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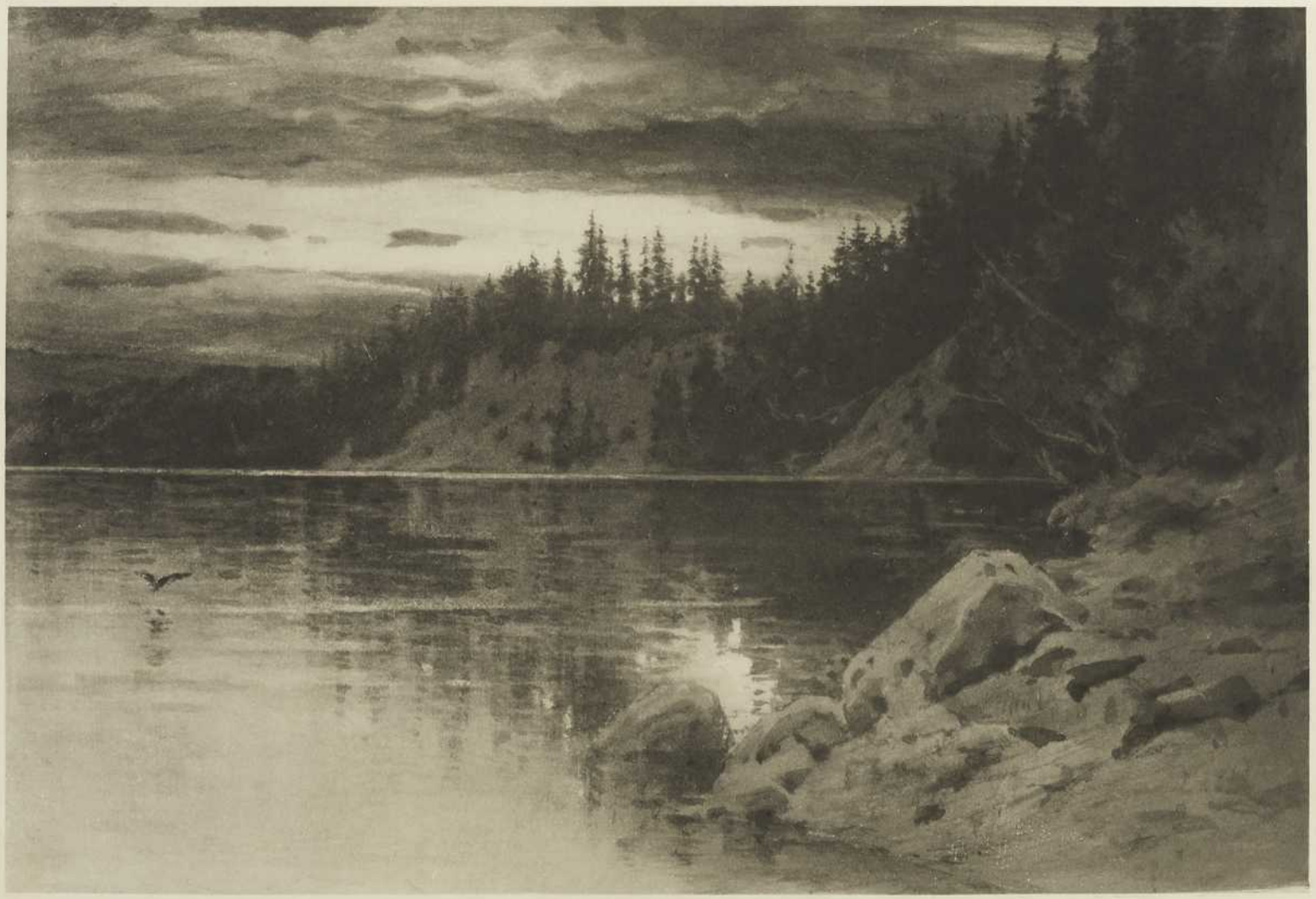
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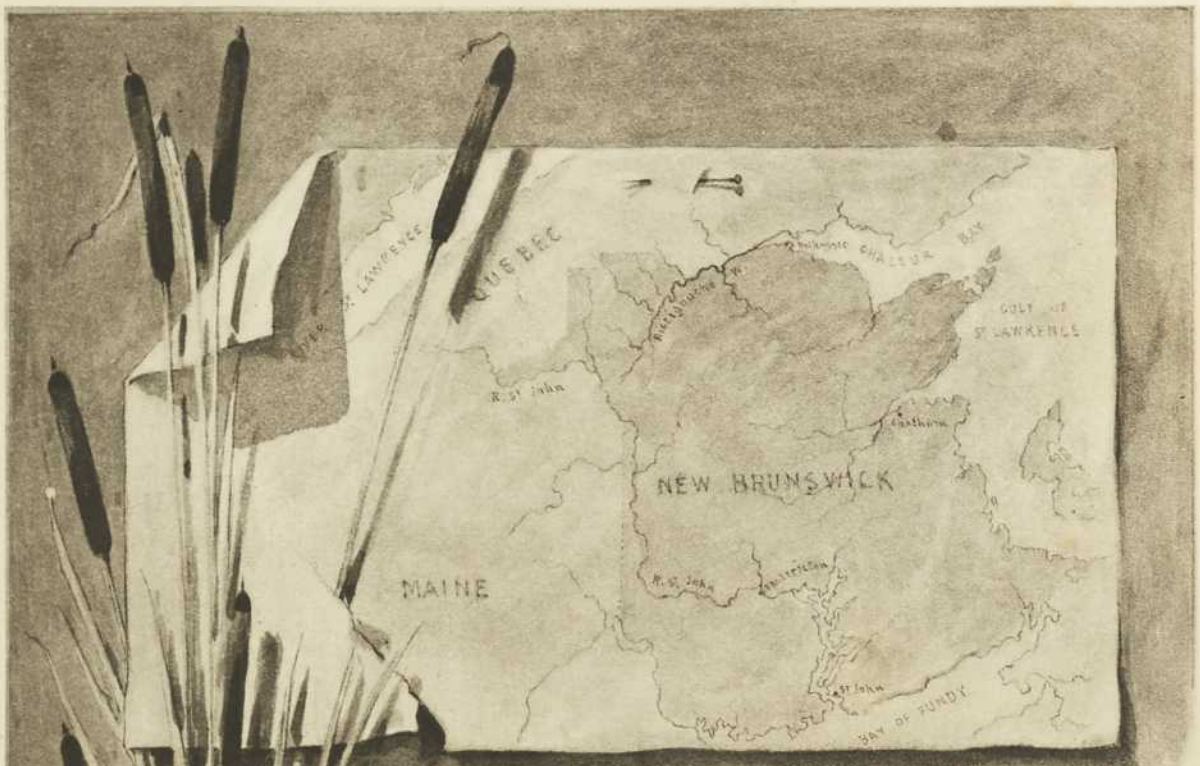
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THE RISTIGOUCHE

AND ITS

SALMON FISHING

WITH A CHAPTER ON ANGLING LITERATURE

By DEAN SAGE

EDINBURGH

DAVID DOUGLAS, CASTLE STREET

M DCCC LXXXVIII

TO

MY FATHER

TO WHOM I OWE THE LEISURE WHICH

HAS ENABLED ME TO WRITE IT

I DEDICATE

THIS BOOK



PREFACE

In order that any favour which this Volume may meet shall be ascribed to its rightful sources, I wish to make this Preface a vehicle for stating that to my friend David Douglas is due, more than to any one else, its chief merits—viz., those of illustration and publication.

Others, with myself, have furnished the materials. He, with a personal interest and zeal far beyond any business relations, has done the building; and I am sorry I cannot express in a more than this semi-public way my thanks for this labour of love he has gone through on my behalf.

To the artist contributors I have also to express my sincere obligations, both for what they have done, and, in some cases, for special acts of kindness in connection with their work.

I would further say that since the text of this Book was completed in 1886, some additions have been made to our knowledge of the habits of the salmon, and certain facts which then had the merit of newness have now assumed the respectability of age.

D. SAGE.

Albany, N. Y., *December* 1887.

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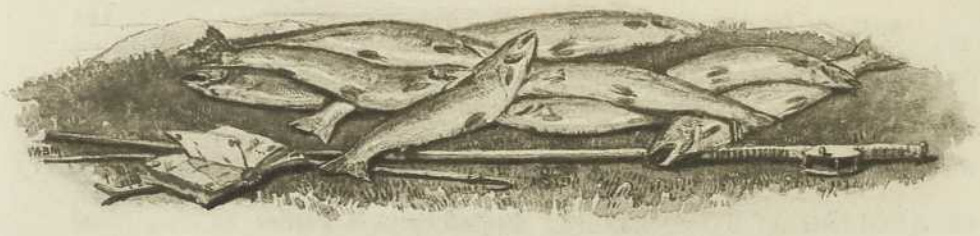
69. SALMON FISHING—

"In Rivers swift, your Salmon are great store,
Where with vast nets, they often bring to shore,
"Many of them, and divers other Fish
Which when well drest, fit for A Prince's dish."

"SALMON FISHING from Seuerall Wayes of HUNTING, HAWKING AND FISHING, ACORDING TO THE ENGLISH MANNER. Invented by FRANCIS BARLOW. Etched by W: Hollar." Engraved in facsimile by Annan and Swan 234

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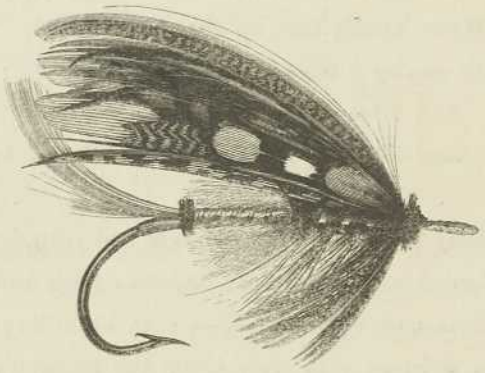
CHAPTER I

I count it better pleasure to behold
  The Goodly Compasse of the lofty Skye,
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
  The flaming chariot of the World's great eye;
The Watry clouds that, in the Ayre uprold,
  With sundry kindes of painted collours flie;
    And fayre Aurora, lifting up her head,
    And blushing rise from old Thitonus' bed.

. . . . . .

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
  Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and greene
In whose cool bours the birds with chaunting song
  Do welcome with their Quire the Summer's Queene;
The meadowes faire, where Flora's gifts among
  Are intermixt the verdant grass between,
    The Silver skaled fish that softly Swimme
    Within the brookes and Cristall watry brimme.

J. D., *Secrets of Angling*, 1630.





THE RIVER



THE Ristigouche River, which forms the dividing line between the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, is over 200 miles in length, with four large tributaries, each more than 60 miles long. It flows in a generally north-east direction, and broadens very gradually near its mouth into the Bay of Chaleurs.

It is a noble stream, with no falls or rapids in its whole course that a canoe cannot surmount. Its numerous windings and abrupt turns, so favourable for forming good salmon pools, also give a variety and choice of beautiful scenery which it is rare to find on any river. There is no mile of the Ristigouche above Matapedia which has not some peculiar charm of its own, outside of the wonderful clearness of its waters and the different forms they assume in their rapid journey to the great Gulf of St. Lawrence,—from the long flat, where they move with a glassy and tranquil smoothness, but a swiftness that has to be felt to be recognised, to the pools, with their thousand little ripples

dancing in the sunlight, the white-crested rapid with its waves of might, and the swirling eddies rushing over the rock-strewn bottom, where the great salmon rest on their upward way. Of these captivating interruptions to an uniform flow the Ristigouche has an unusual number, which account largely for its excellence as an abiding-place for salmon. Indeed we wonder why any of the fish which enter its mouth turn off into the brown stream of the Matapedia, or the slender thread of the Upsalquitch.

There are but few pools of the Ristigouche that can be fished from the shore, the hardest, but withal the pleasantest way of angling. From the shore one can follow a pool down its length with a certainty of covering every inch of it; and if, by a proper application of skill and generalship, one kills a fish, the fact that this has been done without even indirect aid adds much to the angler's satisfaction.

Until the completion of the Inter-Colonial Railway, the Ristigouche could only be reached by ascending the St. John waters, crossing the Waugan Portage, and coming down the Waugan Creek, which flows into its head waters; by road from the French settlements on the Gulf coast in the direction of Quebec; or from Dalhousie, on the Bay of Chaleurs, by road, a distance of near 30 miles. The last-named was the easiest way, but still a long journey, made from Point du Chene by the Gulf Port steamers.

In those days a local magnate—Dan Fraser—kept a hotel at Matapedia, 14 miles from the mouth of the river, and claimed and exercised a prescriptive right in the great Matapedia pool. The river, after its protection was undertaken by the Government about 1870, was leased from Matapedia to Patapedia to

Mr. Sandford Fleming, and from Patapedia up to Mr. Bridges; and any gentleman who undertook the journey there could be sure of getting permission to fish, the head guardian being instructed by the generous lessees to grant it upon application. Before the expiration of these leases, and when the railway made Matapedia easily accessible, a club of forty gentlemen was formed in New York, which, under the name of the Ristigouche Salmon Club, acquired possession from Fraser of his farm and hotel, and a lease of the Matapedia pool, which yields steady fishing all the season for six or eight rods. The club changed the old tavern into a very comfortable house, and by tearing down, adding on, and a thorough cleansing, altered the appearance of the place from its ancient one of dirt and shiftlessness to one of thrift and neatness.

Shortly after the expiration of the first leases, about 1880, a case which had been for some time in the courts was decided, and took from the Dominion Government the right it had always exercised over the waters of the Provincial rivers and gave it to the riparian owners. The decision rendered void the leases of waters in front of lands owned by individuals, and of these leases there were quite a number on the Ristigouche, the river on the second leasing having been divided into about a dozen sections. The lessees of those who had paid for the first year's occupancy lost not only their fishing, but in most cases their money, which the Government refused to pay back.

Since the establishment of the rights of the riparian owners to the water, the Ristigouche Club has acquired a large portion of the best fishing on the river, and has put up on the upper waters several small houses for the temporary accommodation

of its members. There are also six or eight individual owners of pieces of water; some of the settlers have refused to sell out their fishing rights, preferring to rent them from year to year, and the Provincial Government still owns a good deal of land along the river which it does not grant without excepting the riparian right.

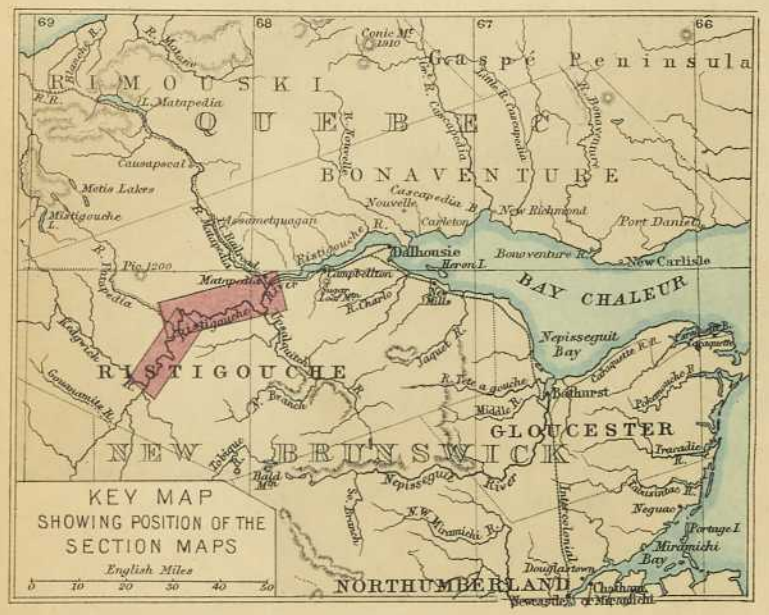
The Club exercises a bountiful hospitality towards all going up the river, which is the more grateful as there is no hotel at Matapedia, and it is gradually getting the substantial management of the execution of the fishery regulations for the entire length of the river and its tributaries.

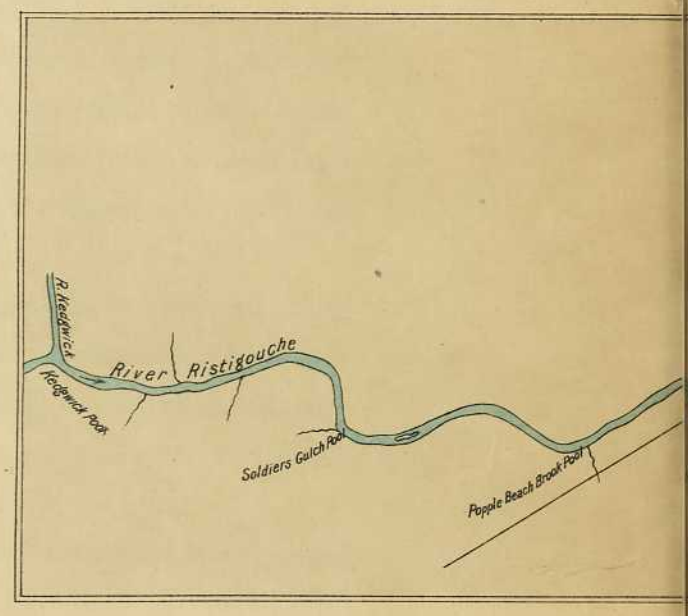
There are half-a-dozen owners of land along the Ristigouche who have built camps or lodges by their waters, which they inhabit during the angling season. Of these, two are quite imposing as well as comfortable buildings; Mr. M'Andrew's at Hero's Rapid, and Captain Sweny's below the mouth of the Upsalquitch. Camp Albany, owned by Mr. Olcott and Mr. Lansing, is indeed somewhat handicapped by its geographical location at Toad Brook; but the wild and romantic beauty of the site is an ample compensation for its unromantic name.

The distances from Matapedia to the principal points, though these do not represent half the pools, are as follows:—

	MILES.
Matapedia to Upsalquitch, ...	$6\frac{3}{4}$
Upsalquitch to Brandy Brook, ...	$5\frac{3}{4}$
Brandy Brook to Toad Brook, ...	$4\frac{1}{4}$
Toad Brook to Cheater's Brook, ...	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Cheater's Brook to Chamberlain Shoals Brook, . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Chamberlain Shoals Brook to Grindstone Brook, . .	$0\frac{3}{4}$
Grindstone Brook to Two Brooks, ...	$1\frac{1}{2}$

MAP OF A SECTION OF THE

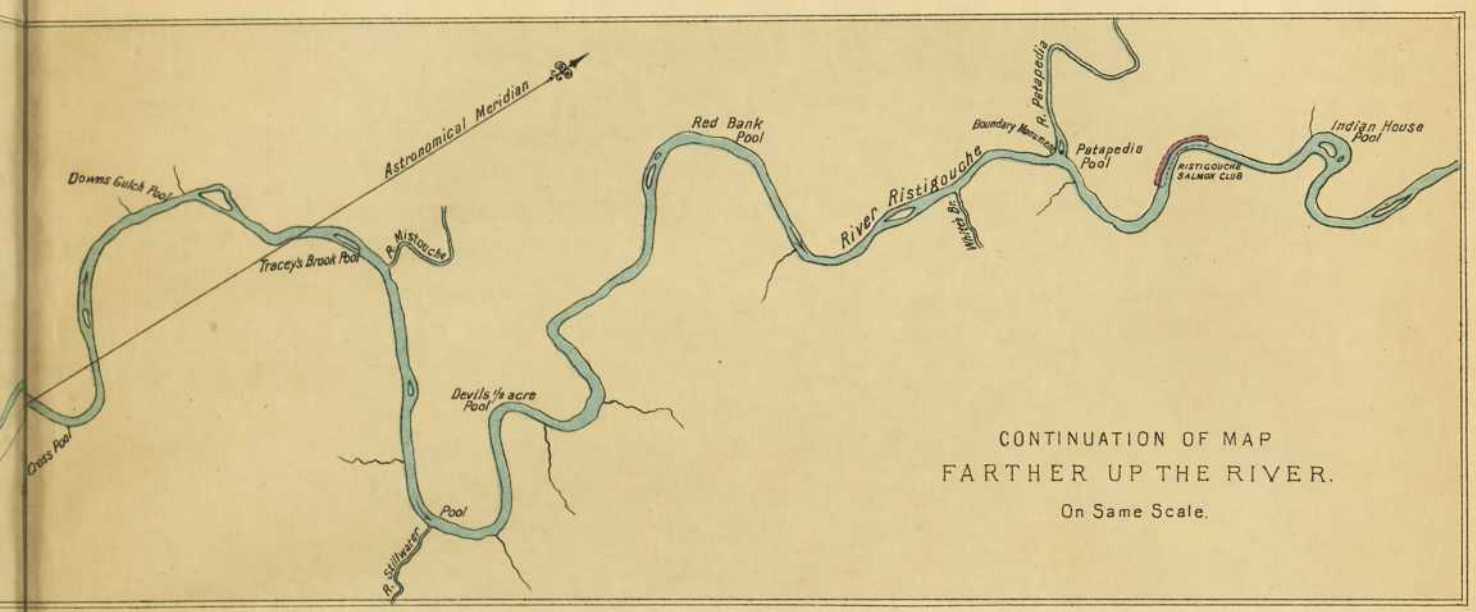


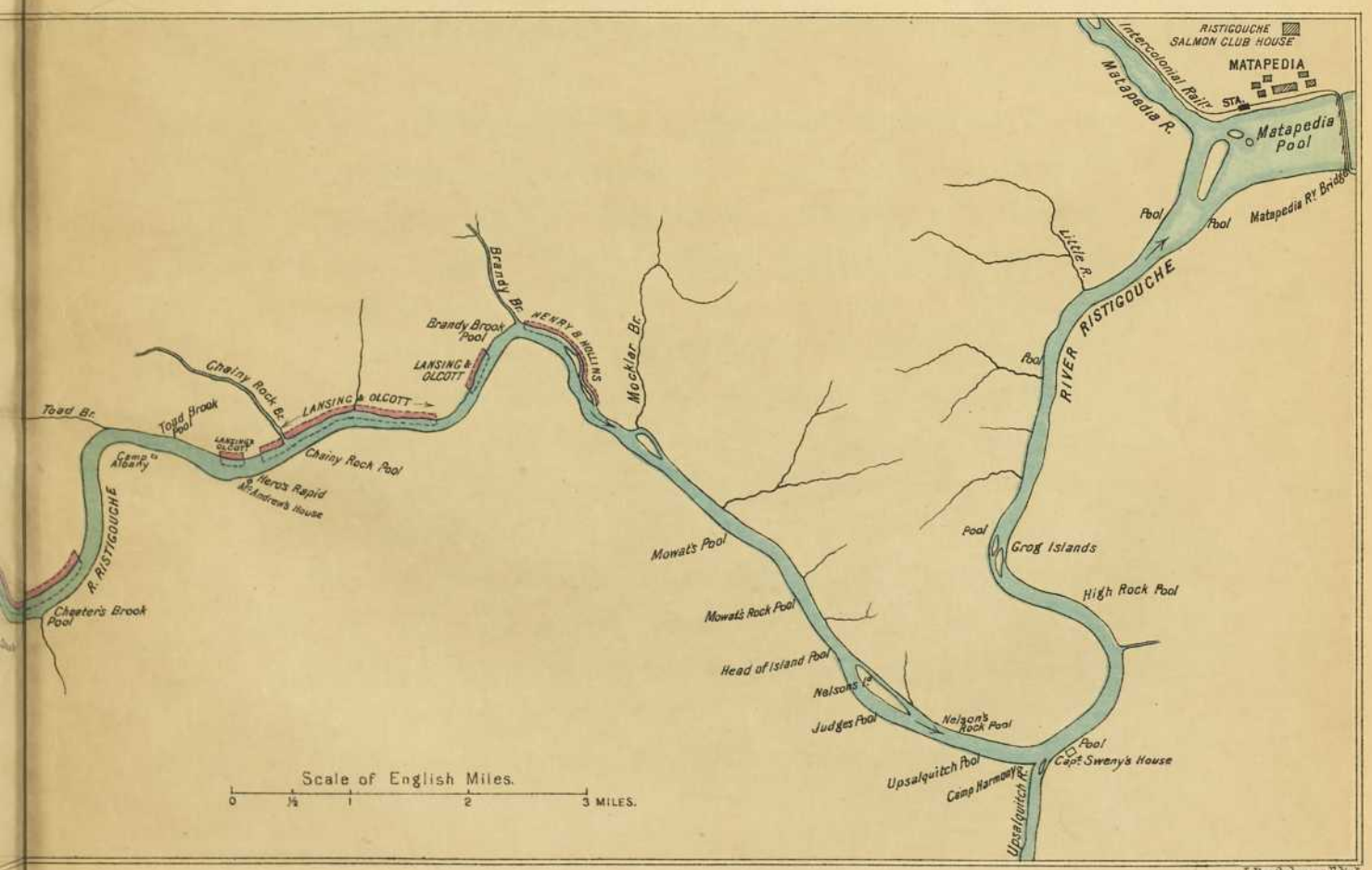




COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL MAPS

THE RIVER RISTIGOUCHE





J. Bartholomew, Edin.r

IN CROWN LANDS DEPARTMENT

	MILES.
Two Brooks to Red Pine Brook,	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Red Pine Brook to Tom's Brook,	3
Tom's Brook to Pine Island,	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Pine Island to Cross Point,	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Cross Point to Indian House,	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Indian House to Patapedia,	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Patapedia to White's Brook,	$0\frac{3}{4}$
White's Brook to Red Bank,	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Red Bank to Devil's Half Acre,	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Devil's Half Acre to Stillwater,	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Stillwater to Tracey's Brook,	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Tracey's Brook to Down's Gulch,	2
Down's Gulch to Upper Cross Point,	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Upper Cross Point to Popple Beach Brook,	2
Popple Beach Brook to Soldier's Gulch,	2
Soldier's Gulch to Kedgwick,	$2\frac{1}{2}$

The arable land near the Ristigouche is limited in extent, being composed of occasional small 'flats,' originally formed by changes in the bed of the stream. These give to the eye a pleasant change from the general feature of the grander steeps which rise straight from the water's edge.

