’

“ Well, he off, and he bring her the knife. Well, Uphome, the Fisher, by’m bye, he come home, and he say:

“ Did you have good dinner to-day, grandmother? I suppose you very hungry to-day.’

“ ‘Come, hold you tongue. You know very well, I can’t see any thing. You going to kill me altogether; but, never mind, I pay you out some day. This very hard meat what you bring me.’

“‘I tell you, grandmother, why so hard the meat. You see, the bull-moose very hard this time of year. You see, if I kill cow-moose, how fat we be—how we have the fine time.’

“ Well, Fisher start in mornin, as soon as ever he get breakfast, moose huntin. When he’s gone, then this Bear, she took the knife, and she think, ‘ May be, if I cut my eye a little, may be, I could see.’

“ Just now, the old Wolf tell the Wolf-boy :

“ ‘ Spose you go and see you grandmother. May be, her fire out. Put some wood on.’

“ The Wolf-boy, he go.

“ ‘ Now child, I don’t want you at all—you better go home. I going to do some great business. I dreamin very hard las night—couldn’t sleep at all.’

“ When the boy gone, this old bear take

the knife, and make the little slit over the eye. First time, she seen only little light. Then she cut deeper, and cut clean across, and then she able to see all—everything.

“ Ah, ha! that’s the way you serve me, Mr. Fisher! You got great heap of fat in the corner of the camp! Put all the fat in the corner for yourself! You give me very worst meat!”

“ Well,” continued Michael, “ all broke up now. Partners no more. They set to and hunt for himself. Poor Fisher was broke up altogether, and Bear look out for new husband. She marry another Bear, strong, able-lookin man—so strong, he could catch any thing at all: fish, moose, cranberries, blueberries—any thing at all. He able to beat all the other animals.”

Michael told many other stories; but as

they were all in the same grotesque style, I will not trouble the reader by inserting them here.

The two already related, are word for word as I heard them from the Indian.

The Micmacs boast that they are the bravest and best of the Indian nations. They look down upon all others, and speak of them with contempt. With the Mohawks, who reside on the St. Lawrence, they had long and bloody wars in the ancient times. The northern part of New Brunswick was their usual field of battle; and sometimes they have met as far south as the Miramichi.

The following tale, connected with their wars, I quote from Mr. Rand:

“There was once a large Indian settlement near the mouth of a river. One autumn, a party of the men went up the river, according to custom, on a hunting expedition. Two

of their 'braves' left the rest, and took up their abode in one wigwam, about half way from the main settlement to the place where the rest went. There they hunted throughout the winter, preserving their fur and venison.

"The name of the principal man was Ababejit. With their families, they amounted to seven souls in all. A war-party of the Mohawks, discovering their abode, planned an attack upon it. Of this attack Ababejit was admonished in a dream, while resting from his morning's hunting excursion. He dreamed that a flock of pigeons alighted upon the wigwam, and completely covered the top of it. Such a dream invariably portended war.

"Annoyed wit' his comrade, who was also a brave, because he would not believe that any revelation had been made, Ababejit would not disclose the coming event to

any of the community. He, however, kept watch, gun in hand, and seated in the back part of the wigwam, throughout the night.

“The war-party of the Mohawks was very large, and, crossing the river, they drew up around the wigwam just as day was breaking. Ababejit knew all their movements, and as several guns were being raised in the doorway, he struck his comrade with the breech of his gun, and said to him: ‘kwedabekw nuga muuchase’—‘We are all killed; now get up.’

“At that instant, the Mohawks fired. A girl, who was in the act of springing up, was shot dead. Ababejit, being wide awake, was not hurt: the bullets could not penetrate his body, but rattled, and fell to the ground.

“Had his companion been awake too, his body would also have been impervious. But,



alas, for his unbelief in the dream ! He was but half awake, and one of his legs was shot away.

“The Mohawks, having discharged their pieces, rushed upon the camp. Three of their braves attempted to force an entrance, and in their eagerness wedged up the door. Ababejit sent a bullet through the heart of one ; for, be it observed, a brave can kill a brave, though no one else can. The surviving two sprang upon him, seized him, and attempted to bind him, that they might lead him home to the torture.

“But the Micmac had no idea of submitting. A desperate struggle ensued ; a struggle for life or death. The reports of the guns had not awakened the two boys, but the scuffle aroused them.