The flats, for a distance of five miles above Matapedia, are usually cultivated by a hardy race of Scotch descent, of which the men go into the logging camps in winter, and vary their small farming operations with an occasional drift when the salmon are running.

There is now on the river about as much population as the soil will yield a very poor living for, and no form of agriculture yet known will make the rocky spruce-clad hills worth the cost of clearing them.

There are half a dozen, perhaps more, good pools on the

Ristigouche below Matapedia. Several of them are owned by an association called the Mic-Mac Club, which has lately built a fine-looking house near the water.

The Matapedia pool begins a little above the junction of the Ristigouche and Matapedia rivers, and extends a short way below the bridge of the Inter-Colonial Railway. It is by far the best pool in the river, combining in one sheet of water every condition for the happiness of salmon and of the angler. It is good in high water and in low, and hardly a salmon which reaches its alternation of cool depths and rippling bars but yields to these charms, and stops for a day or two on his journey. Great numbers stay there all summer, and spawn above and below; and as the weather grows warmer, they can be seen in companies lying on the sweet run of water under the bridge, undisturbed by the thundering of the heavy trains above their heads.

In the days of Fraser I have known of forty salmon being taken from this pool in one day; but there were twenty anglers at work, and probably more fish lost than saved. There are several good pools in the next six miles of the river to the Upsalquitch. The Club owns all of much account to Grog Island, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, where there is a fair piece of water, the property of the widow Ullyutt, and under lease. Two miles above, and reaching thence to the mouth of the Upsalquitch, is a good stretch, including part of the High Rock pool, belonging to Captain Sweny, who also owns a considerable portion of the New Brunswick frontage above Camp Harmony for $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, including the stretch in front of Nelson's house, the Judge's pool, and what is known as the Boat House pool, which is good in high water.

The Camp Harmony fishing consists of the Upsalquitch pool, formed by the junction of that river and the Ristigouche, three miles of water above on the Quebec side, and the upper mile opposite the New Brunswick side. The Upsalquitch pool is pretty nearly worth all the rest of it; as, like the Matapedia, its combinations of deeps and shallows, eddies and rapids, make it, on a smaller scale, an abiding-place for fish the whole season. A mile above is Nelson's Island, and below that Nelson's Rock pool—a fair piece of water, at its best when the river is moderately full. At the top of Nelson's Island, a mile further, is a long flat, at the upper end of which is Mowat's Rock pool. This is an excellent piece of fishing, and salmon are always to be found in some part of it, until the water gets low in the smoothly-flowing portion, extending from a great rock projecting into the river a short distance above the head of the Island to the rippling stream below Mowat's Rock. As the river diminishes in volume the fish seek the deep and rapid flow at the rock itself, which forms an ideal salmon pool.

There are always, however, some to be seen lying near the mouth of a little brook above the lower rock in three feet or less of water; but with that depth, and the oily smoothness of the surface, it is very hard to get a rise out of them. Thirty rods above Mowat's Rock begins the last pool of the Camp Harmony waters, and a good one it is. It has been called Mowat's pool from being in front of Mowat's house, and is a long smooth stretch like the one below it, ending in a rapid, just at the head of which salmon lie at low water. There is about half-a-mile of it, and it furnishes good fishing for two rods. Two and three-quarter miles above are the two pools of the Brandy Brook water, owned by Dr. Mason and Mr.

Fearing, who have a house there, nestled under a great mountain at a beautiful turn of the river, and with an icy brook leaping alongside. The pool in front of the house, though not the better of the two, is a lovely bit of water, and with its fellow yields great sport at times.

In 1883 Dr. Mason gave permission to Captain Sweny's son and mine, lads of fifteen and sixteen, to go up there and fish for a couple of days. They had been a short time with us, and had each killed a few salmon.

They started off in great glee at the idea of having some water all to themselves, instead of such as their elders chose to leave them, and the second morning after their departure reappeared at Camp Harmony the happiest boys in the Provinces. They brought with them thirteen salmon, averaging just 26 lbs. each, three of them weighing 31½, 35, and 37 lbs. They had hooked and lost about as many more, and reported lots of fish left.

As soon as the news reached the club two of the gentlemen started for Brandy Brook, but got there too late; the fish had moved on or wouldn't rise.

From Brandy Brook up there is a good portion of the river which has never been fished enough to ascertain definitely its capacities. At Chain of Rocks, a mile and a half above, the river has forced its way for half-a-mile through a granite wall, flowing in numerous channels, separated by the still unsubdued masses of stone, around which the turbulent streams seethe and hiss in impotent fury.

These rocks are worn by the water and ice into many strange shapes, and one wonders how the river ever found its way through them. There is a beautiful and good pool at the

foot of Chain of Rocks, and about a mile above you reach Hero's Rapid, which is, I think, the heaviest on the river. Just in the middle the foaming waves run five or six feet high, and make a bit of dangerous navigation to the canoes which do not choose the less turbulent currents at either side. This rapid is owned, one side each, by Mr. M'Andrew, who has built a fine house on the New Brunswick shore at the upper end, and the occupants of Camp Albany, a mile further, Messrs. Lansing and Olcott. It gives very good fishing; and a few years since Mr. John Wilmot killed there in one afternoon ten salmon, the smallest above 20 lbs., as I now recollect, and the largest 42 lbs., average near 30 lbs.

These were all taken on a single gut casting-line, and with one fly tied for the occasion by the angler, and every fish hooked was killed.

The pattern of this fly has been perpetuated, and it is now known as the 'Wilmot.'

A long curve in the river brings you to Camp Albany, perched high up on the side of a precipice, with a good pool in front. This is known by the name of Toad Brook. The owners have also a good piece of water a short distance above. The next nine miles contain a number of pools, and probably as many more whose capacities await development—Cheater's Brook, Chamberlain's Shoals, Grindstone Brook, Two Brooks, Red Pine Mountain, and others. Tom's Brook, the upper one a heavy piece of water, is the best known, and a capital pool. Pine Island, a long, smoothly-moving stretch, a mile and a half further, is also excellent; and an hour's poling from there brings you to Cross Point, one of the most beautiful places on the river, and which disputes with Indian House and

Patapedia the claim of being the best pool on the upper waters. It is long and deep, full of dancing ripples and curious little eddies, and holds fish early and late. It is owned by Mr. Sandford Fleming of Ottawa, but fished by the club under an arrangement with him.

There are several good little pools in the 2½ miles between here and Indian House. This famous pool is much smaller than Cross Point, and a portion of it very much deeper than one would suppose salmon would take the fly in—but this is an exception; and for ease of fishing, the quantity and size of fish, it is unsurpassed by any piece of water of its length on the river. Messrs. Samuel and John Wilmot have one half of it along with their waters above and below, and the other half is held by the club.

Patapedia pool, three miles further on, is at the junction of the main river and the Patapedia, which is one of its largest tributaries, and is reserved for a breeding river.

The club has half of this pool, indisputably the second best one of the Ristigouche, and twenty miles of the Patapedia River. This unfished and almost unexplored stream is a perfect paradise for salmon, all of those gaining it being comparatively out of harm's way. I have never been up there, but learn from those who have, that the pools in July and later are swarming with salmon, all of them large. They are to be seen in schools, sometimes in water so shallow that when moving their back fins will show above the surface. Long may it be ere the drifter and spearer, or even the angler, invade this haven of rest for the poor fish, which everywhere else in their travels are subjected to such relentless persecution! Bears, moose, and caribou also abound along the Patapedia,



INDIAN HOUSE POOL
Etching by STEPHEN PARRISH.

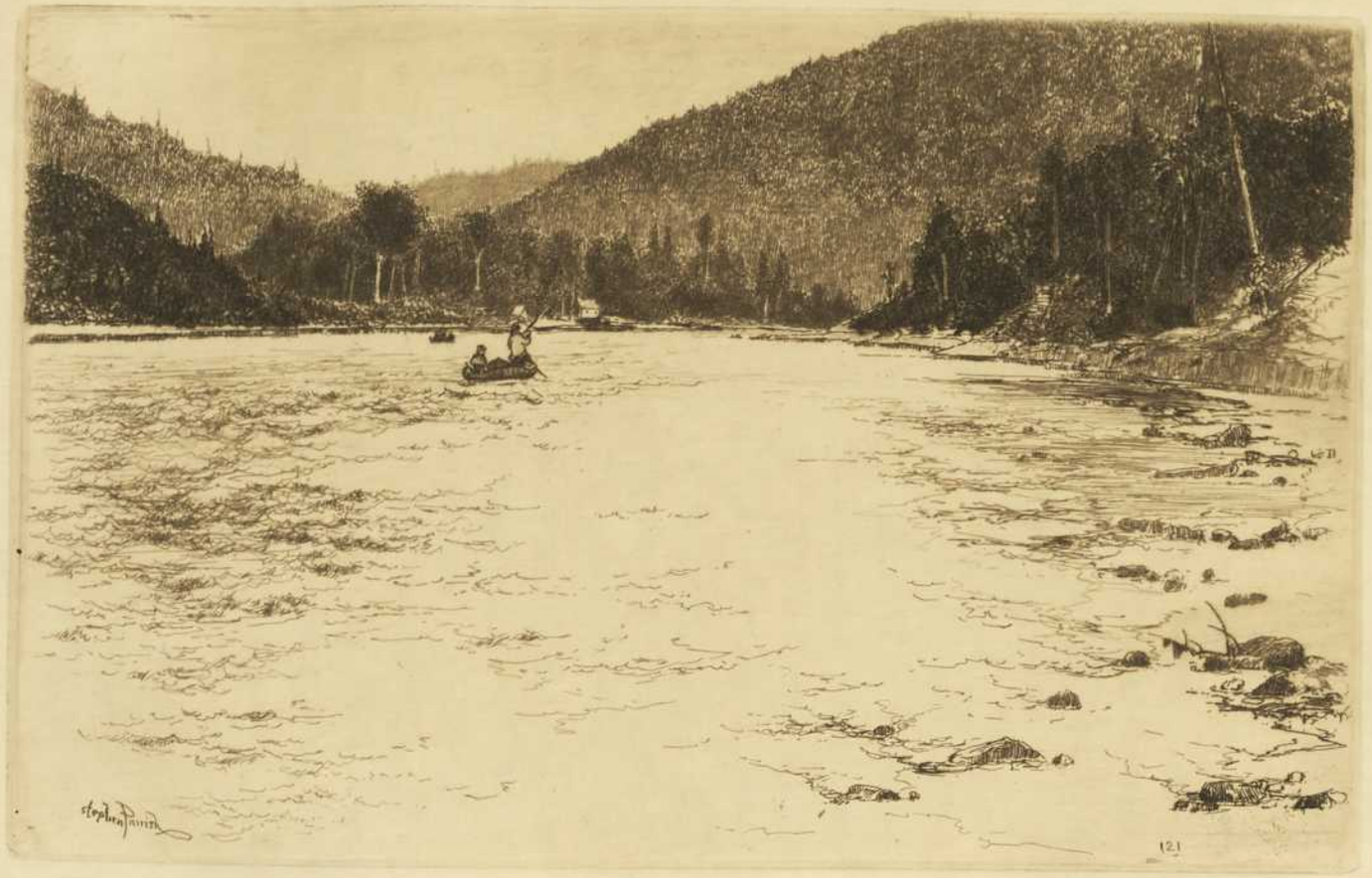
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INDIAN HOUSE POOL.
Etching by Stephen Parrish.



where the hunter seldom penetrates. Red Bank and Devil's Half Acre are both inside of eight miles above Patapedia, and smaller pools, though perhaps for their size quite as good. The arrangement of the cliffs above the latter, whence its name, is peculiarly wild and savage.

Tracy's Brook, a considerable stream about four miles further on, forms, at its junction with the Ristigouche, a wonderful resort for sea-trout, and the fishing there in August and September is simply wonderful. Four and five pounds are not at all an uncommon weight, and I have heard of two, of 6 and 7½ lbs. respectively, being taken at once on an 8 oz. rod.

It is a little over eight miles from there to the last pool of importance, and one of the best on the river, the Kedgwick. There the river splits in two divisions of about equal size, of which the Kedgwick is one. The pool is owned by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Drummond, but the club uses it part of the season. The great majority of the salmon which ascend above this point take the Kedgwick, and this stream has to be carefully watched to prevent the inroads of drifters from the upper St. John waters. There are a great many other excellent known pools above Cross Point, and in fact below it, which I have not specified, and I think numerous other resting-places for fish that have not yet been discovered at all. The large pools yield such abundance of sport for the comparatively small number of anglers who go to the upper waters that they have not taken the trouble to develop new ones. The small fish, those under about 20 lbs., seem to remain in the lower stretches of the river; and the average weight of those from, say Tom's Brook, upward, would be several pounds more than that of those taken below. Large salmon, of course,

remain in the river and spawn all the way down to tide water; but the small Ristigouche salmon seem nearly all to stay in the lower part of the river, and very few of the Upsalquitch fish, which average in the neighbourhood of eight pounds, are found above the mouth of that stream, which they ascend in July. While they are running a good many are taken in the Ristigouche, and give excellent sport for their size, being small-headed, short, thick fish, very strong and active. The Matapedia fish—which are longer than those of the main river, as the Ristigouche is called, and of a different shape—have unfortunately decreased very much in numbers for the past few years. The efforts which have been made to re-stock that river with fry of the Ristigouche salmon have thus far proved unsuccessful, and it is the opinion of John Mowat, who has had charge of the business, that the natives of the Ristigouche will not thrive in the brown waters of the Matapedia.



MIC-MAC WIGWAM
Etching by Mrs. A. Lea Merritt.

CHAPTER II

He makes his way with speed and ease
  Through woods that show the noonday star,
The moss-grown trunks of oldest trees
  His lettered guide-books are.

. . . . .

Needs he a fire? The kindling spark
  He bids the chafed wood reveal.
Lacks he a boat? Of birchen bark
  He frames a lightsome keel.

EDITH THOMAS.

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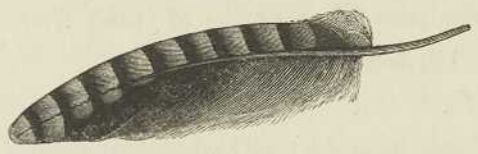


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CANOES AND INDIANS



HE bark canoe is of all things that float the most graceful and picturesque. It is the embodiment of the mysterious spirit of the forest, the emblem of the lonely wood-encircled lakes and the wild crystal rivers they feed. The art of canoe-making the Indians consider a gift to them from God, and believe the first canoe ever made was of the exact model now used. There are slight variations in the canoes of different tribes, necessary for adaptation to the streams and lakes on which they are used, but the substantial elements of all are alike, and neither the memory of man nor tradition gives a hint of the time when the canoe was not as it now is. Ages ago the first one came perfect from the hands of its maker, and its evolution stopped long before the white man set his foot on the shores of the new world.

Not a single product of civilisation is required by the

Indian canoe-builder. The birch yields the covering, the cedar the ribs, the roots of the tamarack or hemlock the cohesive forces, and with the resin of the pine or spruce for the caulking, and the juniper—that toughest of wood—for the bars, comprise all the materials for that creation of lightness, beauty, fragility, and endurance, which greets the eager water with a kiss light as thistledown, and floats airily, without a ripple, on its course, as if afraid its weight would vex the friendly river.

I hope I may be excused from quoting here entire the description of the canoe from *Hiawatha*, as accurate as it is beautiful—

Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree !
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper.

. . . . . .

Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me !

. . . . . .

Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree !
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !

. . . . . .

Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree !
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the river may not enter,
That the river may not wet me.

. . . . . .



ALMOST LANDED
Original Etching by C. A. PLATT.

Indian canoe-builder. The birch yields the covering, the cedar the ribs, the roots of the tamarack or hemlock the cohesive forces, and with the resin of the pine or spruce for the seaking, and the juniper—that toughest of wood—for the bars, complete all the materials for that creation of lightness, beauty, fragility, and endurance, which greets the eager water with a kiss light as thistledown, and floats airily, without a ripple, on its course, as if afraid its weight would vex the friendly river.

I hope I may be excused from quoting here entire the description of the canoe from *Hiawatha*, as accurate as it is beautiful—

Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!

Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the water may not wet me!

Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the river may not enter,
That the river may not wet me.

ALMOST LANDED
Original Etching by C. A. PLATT.



Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!

. . . . . .

Thus the birch-canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

These wonderful structures—for it is an insult to call them boats—one of the few remaining links that connect us directly with the early races of this continent—have not been matched by civilised man in their adaptability for their various uses in ascending or descending rapid streams, portaging or capacity, any more than for grace or beauty. The Mic-Mac canoe is usually from eighteen to twenty-two feet long, rather lower at the ends, and of greater beam, than the canoe of the lakes. It is very steady and staunch, and is equally suitable for poling up the heavy rapids of the rivers or cruising the turbulent waters of the Bay of Chaleurs.

Watch a canoe being pushed up-stream, and you wonder at the ease with which it seems to surmount—not cut through—the foaming waters, which glide away beneath its smooth and rounded bottom as if unwilling to exert their forces against such a friend; and, looking behind, it is hard

to realise that the strong rough currents have been overcome so quietly.

The management, of course, has much to do with it, as can easily be proved by trying to pole one. The poling is commonly done by two Indians standing in the bow and stern, and using poles made from spruce saplings, which grow of exactly the right size, and only need to have the bark removed, knots smoothed down, and be furnished with sharp iron sockets. It is a very difficult accomplishment to pole a canoe at all, and still more difficult to do it well. There is a certain kind of swing that has to be learned in order to make the pole leave and enter the water correctly, and the centre of gravity must be maintained on the very small base afforded by the narrow end of the canoe so exactly, that the frequent slipping of the pole from the round stones at the bottom shall not affect it, nor the unexpected twists and dodges of the light bark as it encounters some sudden turn in the current or puff of wind. The skilful poler meets all these emergencies successfully as if by instinct, and without apparent effort. He never loses his balance, never seems in a hurry, and always works in perfect unison with his mate—apparently without seeing him—the poles of both striking the bottom at the same instant, and moving like parallel rulers when in and out of the water. It is the most attractive and expert form of navigation I know of, and seems, at first sight, one of the easiest.

For fishing, the canoe is perfect; the low ends never interfere with casting, and on its rounded curves (there are no sharp ones) the line does not foul; it is very steady, can be held with a light anchor, and can be stopped, started, turned, or

held in quick water, by the poles, with the greatest ease.

In fishing a salmon pool the canoe is anchored at the top, and dropped down a length or two after each cast is gone over. The anchor rope is managed by the man in the stern, and has sometimes attached to the end of it, in the canoe, a small cedar buoy which is thrown overboard when a fish is hooked, instead of raising the anchor. This enables the canoe to get under way sooner, and also indicates exactly the spot to return to —a very important thing sometimes in the long even flowing pools where small differences in location are hard to be distinguished.

As soon as a fish is hooked the anchor is pulled in, or the buoy thrown over, by the Indian at the stern—the salmon generally hesitating a little before making his first rush—and the canoe paddled down as the fish goes until the angler can get ashore, when such is his purpose. Sometimes in a broad part of the river the fish crosses and runs up stream before a landing can be made, and then the poles have to be used to follow him until he changes his course to a downward one.

For all this kind of work the bark canoe is unequalled; and long may it be ere its beautiful and harmonious colours cease to be reflected in the translucent waters of the Ristigouche, to ascend its impetuous rapids, and glide with quiet swiftness down its hurrying stream!

The Mic-Mac Indians are not, as was once said might be implied from the name, a cross between the Irish and Scotch, but the remnant of a former powerful tribe, whose domains extended for hundreds of miles along the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The most considerable number of these now live at the Mission of St. Anne de Ristigouche, opposite Campbellton at the mouth of the river. Their numbers are somewhere between three and four hundred, and are gradually decreasing.

The white settler on the Ristigouche and its tributaries 'drifts'[1] for salmon with great persistence and success. He has the moral support of the community, and, if not abetted by the guardians, suffers little annoyance at their hands. One night's work may yield him in fish, which he can readily dispose of for cash, more than half his season's farming; and if he has sold or leased his water to a stranger, there is additional piquancy in the harmless law-breaking. He is, however, dreadfully shocked at the idea of an Indian taking a salmon by spearing. Until about fifteen years since the Mic-Macs at the Mission depended for a large part of their subsistence on the salmon, which they got entirely with the spear; and when they were suddenly prohibited from exercising this immemorial right, they felt it to be the worst blow that the dominant race had ever inflicted. The poor creatures could not at first believe that the river was no longer theirs to fish, and that after a certain day it would be a crime to take their food from the waters which had always been free to them. After a few sad experiences from their violation of what they could not but consider a most unjust and cruel law, they submitted, and addressed themselves to the impossible task of extorting a living from the sterile farms they have at the Mission. Under the influences of whisky, natural improvidence, and the deprivation of their chief means of support, their extinction seems a matter of not a very long time. They

[1] Drifting is fully described in Chapter IV.

have, however, many desirable and very many attractive qualities to those who take the time and trouble to find them out.

Although lazy, and generally worthless at any regular labour, they are indefatigable in avocations containing an element of sport. They will help you fish all day in a driving rain, wet to the skin; lie out unsheltered through cold stormy nights; and do prodigious amounts of poling and paddling, not only without a murmur, but with enthusiasm, if it is all in pursuit of fish or game. Half-a-dozen of these same men in a comfortable camp, with plenty to eat, would grumble over every minute's work they were driven to do, and show an amount of persistent idleness and shirking almost incredible.

I have found them in every case in my experience perfectly honest and trustworthy; and although they have always had the freest sweep at my money, fishing tackle, and the thousand articles a careless man leaves lying loose about camp, I have yet to know of the first thing being taken—although, in their extreme poverty, the temptation of little articles must be great, and the least trifles given them are accepted with delight.

They have a most charming disrespect of persons or personages, and I am sure would accord no greater measure of deference to Queen Victoria, should she take a scow up to the Kedgwick, than they would to the Governor-General, the Princess Louise, to John Smith, or any other individual, however humble. It is said that old Larry Vicaire, now departed, who was in the canoe of the Princess Louise when she was on the Ristigouche, was annoyed by her persistence in standing up to cast, contrary to the wishes of her husband.

After vainly expostulating with her, the next time she arose Larry placed his hands on the royal shoulders, and forced their owner into a sitting position, with some allusion to the wishes of the 'ole man'—*i.e.* the Governor-General—on the subject.

On the same trip the Princess showed Larry a portrait of himself, for which he had been impatiently sitting to her, and asked his opinion of it. Larry looked at it for a moment indifferently, and said, 'Humph, dam ugly!' and walked off. This Larry was a noted story-teller among his compatriots, and his reputation as a humourist was such, that anything he told—and I fancy all of his stories were subject to repetition—was invariably hailed by his audience with shouts of laughter. We used to hear the Indians roaring and shouting in the wigwam, and on going out to find the cause, would be told that it was Larry's stories. After long trying, we induced the old man one evening to repeat a couple of them, and here they are:—

'From dis landin', 'bout tree, may be four mile, I s'pose dere 's a loggin' road. 'Bout nine year ago, in de fall, I was goin' down dat road with Archy Lodge, when we see big pine log lyin' right cross de road. Archy he say, "S'pose we have chop dat log to get team by." I say, "Yes, s'pose"; an' Archy he get off an' go to git de axe. Den dat tree he move right out de road, an' go trough de bush like de devil, an' break down maple saplin's big 's my arm. So 'twas a big snake.'

This being received with the proper applause, Larry was induced to recount the following personal experience, which we judge was as well known as it was interesting to the Indians:—

'One day las' year, atter the gentlemen went away, I tought I go up Apsequish (Upsalquitch); so I got up fur as here, an' stop to bile de kittle. When I was makin' fire, I foun' an' ole rusty knife; so I pick it up an' look at it, an' I see it was fus'-rate knife. So atter I eat my grub I hunt aroun', an' fin' turkey-stone[1]; den I go to work an' I sharpen dat knife, an' pretty soon I fin' dat de bes' knife I ever see, it cut a hair jes like a razor,—very good knife whatever. Den I lay down to sleep a little, an' bimeby I wake up an' I see a mouse eatin' away at de grub I lef on my tin-plate. So dat mouse, atter he fill hisself with grub, he lay down right on de plate an' he go to sleep.

'Bimeby he sleep very hard; den I take dis knife an' I begin shave dat mouse. I shave him very still like, an' de knife it so sharp he don't know it, an' lay still jes like he was dead. When I got one side dat mouse shaved, den I go to turn him over to shave tudder side. When I turn him over he jes kick out one hin' leg, den he lay still agin, an' I shave tudder side all right. An' when I got job all done I shake de plate a little, an' mouse wake up an' run off to his hole widout dam bit hair on him. Oh, dat very good knife! I keep him till dis spring, an' lose him when we bringin' up de supplies.'

We thought the illustration of the extreme keenness of the knife, by making the only stir of the mouse during the shaving be caused by turning him over, a very clever one.

The Mic-Macs are—according to the custom of Anglo-Saxons with inferior races—harshly and often brutally treated by their white neighbours, of whom they seem afraid, and to

[1] Whetstone.

whose extortions and roughnesses they submit in a quiet and uncomplaining way that is often pathetic. Most of them are devout Roman Catholics, and very attentive to all the feasts of the Church,—which spiritual banquets are about the only ones they can ever hope to share. The short fishing season is, to them, the luxury of the year—the sole portion of it when they have the chance of eating all they want of wholesome food; and they then show that wonderful capacity of stomach which is a marvel to the white man. As an instance not at all extraordinary, four Indians, to my knowledge, consumed in two days twenty pounds of salt pork, ten pounds of flour, three quarters of a bushel of potatoes, a pound of tea, and a gallon of molasses. This was at the beginning of the fishing, when they had just left the Mission, and were fresh from their ten months of semi-starvation. For these degenerate days such a feat is remarkable, though it appears trifling beside some of the gastronomic records of antiquity—as, for instance, that of the Roman Emperor Maximinus, who is said to have devoured in one day forty pounds of meat, washing down his feast with an amphora or two of the wine of the country. Still, were he in the field now, there are several Mic-Macs of my acquaintance whom I should like to see pitted against his Imperial Majesty for a pull of a fortnight on salt pork, potatoes, and salmon.

It seems a point of honour with the Indians to never lose the chance of a hearty meal, and every phenomenon of existence furnishes a proper occasion for this indulgence —retiring; waking up during the night; arising for the day; leaving camp on an errand, however trivial; returning from



BILIN' DE KITTLE
Drawn and etched by H. SANDHAM.

whose extortions and roughnesses they submit in a quiet and uncomplaining way that is often pathetic. Most of them are devout Roman Catholics, and very attentive to all the feasts of the Church—which spiritual banquets are about the only ones they can ever hope to share. The short fishing season is, to them, the luxury of the year—the solo portion of it when they have the chance of eating all they want of wholesome food; and they then show that wonderful capacity of stomach which is a marvel to the white man. As an instance not at all extraordinary, four Indians, to my knowledge, consumed in two days twenty pounds of salt pork, ten pounds of flour, three quarters of a bushel of potatoes, a quarter of tea, and a gallon of molasses. This was at the beginning of the fishing, when they had just left their Reserve, and were fresh from their last opportunity of victualling. For three days more they fished, and then returned to their homes, with only a few pounds of pork and flour, and a little tea and sugar. Now, this is considerable enough to appear trifling beside some of the gastronomic records of antiquity—as, for instance, that of the Roman Emperor Maximinus, who is said to have devoured in one day forty pounds of meat, washing down his feast with an amphora or two of the wine of the country. Still, were he in the field now, there are several Mic-Macs of my acquaintance whom I should like to see pitted against his Imperial Majesty for a pull of a fortnight on salt pork, potatoes and molasses.

It seems a point of honour with the Indians to never lose the chance of a hearty meal, and every phenomenon of existence furnishes a proper occasion for this indulgence—retiring; waking up during the night; arising for the day; leaving camp on an errand, however trivial; returning from

BILLY DE KETTLE.
Drawn and etched by H. SANDHAM.



the same; visits of friends,—for any Indian passing up and down the river would deem it a gross violation of social proprieties not to stop and 'bile de kittle' at every camp where his countrymen are employed. These visits are a dreadful strain on the larder of the angler, and have to be reckoned on as a large element in providing food for a camp. One day we had twelve come to us, with six friends, all of whom stopped for luncheon on their way up the river; and their stay being prolonged for several hours, they swept every ounce of edibles from the place, except a few canned things, and we were obliged to send to Matapedia that night for a fresh supply. Their powers of abstinence under necessity are remarkable, and they can endure hunger to a degree nearly equal with their prowess in appeasing it.

There is commonly to be observed in them a mental quality hard to describe, and which I have never seen except in Indians.

We had, as an example, for several years as cook one Jim Pole. To him the knowledge never came that we expected to have three meals on any particular day, simply because we had been in the habit of having them. He was always cheerful, and perfectly willing to cook a dozen dinners daily,—which I do not doubt he often did for the men; but if, before going to bed, we omitted to tell him that we wanted breakfast the next morning, and to specify the hour and every item of food for the meal, he would fail to furnish anything.

He never came for orders, nor did he ever practise his art without explicit directions. On one occasion, when we expected certain of the white natives, with their female relatives, to dinner, and wished to prepare a somewhat elaborate feast, after the

menu had been settled I remembered we had some canned green corn, and, summoning the cook, said, 'Jim, you may give us some of that corn for dinner.' 'Yes, Sir,' was the smiling response. But little did I think that he considered this order a constructive cancellation of the previous laboured ones, and great was my dismay when, on leading a blooming girl to the table, the only dish displayed was a huge one of canned corn. Jim was standing by highly pleased with his success, and when, with a horrible suspicion of the truth, I demanded the production of the rest of the dinner, his cheerful answer was, 'Well, you say git corn, an' so I git corn an' stop make tudder dinner.' There was no use in scolding him, as the fault was mine, and the banquet was apologetically postponed for an hour.

This necessity of giving the plainest and most definite instructions to get anything done applies to most Indians, and has to be recognised in order to get along well with them. You can have one wake you at six every morning for a month, and the first time you omit telling him specifically to do so you can sleep your head off without his interference, though he may know you have made every arrangement to go out half an hour later.

This does not come from laziness, indifference, or want of zeal, but from some peculiar form of imperfect mental development. Of course it is a fatal obstacle to success in the competitions of civilised life, and unfortunately seems to be quite as prominent in those having a mixture of white blood—and there are many of these—as in the pure red men.

The English of the Mic-Macs is, as a rule, scanty, and, being learned from the descendants of the Scotch settlers,

has many of their peculiar idioms. Their own language, when spoken, has a very soft sound—some of the words, as *adoarzo* (trout), *negado*, *napsado*, and others, seeming like Italian or Spanish,—though there are plenty of long harsh words too. However, the exceedingly gentle and low manner of speech takes away all effect of this, and their conversation is pleasant to listen to, although you may not understand a word of it. Some words are of the most portentous length. That for the rise of a fish is, 'Up-chil-mo-timp-ke-wail.' A ford is 'Usoogom-u-soog-we-dampk,' 'a wading-across place.' The names of places are in some instances very pretty when translated. The Peticodiac river, 'the river bends around in a bow'; the Pabos, 'playful waters'; Little River, Kesoos-kowastoogwek, 'flowing among hemlock boughs.' The names of the months are interesting:—January, 'frost fish month'; February, 'the snow-blinder'; March, 'Spring month'; April, 'egg-laying month'; May, 'month of young seals'; June, 'leaf-opening month'; July, 'month when sea-birds shed their feathers'; August, 'month when young birds are full fledged'; September, 'moose-calling month'; October, 'month when tame animals are fat'; November, *Skools* (this I can't get translated); December, 'chief month' (when Christmas comes).

The Mic-Macs are certainly the most amiable people in the world. They never seem to get angry at each other, even for the worst cases of carelessness or stupidity. I have seen a canoe ruined by the carelessness of the bowman in running it on a sharp rock, and the owner in the stern submit without a rising tone of voice even, though the canoe was his greatest possession. Other misfortunes, which would drive most white men into paroxysms of rage, don't affect them in the least.

They seem devoid of envy or uncharitableness, and never have anything bad to say of each other, and seldom of those who employ them. Taken altogether, I know of no more honest, gentle, generous, and inoffensive people than these Mission Indians. Although very poor, they are not envious of, and uniformly respect, the property of others; they submit without repining to their hard lot; bear the ill-treatment they receive with wonderful patience and lack of rancour; are grateful for any kindness; and are, moreover, natural sportsmen.

Most of them will get drunk when they have the chance to enjoy that bliss honestly, but they very rarely take any liquor from their employers. I have never known a drop to be extracted from Camp Harmony, though for weeks together the chance has been open to men I have seen staggering drunk half-an-hour after being paid off at Matapedia.

The Ristigouche will lose much of its charm when the faithful, improvident, lazy, and picturesque Mic-Macs no longer launch their light canoes on her broad bosom, and pole them in graceful and easy unison of swing up her stiff current, or erect along her bold shores their wigwams or shanties, which seem a product of the soil—growing from it, so consonant are they in form and colour with the unspoiled face of nature.

The Mic-Macs are much addicted to profanity; but even in its most complicated forms the practice of this vice with them is hardly offensive to the refined ear. They swear in a tone and manner wholly free from the taint of blasphemy, and innocently use oaths as a necessary part of speech. Even the clergy, and ladies who are thrown into contact with them, get accustomed to this feature wonderfully soon, and listen to all

ordinary forms of it without a shudder. So naturally and freely do the oaths flow from the untutored lips of the Indians that, together perhaps with the unaccustomed pronunciation, one hearkens to them without any feeling of hearing what is wrong or that injury, subjective or objective, is at all likely to result. I have, years ago, remonstrated with them on this subject, and they have promised to refrain; but perhaps ten minutes later, and when some purist was about, one would rip out a frightful string of oaths upon seeing a canoe pass by or a bird fly over. It was impossible to convey to them any idea of the morals of the thing, and so we have gradually accepted the swearing in the light of mild emphasising of social converse.

We had, in 1886, as a waiter and general servant at Camp Harmony, a youth of sixteen, the son of Alexis Marchand, our head man. Young Alexis resembled his father in being industrious for his race, intelligent, and willing, and after a month's training became very useful in supplying our wants—getting so that he didn't clean the knives on his trousers, ceased drawing corks with his teeth, and learned certain of the uses of a broom and of water. He was the best-tempered boy in the world, and his swearing seemed but the outward and visible sign of a soul bubbling over with good intentions. At breakfast, for instance, if asked to get an egg, or any other article in possibility, his smiling answer as he darted off on the errand was uniformly 'By G— I will.' In announcing the good fortunes of Mr. Lawrence's afternoon fishing, there would be an incidental accompanying damning of my friend, his men, the canoe, and the fish, uttered in the most suave manner, and all indicative of the highest

regard for the fisherman, and unbounded rejoicing at his success.

In quoting these innocuous profanities, even after fully explaining their charm, I feel that I cannot make them appear to the reader unfamiliar with the Mic-Macs at all as they do to those who hear them in their unstudied freshness and innocence. They certainly are not at all shocking, nor do they lead one to tremble for the souls of their authors.

A crew of Indians, expecting to be together though but for a few days, always chooses for itself, or has chosen by its employers, a head-man, who assumes to lay out and direct the work about camp for the others. Natural fitness for such a position does not seem to be any recommendation when the Indians themselves do the selecting, and the most austere of them is always a very easy master. In fact the 'head man' generally has to take most of the reproaches and do most of the work. His authority is seldom exercised, and when it is, is pretty uniformly disregarded. Lawrence and I for a number of years have had with us Alexis Marchand and Jacques Vicaire, each bringing with him his own second man. These have not always been the same.

Alexis is a pure-blooded Indian, and had he lived a hundred years ago would have been a man of mark in his tribe. He has a great deal of intelligence, ingenuity, and courage, an amiable disposition; but his face and manner indicate that he is a very unsafe man to trifle with. This is recognised by his white neighbours, who treat him with a respect they pay to no other Indian I know. Alexis has been the 'head man' at Camp Harmony ever since his first year there—Jacques being deposed in order to give him the place.



ALEXIS MARCHAND

Etching by Mrs. A. LEA MERRITT, after a drawing by Miss SAGE.

regard for the feelings and independent opinions of my sitters.

In quoting from complimentary notices, even after fully explaining their value, I feel that I should make them appear to the world [illegible] as they do to me [illegible] and innocent [illegible] they look, nor do they look [illegible]

A [illegible] through but for a [illegible] by its [illegible] about the [illegible] a [illegible] when the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] Yvonne [illegible] Yvonne [illegible]

[illegible] a [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and spanner indicate [illegible] with. This is recognised by [illegible] treat him with a respect [illegible] know. Alexis has been the [illegible] ever since his first year there—Jacques being [illegible] give him the [illegible]

ALEXIS MARCHAND
Etching by Mrs. A. Lea Merritt, after a drawing by Miss Sage.



Jacques is of mixed French and Indian lineage—a man now of near seventy, but still hardy and active. He is always cheerful and merry, incorrigibly lazy about everything but fishing, has a great fund of anecdote, and wonderful powers of conversation. He is a delightful companion, and I am very fond of him. He is considered by his fellows a man of wealth, from owning a cow and two horses—one of which, however, he sold for one hundred and twenty dollars last year—the financial exploit of his life—and is a wit of the first water. He is a great singer of quaint old Indian and French chants and ditties, and, at the Mission dances his humming of 'The devil among the tailors' is preferred by many to instrumental music.

He has the peculiarity of most Indians of refusing to tell his tales when asked directly, and I have found the only way is to let him take his own time, and pump him very delicately when he is in the humour. One of the best of his stories was told anent a visitor who had fished very ardently for several days without any result, because, although new to the business, he disdained to follow advice, and insisted on testing a dozen or so novel theories of his own gathered from his experience in catching chubs and perch in his native State.

'You know,' said Jacques to me as we were going up the river one morning, and passed the gentleman in question, who had a hand-line over one side of his canoe, and his rod in the bottom, with the fly just dangling over the top of the water, 'what we call new man? Tchich-e-tel-e-get. I tell you how we call him so. Well, one time Tchich-e-tel-e-get, dat's Kingfisher, he go to head man an' say he want to go

fishin'; so head man he give him advance—he give him fine blue an' white coat, fine big black cap an' peta-up-tchis-quon, dat mean long bill. Den Kingfisher he go to work fishin', an' he fish very hard ever sence, but have damn bad luck. He go down in water ten, twenty time in little while, an' he hard put to git a bit to eat himself; an' he 'fraid to go back to head man, 'cause he know damnation well he never ketch nuff fish to pay his fit-out. So I tink same with dat fellow like Tchich-e-tel-e-get, he fish, fish, fish here till winter, an' he never git nuff to pay his advance. So dat's why we give him name.'

The name has stuck, and the gentleman in question—who still comes to the river—is called Tchich-e-tel-e-get to this day by the Indians.

The following story Jacques told me one day when we had gone up to Mowat's Rock, and were waiting by the shore until the sun got off the pool:—'Long ago, grandfader of mine—he chief, name Miskega-Ta-am, he great Co (friend) wid de salmon, an' he talk wid dem. Sometime he go down to bottom of riber in tideway—he have coat from skin of young moose dat make him so he kin walk under de water jes like you walk on lan'—an' he talk in bottom of riber with de chief of all de salmon—he very big, long as canoe—an' he tell my grandfader how to git salmon when-eber he want him. And dis Saumo-blomo, dat 's chief salmon, he call all de salmon togeder, an' he say to dem, "Now, you go up Matapediac riber," an' tudder he tell go up main riber, an some up Apsequish; an' he show my grandfader dose salmon he kin spear. Well den, dose salmon dey do jes like Saumo-blomo tell dem; an' when tings all settled like, my

grandfader, he come up to de shore atter he say good-bye to Saumo-blomo, an' he hide his moose coat till nex' year. An' den he tell de Indians what he fin' out; and bimeby dey start up, 'bout ten, maybe twelve canoes, up far as mout Apsequish, an' nex' night dey spear down from dere an' git all canoes full salmon. But Miskega-Ta-am he not let dem go 'bove mout Apsequish tell atter twenty-nint dis mont (June). When dat time come dey camp on de pint an' have hell of a time; den dat night canoes go 'bove far 's de waterfall, 'bout five mile, you know, an' spears down an' git great fishin' whatever. Well, dat go on so for great many years. Saumo-blomo he come up tideway eb'ry spring an' have some talk wid Miskega-Ta-am, an' dey plenty salmon all de time. Bimeby white men come, an' first ting dey do is to kill Saumo-blomo; den pretty soon Miskega-Ta-am he die too—very, very ole—an' dey drift an' drift, an' spear salmon in de spawnin' beds, an' all ober, an' pretty soon very few salmon in riber; few, maybe some, once in while, but not like when Miskega-Ta-am an' Saumo-blomo dey work it.'