“ ‘ Who is this attacking my step-father ? ’ cried the eldest.

“ ‘ We are all killed ! ’ exclaimed the old man.

“ The boy drew his knife and sprang to the rescue. The two Mohawks were instantly dispatched, and the old man was free.

“ But the other Micmac chief was not idle. He had lost one leg, but he had the use of the other, and of his arms. His courage and strength being superhuman, remained in all their force. Seizing the tomahawk, he took his station by the door, where he quickly dispatched all who attempted to enter; and, singing the death-song as he smote them down, tossed their bodies to the back part of the camp.

“ And now Ababejit recollects that he had left his lance sticking in a tree the day before, at no great distance from the camp. He rushes out, and, scattering the

Mohawks in his impetuous career, gains his weapon.

“Terrible was the slaughter which ensued. Tired, at length, of the work of death, he re-enters the wigwam, at the door of which his comrade still remained, killing all who attempted to enter.

“He now directs the two boys to creep cautiously out of the back part of the wigwam, and to make for the settlement at the mouth of the river, and give the alarm, that the warriors of their tribe might hasten to the rescue.

“But they refuse to leave without him. Self-preservation animates them, and at length he concedes to their entreaties. He escapes with them, determining on protecting the future warriors, rather than the women.

“‘Lay it up for them,’ say the boys, and ‘avenge it at a future day.’

“ A general onset is now made by the Mohawks on the wigwam, which is torn to pieces, and scattered in every direction. The wife of Ababejit, and the brave who had lost his leg, are despatched and scalped, and a tomahawk is raised over the head of the other woman, when a chief cries out ‘Neen n’tabitem—she shall be my wife.’ This decides her fate, and she is spared.

“ The Mohawks now carefully collect their slain, and hide them under the shelving bank of the river. Ababejit soon returns with a party of warriors, and search long and anxiously for the Mohawks, but in vain. The latter kindle no fires, and before they dare to venture forth, their provisions are all exhausted; and they grow so thin in flesh that their rows of teeth can be distinctly seen through the lantern cheeks. The Micmacs have now given up the search and

return home; and the Mohawks, having built a number of canoes, have started down the river.

“By chance, a hunting party of Micmacs, who had gone up the river the previous autumn, and who had been engaged in hunting all winter, were also returning in their canoes, laden with the produce of their labours. They met on a large lake just as each canoe was rounding a point, and were thus at close quarters before either party could be discovered by the other.

“The Micmacs recognised the captive woman in the chief’s canoe, and readily divined what had happened. No hostile demonstration was, however, made by either party. They met and saluted each other apparently on the most friendly terms.

“The Micmac chief proposed to his brother

Mohawk, that as they might never see one another again, they should land and spend the night together. He consented; but no one slept during the night.

“The sagacious Mohawk endeavoured, to the utmost extent of his power, to prevent any conversation between the Micmacs and the captive *Quaw* at his side; but they outgeneralled *Quaw*. Busily preparing for the night’s lodging, they were moving in all directions, when, in the act of passing, some one whispered in her ear:

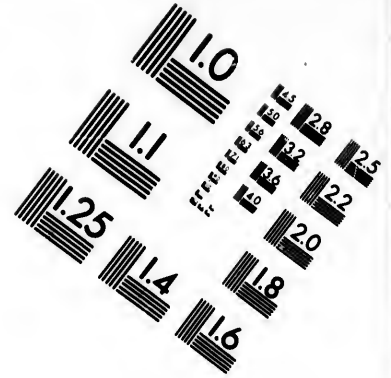
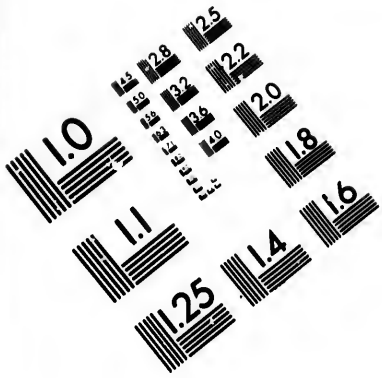
“ ‘Ukchenumumok, where is your husband?’

“ ‘Cheiautok’ is as hastily replied—‘ he is slain.’

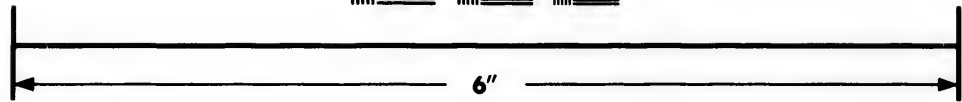
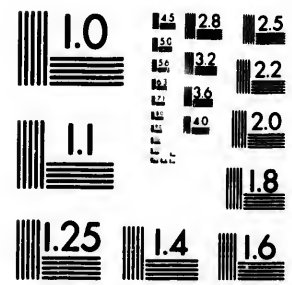
“This was sufficient; and vengeance is resolved on.

“Unluckily for the Mohawks, their chief had left his kettle some distance down the river the previous day. The sun had





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scarcely risen when he, with his stolen wife, launches his canoe, and goes in quest of this important item of wigwam furniture. Now then is the Micmac's opportunity.

“‘Prepare the fattest and choicest pieces,’ says he to his men, ‘and give your brothers their breakfast.’ With stomachs sharpened by long fasting, they eat enormously. The expected result ensues. They are soon stretched on the ground, fast asleep.

“‘Now prepare your guns.’ No sooner said than done. Each warrior selects his victim. The deadly weapons are raised, deliberate aim is taken, and one volley lays every Mohawk dead.

“But the work is only half accomplished. The Mohawk chief, who is a brave, and possessed of superhuman powers, still lives, and is more to be dreaded than hundreds of the ordinary garb. It is well known that

there is but one among the Micmacs who can kill him, but one that he would dread to meet, but one that he would even deign to fight in single combat. This is the chief himself; and if he be killed, woe be to the rest of them.

“Now for a specimen of Indian tactics. Half of the Micmacs dressed themselves in the clothes of the dead Mohawks, and launching their canoes, commenced sporting on the smooth waters of the lake, while the dead men were placed on the bank, and carefully adjusted so as to appear as though alive, and looking on at the others.

“The Mohawk chief had found his kettle, and was leisurely impelling his canoe back against the stream, when he was startled by the sound of fire-arms.

“‘Matundimk!’ he exclaimed; ‘there is fighting!’ and onward darted his canoe.

“But when he came in sight, he perceived his own men, as he supposed, mingled with the others, and moving about in the greatest harmony, occasionally discharging their guns, and following each discharge with shouts and roars of laughter ; while another party were reclining leisurely upon the bank, looking on. ‘Mogna matundenuk ; paboltijik,’ said he to the woman—‘they are not fighting ; they are only at play.’

“He suspected, however, that all was not right, but had little time for reflection ; for at this instant, several Micmacs ran down to the water’s edge, and shouted to the woman to turn the canoe side to the land. She did so ; and a shot was fired by the Micmac chief in ambush at the Mohawk. He missed his man. The canoe was capsized and the woman thrown into the water ; and away went the Mohawk swimming beneath the surface into the middle of the lake.

“Quick, launch the canoes!” shouted the chief; and away they went after the Mohawk. No one could see him; and he moved about among the canoes, under the surface, searching for his equal, and scorning to lay hands on those of ordinary rank. His proximity was indicated by the occasional capsizing of a canoe.

“At length, the Micmac chief discerns him approaching his own canoe, and as he comes up, aims a fearful blow at him with his spear, using it as a harpoon. He strikes him, and the wounded Mohawk dives, spear and all, again into the lake.

“‘Let us follow him,’ cries the Micmac; ‘he will soon take to the land, to die there.’”

“They find him, on reaching the shore. The young warriors are for rushing on him at once, but the chief restrains them. No one but himself must kill him, which he accordingly does.”

So ends the tale. I have heard many such, some of great length; but, unfortunately, all so mingled with improbabilities, and actual fable, as not to be noted in the regions of historical fact. In fact, the earlier history of the aborigines of all America is involved in total darkness, beyond the possibility of extrication.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Flies and Tackle for North American Waters.

As it would be very inadvisable for a European sportsman, proceeding to America on his first fishing trip, to lay in a stock, however variously assorted, of English-made trout or salmon-flies, I will now mention what may be taken by way of *matériel*, and what will be found necessary, and useful, in a fishing expedition

to any of the rivers and lakes of the British provinces.