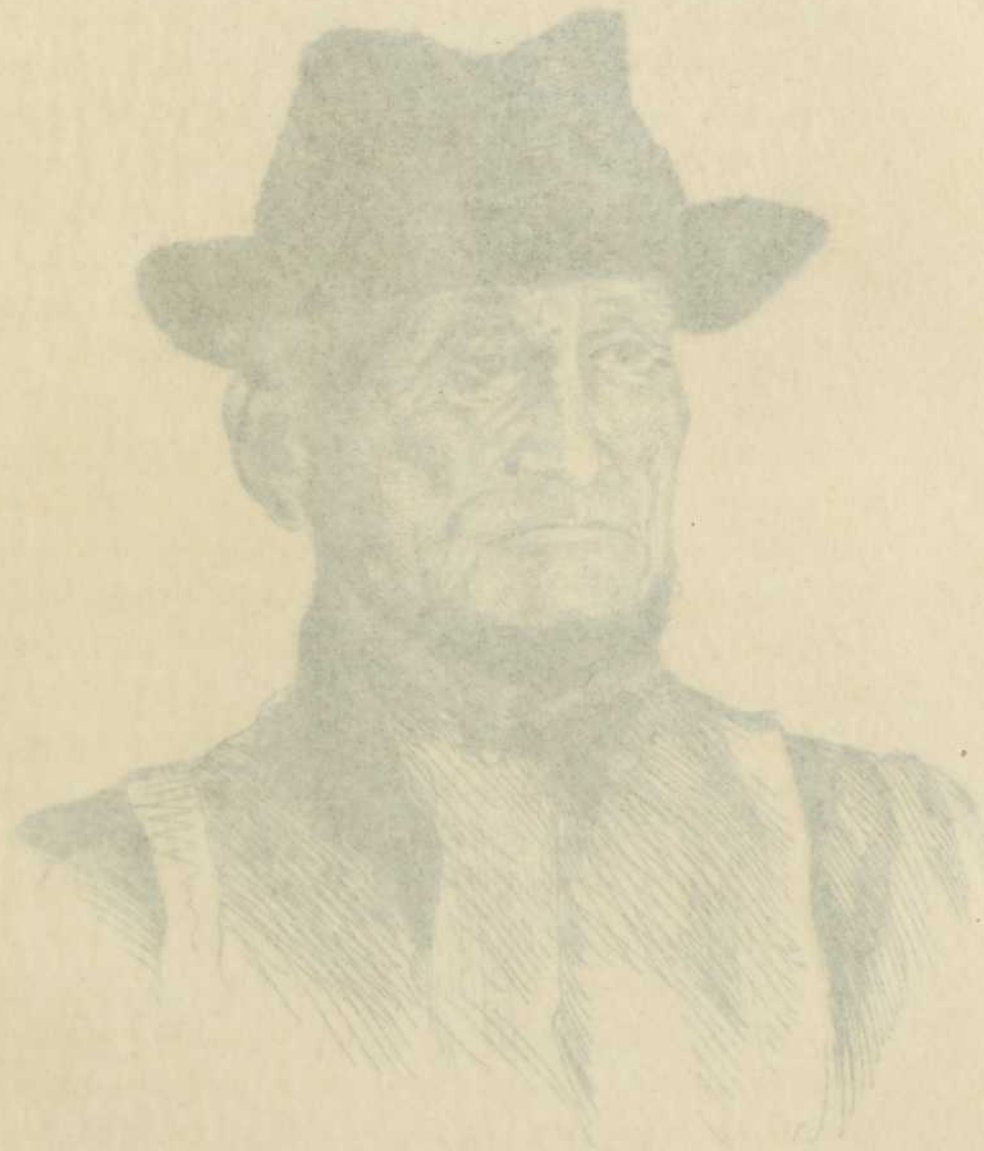
I used to carry with me, in the canoe, a note-book for the purpose of taking down at once Jacques' stories when he felt disposed to favour me. Talking one day about big salmon brought out the following:—

'Once I speared salmon fifty weight atter he split an' lay in canoe two day. Atter I spear him I have to jump out of canoe an' go ashore 'fore I lan' him. He dam long fish whatever—long 's dat gaff, an' tin (thin) like, almos' same black salmon. S'pose blood an' guts I take out him weigh five six pound, so he mor'n fifty weight. I spear dat fish way up riber in Jimmy's Hole. Well, one time I hear Mr. Hitcher

(Whitcher) tell gentlemans he see salmon in Red Bank pool long 's his canoe,—dat 's 'bout twelve feet I s'pose; but I tink dat dam lie. Nudder time I went up to Patapediac with two Indians atter bark. In de night we go out to git salmon for breakfas' nex' mornin', so we light flambeaux an' go down riber little ways. Pretty soon I see big black log in bottom—you know I tought dat; jes' as canoe go by dat log, Peter Sock he say "My God! dat 's salmon," so I look roun' an' I see his tail. Den we snub canoe an' pole up very still little ways, an' we come down over him very handy like, an' I see he so dam big I 'fraid to put spear into him—you see pole not very strong. Den we go back to shore an' cut new pole for spear; we put spear on dat pole an' go out to try him agin; but we can't fin' him at all, dough we hunt, hunt for 'bout two hour. Few days atter, John Capelin he saw dat salmon up Kidgwick, an' I sure it same salmon, for John he tink it ole log same as me.'

The Mission, as it is commonly called, or, more properly, St. Anne de Ristigouche, is opposite Campbellton, as near the mouth of the river as its very gradual broadening into the Bay of Chaleurs admits of that point being determined. It is the home of about 170 families, who occupy 550 acres of land assigned them by the Government. This does not amount to much, divided up among so many, especially as the more thrifty own greater than equal proportions, varying from ten to thirty acres.

Until about forty years ago most of the Indians lived in wigwams made of bark; but these have been replaced by houses but little more comfortable, having ordinarily but two rooms, and built so shabbily that they afford poor



JACQUES VICAIRE

Etching by Mrs. A. LEA MERRITT, after a drawing by Miss SAGE.

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protection against the extreme cold of the winters. We visited the Mission in July 1886, going down the fourteen miles of river from Matapedia in our canoes one beautiful Sunday morning. We expected to reach there in time for the afternoon mass at the church, but stopped so long at the pond where breeding salmon were being collected that the services were just ending as we touched the shore.

We found the settlement at Mission Point to consist of one long street, running close to the shore, for a distance of a mile and a half. The houses were on this street, or a short way back from it. We went into a number of them—as I knew most of the owners—escorted by Alexis, who wanted to show us everything there was. Some of the houses were unexpectedly clean, and in all we had genuinely hearty welcomes, with the usual swearing accompaniment. At one house, that of old Joe Vicaire, Jacques' brother, we were received by a dozen members of the family on entering, and during all our stay they flocked in from the neighbouring hovels, a steady stream. At each new arrival Joe would sweep aside those near us in order to bring up and introduce the late comers. They consisted of his daughters and sons, with their husbands, wives, and children, and there must have been forty of them at least.

One nice-looking woman, who came forward with three little children clinging to her dress, Joe said had been deserted by her husband, who ran off to 'the States' two years before. When her father had given us this information, she said it was all right as long as she had a good father and mother to go to, and Joe smilingly assented to this view of her fortunate condition. He is one of the poorest Indians at the Mission.

His house is hardly as large or as comfortable as a good cow-stable for one, and he has a throng of unmarried children; yet he seemed glad to have his daughter, with her three infants, added to his family, and did not hint at any unkind feeling towards his absconding son-in-law.

After leaving poor Joe's residence, he and Alexis took us to the church on our way to the priest's, Father Guay, who, Alexis said, would be 'G— damn proud' to see us. The church was unexpectedly large and well furnished; there were several paintings of considerable size hung on the walls, and a large one over the altar. The subject of this was St. Anne parting the clouds with both hands, and appearing to an admiring group of persons,—supposed to represent, as we were afterwards told by Father Guay, an adoring Mic-Mac family. The Indian warrior was standing; his head was covered with curls; he wore heavy side whiskers, and a uniform coat with large epaulets; his lower extremities were clad in a less civilised manner, and his wife and children, who were gazing at St. Anne with rapt attention, might easily be taken for natives of Canada.

Father Guay's little house was nestled down under the church, and looked out on the river; a small garden was planted with such vegetables as the short summer would mature, among them, somewhat to our surprise, a little plot of tobacco. The study and reception-room of the priest was large and comfortable, and had on its shelves a very good collection of French books, mostly theological, many of them rare, and handsomely bound. Father Guay seemed the typical French *curé*—good-natured, amiable, contented with his lot, and, at the same time, inspired with that spirit which has

made the Jesuit priests accomplish such wonders in Canada. He was sent to that lonely Mission two years ago, knowing then no English nor Mic-Mac. He now speaks English with fluency, can talk with his parishioners understandingly in their own tongue, and is well advanced in the composition of a Mic-Mac French and English Dictionary, and a history of the tribe, the latter of which he expects to publish in a year or two. He showed us the MS. of the Dictionary, which has reached respectable proportions, and, as may be imagined from his short study of two of the languages used, has cost him much time and labour.



SPEARING SALMON
By W. G. BURN-MURDOCH ; engraved by ANNAN and SWAN.

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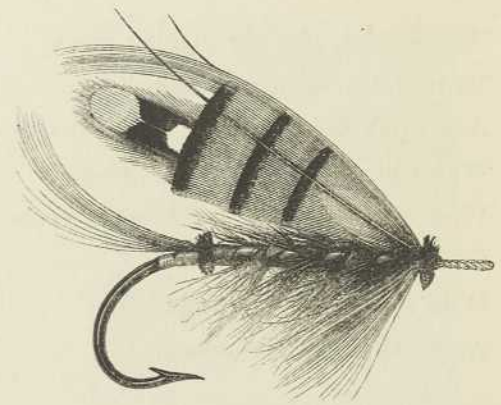




CHAPTER III

'Tis pleasant, o'er the evening glass,
To hear the blithesome song,
And drink the health of honest hearts
We 've known both well and long,
Who 've haunted all the sweetest spots
Of our delightful stream,
With zest as indescribable
As youth's delicious dream.

Wm. Gill Thomson,
Newcastle Fisher's Garland, 1838.





CAMP HARMONY



THE mouth of the Upsalquitch has for many years been a favourite spot for camping, both by reason of its natural beauties of water and shore and its adaptability as a base for fishing operations.

The Upsalquitch Pool flows and leaps on one side, with its eddies and miniature whirlpools caused by the great sunken rocks' resistance to the strong current, which, in addition to the steady noise of its journey, causes occasional strange sounds by its sweep along the irregular and jagged outline of the granite wall lining the shore.

On the other side of the point the gentle murmur and babble of the Upsalquitch gives an entirely different effect, and marks as well the different characters of the two streams.

The point formed by the junction of the rivers is acute, and seems designed by nature for human habitation. There is a little flat close by the water extending up the

Upsalquitch. From it an abrupt rise of twenty-five feet brings you to a narrow triangular plateau, having perhaps fifty feet front on the Ristigouche, but running back along the smaller river half-a-mile before the mountain side of it comes to the water's edge. Going up the Ristigouche, this plateau is terminated by a high and very steep hill, rising within a few yards of the house.

After having camped for several seasons on this spot, we succeeded in getting possession of it, and in building thereon Camp Harmony,—so named partly, as might be guessed, from the spirit we desired should always remain there, and partly in honour of a gentle woman whose whole life showed how rightly this quaint nomenclature had been given her. The name has proved a lucky one, and in the seven or eight years since the house was built no quarrels or discords have been heard within its walls, but peace, happiness, and good fellowship have reigned without interruption.

Camp Harmony is a building twenty-four feet by thirty, made from small spruce logs, running up horizontally about twelve feet high, squared, and jointed at the ends, the large cracks between them being stuffed with moss.

On three sides of the edifice, and twelve feet from its walls, are the posts of the piazza, made of peeled spruce logs eight to ten inches in diameter, and cut above the branches, which are not entirely taken off, but left a few inches long, giving many convenient projections to hang things on. These posts are eight feet high, and from them the roof starts, on a gradual curve—in the French Canadian style—and comes to a point above the centre of the house at a height of twenty feet. It was at first covered with long split cedar shingles, which with



MOUTH OF UPSALQUITCH
Etching by C. A. PLATT.

MOUTH OF UPSALQUITCH
Etching by C. A. PLATT.


C A Platt. 1886.

age gradually assumed so beautiful a colour, that until very lately we could not make up our minds to have them replaced with a material which would keep out the rain.

The Camp is entered from the front by a large door divided in halves, over the lower one of which we can lean and smoke, and overlook the prospect beneath. There is a corresponding door at the rear, and between them, to the right as you enter from the front, a large fireplace, with iron dogs and a crane. It is six feet wide, and will hold a good fraction of a cord of wood; and often in June and July its powers have been tasked to overcome the keenness of the cold winds which whistle around the point.

The other interior arrangements consist of two sleeping-rooms, divided from the main apartment by double partitions of birch-bark. Each has bunks on the floor, which are filled with hemlock or spruce boughs when occupied. There are in the main apartment several closets, in which we keep our supplies, except such as, in the form of hams or bacon, we suspend to a beam running through the centre of the Camp overhead. All of the three rooms are airy, as there is nothing between them and the sky but the peaked and leaky roof, in the top of which we always have, in June, a twittering pair of barn swallows nesting.

In front of our broad piazza we have before us one of the best salmon-pools of the Ristigouche; and at the right, beyond the impetuous Upsalquitch, the blue peak of Squaw's Cap rises majestic above the surrounding hills, and, half a mile below the rocky precipice—along the turn of the river, at the High Rock Pool—seems to bring the stream to an abrupt ending.

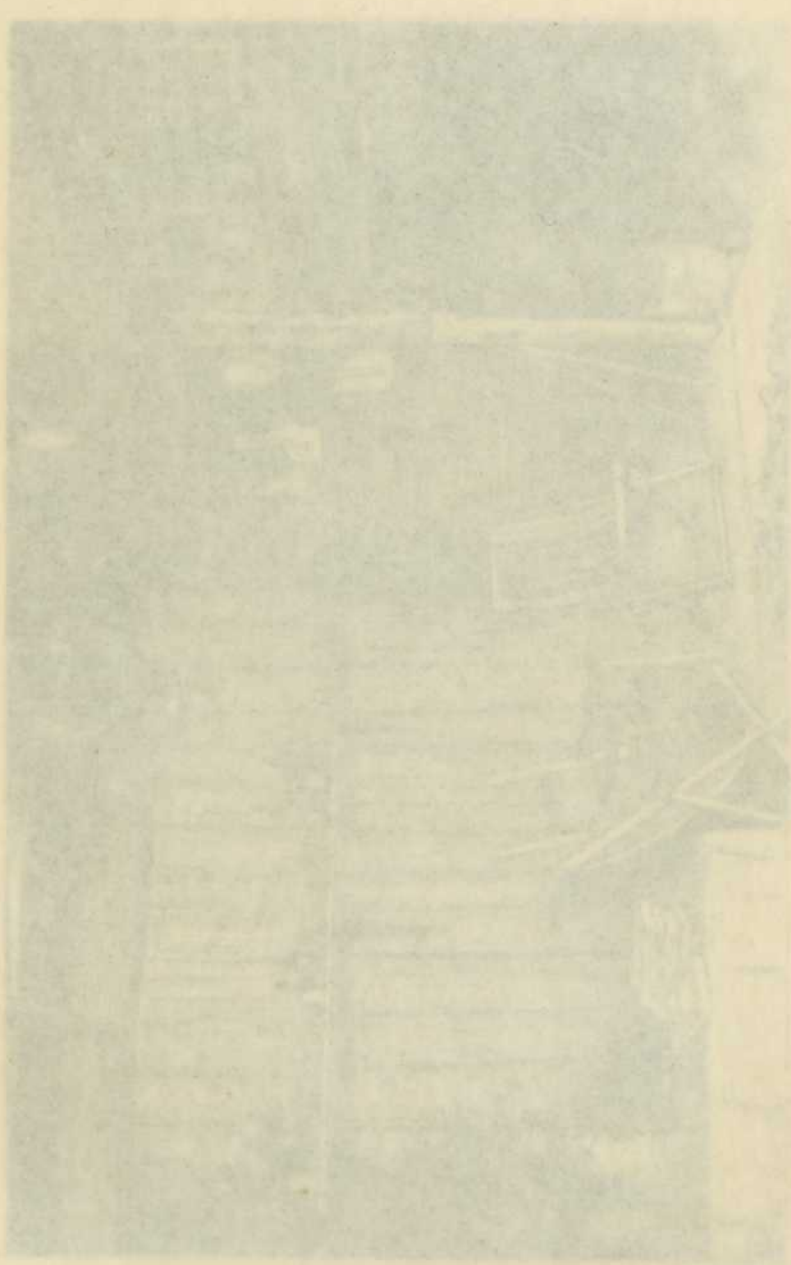
We have in the rear of the Camp, and built on it, a

small kitchen of rough boards, with a cooking-stove in it, and here the faithful Nat Comley plies his vocation unceasingly during our stay.

His experience of thirty winters as cook in lumber camps has made him independent of the thousand adjuncts to their art required by the cooks of towns, and his various shifts and expedients for getting on are interesting, successful, and cost nothing. His ambition was fired the first year he came with us by Robert, a coloured servant of Lawrence, who knew everything, and could have passed a competitive examination as a *cordon bleu.* Nat had the advantage of his instructions for two summers, and, as a parting gift, the present of a cookery-book, which he has studied into shreds.

The ten months that we are absent suffice to blunt his skill a good deal; but he takes hold with fresh vigour every year, and we shouldn't care to exchange him for the high-toned artist of the Club, even would that personage condescend to enter our humble abode.

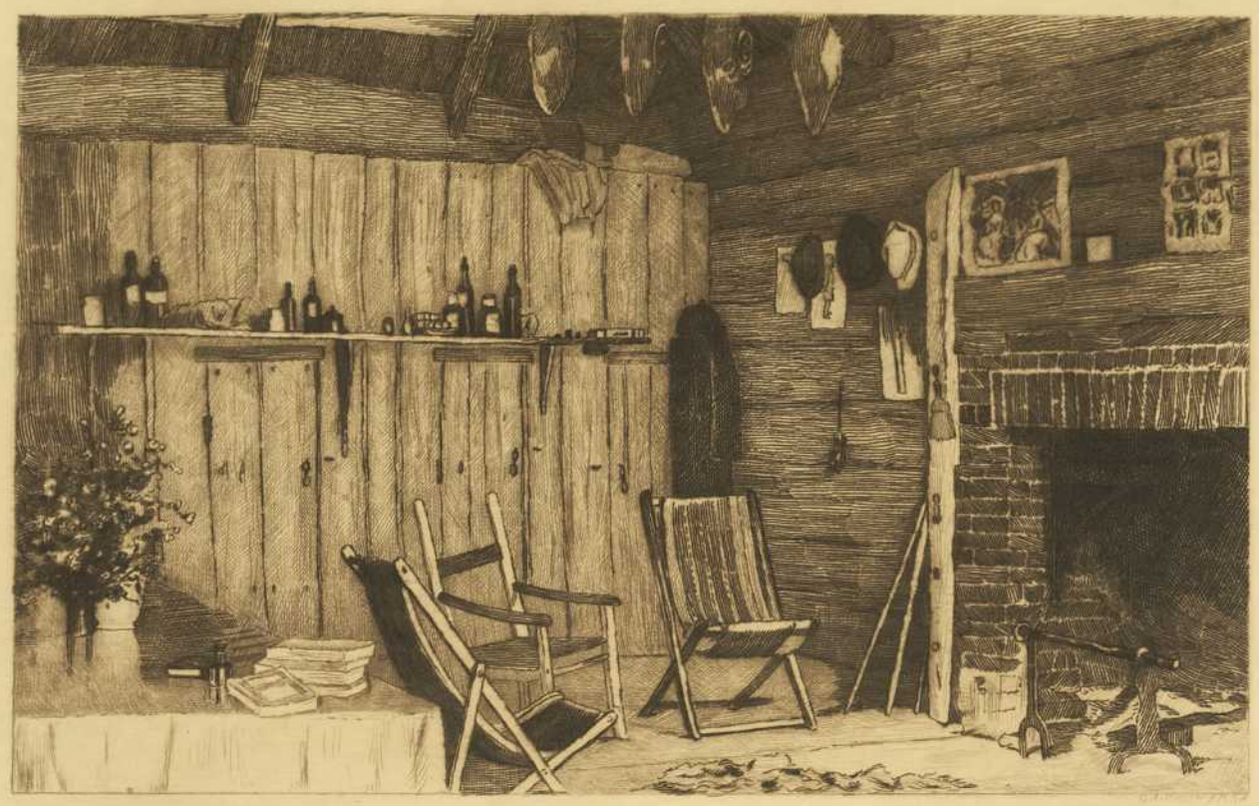
A little distance back of the kitchen are the ice-house, smoke-house, and wigwam, the latter two built of bark, and renewed yearly. The wigwam is round, about twelve feet in diameter. It is made of light poles stuck into the ground and converging to a centre ten feet high, then covered with long strips of bark, beginning at the bottom and working upwards. A fire is built in the centre, the smoke escaping through a small hole in the top. There is a door of bark, and the floor has a very scanty covering of boughs. Its capacity for holding Indians is astonishing. Any number of chance visitors are accommodated with ease, although four or five seem to fill it ordinarily.



OUR DRAWING-ROOM
Etching by GEO. AIKMAN.

OUR DRAWING-ROOM

Etching by Geo. Aikman.



Interior of Camp Harmony.

The Indians do their cooking outside, except when it rains, and then the little fire in the wigwam is made to serve.

Our two rooms in the Camp are reserved for guests, Lawrence and I preferring to sleep in tents, which are pitched on the plateau in front, and on the verge of the bank which overhangs the river. A tent is the pleasantest and most healthful sleeping chamber, except in the severest weather,—and even then not bad with plenty of blankets. I have tried in my time a good many different kinds, and I think the one I am now using the best of them. It is the invention of a friend of mine who passes a large part of every summer travelling through the most fly-infested woods of the country, and is, I think, worthy of description. The upper part of it is a simple 'A' tent, seven and a half feet long, four and a half feet high, and four feet wide at the bottom. This is made of light duck, with no opening at either end. Along the top, on the outside, are short pieces of cord to fasten it to the ridge-pole, which, when set, rests on two upright forked sticks driven into the ground at each end of the tent. Along the bottom of the duck, on both sides, are cords, at intervals of eighteen inches, for fastening to corresponding pegs in the ground. Sewed to the bottom of the duck, two inches inside the lower edge, around its entire length, is a piece of the thin cotton material known as cheese-cloth, two and a half yards in depth. When the tent is set up the duck portion of it does not reach the ground by eighteen inches; but its continuation of cheese-cloth is pulled in towards the centre, tucked under the blankets, and not a fly, mosquito, or midge, can possibly get in. There is perfect

ventilation all around through the thin cheese-cloth, which lets in plenty of air but breaks the force of the wind, and the little tent remains perfectly dry through the heaviest rains. You get in and out by lifting up the cheese-cloth in the front or rear, neither of which is pegged down at all. The tent will hold two comfortably if necessary, can be set in ten minutes or less, and weighs but a few pounds. In cold weather the duck can be pegged down close to the ground, making a much warmer shelter than any ordinary tent.

A properly made bed of spruce boughs is a work of some trouble, which it amply repays, even if one has to do it himself. The boughs should be of an uniform length of not over fourteen inches, and taken from the ends of the branches, where they grow flat. The bed is to be begun at the head by sticking into the ground—which first should be perfectly levelled, and the size of the bed enclosed in small logs—a row of the twigs across the head, slightly inclining towards it. This row is to be followed by successive ones, as close together as they can be put, until the foot is reached. It takes a good many boughs and a good bit of work to do this; but when properly finished it makes a bed soft, springy, and smooth—an incomparable couch! After a few nights' use the process should be repeated with fresh boughs, on top of the original structure. This will last perfectly for a fortnight, when a third similar addition may be made. This gives you over a foot in thickness of mattress, and holds its own for a month longer. A rubber blanket, the lined side uppermost, should be placed on the boughs before the woollen blankets, to prevent the dampness coming through;

though I don't think a person would ever take cold without the rubber, the boughs being a preventive.

In a permanent camp like ours a great many conveniences can be kept about, which it would be impossible to have if moving constantly from place to place.

Although the axe in the hands of a competent wielder is a utensil of manifold uses, a few others are a great convenience. Of these, the little boxes that are now to be had with a couple of dozen different tools, put up in small compass, very often come into play for mending rods and making various trifling repairs that add much to one's comfort. From Robertson, a farmer near by, we get excellent lamb, potatoes, eggs, and cream, and in July and August a succession of wild berries. The salmon we do not want we split and salt for the Indians to take home with them, and give a fresh one occasionally to such of the settlers as we think least likely to drift. Some of these natives are always at hand when we break up, to receive such little things as we have no further use for. We once made a present to one of them, on leaving, of two bottles of Hunyadi Janos water, and learned afterwards that he and his family heroically drank the whole of it at their evening meal, in the belief that it was the proper thing to do.

There is a wagon-road along the river from Matapedia to the Upsalquitch; but we generally come up on foot or in our canoes, which make the distance of six miles in two and a half hours.