Rods and lines are always best brought from England; those procurable at Halifax or St. John's being, though strong and serviceable, roughly made, and the rods liable to warp. The salmon rod should be, at least, eighteen feet in length; of its pliability, I will say nothing, as every angler has his own taste in this matter. I prefer, however, to throw with a stiff, strong rod.

The trout rod should be a light, one-handed rod. Ten feet is quite long enough. Tolerably good rods for this service are made in Halifax, their price being from four to five dollars, calling the dollar four shillings sterling.

Both the salmon and trout rod should consist of three, and not more, joints. Those of the former should be fitted together



by splicing; a splice-rod being much stronger, and better adapted for casting, than one whose joints are fitted with brass ferrules.

Reels are best procured in England, those purchased across the Atlantic being generally loosely-made, catchpenny articles, hastily put together for sale in British America, by the Yankees. The salmon line should consist of not under, and not necessarily over, sixty yards. It should be made of twisted hair and silk. Very fine, though strong lines are manufactured in America, though they are too light to cast a fly to any distance.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, which I will presume to be the starting point of a European sportsman, for any of the fishing grounds of the provinces, may be procured either at once or made to order in a few days notice, salmon and trout flies for any of the

rivers and lakes of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The trout flies for the rivers and lakes of the New World, are much larger and gaudier, and less intended to represent nature than the delicate constructions used to tempt the wary fish in the hackneyed streams of Great Britain.

A fly termed the red hackle, or palmer, is the most generally serviceable. Next comes a long series of gaudy-looking bundles of feathers, silk, and tinsel. One you may see with crimson or scarlet wings, and azure body, wound round with gold or silver tinsel. Another has a bright orange body, ribbed with silver, and wound round from head to tail with a long coarse black hackle.

The sea-trout fly is larger than that used for common trout, and in the assortment of its composing feathers and silks, has a very wide and fanciful range. In sea-trout fishing

two flies are used at once in the casting line, whereas three is the best number for a cast for common trout.

Every river in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, has its particular fly, or series of flies adapted for salmon fishing. Some of these flies, particularly those used on the dark streams of Nova Scotia, would be considered monstrous, both as regarded their gaudiness and size, by a sportsman of the Old World.

Feathers of golden pheasant, Canadian wood-duck, and macaw, show conspicuously amongst the broad plumage of the tail of wild or domestic turkey, on their wings. Their bodies are composed of masses of many-coloured pigs' wool, deeply buried in which, are broad bands of tinsel.

Others, particularly those for the Atlantic rivers of New Brunswick are smaller, less

gaudy, and more carefully made. The dubbing giving place to floss silk, and the turkey wings modestly brightened by a fibre of golden pheasant or scarlet ibis.

An excellent fly for the Nepisiquit, New Brunswick, is one termed the "stinger." It has a body of black floss silk, wound round with a hackle of the same colour.

The wings are of dark turkey, and the tail is a broad patch of yellow or orange silk, with two or three fibres of turkey emanating from it.

As most of the requisite feathers, with the exception of golden pheasant and scarlet ibis, may be procured in the poultry yard of a settler, or from birds shot on the river side—the sportsman who has acquired the art of making his own flies, need only bring with him a

few materials, such as silks and dubbing. The best dubbing is pig's wool. It should be procured of every shade of colour.

A good supply of the best Limerick hooks of all sizes down to No. 6, should be brought and several hanks of the best salmon and trout silk-worm gut. Dyed casting lines are useless.

A fishing basket is a useful appendage to the trout fisherman. When going for a day's fishing to some lake or river, he may pack into it a variety of articles which would otherwise encumber his coat pockets.

The Yankees have invented a spring gaff, and a very ingenious contrivance it is. At the end of the handle are two jaws, each similar to the iron of the common gaff. These bend back on the principle of a steel trap. When bent back at

right angles to the handle, they catch and are released, flying back to their original position with great strength by virtue of a powerful spring, on the instrument coming in contact with any part of a fish. It is said that a salmon is completely paralysed, when he is caught by the strong jaws of this instrument. However, from the danger resulting to one's own legs in using this powerful weapon, in the hurry and excitement attendant on landing a salmon, I prefer the old gaff.

Many sportsmen think it necessary to go out for a fishing excursion with their legs encased in high, cumbrous waterproof boots or leggings. It is a great mistake. They are the worst possible things for slipping on the stones and rocks in brooks or rivers, and encumber the general motions of the body. One must make

up one's mind to get wet — possibly, regularly ducked, which would be a worse case if the boots were on at the time, as they would fill with water, and prevent the possibility of getting dry so long as they were on.

A good pair of dry worsted socks, taken in the pocket, to put on when the day's sport is concluded, will prevent the chance of a cold, catarrh, or rheumatism. When on a fishing expedition of several days, the sportsman, living constantly in the open air, need not fear any of these maladies. It is the change from a house to a camp, or *vice versa*, which is to be dreaded on this account. An Indian will tell you, that if he goes into a house, and sits by a fire, he is sure to catch cold; so do you generally in your first night in camp, but by the next night it is all gone. The

secret is that you are breathing the same atmosphere.

The best description of cloth of which the sportsman's clothes, whether he be hunting or fishing, in winter and summer, should be made, is the homespun cloth of the country.

It is a mixture of wool and cotton, the less cotton the better. It is strong, warm, and light, and when saturated with water, will dry sooner than any other description.

Flannel shirts form an indispensable item in a wardrobe for the bush, whether in summer or winter. Scarlet is a bad colour for any part of the fishing costume. In a clear river, the appearance of a red shirt will scare salmon from a pool as effectually as a passing canoe.

The angler in British North America



must at all times of the summer expect great annoyance from the attacks of the insect tribe, such as mosquitoes, black flies, and sand flies. They literally swarm in the woods, by the lake, or river side, and are all equally venomous. Even the Indians suffer from their attacks. The settlers daub every exposed part with grease, or sometimes even tar. Compositions called Mosquitoe Repellent, and Angler's Defence, are sold in all the provincial towns. They are used as lotions, and remain efficacious for about half an hour after application.

One of the best means of keeping off the flies, is by wearing a veil of the finest gauze fastened round the cap, and drawn in round the neck under the chin. It forms a bag round the head; and even the diminutive sand-fly cannot penetrate

its meshes, if the gauze be fine. Old kid gloves, with the ends of fingers cut off, will be found useful in protecting the hands.

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## APPENDIX.

VOL. II.

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A CATALOGUE  
OF  
THE BIRDS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

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LAND BIRDS.

Bald-headed Eagle . . . .	<i>Haliaetus leucocephalus.</i>
Ospray, or Fish Hawk . . . .	<i>Pandion haliaetus.</i>
Gyr Falcon . . . . .	<i>Falco Islandicus.</i>
Pigeon Hawk . . . . .	<i>Falco Colombarius.</i>
Sparrow Hawk . . . . .	<i>Falco passerinus.</i>
Red-shouldered Buzzard . . . .	<i>Buteo lineatus.</i>
Rough-legged Buzzard . . . .	<i>Buteo lagopus.</i>
Red-tailed Buzzard . . . . .	<i>Buteo Borealis.</i>
American Goshawk . . . . .	<i>Astur atricapillas.</i>
Sharp-shinned Hawk . . . . .	<i>Astur fuscus.</i>
American Hen Harrier . . . . .	<i>Arcus Hudsonicus.</i>
Hawk Owl . . . . .	<i>Surnia funerca.</i>
Snowy Owl . . . . .	<i>Surnia nyctea.</i>
Sparrow Owl . . . . .	<i>Noctua passurina.</i>

Tengmalms Owl . . .	Noctua Tengmalmi.
Barred Owl . . . .	Syonium Nebulosum.
Long-eared Owl . . .	Otus vulgaris.
Short-eared Owl . . .	Otus brachyotus.
Great-horned Owl . . .	Bubo Virginianus.
Acadian Owl . . . .	Noctua Acadica.
Whip-poor-Will . . .	Caprimulgus vociferus.
Night Hawk . . . .	Caprimulgus Viginianus.
Chimney Swallow . . .	Chætura pelasgia.
Purple Martin . . . .	Hirundo purpurea.
White-bellied Martin . . .	Hirundo bicolor.
Republican, or Cliff Swallow . . .	Hirundo fulvus.
Barn Swallow . . . .	Hirundo rustica.
Bank Swallow . . . .	Hirundo riparia.
Belted Kingfisher . . .	Alcedo Aleyon.
Tyrant Flycatcher . . .	Muscicapa tyranna.
Green-crested Flycatcher . . .	Muscicapa Acadica.
Wood Peewee . . . .	Muscicapa virens.
Red Start (American) . . .	Muscicapa ruticilla.
Least Peewee . . . .	Muscicapa pusilla.
Great American Shrike . . .	Lanius Borcalis.
Migratory Thrush, or Robin . . .	Turdus migratorius.
Hermit Thrush . . . .	Turdus solitarius.
Olivaceous Thrush . . .	Turdus olivaceus.
Cat-Bird . . . .	Orpheus felivox.
Golden-crowned Thrush . . .	Turdus aurocapillus.