The Camp Pool begins about one hundred yards above the point on the New Brunswick side. That shore is very rocky, and in some places the water is deep close to it. At the

point itself there is a large eddy, which is also deep; but immediately at the lower edge of it the Upsalquitch water comes in, forming with the main river a heavy rapid, which flows with undiminished vigour for near half-a-mile. At the upper end of the pool there is a bar in the centre of the river, which extends down a little way, and on the changes wrought in the size and direction of this bar by the spring floods depend the spots where the salmon lie in that part of the pool. There are always some in the upper part, on the New Brunswick shore; but some years we find most of them in the lower part of the pool, on the Quebec side, and in others none are there. Just in front of the house, and quite near the shore, is a great place for them in certain seasons, especially for the early fishing. As the water falls they begin to lie behind a large rock in the middle of the eddy, and all down through the rapid, especially where the two streams mingle. The bottom of the whole pool is thickly strewn with large rocks, which, with the different depths and varieties of flow in the water, make the fish very fond of the place; and any time during the season, early or late, they are to be found somewhere in it.

We had, in the summer of 1886, a lucky chance of seeing the whole bottom opened up before us. The river was moderately low, and very clear, as it generally is; there had been a little sprinkle of rain, with some thunder, and the clouds were very heavy and threatening. I was standing at the verge of the bluff, in the afternoon, when all at once the western sun burst through the bank of clouds in front of it, and threw its beams from underneath against the dark overhanging sky. I cannot attempt to theorise as to how the

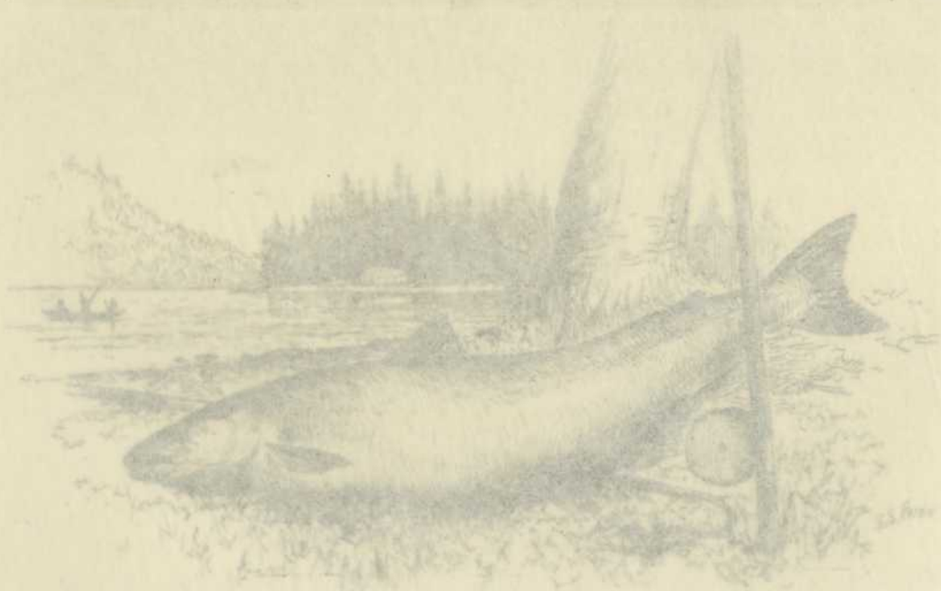
effect was produced; but the water, which before had looked brown, seemed all at once to almost vanish, revealing plainly the secrets it had heretofore guarded from us. I called everybody about the place to see the wonderful phenomenon, which lasted for a quarter of an hour, when the water began to get perceptible, and gradually concealed the bottom from our view as usual. Every stone and rock on the bed of the stream we could locate as well as if they had been the same distance from us on dry land, and could count the salmon lying motionless behind them like dark bits of timber. Below one rock we saw four, and others sheltered their ones and twos, while some salmon were lying boldly in the smoother part of the bottom unprotected.

Salmon frequently seem to prefer the smooth spots to rest in when they have the choice between them and rocky places. Some delicate turn of a current, influenced perhaps by an obstruction far above, accounts for this. There is such a place not far above the head of Nelson's Island, on our water. It is a good way below Mowat's Rock Pool; the river is broad, and the current about as light as it is anywhere. Quite near the Quebec shore—with no indication that would lead one to suppose it so to be—is a very productive piece of water, which we went over for years with no idea of its richness. It looks exactly like the rest of the long flat, and there isn't a stone big enough to protect a grilse in the length of it; yet salmon lie there from the first run until the river gets very low, and take as well as they do anywhere. One morning in June 1886 I hooked seven and landed five in this place, stopping only because I had had enough; and the same afternoon a friend staying with us went up and

returned with three, having lost two that he hooked. It is only by minute and persistent observation that all the holds of salmon on a piece of water can be ascertained; and one of the principal results of experience about the manners and customs of these fish is to be constantly on the lookout for some strange and unexpected development. I believe that were there fewer salmon in the Ristigouche, quite as many or more would be taken by angling, and a far better lot of anglers evolved. One can now go there knowing absolutely nothing of the habits of the fish, and if on good water, and willing to do as he is told, can get all he wants without the capability of tying his fly to his casting-line, or throwing it when it is fastened. If a man knows he can go out in a pool, have his Indian tell him what fly to use, and kill a couple of salmon in an hour, he won't, as a rule, take the trouble to go somewhere above or below where fish are very scarce and hard to rise, and work all day to get one of them. Good anglers and good shots are mostly made where fish and game are wary and not plentiful, and every chance must be improved to its utmost to secure any result.

Of the good anglers on the Ristigouche the osprey or fish-hawk is the equal of any. A great many of these interesting birds get their living from the river, and at almost any time can be seen sailing around in large circles, so steadily and evenly that the least stir of wing is imperceptible. When fishing they see their prey from a great height, and will then cease their flight, and by rapid motions of their wings remain stationary for sometimes half-a-minute, then drop like a stone to the water, and disappear beneath its surface. They occasionally come up without the fish, but oftener with

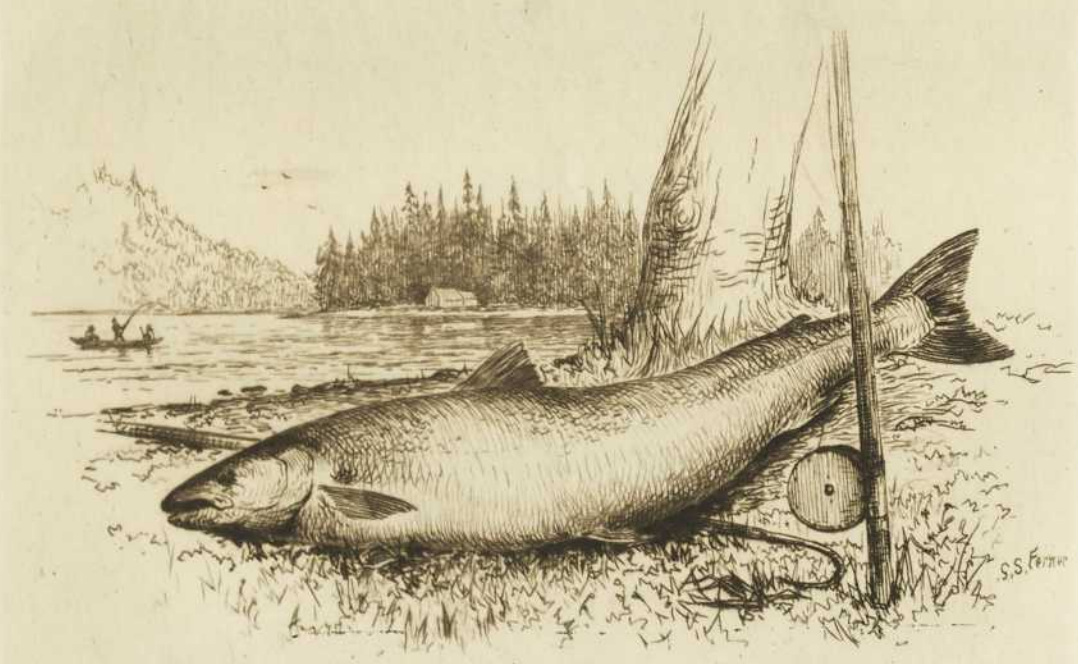
them. Their eyesight must be wonderfully keen, as they make their dives in the broken water of the rapids quite as much as in the smooth places; and it seems strange that they can catch so active a fish as a trout at all. We once saw one fishing the rapid a little below the Camp, and after poising himself several times without making his descent, at last he went down; but instead of coming up directly, we saw nothing of him for as much as a minute. Then he appeared further down, evidently attached to something as strong or stronger than he; and after beating the water in a vain attempt to rise, he was again carried under. He soon came up, and this time managed, after a struggle, to disengage himself, and flew laboriously to the shore, where he alighted on a low tree, and remained a long time before he recovered his wind. He must have got hold of a salmon, and his misguided ambition was very nearly the cause of his death.



SALMON
Etching by G. S. FERRIER.

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OSPREY
Etching by H. SANDHAM.

CHAPTER IV

Traveling on his Journey in the heat of the Day he must take a Bush,—if the Fisher-man espy him, he goeth at him with his Spear and so shortneth his Journey.

The accomplish'd ladies delight, 1683.

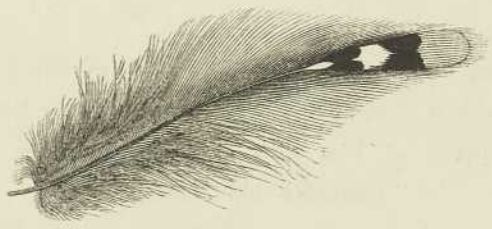


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SALMON

FROM his embryonic stage the salmon is pursued by deadly and relentless enemies. His parents, survivors of the hosts decimated by their various enemies in the sea, finally reach their chosen spawning-bed after running the gauntlet of the forests of nets in the estuaries, the drifters and the anglers in the rivers, and, after infinite patient labour, deposit the ova in the gravelly troughs they construct. These ova are greedily devoured during this process even by the trout and suckers which hover about the nuptial couch. The sheldrake,[1] with her ravenous brood, is eagerly watching the spawning-beds in the spring, to seize on the helpless fry as they work their way out of the protecting gravel and swim feebly about, hampered by the umbilical sac; the trout, suckers, and eels join in the feast, and their own brethren of the preceding year, forgetful of the ties of blood, share the banquet, and do what they can to exterminate the luckless strangers. What small proportion survive the perils

[1] Hooded Merganser, *Mergus cucullatus*—Yarrell.

of extreme youth and enter their second year still have the sheldrake, trout, and kingfisher to contend with. I have taken four parr from the stomach of a half-pound trout, and I incline to the belief that the kingfishers of salmon rivers make most of their living off the parr and smolts. The destruction wrought by a pair of them, with a brood to support, is enormous—probably, for several weeks of the most active demand for food, reaching forty or fifty fish daily As these birds infest the salmon rivers of this country, the aggregate damage they effect is very great, and I think they should be destroyed without mercy. The misguided appetite of the parr is also the cause of the taking off of multitudes of them in a river that is fished, as they will rise eagerly to any fly, great or small, and hook themselves deeply and often fatally. When the remnant descends to the sea it meets a variety of new and hungry enemies; but the havoc committed by them is not easily ascertained, though the following extract from an article contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in July 1857 by a member of the Edinburgh Angling Club (Alexander Russel[1]), shows what perils the salmon are exposed to in their marine wanderings:—

'In the spring of 1852 about five hundred kelts were marked with gutta-percha rings, duly numbered, in a pool within a few yards of tide-reach at the bottom of the river Whitadder, which joins the Tweed immediately above Berwick. The circumstances were somewhat unfavourable—a long drought retarding the departure of the fish—but doubtless the great majority of them got safely away; and they went away for ever—none returned, and only three of them were ever heard of, in each

[1] Author of *The Salmon.* 8vo. Edin. 1869. Mr. Russel died in July 1876. A keen angler, and a brilliant journalist.

case under circumstances of the most distressing character. One of them was caught at the mouth of the Tyne, seventy miles to the south; another at Yarmouth, three hundred miles to the south; and the third at Eyemouth, ten miles to the north; the last-named individual being found in the stomach of a cod, with nothing remaining of him but his vertebral column and his gutta-percha ticket. . . . From such facts we draw only one "practical improvement," as the Scottish clergy term the best and brightest part of their discourses, that the fact of such great multitudes perishing when beyond our help in the wide and wicked sea, is, though not exactly an encouragement, an additional reason why we should take better care of them during the periods when they are our wards and guests.'

These salmon may not have all been destroyed utterly, with the exception of the three mentioned, as their migration perhaps extended to some river much further distant than any of those mentioned. To illustrate the uncertainty and extent of the migrations of salmon, I quote the following from the *American Angler* of January 15, 1885:—

'Researches by Swedish *savants* furnish evidence that salmon are in the habit of making enormous forays across the Baltic, quitting the rivers of Northern Sweden and Finland in the autumn for a visit to the shores of Northern Germany during the winter, and returning to their haunts in the spring. In Germany and Norway efforts have been made to learn something of the migrations of salmon through the plan of liberating carefully-marked specimens, and offering rewards for particulars concerning their recapture. In 1872 a thousand marked salmon were turned into the Weser; but not until a few weeks ago was the first capture of a marked fish reported, the fish being taken near the same place where it was put in the river, its weight over thirty pounds.'

I do not know if any more of the individuals of the thousand have since been taken, and the one mentioned may have ascended and descended the Weser unharmed several times during the thirteen years since his marking, which also

may have been the case with some of the marked Tweed kelts. Salmon are sometimes driven away *en masse* from the mouths of their rivers as they approach them in the spring by the unusual number of their enemies. In 1880 this happened in the Ristigouche, the cause being great shoals of white porpoises, which cruised about the upper part of the Bay of Chaleurs, and so harassed the poor fish that very few entered the river. The nets did hardly anything, and three of us, in over a fortnight's work on the Camp Harmony waters, killed but one salmon. The fish may have remained in the sea all that summer, or gone to some remote river for the season. There were plenty the next year.

The seals must destroy a great number every year, as many of the fish taken in the nets and by angling, bear the marks of the teeth of these animals, which sometimes go up the river with the fish. This was done last year by one individual at least, and the seal was seen by a number of people at various pools as far up as Patapedia, and was vainly shot at several times during his journey.

From not seeing seals in the upper waters later than June, and but rarely then, it is probable that they do not remain long in the river; but, after escorting the fish forty or fifty miles, leave them to their other enemies and return to the sea.

The drift-net is the most potent cause of harm to the fish after they have escaped the danger of the tideway. It is a net long enough to reach across the river, and loaded at the bottom, so that it will drag along close to the bed of the stream. There are also floats on top. It is worked down stream by two canoes, one near each shore, and the

places adapted for its most deadly use are the long flats where the water is of a pretty uniform depth and the bottom smooth. A good many places of this kind are frequented by salmon constantly, and are good pools for angling; but in others the salmon only come on nights when they are running. They are then apt to leave the deep water and approach the shores. Some of these flats on the Ristigouche are a mile or more in length, with very few stones big enough to shelter a salmon or catch the net, and one drift down such a place is sure to get nearly, if not quite, all the fish in it.

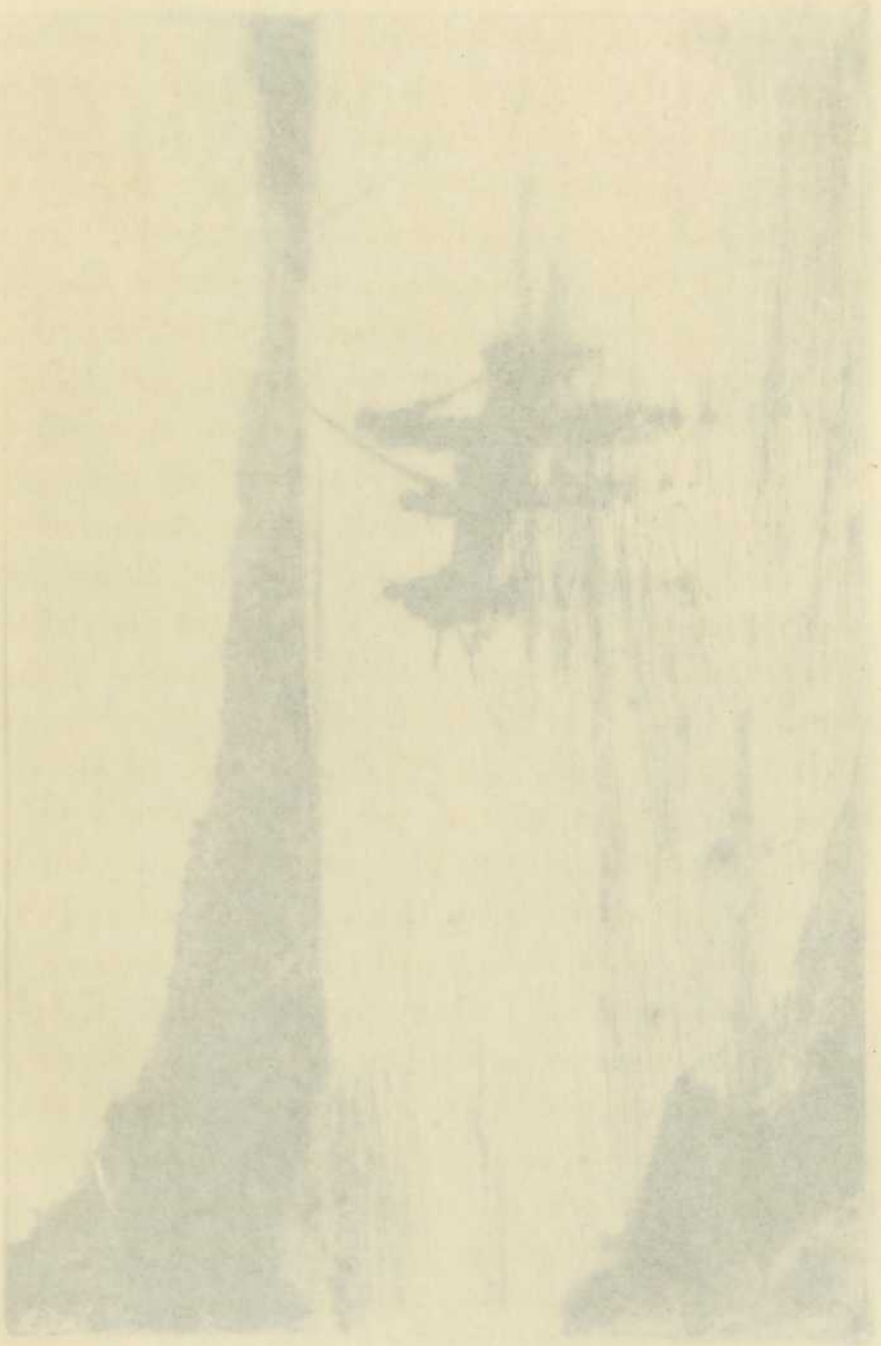
The salmon has an invincible repugnance to go down stream during the running season, and it is this that makes him so easy a victim to the drift-net.

John Mowat, formerly head fishery officer of the Ristigouche, and who knows more about salmon than any one on the river, says the fish don't always lose their self-possession when the net is approaching them. He has often seen them drop slowly down stream ahead of it, until they come to a stone which the net would have to rise above the bottom to pass, and lie close behind it until the net had gone by over their heads, when they would dash up stream, knowing they were out of danger. He has also seen them—not once or twice, but frequently—wait quietly until the net was close upon them, and then with one leap clear the top of it and go off rejoicing.

As I have before intimated, drifting is considered by the Ristigouche settlers as a rather praiseworthy avocation, and many of them are experts at the art, which, I believe, was carried on for one or two seasons a very few years since, under the direction of people at the mouth of the river, who bought

the fish so taken, and had them transported from Dee-side by wagons. The sympathies of the magistrates are uniformly with their friends and neighbours who may have been unfortunately apprehended; the law on the subject affords many loopholes for the escape of its violators, and is always construed in favour of the defendants.

In 1882 a gentleman of my acquaintance rented a piece of water near Grog Island and fished it faithfully for a week without any result. Accounting for this on the ground of drifters being about, he passed several nights watching on the beach, devoured by mosquitos and sand-flies, and drenched with rain. His patience was at last rewarded by seeing two log-canoes coming down opposite him with a net covering the stream between them. He waited till they were close by, and then, springing into his canoe with his Indians, gave chase. The log-canoes immediately let go the net, and that furthest distant disappeared in the darkness towards the opposite shore. The other fled down stream, but was so vigorously pursued that the men, seeing that they would be caught if they kept on board, beached the canoe and took to the woods, pursued by Mr. A., who was close behind and had the advantage of not being blown by hard paddling for a mile. When after a short race one of the fugitives was caught, he surrendered without resistance, and, on being led back to the shore, was identified by Mr. A. and his Indians as a neighbouring farmer and then let go. The abandoned canoe was found to contain eight salmon which had been taken that night, and on these facts information was laid next morning before a magistrate near Matapedia. He appeared very zealous in the matter, and summoned the netter



UPSALQUITCH POOL
Etching by C. A. PLATT.

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In 1882 a gentleman of my acquaintance rented a piece of water near Grog Island and fished it faithfully for a week without any result. Accounting for this on the ground of poachers being about, he passed several nights watching on the beach, devoured by mosquitos and sand-flies, and drenched with rain. His patience was at last rewarded by seeing two Indians coming down opposite him with a net covering the whole breadth of the river. He waited till they were close by, and then, charging into the canoe with his Indians, gave chase. The fugitives precipitately let go the net, and that gentleman, disappointed in the darkness towards the opposite shore. The affair had some sequel, but was so vigorously pushed that the only thing that they would be caught if they kept on board handed the canoe and took to the woods, pursued by Mr. A. who was close behind and had the satisfaction of not being quite so hard paddling for a mile. When after a short race one of the fugitives was caught by a projecting willow, overtaken, and, on being led back to the canoe, was thrashed by Mr. A. and his Indians in a neighbouring house and then let go. The abandoned canoe was found on the left bank which had been taken that night, and on these facts information was laid before a magistrate near Matapedia. He appeared very zealous in the matter, and summoned the netter

URSALQUITCH POOL
Fishing by C. A. PLATT.



to appear two days later. Mr. A., of course, had to be present at that time, but when he reached the court of justice he found neither the culprit nor his Honour. An hour's hunting discovered the latter, who immediately postponed the trial for two days more. Mr. A. was promptly on hand, but the defendant and magistrate were not; and the latter, when unearthed, again put off the trial, and promised to have the drifter in court surely the next time. However, another delay occurred before the latter could spare the time to appear. When he did come, all of Mr. A.'s evidence against him was disregarded, the complaint dismissed in a few well-chosen remarks by the magistrate, and Mr. A. informed that, before leaving court, he would be obliged to pay the costs of the proceedings, which, by reason of the various postponements, amounted to several dollars. This the disgusted Mr. A. forked over, amid the applause of the country-side, assembled to see the discomfiture of the stranger.

This was an extreme case, but shows well and truly the trouble of convicting a native for illegal fishing. The best method of guarding is to have enough faithful men on the water to frighten the drifters away—to cure the evil by preventing it. I think this is in the way of being effected by having the caretaking of the whole river under the direction of one head guardian, who is responsible to the representatives of all the riparian owners for the faithful work of his subordinates. The advantages of this scheme—which has been now in operation one year—are so great, that it will probably be continued by the riparian owners in spite of having to guard the waters of some who refuse to pay their share — not, of

course, in order to profit at the cost of others, but for various other praiseworthy, conscientious, and convincing reasons! Such are always in full stock with this kind of people.

It is just as important to me—looking beyond the present season—that a piece of water ten miles above mine should have no salmon taken illegally from it as that my own should be protected, and any fish speared or netted above or below me is so taken to my possible injury. If taken on the spawning beds fifty miles up, I lose the chance of getting a rise out of him next year should he then come up from the sea, —and so does every angler in the river, saying nothing of the loss of production in the fish, which his illegal death necessarily entails. Every angler on a river has a certain potentiality of property in every salmon that enters its mouth, and therefore the untimely taking off of the fish in any part of the river, near or far from the little piece that he fishes, is just as bad for his next season's sport as if it had been taken from his own favourite pool. Thus simply guarding one's own water, and letting the protection of the tideway and spawning grounds go because they are not near by, is not only selfish, but extremely short-sighted as well. Still, there is never an opportunity for shirking one's honest obligations which passes unimproved; and those willing to let others preserve their fishing are probably as few on the Ristigouche, proportionately, as on any other river, though there are some shining examples!

There is a certain restrictive influence in the presence of a good many anglers on the river which is felt by those disposed to drifting; but after the 15th of August, when rod-fishing comes to an end, the river is almost at the mercy of

the settlers, and undoubtedly, in spite of the guardians, many a winter fish-barrel is filled. Although the heavy run of salmon takes place generally in June, and is followed by two or three smaller ones up to the first ten days of July, there are some bright fresh fish coming up all through August. I have taken them when angling was legal to 1st September nearly up to that day; and on the very last day of August 1886, my brother, who was at Camp Harmony, reported the pool in front full of fresh fish. His son, a lad of twelve, got one of them weighing nine pounds, on a very cheap and light trout-rod, with twenty yards of line and a small coach-man-fly, while fishing for trout near the shore. The boy had never killed a salmon, and was almost scared to death when this one took his fly and jumped high out of the water. Aided by the advice of the Indian with him, who followed the salmon down stream in the canoe for some distance, he was finally landed, to the boundless delight of his young captor.

The catch of salmon in the tideway-nets of the Ristigouche is very heavy, and in a good season it is not an uncommon thing for a single stand to get from one hundred to two hundred fish of a night. When the schools of salmon enter the estuary they can be seen on the surface of the water, moving in a wedge-shaped company, and each school seems under the charge of a leader which appears to have a knowledge, gained perhaps from previous experience, of how to avoid the labyrinth of nets which beset the upward journey.

When these schools are seen approaching the fishermen go out for the purpose of breaking their ranks and disorganising the fish. It is often very hard to do so, as they stub-

bornly follow their leader, whether he turns back to the sea or continues up-stream. So long as the leader remains at the head of the school it gets along without serious loss, and avoids carefully the entanglements of the nets; but once the ranks are broken and the fish lose their master, they dash wildly about, and of course many are taken.

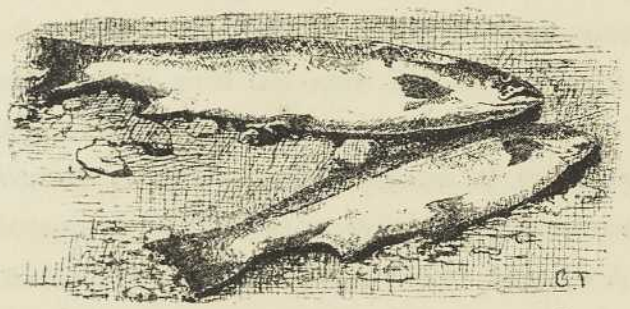
It is but a few years since it was known that the Ristigouche salmon strike the shore of the Bay of Chaleurs a good distance below the mouth of the river, and work their way up along it. The nets near the river Charlo, about forty miles below Matapedia, have done as well as those in the estuary itself. The Charlo is of no account as a salmon river, but the fish come there and have a smell of the fresh water before ascending their native stream further on. Last June (1886) a large school followed the capelin into the mouth of the Charlo, and seemed disinclined to leave. For three days they stayed about, and when they departed they left in the fatal nets over one hundred thousand pounds of their relatives. The large catch of June last brought down the price at Campbellton to three cents. per pound, which is as low as before the railroad was built and the demand for the fish was almost entirely local. That the great increase in the salmon is due to protection and artificial breeding, strange as it may seem, is vigorously denied by most of the fishermen, settlers, and Indians. Any irregularity in the migration, any imaginary change in the size of the fish, and even the smaller number of trout in the river from that of years ago — all are ascribed to the baleful influence of the breeding establishment.

There are some facts in regard to the habits of salmon

connected with their migration to fresh water about which I think there is not uniformity in different rivers. The general opinion is, or has been until lately, that the salmon visits his native river every year after his first departure from it as a smolt.

That this is true as to some rivers has been pretty thoroughly established, but I don't see how it can be consistent with what we know of others. There must, of course, taking one year with another, be a greater number of the grilse of any river in existence than of the salmon of one year. Most of the grilse escape the nets, and the immense ratio of destruction, from various causes, which thins the ranks of the salmon at sea and in fresh water, must make a heavy reduction in a crop of fish from the time it seeks the river in the grilse stage to its appearance there as salmon. Nevertheless, so far as can be ascertained from all the observations yet made, the number of grilse entering the Ristigouche is far below that of any one crop of salmon,—assuming that the different principal runs of salmon are composed each of fish of the same year. This is not so in some of the adjacent rivers. In the Nepisseguit there are many more grilse than salmon, which would seem to be the natural and proper order of things. This is also the case with the Miramichi, in which river the grilse begin running early in July, a small run of salmon coming a little sooner, and are in the proportion of six or seven grilse to one salmon. Mr. John Mowat, who has been for many years a careful and intelligent observer of the salmon and its habits on the Ristigouche, says he has never found any but male grilse in the river, although for a long time he has been on the look-out for

one of the other sex. For ten years I have examined all of the grilse taken in our waters, and have not found a female. Mowat says he believes that no female grilse are taken in the Nepisseguit, where they are much more plentiful, though salmon are relatively fewer. This would justify the opinion, if no more, that in some rivers only the males ascend in the grilse stage, and in certain of these but a portion of the males. These male grilse have the power of fertilising the ova of the adult salmon, and do so. If nature gives to each sex an even proportion in numbers, and only the males ascend the river in their grilse stage of existence,



it follows that the females must remain at sea if they don't go up some other stream than their native one.

Following along until the next year, if all the fish ascended the river, there should be in the Ristigouche a larger quantity of salmon from eight to twelve pounds weight than of those from seventeen to twenty-three pounds, supposing the first to be fish of four and the last of five years of age. This, however, is not the fact; there are very few small fish that enter the river in June. In July come the Upsalquitch salmon, which ascend the Ristigouche only as far as the mouth of their own river, or a little above, and are caught in consider-

able quantities in the nets and by the anglers. They are nearly all small, from eight to twelve pounds, and are easily distinguishable from the Ristigouche fish of the same size by reason of their small heads, shorter, thicker-set bodies, and darker-coloured backs. In July or August there is a rather light run of small Ristigouche salmon with a rare big one thrown in. These are of both sexes, and spawn mostly in the lower part of the river: but the numbers of these probably four-year-old fish are much fewer than those supposed from their size to be a year older, and from six to eight pounds heavier.

Mowat says that in October, and early in November, when ice has formed on some parts of the river, there is a run of large fish; that these spawn in the winter, and are the kelts which descend to the sea late in May and early in June. And as these kelts, if in good condition, would average larger than even the first run of the preceding spring, it is not unreasonable to suppose this to be so. I have never seen in the early fishing any kelts small enough to suppose them to be from the July or August run of salmon, and I think it safe to assume that these large kelts which are the last to come down are from a later run of salmon than those the angler comes across. The angling ceases on the 15th of August by law, and the nets are up some time before that. It is well known there is a run of large sea-trout in the river with the first ice in November; they are caught freely through the ice with bait, and the roe in the females is very slightly developed.

From the facts and observations above noted I have derived the following conclusions to apply to the Ristigouche:—

First.—That the females, as grilse, remain in the sea.

Second.—That not all the male grilse come up the river, nor so large a proportion of them as in some other rivers—the Nepisseguit for example.

Third.—That less than half the salmon of both sexes in their fourth year, and weighing from eight to twelve pounds make the migration to fresh water, and consequently do not breed.

If my premises are correct, the only way of disproving my third conclusion is by assuming that the fish of from seventeen to twenty-five pounds, as well as the smaller ones, are the result of one year's growth from the grilse stage, and that their little companions are the runts of the species, which, from various causes, have been prevented from attaining their normal growth.

The average size of the Cascapedia salmon is greater than that of the Ristigouche, and the Romaine (North Shore) fish are still larger.

I do not know enough about the various runs, during the season, of the fish in these rivers to assert that the same disproportion of grilse and small salmon exists as does in the Ristigouche, although I believe such to be the fact. Certainly in the last-named river the varying comparative quantities of fish of different ages cannot be explained consistently with the theory of an annual migration to fresh water of all salmon.

Since writing the above in my note-book, nearly two years since, I have read what Mr. Frank Buckland says on the same subject in Volume I., third series, of his *Curiosities of Natural History*. It is this—

'My own faith as regards this curious question is that some of the smolts stay one year in the sea, some stay two years and possibly more. . . .

It appears to be a law of nature that the salmon (say in an individual river) shall never be all together at the same time, and this as a protection against their numerous enemies, animate and inanimate. To take the case of smolts alone—supposing the smolts going down the Galway river in the spring of 1864 were all in a fit condition to come up from the sea in 1865, it is possible that some cause or other might destroy them all, and thus the whole produce of one breeding season be lost to the river. Nature, however, seems therefore to say—"I will send some of you youngsters up the river in 1865, and some of you shall stay in the sea until 1866, so that if the first lot of you get destroyed there will be a second batch on hand to take your place and keep up the supply in the river for future years."'

This is the first hint I find of the idea of a divided migration of salmon, though it had not escaped the attention of Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell as early as 1863. He now puts it down in No. 10 of his 'Proved Facts' in the history of the salmon, so far only as a portion of the smolts returning to fresh water as grilse is concerned; and in his recently-published *Sporting Fish of Great Britain* he says that—

'The principle of a divided migration is not confined to the parrs on going to the sea, or to the smolts on their return from it—some as grilse and some as spring salmon—but it also extends to the old and adult fish after spawning, one portion of the latter coming back into the rivers during the following summer, and the rest not until the spring succeeding it; in other words (and this is the gist of the whole), that at least a proportion of salmon spawn only on every alternate year.'

While Mr. Pennell's 'Proved Facts' are undoubtedly the sum of what is positively known about salmon, and a most valuable condensation for every one interested in their habits, I think that in one of the facts (No. 7) a modification should be made for the Ristigouche, if for no other American river. Mr. Pennell says—'Unless the young fish put on their smolt dress in May or early in June, and thereupon go down to the sea, they remain as parrs another year.'

The difference between the seasons here and in the British Isles probably accounts for this not always being a fact in this country. I have never seen in the Ristigouche a young fish, in its silvery coat, ready to migrate earlier than the tenth of July—and they are not at all plentiful even at the end of that month; nor have I ever heard of any being seen in May or June. The parr begin taking the fly actively about the middle of June in an ordinarily forward season, and after the middle of July, and through August, some smolts are captured, but not in such numbers as their young brethren. In the latter, throughout the fishing season, there is a considerable variation in size — those in the Upsalquitch will average smaller, but more uniform in size than the smolts of the main river.

It is my opinion, from the data I have been able to get together on this subject, that the greater part of the smolts of the Ristigouche and its tributaries make their first migration to the sea early in the autumn, and that very few of them return to the river at all as grilse, but, as in 'Proved Facts,' No. 10, 'remain nine or ten months in the sea and return the next' summer, instead of 'spring,' as small-sized salmon. In some other Canadian rivers the rule does not hold good, a large run of grilse ascending along with the first salmon.

It is known that female grilse ascend and breed in certain of the British rivers,—if not, indeed, in all of them where observations have been made. That renders the fact—if fact it is—that only male grilse go up the Ristigouche, of a good deal of value. In support of it I have the evidence of John Mowat, as mentioned above, with whom I have often talked on the subject, and my own observations con-

tinued for several years. It is fair to say that although I have never known a female grilse to be taken on the Ristigouche, these fish are so few there that some seasons there have not been more than two or three caught on our waters, and, I think, never more than six or eight during my stay on the river any season.

Regarding the winter spawners—from the run which Mowat insists takes place late in the autumn, and which, I think, accounts for the June kelts—I find, on looking over my notes, that these kelts are often taken up to three and a half feet in length. I have a memorandum of two I got one June somewhat longer. This should be equal to seasonable fish of near forty pounds weight, the length of one of forty-two pounds, of which I have the dimensions, being a trifle over forty-six inches.

A large portion of those that are caught are fatally wounded by the gaff, as it is hard to get them without using it, and they generally hook themselves very firmly. Some years they are in great abundance, and I have known twelve taken from a small pool near the Upsalquitch in one morning. A few days after the clean fish begin running the kelts disappear, and it is seldom one is seen after the 25th of June. If these fish are of the late autumn run they have a fine chance at the river, coming up when there are no nets to catch them, and being protected all winter by the ice. Jacques Vicaire insists that he saw a salmon of seventeen pounds, very bright and fat, taken at tide-head, through the ice, by a man who was fishing for trout about Christmas. This I believe, as the story was corroborated by other Indians who saw the fish.

The question of salmon feeding in fresh water has had a great deal said and written on both sides, and, in this country especially, where observations have been much more limited than abroad, it is the generally accepted idea that salmon do not feed after entering fresh water. The fly, which is the only means used by the angler for taking them, they are supposed to rise to in wanton playfulness, or with the idea that its varied colours resemble those of the shrimp or some other of the small marine creatures they pursue. This view is sustained by the fact that there are very few well authenticated instances of any food being found in the stomach of a salmon. In the British Isles, where the angler uses other lures than those of the fly-hook, the belief is stronger in the tendency of the fish to gratify his appetite, to some some extent at least, during his absence from the sea.

In the Lakes of Killarney he is taken with a phantom minnow, and in many other of the British lakes and rivers he bites freely at the worm, the eel-tail, the spinning minnow, and the shrimp. With three of these baits I have taken myself, and seen taken, many salmon in the Galway river, and I don't believe any one who has seen a real well-meaning fish go for his shrimp on that part of the water just below Weir Cottage which Nicholas Broun used to call the 'resarve,' could doubt that he had serious intentions of eating it.

Most of the writers on angling devote considerable space to salmon-fishing with 'the great red wormes in Field or Garden bred.' Taylor, in *Angling and all its Branches*, says 'It is very remarkable that though a salmon shall be taken in the very act of chasing and catching the small fry, yet, on

opening it, nothing of that nature will be found therein.' He also recommends worm-fishing, especially 'when the water is too thick for the fly, or the day is bright, little or no wind stirring, and the water so clear that the fish can discern the deception of the artificial fly.' Moffat, in *Secrets of Angling*, says, 'Salmon will take minnow, parr-tail, and worms very freely in certain states of the water.'

Authorities could be quoted indefinitely in proof of salmon taking bait of various kinds; and in olden times ointments were recommended for making baits for all fish especially attractive. One of these, and not the most curious, is mentioned in *The Complete Fisher*, by J. S., and is 'Man's fat and the fat of the thigh-bone of a Heron, which makes an Ointment that rarely fails, and is esteemed by those that have tried it the best of any, being a new Experiment.'

Sir W. Jardine tells of a salmon in the Tweed taking the hook and tackle of an angler fishing with worms, who put on a new set and killed a salmon with the former hooks and baits in its jaws; and this instance of voracity undiminished by pain is matched by an instance narrated by Mr. Pennell, of a salmon taking two shrimp baits, 'the second when actually beaten, and just coming under the gaff.' I have known one instance myself of a salmon which had been hooked on a fly, played for a few moments, and then lost, being again hooked five minutes later and landed, the proof of its being the same salmon showing in the bleeding mark on the upper jaw where the fly had torn out the first time.

In 1883 a friend of mine took, in the Upsalquitch Pool, a salmon of twenty-three pounds with a 'Jock Scott' fly imbedded in his jaw, and a yard of gut attached. He had, in

addition to this, a deep open gaff wound in his shoulder. We found, by inquiring, that the fly belonged to a gentleman fishing some water half-a-mile below us; that he had hooked the salmon at ten o'clock the morning before, and lost him after he was nearly dragged ashore with the gaff. It would seem as though the pangs of hunger drove this fish, sore and sorry as he must have been, to the second trial.

Anybody angling in rivers that are netted at the mouth, must have noticed that the fish which have been in the nets will take the fly much quicker than their companions which ran the gauntlet unscathed. My explanation of this is, that as the wounded fish reach the state of convalescence their appetite becomes strong, and the needs of their systems to make up for the waste caused by their injuries excite them to extraordinary exertions to appease it.

I have not the slightest doubt that salmon feed in fresh water, although they cannot require anything like the quantity of food they do at sea. Indeed, a river like the Ristigouche would not yield enough to sustain the salmon that come up it were they all bent on eating their fill, and certainly those confined in the breeding pond for months get nothing, and keep their condition about as well as the free fish. The fact of nothing being found in the stomachs of those taken is got over by the application of two theories, both stated by Mr. Buckland as follows:—'The gastric juice of the salmon is so highly solvent of animal matter that digestion goes on very rapidly, and hence actual food is rarely found in their stomachs.' This does not seem nearly so plausible as the second theory, which I quote:—'Many birds, especially carnivorous, have the power of emptying their stomachs by

vomiting when danger is near, and their activity is to be called into play. Is it not possible that salmon too may have the power of ejecting their food when they find themselves in trouble by hook or net?'

Mr. Pennell quotes on this subject from *Once a Week*:—'My friend, Mr. Walter Campbell of Islay, informs me that he once had a wonderful haul of salmon at Islay, in an estuary of the sea: he landed seven hundred and sixteen, and many of them escaped. As the net approached the shore he saw the fish discharging the contents of their stomachs, which consisted of young eels.'

The same propensity is mentioned in Williamson's *Complete Angler's Vade Mecum*, 1808, which says: 'The salmon is very peculiar among fishes in one particular, viz., so soon as hooked or netted, it instantly empties its maw, in which nothing is ever found.'

It is a great deal more reasonable to suppose that salmon feed, and eject their food when in trouble, than that they never feed at all in the rivers. I have seen a fly more than once well down towards the stomach of a salmon, far enough to show beyond doubt that he meant to swallow it; and that such an insatiable feeder as he is known to be at sea and in the estuaries should change his whole nature in a few hours is absurd. His appetite may diminish by degrees as he remains in fresh water, but that he takes an occasional meal up to the time of spawning is pretty certain.

A salmon, like a trout, will often rise at a fly, and even get hooked without seeming to come at it with a fury born of ravenous hunger; but the dashes he sometimes makes are altogether too savage for play, and not unfrequently miss,

plainly from over-eagerness. I have seen a fish turn and follow the fly, which had been drawn away ten yards, showing, part of the distance, on top of the water, and seize it as a tiger would his prey. This is different from the manner in which he, as well as other surface-feeding fish, will at times coquet with the fly, rising near it, and even jumping over it, evidently with no other idea than that of amusement. That the salmon, as many think, take the fly on account of a fancied resemblance it bears to some of the small sea creatures on which they feed, is to me hardly reasonable. At any rate, as against this theory, is the fact that trout and parr which have never seen salt water will take these same flies, some of which resemble no insect that is known. Many of the flies do resemble, and some of them very strongly, certain insects, and look altogether differently when wet and in the water from what they do when dry. The 'Jock Scott,' for instance—an excellent fly on the Ristigouche—when dry has a very gaudy appearance; wet it, and it will be seen to have quite a different and sober effect. When worked in the water aspects vary, as the fibres of which it is composed are moved by the wavering motion of the rod. Then it shows alternate effects of plainness and brightness, but the latter not nearly so marked as would be supposed from looking at the dry fly. I do not consider it at all sure, however, that it would not kill just as well, most of the time, if allowed to go down with the current not worked at all. Some anglers I know adopt this course and are successful in it; and I think a large proportion of fish take the fly when its wings and hackles are not distended by the action of the water, but rather when it is going down slower than the current, and conse-

quently all the feathers are lying close against the hook. In such a position it looks like a dead fly, and in the case of the 'Jock Scott,' like one which frequents the Ristigouche.

The 'Durham Ranger' resembles very strongly the black and red butterfly, which is very frequent in Canadian rivers, and other killing flies are like certain known insects. The wingless flies, with heavy hackles, resembling caterpillars and grubs, have been successfully used to take salmon; and this brings me to a thoroughly well authenticated case which happened in August 1886 of a salmon which omitted the performance of discharging the contents of his stomach before he was landed. It occurred on the Upsalquitch, and about thirty miles up that river. The fish was taken with a fly by a young friend of mine, who was on a bear-hunting expedition, and fished merely to get something to eat, as bears were not plentiful enough to keep the larder furnished. On opening the salmon he was found to have in his stomach half a handful of worms and grubs of different sizes—the latter being such as were found on the branches of bushes overhanging the stream. Being aware of the importance of this discovery in a clean fish, his captor and the man he had with him — one Harris, a settler on the Upsalquitch—examined the mass carefully, and noted several of the grubs which had apparently been in the fish's stomach but a very short time, and both agreed in the statement above. I think it not unsafe to conclude that salmon take the fly for the purpose of eating it; and though their appetite in fresh water is capricious, it is on occasions indulged. Nature, however, by reason of many of the salmon rivers containing insufficient food for the vast numbers which ascend or once did ascend them, has

given the salmon a power of abstinence from food for months without any resulting injury, and enabled him to go hungry a long time without any perceptible loss of condition. I saw last summer the proof of this in a visit I made to the breeding-pond.

This pond is situated on an island a few miles below Matapedia. Through this island, which is perhaps 150 acres in extent, a small branch of the river runs. This has been dammed at both ends and provided with gratings, which prevent the escape of the confined fish but not the natural flow of the current. It is, of course, impossible for the fish to get any food; and though they have often been tried with the fly they have never responded by rising, though their condition appears excellent. In that part of the stream between the gratings, which is about one hundred and fifty yards in length, there are anchored several rafts covered with brushwood, under which the salmon find shelter from the heat of the sun. Two large nets at the foot of the island are set by the Government for the purpose of taking fish to be put in the pond; but it is suspected that only a small proportion of those captured find their way there, the permission to dispose otherwise of those injured in the nets affording a very large discretion to the officials in charge. At the time of our visit, the last of July, there were three hundred and fifty salmon in the pond — so we were told. We thought one hundred nearer the truth. A number, however, may have remained under the rafts, though a heavy stone thrown on them appeared to scare out all the fish. There were a good many large salmon, I should judge in the neighbourhood of thirty pounds, and few that appeared below twenty pounds.