Water Thrush . . . .	<i>Cinclus Americanus.</i>
American Pipit . . . .	<i>Anthus ludovicianus.</i>
Canada Flycatcher . . . .	<i>Myiodioctes Canadensis.</i>
Wilson's Blackcap . . . .	<i>Myiodioctes Wilsonii.</i>
Yellow-rump Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola coronata.</i>
Black-poll Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola striata.</i>
Bay-breasted Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola castanea.</i>
Chesnut-sided Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola icterocephala.</i>
Hemlock Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola parus.</i>
Black-throated Green Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola virens.</i>
Cape May Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola maritima.</i>
Blackburnian Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola Blackburnia.</i>
Yellow-poll Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola æstiva.</i>
Red-poll Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola petechia.</i>
Yellow-back Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola Americana.</i>
Black-throated Blue Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola Canadensis.</i>
Black and Yellow Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola maculosa.</i>
Blue-Green Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola cærulea.</i>
Mourning Warbler . . . .	<i>Trichas Philadelphica.</i>
Maryland Yellow-throat . . . .	<i>Trichas Marilandica.</i>
Nashville Warbler . . . .	<i>Sylvicola Rubricapilla.</i>
Black and White Creeper . . . .	<i>Certhia varia.</i>
Winter Wren . . . .	<i>Troglodytes.</i>
American Gold-crested Wren . . . .	<i>Regulus satrapa.</i>
Ruby-crowned Wren . . . .	<i>Regulus calendula.</i>
Blue-Bird . . . .	<i>Sialia Wilsonii.</i>

Brown Creeper . . . .	<i>Certhia familiaris.</i>
Black-cap Tit . . . .	<i>Parus atricapillus.</i>
Hudson Bay Tit . . . .	<i>Parus Hudsonicus.</i>
Solitary Vireo . . . .	<i>Vireo solitarius.</i>
Warbling Vireo . . . .	<i>Vireo gilvus.</i>
Red-eyed Vireo . . . .	<i>Vireo olivaceus.</i>
Cedar Bird . . . . .	<i>Bombycilla Carolinensis.</i>
Shore Lark . . . . .	<i>Alauda alpestris.</i>
Fox-coloured Sparrow . . . .	<i>Fringilla iliaca.</i>
Song Sparrow . . . . .	<i>Fringilla melodia.</i>
White-throated Sparrow . . . .	<i>Fringilla Pensylvanica.</i>
Bay-winged Sparrow . . . .	<i>Emberiza graminea.</i>
Chipping Sparrow . . . . .	<i>Emberiza socialis.</i>
Tree Sparrow . . . . .	<i>Emberiza Canadensis.</i>
Snow Bird . . . . .	<i>Niphaea hycemalis.</i>
Swamp Sparrow . . . . .	<i>Fringilla palustris.</i>
Lesser Redpoll . . . . .	<i>Linaria minor.</i>
Pine Finch . . . . .	<i>Linaria pinus.</i>
Purple Finch . . . . .	<i>Erythrospiza purpurea.</i>
Savannah Sparrow . . . . .	<i>Emberiza savanna.</i>
Snow Bunting . . . . .	<i>Emberiza nivalis.</i>
Indigo Bird . . . . .	<i>Fringilla cyanea.</i>
American Goldfinch . . . . .	<i>Carduelis tristis.</i>
Pine Grosbeak . . . . .	<i>Corythus enucleator.</i>
Common (American) Crossbill . . . .	<i>Loxia curvirostra.</i>
White-winged Crossbill . . . . .	<i>Loxia leucoptera.</i>



Rose-breasted Grosbeak . . . . .	<i>Coccyborus ludovicianus.</i>
Scarlet Redbird . . . . .	<i>Pyrranga rubra.</i>
Boblink, or Rice Bunting . . . . .	<i>Emberiza oryzivora.</i>
Cow Blackbird . . . . .	<i>Molothrus peccoris.</i>
Red-winged Blackbird . . . . .	<i>Agelaius Phœniccus.</i>
Great Crow Blackbird . . . . .	<i>Quiscalus major.</i>
Common Crow Blackbird . . . . .	<i>Quiscalus versicolor.</i>
Rusty Grackle . . . . .	<i>Quiscalus ferrugineus.</i>
Raven . . . . .	<i>Corvus corax.</i>
American Crow . . . . .	<i>Corvus Americanus.</i>
Fish Crow . . . . .	<i>Corvus ossifragus.</i>
Blue Jay . . . . .	<i>Garrulus cristatus.</i>
Canada Jay . . . . .	<i>Garrulus Canadensis.</i>
White-breasted Nuthatch . . . . .	<i>Sitta Carolinensis.</i>
Red-bellied Nuthatch . . . . .	<i>Sitta Canadensis.</i>
Brown-headed Nuthatch . . . . .	<i>Sitta pusilla.</i>
Meadow Lark . . . . .	<i>Sturnella Ludovicianus</i>
Ruby-throat Humming-Bird . . . . .	<i>Trochilus colubris.</i>
Pileated Woodpecker . . . . .	<i>Picus pileatus.</i>
Hairy Woodpecker . . . . .	<i>Picus villosus.</i>
Downy Woodpecker . . . . .	<i>Picus pubescens.</i>
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker . . . . .	<i>Picus varius.</i>
Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker . . . . .	<i>Picus articus.</i>
Golden-winged Woodpecker . . . . .	<i>Picus auratus.</i>
Black-billed Cuckoo . . . . .	<i>Coccyzus erythrophthalmus</i>
Yellow-billed Cuckoo . . . . .	<i>Coccyzus Americanus.</i>

Passenger Pigeon . . .	Ectopistes migratorius.
Ruffed Grouse . . .	Tetrao umbellus.
Canada Grouse . . .	Tetrao Canadensis.

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WATER BIRDS.

|                              |                         |
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| American Coot . . .          | Fulica Americana.       |
| Yellow-breasted Rail . . .   | Rallus Carolinus.       |
| Sora Rail . . .              | Rallus noveboracensis.  |
| American Bittern . . .       | Ardea leutiginosa.      |
| Least Bittern . . .          | Ardea exilis.           |
| Great blue Heron . . .       | Ardea Herodias.         |
| Snowy Heron . . .            | Ardea candidissima.     |
| Piping Plover . . .          | Charadrius melodus.     |
| American Ring Plover . . .   | Charadrius semipalmata. |
| Black-bellied Plover . . .   | Charadrius Helveticus.  |
| American Golden Plover . . . | Charadrius marinoratus. |
| Turnstone . . .              | Strepsilas interpres.   |
| Ash-coloured Sandpiper . . . | Tringa Islandica.       |
| Red-backed Sandpiper . . .   | Tringa Alpina.          |
| Semipalmated Sandpiper . . . | Tringa semipalmata.     |
| Little Sandpiper . . .       | Tringa pusilla.         |
| Pectoral Sandpiper . . .     | Tringa pectoralis.      |
| Schintz's Sandpiper . . .    | Tringa Schintzii.       |
| Sanderling Sandpiper . . .   | Tringa arenaria.        |