Several that had been blinded by the nets were there, and the appearance of those that had been longest in the pond was exactly as if they had been covered with black velvet; those which had been put in more recently varied in colour down to a medium shade of brown, but the peculiar velvety look was apparent in all which had lost their eyes. This change of colour and texture of skin must begin very soon after the destruction of the sight, as I have seen it in salmon the eyes of which I should judge had not been gone more than two or three days, the inflammation still very active, and the unhealed cuts of the net-twine plainly to be seen.

No year passes that our men do not gaff one or more of these blind salmon, which are often seen near the shore, where the others do not go. They are taken fifty or sixty miles up the river, and their blindness causes no apparent loss of condition. Those so affected in the ponds, some of which had been there two months, were as active and plump as any of the others.

When the confined fish are ready to spawn, the roe is expressed and ready to fertilise, and the spent salmon replaced in the river. The settlers, who have an unaccountable antipathy to fish-breeding, say that all of these die very soon. If properly handled such cannot be the case; and even if it were, the advantages of artificial propagation are so remarkable and manifest that they far outweigh the yearly loss of a few hundred breeding fish.

The Government has built at Dee-side—the name of Mowat's place—three miles above the Upsalquitch, a breeding-house, where the fertilised ova are taken and hatched, and

the fry, when old enough, distributed in various parts of the river. This distribution is made through June and July, the young fish being towed up-stream in cans placed behind scows. I have sometimes seen a can-full of the little fellows emptied out in the shallows near the banks of the river, and the quickness with which they seek



MOWAT'S HOUSE
Etching by Mrs. A. Lea Merritt.

that the river is full of deadly enemies, which only excessive caution and watchfulness will enable them to confound. That even a scanty proportion of these multitudes of fry, naturally and artificially bred, escape the perils of the river and sea long enough to get back finally to the resorts of their youth as full-grown salmon, seems more a direct interposition of Providence than do the faith-cures and miracles at Saints' shrines that we read about. Their

struggles for existence were entirely unappreciated by the poet who wrote—

> 'Oh could'st thou see how happy live
> The little fish below,
> Thyself beneath the flood would'st dive,
> And bliss for ever know.'

In Mr. Perley's *Report of the Sea and River Fisheries of New Brunswick*, 1849-51, he states that a great cause of the destruction to the fish is the towing up the Ristigouche, in the autumn, of supplies for the various lumbering camps situated near the head waters. The upper part of the river is, of course, quite shallow on the bars and flats, and these, unfortunately for them, are the favourite spawning-grounds of the salmon. The heavily-laden scows, drawn often by four and six horses, go through these places, and great quantities of the spawn already deposited are thus trampled up, destroyed, or washed away. This kind of destruction has been going on ever since, and of course cannot be stopped, though it is remedied by the establishment of artificial breeding.

It is questionable, however, if the fry turned loose in the river, despite their instinctive avoidance of danger, are as well able to take care of themselves and find the food they need, on being suddenly transferred from the safety of the breeding-house, as those which hatch under natural conditions. Probably a far greater proportion of the artificially-bred ones perish after being put in the river than of those which first see the light there. Withal, there are now many more adult salmon ascending the Ristigouche yearly than at the time Mr. Perley's report was made, when the nets from the New Brunswick and Canadian sides overlapped each other, and drifting

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security in the breeding-house, the instinctive knowledge that the river is full of deadly enemies, which only excessive caution and watchfulness will enable them to confound. That even a scanty proportion of these multitudes of fry, naturally and artificially bred, escape the perils of the river and sea long enough to get back finally to the resorts of their youth as full-grown salmon, seems more a direct interposition of Providence than do the faith-cures and miracles at Saints' shrines that we read about. Their

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and spearing over the spawning-beds was openly practised. Mr. Perley also states, what I have heard in late years, that the first salmon which enter the river every season are almost invariably females. These fish are very large, and will rarely take a fly until they reach their homes well up towards the top of the river. Fish are taken at Indian-house and above in numbers before any are taken lower down, and these salmon must travel right along without making stops of any duration.



Expectat dum defluat amnis.

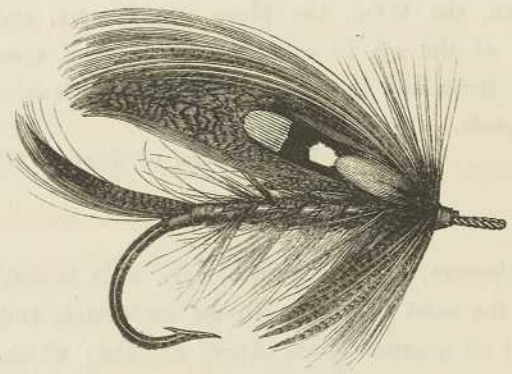
CHAPTER V

A man that goeth to the River for his pleasure must understand when he goeth there to set forth his Tackles. The first thing he must do is to observe the Sun, the Wind, the Moon, the Starres, and the Wanes of the air, to set forth his Tackles according to the times and Seasons, to goe for his pleasure and some profit.

BARKER'S *Art of Angling*, 1653.

That pleasure which is most comely, most honest, and giveth the most libertie to Divine meditation, and that without all question is the Art of Angling; which, having ever beene most hurtlessly necessary, hath beene the sport or recreation of GOD'S Saints, of most holy Fathers, and of many worthy and reverend Devines, both dead and at this moment breathing.

The Pleasures of Princes, or Good Men's Recreations, 1614.





TACKLE AND HOW TO USE IT



THE requisites for success in salmon-fishing I should enumerate in the following order:—

1st. To be where there are fish.

2d. Angling with proper tackle.

3d. Industry and perseverance in using it.

4th. Skill in knowing when and where to angle, in casting, and in handling the fish after they are hooked. Of course the first condition must exist to make the employment of the others possible. The second is necessary for the pleasure as well as for the fortunes of the angler, though there is undoubtedly an added zest in the capture of a good fish if it is made in spite of a weak and badly-balanced rod, a poor reel, and a short supply of line. Still, nobody would willingly set out thus equipped to take his diversion on a salmon river.

The rod is about the most important part of the outfit, and a man bent on getting the very best one might easily

be puzzled as to which make he should patronise. The American split bamboo is the most expensive, and as long as it holds together is as delightful a rod for casting either a long or short line and killing a fish as can be found. It is quicker in recovery than any rod I have ever handled, and retains its straightness and springiness far better than rods of which each joint is made from a single piece of wood. It is probable that these rods, if taken as much care of as a fine gun, will last as long as others; but my experience with several of them has been unfortunate, and I have given up their use. The wood appears to become, after a year or two, brittle about the joints, and will break short off there on very slight provocation, and with no warning. Proper care and attention would perhaps keep these weak tendencies from showing themselves; but a salmon rod should not take harm by being exposed to the weather without care for a few weeks of each year.

There are two men in St. John, N. B., who can make good rods, Scribner and Baillie; both affect the three-length spliced ones constructed of greenheart, and one of the best of either of these makes will do good service for years. I have a Scribner rod that I have used more or less for thirteen seasons, which is as good as ever—though not nearly perfect to cast with—and will probably last as long as I do. Baillie makes a lighter rod, a modification of the 'Castle Connell' pattern. It casts easily and with accuracy, and is delightful to handle a fish. A friend of mine has one of these rods but fifteen feet in length, which he has used for six years, and likes it better than any he owns. He has killed many heavy salmon with it, half-a-dozen above thirty

pounds, and says it brings them ashore as quickly as a much heavier rod. Baillie charges one dollar a foot in length for these rods, and gives two second joints and two tips. They are not all equal to the one I have mentioned.

Forrest of Kelso, Scotland, probably furnishes more rods for American anglers than any other maker, and they are good and not extravagant in price. Several of the Canadian dealers keep them in stock, and no American maker has yet produced anything equal to them in quality and cheapness. One of Forrest's sixteen-foot rods is, in my opinion, strong enough to cast for and kill any salmon that swims in the Ristigouche or anywhere else, and many are used still shorter than this, down to fifteen feet. Sixteen feet, or even seventeen for a large strong man, I should prefer; but certainly there is no sense in having extra weight that is useless; and the man of ordinary strength will find that he gets as many fish with a sixteen-foot rod in all kinds of water as with a larger and heavier one, and will do so with much more comfort to himself. As to the relative merits of jointed and spliced rods, if a jointed one could be invented without making the weak spots at the points of junction, then I should declare at once against the spliced article. I don't think the joints interfere sensibly with the action of the rod in casting or playing a fish, and are so much easier put up, taken apart, and carried about than the spliced joints, as to give them great advantage, especially to anglers who often change their quarters. A spliced rod properly put together is stronger at the points of junction than anywhere else, and I have never known one to break there. A good one has, I think, more durability than a good jointed rod, as the strain is borne more equally throughout,

and the wood is not weakened by the metal fittings, which must be the case to a greater or less degree in a jointed rod. However, one of either kind made by a man who thoroughly understands his business, and adapted to its owner, is a delightful thing to handle.

I have found a good reel much harder to get than a good rod. The reel, especially in fishing from a canoe, has more work than the rod, besides having to bear it on some rather sensitive machinery which cannot be seen, and may become far gone towards uselessness without the angler's knowledge. Probably the best American reels are equal to any in strength and durability, but they are so expensive (costing from thirty to forty-five dollars) as to make it seem almost a sin to use them. Of those that Forrest has sent over, costing about ten dollars, some are very good, but more are not, and after one or two seasons are unreliable. The same is true of most of the foreign reels which find their way to this country. The Malloch reel, which I saw for the first time last season, appears in its construction to possess more advantages than any I have before known of. By an ingenious and simple mechanical arrangement the handle does not turn when the line is going out, the advantage of which is at once manifest to any angler. I think it an excellent invention, and the principle is likely to supersede that of the reel now generally used. One frequent cause of brass and gutta-percha reels clogging is the heat of the sun on them, and in such cases plunging them in the water at the first symptom will make them run all right. It is a simple remedy, and can easily be tried. I think a very easy-running reel is better than a very stiff one. Although the former is liable to overrun,

this can be prevented by holding the rod well back when a fish is on, or controlling the action by putting the thumb against the line on the reel. This is somewhat dangerous, and holding up the rod should be first tried. A very stiff-running reel is often the means of losing fish, the hold of the lightly-hooked ones coming out by the hard jerk required to start the reel, or—the same thing—breaking a casting-line which would stand all the steady pulling necessary. On a narrow reel the line is more apt to become clogged by one layer slipping under another that has been wound on before it, and consequently catching when the angler or a fish tries to pull it out. A reel of two inches in line-carrying width, and four to four and a half inches in diameter, seems to be the most desirable size.

As to the line, its size for easy fishing must be adapted to the rod. The American braided and waterproof-dressed silk line, I am proud to say, is unsurpassed by any foreign production, and is not dear, being, I think, eight cents per yard. Thirty or forty yards is enough, having it spliced to a thin Cuttyhunk bass-line of one hundred yards more. This is not half the size of the salmon-line, is strong and light, and its difference in weight is a great advantage to the angler when the fish takes a long run.

Casting-lines are harder to get of good quality every year. On the Ristigouche the first run of fish would, I think, take flies tied to the end of the silken line—at any rate treble gut does not frighten them in the least. Later in the season, when the water grows clear, single gut should be used—at least near the fly. Except in very low water a nine-feet casting-line, the upper half of double and the lower

of single gut, answers as well, and is cheaper and more reliable than the same length of single gut. Gut links are better to use between the fly and the casting-line than to have the loop at the end of the latter fastened to that on the fly. Besides the greater neatness, the casting-line loop will last much longer with a link between it and the fly, as the frequent changing of flies, tightly fixed, frays and weakens it to an extent that renders it unsafe after a few days' use. With a link, however, between the fly and the casting-line, one of the latter will last a long time. I killed in the season of 1886 over thirty fish on a casting-line of single gut, attached to another half single and half double, without doing it any perceptible injury.

Continuous industry, properly directed, is as certain of success in salmon fishing as it is in other walks of life. If the water controlled by an angler consists of one small pool, or a part of one, he may, of course, work it so hard as to defeat his own object; but when he has plenty of water and wishes to make a score, the way to do so is to keep at work in spite of fatigue and discouragement. The capriciousness of salmon is such, that while they may not look at a fly in one pool, they may, at the same time, rise freely in another and poorer one half-a-mile distant; and even when a piece of water has been fished to the foot carefully, and without result, a try at the head of it again may find the fish in the humour of rising. As Jacques is wont to remark anent this subject, 'When salmon don't want fly he see you an' me at de debbil first afore he take it, but den he jes' take notion all of a sudden an' take fly right off, dam quick, no trouble!' A few years ago, when all the salmon we were taking in the



THE FIRST CAST
Etching by H. SANDHAM.

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Hy Sandham

Camp Pool were lying quite near the shore on the New Brunswick side, I fished it over twice one afternoon without a rise and went ashore; ten minutes later Lawrence, who had been equally unsuccessful above, came down with Aleck, who persuaded him to try a cast over the last bit I had fished. He got a salmon at once, and, after landing him, another, both with a fly of the same kind and size I had been using.

I caught one fish in 1886 just behind Lawrence in the same piece of water, though the conditions were slightly different, as I was casting from the shore, and the fly came over the fish from another direction. You can never know in salmon-fishing that the propitious moment is not at hand just as you stop; and although, as a rule, salmon do rise best at certain flies and at certain times of day, yet there are so many exceptions in the case of every angler who has had experience, that he comes to believe the fish fully equal to the white man in uncertainty.

The '*School of Recreation*' tells us that 'salmon bite best in May, June, and July at three o'clock of the afternoon,' and several other of the early English treatises specify the hour of the day when they are most likely to be taken; but I agree with Jacques that 'when dey jes' take notion' is the proper time. The best day's fishing I ever had was in low water, near noon, of an intensely hot and bright day, and the pool had been fished carefully and unsuccessfully in the morning. The angler who works the most hours gives himself the most chances to find the fish in the humour, and will sometimes get them in defiance of every known principle of his art. I once, as a joke, sent an enthusiast out to fish

when the river had risen four feet, and was so dirty that it seemed impossible for a salmon to see the fly three inches from his nose. He confounded me by shortly returning with a fine fish. Another time I was coming down the river, when Jacques said he thought he saw a salmon break below us within two yards of the shore, and where we knew the water to be very shallow—not over ten or twelve inches deep—and perfectly still. Jacques insisted on stopping and trying a cast over this place, which I reluctantly did. To my surprise, as soon as the fly came near the fish he darted at and took it, and we carried him home—a big one of twenty-five or twenty-six pounds. On examining the spot where he had been we found a little hole or groove where the water was slightly deeper than on either side, and there the salmon must have been lying, though why he should do so when there was plenty of good, swift-running water close at hand is a mystery. I 've never known of one being in such a place before or since.

The skill required on the Ristigouche for the early fishing is not nearly so great as is necessary for successful trout-fishing in accessible streams. The salmon comes up the river after his months of ocean experience, where his only enemies have been those which pursue him in the water. He has forgotten, or recollects very dimly, the deceptive fly which brought death a year since to certain of his companions; and if time has not obliterated the tragic occurrences themselves, his dull understanding probably ascribes them to the canoe, the rod, or the man using it—all of which he may have seen during the struggles of his friends—rather than to the fly which was out of sight while doing its deadly work. At his first

resting-place, after having run the gauntlet of the nets, he sees floating past him the insects which recall delightful recollections of former days in the crystal river. He seizes them, in sport or in earnest, without much regarding their size or colour, and at last closes his mouth on one that is very sharp and peppery, and seems disposed to stay with him, despite his efforts to reject it. Finally, succeeding in getting rid of it, but not without a slight wound, he continues his upward journey to the pool where he means to abide, a little more fastidious in his selections of food, and getting an inkling that flies are dangerous when in company with rods and men. The short stays he makes in different pools familiarise him with their especial risk, though at each new one he reaches the period of his greatest danger is very soon after his arrival, as he seems for a time to throw off the suspicions which guarded him in his last resting-place. I am convinced that a salmon is much more likely to rise very soon after coming to a pool than when he has been there a day or two, and that a fish which has remained some time in one pool, and won't rise at anything, when first an inmate of 'the pool' next higher up will take readily, and in a strange place seems to lose the caution he had in his home of a few hours before. This is the principal reason of the fishing always improving after a rise in the water. There are no more fish in the river, but they are on the move; perhaps they are, besides, looking out for the food which the higher water will bring, and take what comes along until they learn anew the lessons of their earlier stopping-places. Early in the season, when fresh fish are constantly coming up from the sea, there are new arrivals daily in the pools; and these are the fish generally caught, though

there are times when the veterans lose their discretion and show all the fatal folly of the new recruits. It is certain that a salmon which has had experience of danger approaching from a certain quarter, is suspicious of everything coming from that direction. I have seen an old resident rising every few moments at natural flies, and not only refusing an artificial one presented very delicately to his notice, but being so scared by it as not to show himself for half-an-hour. A fish at Chain of Rocks once treated me in that way, and, waiting until he recovered from his fright, I put in the water some distance above him one of the large black and yellow butterflies so plentiful in early July, and as it came over him he rose viciously and took it. I then caught another butterfly, which I fastened to my hook and cast for the fish, but ineffectually. Going down the river directly after, I met a friend on his way to Chain of Rocks to stay a few days. I told him about the fish, and he got him the same evening with one of the live butterflies.

A large salmon lived for a month, to my knowledge, behind a great rock in the Upsalquitch Pool, rising and jumping occasionally, and, though fished for daily, never yielding to the temptations of the various lures passing over his head,—except once or twice soon after his arrival, when he came up in a lazy indifferent way as though his wish was to yield us a little amusement. Another—or the same fish—the succeeding year, after tantalising us in the same way for three weeks, jumping daily, and often rising at natural flies even when being fished for, was finally hooked by Captain Sweny during a heavy shower, and after a hard fight broke the line and escaped. These were the fish which came to

the pool to stay, and not to use it merely as a lodging-place for a day or two on their journey; and in the large pools there are always such which have had their eye-teeth cut, and will not take except on extraordinary provocations.

The current of the Ristigouche is so uniformly strong, that with a moderate pitch of water, and while the salmon are running, the most bungling tyro can present a fly within the range of his cast as well as an expert I saw a gentleman hook three in the Matapedia pool the first time he ever had a salmon-rod, or indeed a fly-rod of any description, in his hands, and land two of them. I have seen the fly taken as the line was being reeled in close to the canoe, and on one occasion when it was being dragged a short distance behind as the canoe was being poled up-stream. The salmon don't mind a canoe a great deal, nor even the logs which come down from the lumbering camps in large numbers for just about ten days of the best fishing-time. It isn't at all uncommon at these times to hook salmon within a very few feet of a moving log; in fact the logs don't seem in the least to influence unfavourably their taking the fly, though many a fair fish escapes by running beneath a descending one, when the line is pretty certain to foul on some projecting piece of bark, and after a short agony give way, and leave the angler lamenting, and the Indians damning the whole lumbering industry, which, although it furnishes them with all the winter work they ever get, they would rather see annihilated than have it interfere with the noble art of angling.

Sometimes fish are landed after being towed about for quite a time fastened to the logs, the fouled line having been finally released by the Indians. I have known the line to be

taken under a log and catch on a small branch which was smooth enough to let it render over it without catching. As there were several logs between this and the canoe, it was some moments before it could be reached; but it was reached, turned over, and the line released in time to escape fresh dangers of the same kind and save the fish.

The log-running season is the one when the fish are most plentiful and rise best, and it is fortunate that the Ristigouche has few dangers to successful angling in the way of sharp sunken rocks, snags, or roots. The heavy spring floods carry off all obstacles of the last-named kinds, the banks are uniformly clear, and on one side there always is a good beach. All these advantages make the Ristigouche a very easy river to fish when the salmon will take a fly as readily as they do up to the second or third week of July, and of two men, the one who fishes the most hours on good water will get the most fish, provided he has ordinary intelligence and is willing to follow the advice of his Indians, if not competent to direct his own operations. Later in the season, however, when the water becomes low and perfectly clear, and the fish have been for some time in the pools, and have learned thoroughly the difference between a natural fly and one dropped before them with a splash by a man ten yards off, the skill and judgment come into play, and he who with light tackle can fish far and fine, and understands the habits, haunts, and humours of salmon, will make fair bags day after day, while the angler who has done quite as well during the high water, when fish are running, finds that the art of salmon-fishing is yet for him to learn. There are, late in the season, a great many salmon in the pools which

have been pricked, some of them more than once, and these especially have learned additional caution by experience. However, in this time of general lassitude there will rarely come a day, or an hour or two, when the fish seem possessed with short spells of insanity, and will take any fly shown them with reckless disregard of results. Some of the best bags on the river have been made on such days, in the upper waters late in the summer, when this resistless impulse has taken possession of fish that have for days been cast over without responding by the slightest rise.

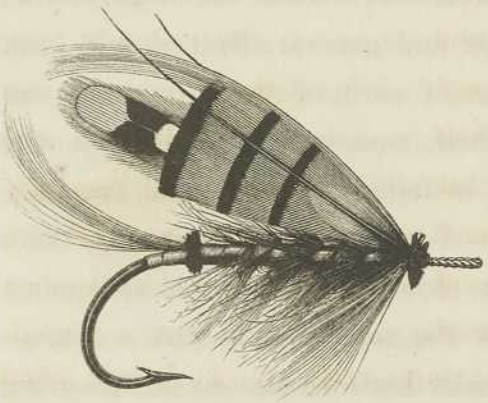
The question of flies is a vexed one, and entirely different and hostile theories are held by anglers whose views are equally entitled to respect. Some say that if a salmon will rise at all he will come to any fly of any size and any colour, whether black, yellow, or green. Some say that the size alone governs the attractiveness of the fly, and that colour is a matter of indifference. One gentleman I know carries this matter of size to the length of insisting that a hackled fly is sufficient, and wings are entirely superfluous. Others pin their faith on dark flies alone; others on bright ones; and still more think that size and general effect should both be considered. The advocates of each of these opinions can bring plenty of proofs of their soundness founded on the success they have met with in following them, and certainly these are strong arguments. I cannot think however there are any rules which should be considered inflexible as applied to so capricious a subject as the salmon, nor that a liberal-minded angler ought to consider his own success in following out some arbitrary method as proving that it would be the best for every one else.

Even in the early fishing, though any fly may take, it is my opinion that more salmon will rise to the man using the proper patterns and sizes than to the one who disregards entirely both. Most people agree that for early fishing the flies should be large; and it is probable that for a good while after salmon-angling with a fly began it was thought that only a large fly could take so large a fish, and even in the light of modern experience it is hard to believe that small ones can ever do better. The *Angler's Pocket-Book*, 1805, recommends fishing 'with a large, gaudy, artificial fly, its body brilliant with gold or silver—a real butterfly on the point of the hook improves the bait.' Williamson's *British Angler*, 1740, says in the course of a poem on the sport—

> 'Large be your fly, too, with expanded wings
> Of various hues—at this he boldly springs.'

All the other writers of the period, so far as I recollect, advise large and brilliant flies—and such would naturally first commend themselves.

In the early fishing, though large flies are more generally sanctioned than small, I have found that of those which are very bright—such as the 'Durham Ranger'—quite a small one is advisable, and I have risen fresh-run fish to that when they would not look at the same fly of say 0 size.