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| Curlew Sandpiper . . . . .           | <i>Tringa subarquata.</i>      |
| Willet . . . . .                     | <i>Totanus semipalmatus.</i>   |
| Spotted Tatler . . . . .             | <i>Totanus macularius.</i>     |
| Solitary Tatler . . . . .            | <i>Totanus solitarius.</i>     |
| Yellow-shanks Tatler . . . . .       | <i>Totanus flavipes.</i>       |
| Tell-tale Tatler . . . . .           | <i>Totanus vociferus.</i>      |
| Hudsonian Godwit . . . . .           | <i>Limosa Hudsonica.</i>       |
| American Snipe . . . . .             | <i>Scolopax Wilsonii.</i>      |
| Red-breasted Snipe . . . . .         | <i>Scolopax noveboracensis</i> |
| American Woodcock . . . . .          | <i>Microptera Americana.</i>   |
| Hudsonian Curlew . . . . .           | <i>Numenius Hudsonicus.</i>    |
| Esquimaux Curlew . . . . .           | <i>Numenius Borealis.</i>      |
| Long-billed Curlew . . . . .         | <i>Numenius longirostris.</i>  |
| Grey Phalarope . . . . .             | <i>Phalaropus Wilsonii.</i>    |
| Canada Goose . . . . .               | <i>Anser Canadensis.</i>       |
| Brent Goose . . . . .                | <i>Anser Bernicla.</i>         |
| Snow Goose . . . . .                 | <i>Anser hyperboreus.</i>      |
| Mallard Duck . . . . .               | <i>Anas boschas.</i>           |
| Dusky Duck . . . . .                 | <i>Anas obscura.</i>           |
| Gadwall . . . . .                    | <i>Anas strepera.</i>          |
| Pintail Duck . . . . .               | <i>Anas acuta.</i>             |
| American Widgeon . . . . .           | <i>Anas Americana.</i>         |
| Wood Duck . . . . .                  | <i>Anas sponsa.</i>            |
| American Green-winged Teal . . . . . | <i>Anas Carolinensis.</i>      |
| European Teal . . . . .              | <i>Anas crecca.</i>            |
| Blue-winged Teal . . . . .           | <i>Anas discors.</i>           |

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| Shoveller Duck . . . .         | <i>Anas clypeata.</i>          |
| Scaup Duck . . . .             | <i>Fuligula Marila.</i>        |
| Ring-necked Duck . . . .       | <i>Fuligula rufitorgues.</i>   |
| Ruddy Duck . . . .             | <i>Fuligula rubida.</i>        |
| Pied Duck . . . .              | <i>Fuligula Labrador.</i>      |
| American Scoter . . . .        | <i>Fuligula Americana.</i>     |
| Velvet Scoter . . . .          | <i>Fuligula fusca.</i>         |
| Surf Scoter . . . .            | <i>Fuligula perspicillata.</i> |
| Eider Duck . . . .             | <i>Fuligula molissima.</i>     |
| King Eider . . . .             | <i>Fuligula spectabilis.</i>   |
| Golden Eye . . . .             | <i>Fuligula clangula.</i>      |
| Buffel-headed Duck . . . .     | <i>Fuligula alveola.</i>       |
| Long-tailed Duck . . . .       | <i>Fuligula glacialis.</i>     |
| Harlequin Duck . . . .         | <i>Fuligula histrionica.</i>   |
| Goosander . . . .              | <i>Mergus merganser.</i>       |
| Red-breasted Merganser . . . . | <i>Mergus serrator.</i>        |
| Hooded Merganser . . . .       | <i>Mergus cucullatus.</i>      |
| Common Gannet . . . .          | <i>Sula Bassana.</i>           |
| Common Tern . . . .            | <i>Sterna hirundo.</i>         |
| Bonaparte's Gull . . . .       | <i>Larus Bonapartii.</i>       |
| Black-headed Gull . . . .      | <i>Larus Atricilla.</i>        |
| Kittiwake Gull . . . .         | <i>Larus tridaetylus.</i>      |
| Common American Gull . . . .   | <i>Larus zonorhynchus.</i>     |
| Herring Gull . . . .           | <i>Larus argentatus.</i>       |
| Black-backed Gull . . . .      | <i>Larus marinus.</i>          |
| Mother Carey's Chicken . . . . | <i>Thalassidroma pelagica.</i> |

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| Least Petrel . . . .           | Thalassidroma Wilsonii.   |
| Common Puffin . . . .          | Mormon articus.           |
| Little Auk . . . .             | Mergulus.                 |
| Common Guillemot . . . .       | Uria troile.              |
| White-winged Guillemot . . . . | Uria grylle.              |
| Great Northern Diver . . . .   | Colymbus glacialis.       |
| Red-throated Diver . . . .     | Colymbus septentrionalis. |
| Pied-billed Grebe . . . .      | Podiceps Carolinensis.    |
| Red-necked Grebe . . . .       | Podiceps rubicollis.      |
| Razor-bill . . . .             | Alca torda.               |
| Cormorant . . . .              | Phalacrocorax carbo.      |
| Wandering Shearwater . . . .   | Puffinus cinereus.        |

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