If people will take the trouble to experiment thoroughly,

it will be found that in the early fishing, when salmon are rising the freest, certain colours of flies are the best; though, as I have said before, a portion of the rising salmon will take anything.

I should say that the best results in the early fishing follow the use of good-sized sober flies, and would put at the head of these the 'Jock Scott,' which, though bright-looking when dry, has quite the contrary effect in the water. This may change on the Ristigouche, and some other fly supplant it in the future, as among the caprices of salmon is that of change in preference of flies from one season to another.



Ten years ago I considered the most killing fly, after the very first of the fishing, to be a good-sized insect, with blue hackle, claret body, and wings from the tail of the wild turkey; and next to that, one with a body of rat's fur, grey hackle, and mallard wing — tail of both, though I think that part immaterial, golden pheasant topping. I do not know of these patterns having been used on the Ristigouche before, but certainly I found them far more attractive than any others I tried for several seasons. During the past few years, however, the salmon

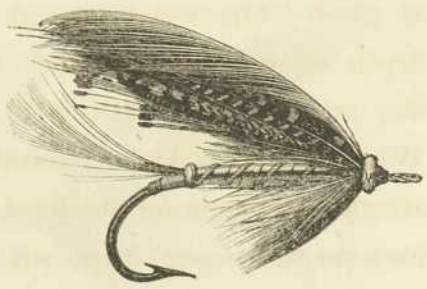


have changed opinion about them, and I think I lost a good deal of sport by persisting for some time in their use. The strangest instance in my experience of salmon insisting on one particular fly or none was with these grey ones.

I was, one morning late in June, fishing the Mowat Pool at the upper end of our water, where the bottom is very level, and the stream, though running swiftly, is as smooth as glass. The water was at a moderate pitch, of an average depth of perhaps five feet, and very clear. I hooked one five minutes after setting to work on one of these grey flies. When I landed him I found that the hook, a 'Sproat,' had, after the custom of its kind, bent considerably. Pressing it back to its proper shape with the aid of a stone, I returned to the same place, and immediately hooked another fish, after landing which I found the hook straightened out more than the first time, so much so, that I thought it unsafe to use again. On looking over my book I found no fly similar to that I had been using, and so tried four or five others, but could rise no fish. Then bending back the hook of the grey fly I tried that without a change of position, and on the first cast hooked a salmon. Him I also landed; but the temper of the hook, through the frequent bendings, was so entirely destroyed that—though the salmon would rise to it—after pricking a couple which escaped at the first run through the straightening of the hook, I took off the grey fly and again tried various others without avail; then putting it on again I rose a fish to it at once in the same place I had been casting over. All this was done in so confined a space that there could not be the slightest doubt of the same fish being cast over with all the different flies used, and that the

only one they would then pay the least attention to was the grey.

The 'Silver Doctor' and the 'Blue Doctor' are capital flies from the first run along until the water gets quite low, of rather smaller sizes than the dark flies, and I have found them good in bright weather. Mr. Whitcher—formerly of the Canadian department of Marine and Fisheries, and an excellent and successful angler—was a strong advocate of dark flies, and, I was told, in order to ascertain just how they would appear to the fish, had lines stretched across the river with flies attached; then, taking off his clothes, dived to the bottom, and looked up through the water at the flies as a salmon would. This mode of observation is said to have convinced him that the dark flies were much plainer to the sight of the fish than the bright ones, and, consequently, likelier to be taken. When a man is hungry, he is apt to devour the first edible thing that comes in his way, and of several would choose that easiest seen and which promised the largest mouthful. The same may be the case with the Ristigouche salmon, thus accounting for this preference for large dark flies shown by those ascending the river in full vigour, when the water is high and carries the breath of winter in its icy current. As the hours of sunshine lengthen and the nights grow warmer, the fish become more dainty in their feeding, and only occasionally feel a disposition towards the large, fat, and sometimes gaudy insects which their vora-



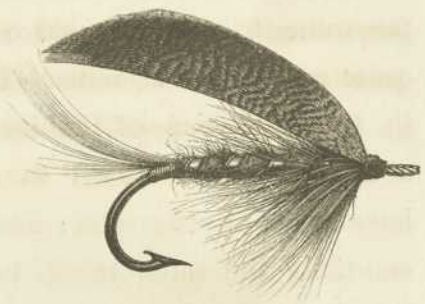
cious appetites craved a short time before. They find in the smaller and more delicate-winged creatures food which suits better their own slowly-changing condition, and the angler accordingly should yield to their wishes, and give them smaller and more modest flies.

The 'Jock Scott,' 'Silver Doctor,' 'Butcher,' 'Black-dose,' 'Wilmot' and 'Fairy,' black and brown, are taken well as summer advances and the water grows less chilly, though a cold storm and freshet will bring the fish back to their favourites of a month earlier. For the last few weeks of fishing, which now ends August 15th, the water is generally low and clear, without rain enough to change its steadily falling tendency. It is then that small flies and inconspicuous ones, cleverly manœuvred, are takers of salmon—and about the only ones: the fish have been long in the pools, and a fly means resulting danger if not avoided. To be taken, it must be thrown by an angler the fish cannot see, and come over its intended victim pretty nearly in the manner of a struggling, half-drowned insect. On the upper Upsalquitch the water gets so clear at times that the fish in some of the best pools — which are long still-flowing stretches, not accessible to the cast made from shore — can see the angler in his canoe above





at the greatest distance from which he can reach them. They are then obliged to put in the bows of the canoes screens of bushes, from behind which the cast is made. By the use of this stratagem the fish are not attracted by the movements of the angler, and will take the fly. Any one who can throw a long fine line wading, would probably do better on this water than by using a screen in his canoe.



I can almost say that for the late low-water fishing no fly can be too small. My best luck has been with sizes ten to fourteen, even of trout-hooks, in the very low clear water. Still at such times the salmon will sometimes go back to their earlier loves. One bright morning, in the lowest and clearest of water, I rose a small fish in the Upsalquitch pool to a minute brown fly; his way of coming showed he had no idea of taking it, and, as an experiment, I changed for a very large double-hooked turkey-winged fly, which one would think fit only for high water and early fishing. I saw the salmon rush at least twenty feet for this; and such was his eagerness, that as he took it he came clean out of the water. There were other fish in the pool, and after disposing of my small friend I tried them with the same big fly, but not one would come near it.

The 'White Miller' has never, to my knowledge, killed a salmon on the Ristigouche until this year, 1886. I have in previous years often tried it and the 'Coachman' in the evening, and once rose a salmon to the latter fly. This year,

making my usual trial, to my surprise I hooked a fish almost immediately, and thereafter found the 'White Miller' the best fly for the late evening fishing. I tied a few of these for some friends who were near us, and their success was quite as marked as mine. I think the taking this fly so well in 1886 was one of the inexplicable caprices of the salmon, as I have never failed to show it to them every season I have been on the river; and one rise to a 'Coachman,' substantially the same thing, has been all I had to show. Two fish have also been taken this year with a red ibis trout-fly, one of them the largest of the season—a forty-pounder. He fell a victim to a young friend of mine who went up the Patapedia on a bear-shooting trip, and was fishing for trout, fortunately with a salmon rod and reel. As a strong example in favour of colour being sometimes what salmon desire, I once, when on the Nepisseguit, caught two salmon with a bunch of musk-rat's fur tied roughly on a hook.

Mr. Locke, in *The Tweed and Don*, says: 'As an illustration that while they are in the humour salmon will rise and take anything, a few seasons ago a friend of mine captured here two or three fish with the thumb of an old kid glove stuck on a plain hook.'

In getting the general effect of a fly it is not necessary that one especial shade of silk should be used in tying, that the head should be either black or brown, or that the macaw antennæ should be present or absent. Even in his most diffident moods the salmon is not so finical as to require or observe these very fine and delicate touches in the short space of time it takes the fly to cross his field of vision. A broad generalisation on his part is all that is necessary for

the angler to provide for. This is shown by torn and battered flies, almost worn out of all semblance to their original condition, taking fish after fish. The size and colour still remaining, the perfection of the fly seems to be a matter of indifference to the fish. I have had for years one large 'Britannia' fly, given me by an English gentleman who was on the river, and have taken a good many fish on it, using it chiefly as a change, for which it has been most excellent. It has been gnawed by trout; the hackle vanished long ago, the wings have been torn to pieces, a new gut loop put on outside the body, and various other clumsy patching done. The fly does not look like a Britannia or anything else now, and is an exceedingly disreputable object, in spite of the new wings I have treated it to this year. Still the original colour has been pretty well preserved, and for a last resort I prefer it to any fly I own.



The changing of flies after a fish has risen and missed is a point of great discussion with anglers. The great thing to do, more important than any change later, is not to jerk the fly away as soon as the salmon has missed it. I think on the Ristigouche that fully half the salmon which miss the fly on the first attempt will, if it is left before them, turn about and take it; and I have several times seen fish, after the fly has been withdrawn, swim about looking for it. Alexis Marchand always advises making one cast where the

fish rose at once, before resting him, and before he has had time to get fairly settled down after his rise. Letting the fly alone for a moment after the first miss is however better, and I consider it one of the cardinal points of salmon-angling. The salmon generally has the fly in his mouth when his rise is apparent, and often when it is not seen at all, and a great difference has been noticed in their mode of taking in different years. In some the rise is uniformly bold and the fish is well hooked, in others the fly is taken under water, and quietly, the first intimation of a rise being the tug on the line. Of course when fish don't show, if the fly is missed the angler knows nothing of it, and I have no doubt many salmon are taken as the first result of this ignorance. It is hard to learn to let your fly move along as though nothing had happened when roused to excitement by the sudden commotion of a great salmon coming at it; but let it float down the current, and perhaps ten, fifteen, or twenty-five feet further you shall see a big wave denoting the pursuit of the fish, and this time, enraged by the trouble the insect has caused him, his aim is true, and the welcome pull that comes with the splash of the rise amply repays the command you have put on your inclinations.

When a salmon misses a fly it is either through gross carelessness or because he don't want it at that moment. He can take it every time he really means to, and I believe it is as easy for him to seize an insect floating down any stream he may frequent, however rapid, as for a robin to pick up a worm crawling along the path.

At the Flat Rock Pool at Pabineau Falls, on the Nepisseguit, the fish are all taken in the space of less than three

yards in length of water, coming from one of the heaviest of the cascades, and running with great swiftness and oily smoothness into the broken pool below, which is itself almost a rapid. The fly, pitched into the foam at the top of this run, floats down over it like a flash, and in the midst of its career is taken, if at all, by a fish from the rough water below, which comes up into the shoot for it. Those who have seen salmon take in this place—and they rarely miss the first attempt—will not be likely to question their ability to possess themselves of a fly in the water whenever they choose. It cannot occupy a second of time for the fly to pass over this cast, and it is never taken in the broken water below, where the fish lie, but about half-way down the smooth and shallow raceway.

Granting the ability of the fish to take the fly at every rise—and I have angled for days together when this ability has been shown—it follows that a miss indicates either that the salmon is playing with the fly in sheer wantonness, or that as he approaches he sees something about its size or colour he does not quite like, and so abandons his original intention. There is no doubt that this sudden change of heart in salmon takes place much oftener than we know of, and many a fair fish starts for our fly and turns back without breaking water at all. Of course such are less likely to be caught afterwards than those which do come to the surface. The fish which rise in play are probably those which would not take any fly, and I believe the foul-hooked ones are almost entirely of their numbers. A friend of mine had a salmon rise six times at Chain of Rocks, coming entirely out of water thrice, and finally hook himself in the belly. He

followed the fly close to the canoe, could be plainly seen as he came for it several times; and Mr. W—— said his actions showed he had no idea of anything except whiling away a few leisure moments. He would swim up and look the fly over, then circle around it, and suddenly dive down, his tail appearing above the surface. It is impossible to tell with any certainty whether or not a fish will come again from the manner of his coming the first time. A bold dashing rise may be all he has in him, or the faintest kind of a stir in the water, the precursor of a furious rush the next time he sees the fly. In any case it is not at all wise to leave him until all arts to tempt his appetite are exhausted. Suppose a fish has risen and missed, what is to be done? Some will go right along and fish the pool out, and then come back to the spot for a new trial; this is the extreme of conservatism, and the fish during the half-hour or more may get entirely over the notion of rising. The popular idea is to rest him a few minutes—I think three or four quite long enough—and then cast over him with the same fly. It is not safe to assume, especially when the water is clear, that the salmon is lying just beneath where he broke. He may have come ten yards or more for the fly, and after missing it will perhaps go back to his seat, or, if the bottom is moderately smooth, take a new one. This is apt to be, in such places, nearer the canoe than where his rise was seen, as the salmon drop down stream ahead of the approaching object, and, after it has been anchored some time and they find it harmless, return to the places which they left on its approach. This accounts for the not unfrequent rising of salmon close by the canoe after the cast has been fished at and the line is being taken

in preparatory to a drop. There was no fish there when the spot was cast over—there had been, but the moving canoe frightened him away. After it stopped and remained stationary for a time he concluded it was a log, and came back to his familiar stone, ready to rise when the proper fly appeared.

If the fish refuse to notice the fly the second time, I should then change it; if large, to a smaller one of the same kind (this is often done by good anglers directly after the first miss), and try him again without a long wait. If I was sure I knew about his position, I would make my first cast after the change very nearly over him. I don't think a rising salmon is made any more anxious by seeing a fly at varying intervals of distance for several minutes before it comes over him; and I believe that many a fish makes one of the unseen offers before mentioned when the fly is some way off, whereas if he had first seen it close by he would have taken it promptly.

I was one evening, a few years since, standing on Matapedia bridge directly over ten large salmon which lay in the swift current close together, and keeping their positions by almost imperceptible movements of their tails. A friend was fishing the pool above the bridge, and I called him to come down and have a try at these fish. In obedience to my summons his canoe was anchored about forty yards above them, and he began lengthening his line by degrees. Before twenty yards were out a slight commotion among the fish showed that some of them noticed the fly, and as it came round in front of them the next cast, and but little nearer, two of them started. The one behind stopped after going about ten feet and returned to his place, the other went like a shot two-thirds of the way to the fly, then slowed up

and came back without breaking the water. My friend did not know he had had a rise, and never would had not some one been there to see it and tell him. Something in the manner of that fish made me sure that had the fly been seen by him for the first time within a few feet of his nose he would have taken it; as it was, neither he nor any of his companions could be persuaded to start again, and paid no more attention to the various flies thrown over them.

Should I rise my fish to a small fly, my change would be to one larger and of a decidedly different appearance. Failing on the first change, I would give a short rest again, and present a fly of another marked contrast to the last in colour; after that I should show him the fly he first rose to, and then follow the dictates of my fancy, as after a fish has risen once or twice all rules about taking are for the time suspended, and he is liable to come to a fly he would never think of looking at in his sane moments. It is the possibility of this short mania seizing him which makes it allowable at such times to try him with the most extravagant creations of the fly-tier's art.

A fish will sometimes rise for the second or third time to a fly that he would pay no attention to if cast over him before he had risen at another. For instance, I was once fishing with a 'Jock Scott,' and had gone over carefully the best part of the pool, when I saw a fish take a natural fly just where I had been casting. Waiting a few moments I threw the 'Jock Scott' over him again without result, then changing to a smaller bright fly he rose at once but missed. A large 'Silver Doctor' was next put on, at which he also rose; substituting the original 'Jock Scott' he took it at once. All of these flies were cast directly over him the first time, as I

knew within a foot where he was; and I wish to emphasise the inadvisability, to me, of casting down by slow degrees to a fish whose whereabouts you know. By commencing to cast far away from the salmon his attention is attracted to the fly when it is a long distance off, and in the time he has to watch it before it comes over him he may discover the cheat, or if at first sight he starts to take it the same chance for investigation occurs; whereas, if he first see the fly close at hand, apprehensive of losing it, and with no time for examination or approval, he is more apt to yield to his impressions, if favourable, and take it at once. A fish which pursues a fly some distance and returns to his place of starting is not apt to rise again unless the fly is much nearer. I believe that many fish are not caught by reason of the angler thinking they may be just below where the first rise was seen, and they are never cast over the second time at all. There are certain places in the shelter of rocks and stones where salmon, if in the stream at all, will always lie, and to which they will return after their short excursion for food; but there are others where the bottom is level, or nearly so, with a good flow of water and no spots of especial desirability for salmon to rest in. In such places a salmon, after rising and missing, is just as likely to move a little up-stream as to go back to the place whence he came; and the fish in these flats—as I have found out by observing marked ones that had been through the nets and could be identified—move about and change their positions somewhat in the day-time when they are not travelling.

Some fish which rise the first or even the second or third time in play may be persuaded to finally take. A

salmon lying in a pool with some hours of idleness at his disposal before the time for him to resume his journey comes, sees a fly passing over him and rises at it, perhaps in play or to while away a leisure moment, but with no idea of taking it in his mouth. It floats away out of his sight; he returns to his rock, and in a few moments the same insect again comes dancing and fluttering over him. He makes another idle dash at it, perhaps comes to the surface and splashes the water with his broad tail in going down. Five minutes more and another fly comes within the range of his unwinking eye; it is smaller than the first, darker in colour, and resembles a breed of insect familiar to him, and of a most delicious flavour, though some of his friends prefer other varieties; now, he thinks, is the time to break his fast, and darting up—this time with certain aim—he seizes the morsel, to his sorrow!

In the shrimp-fishing season, on the Galway River in Ireland, the salmon are often regularly bullied into taking the baits, which may be cast before their noses nineteen times or more, until at last they swallow it, apparently only for the purpose of putting a stop effectually to the annoyance its constant passing causes.

There are instances of salmon in the Ristigouche exhibiting temper in very much the same way. Mr. Lawrence was fishing one day a smooth clear piece of water at the foot of Nelson's Pool, and had his attention called by Alexis to a small salmon lying a short distance below the canoe. He began casting over him, and after the fly had passed the fish eight or ten times he came from the bottom very deliberately, swam up to the fly, examined it from all sides,

and as it was drawn in followed it to a few feet from the canoe, and then returned to his place. Lawrence kept right on casting at him with the same fly, and after a few moments more of inattention the fish came up again, followed the fly for a little way, took it, and was killed. All of this was done without the fish showing above water at all, and had he not been so near the canoe he would never have been seen or taken.

Last July, in a very hot bright day, with low water, a gentleman passing up the shallow smooth part of Mowat's Pool saw a large salmon lying on the bottom. Although the pool had been carefully fished betimes that morning without result, and that identical fish cast over more than once, the enthusiastic emotions of youth led the young man to the point of trying what age and experience would have made him consider useless. So, to the disgust of his Indians, he ordered the canoe to be anchored above the fish, and in plain sight of him commenced plying him with flies. After eight or ten had been thrown over him, to none of which he paid any attention, he showed his notice of one, or his dislike of all, by slowly backing down stream a little. The canoe was at once dropped until the fish was seen on one side of it, and not more than five yards distant, and as many more flies were shown him, but still he made no sign. The book was about exhausted when a large 'Silver Doctor' was put on, and at its first passage above him the fish came up, took it with a rush, and was killed—a twenty-six pounder —to the great astonishment of the spectators as well as of the young fisherman.

My son, last year, while on an expedition up the Upsal-

quitch, was fishing for trout with a very light split bamboo rod, not over five ounces in weight, and the tail fly of his cast was a medium-sized red ibis. Seeing three salmon lying in the clear shallow water a good cast below him, he began throwing over them. Every time the fly passed one, or sometimes two, would make a little stir, but nothing like a rise came until the fourth cast, when one darted up and took it. He was played about fifteen minutes, but the shore on both sides was so grown up with alders which overhung the water, that he could neither be beached nor brought into any shallow place, although he was pretty well tired. One of the Indians at last tried to kill him with his pole, but instead knocked him loose from the hook, and he escaped.

Such experiences as these are, on the whole, rather disheartening, as they lead a man to feel he is neglecting his duty when he knows he is fishing over a salmon if he does not employ every resource of his fly-book and his patience before leaving him, even when he is sure in his inmost soul that all are likely to prove ineffectual. When salmon, as they do some years (and those on the Ristigouche in 1886 will recollect that year as one when this was a marked peculiarity), more than half the time take the fly under water without making a ripple on the surface, one may rise fish without knowing it, and the lives of many are undoubtedly saved by the anglers continuing to cast right along after one of these unseen rises. Although I have given instances of salmon being caught in direct violation of the rule of resting them, still it is not a course I should advise any fisherman to pursue. The fact, however, of the salmon generally preferring to wait awhile after his first rise before trying it again

is a very singular one, and seems inconsistent with the wonderful activity and vigour of the fish. He can't do it because he is tired from the trifling exertion of swimming a few feet, not because he does not want the fly, which, after a few moments' repose, he will take with the utmost fierceness, nor for any other reason that I have ever heard mentioned, except the general one given by Jacques, that 'he do jes as he dam please.' This explanation covers about all of the vexed questions in fishing for salmon—his rising short, or indeed rising at all, his likes or dislikes for particular flies—and its rather finely-drawn moral is that there are no sure things in salmon-fishing any more than, according to the proverb, in cock-fighting, and that, with the exception of a very very few imperative rules of conduct, patience, and perseverance in experimenting, is the best road to success, with a creature so fickle in his temperament and so fond of variety.

Among the various theories as to salmon is one I heard of last summer, and it is that of a veteran angler who has probably killed more salmon on the Ristigouche than any other man. This is that most of them sleep during the day, waking to activity early in the afternoon, and that for quite a time before then they have to be roused from their slumbers as a preliminary to their taking the fly. At one of the pools this gentleman fishes, a brook empties into the river and has had two dams put across it, enclosing a space of thirty or forty feet close to the bank. In this place certain of the salmon taken in the pool are put, being landed by a big scoop-net instead of by the gaff, and kept alive until wanted. These fish, during several hours of the day when the sun is highest, can be carefully approached without their taking any notice,

and sometimes even stroked gently with a stick or turned partly over, while towards night, and especially after sundown, the least movement near the place sets them dashing about wildly in every direction.

The conditions in which they are, however, are sufficiently different from their natural ones to make these observations of uncertain value, though it has long been known that salmon are in a more active condition during the night than the day.

The direction from which a fly appears to a salmon will often determine whether he is to take it or not, especially after he has once risen, though not unfrequently before, and occasionally a fish will take a fly on the surface which he would not when the usual depth below it, or one dragged up against the current that has gone over him in the conventional way unnoticed. It is the part of wisdom to try all these different things before leaving a fish, and even after they and divers others have been vainly essayed, you can never feel sure that one cast more would not have proved irresistible to him. The change of position and consequent different direction whence the fly approaches is always worth a trial if it can be made, and I have thus taken many a fish by trying him from the shore, when practicable, after he had missed once or twice from the canoe and ceased rising, and *vice versa*.

As germane to this, and also showing the queer freaks which salmon sometimes manifest, an experience of Mr. Lawrence, written down half an hour after it happened, may not be uninteresting.

On June 23, 1883, of a cold afternoon, with a high north-

west wind blowing, he went up to Mowat's Rock Pool. He soon rose a salmon, which missed the fly; rested him five minutes, and cast over him again, when he again rose and missed, and as the fly went on three or four yards, carried along by the current, another fish rose at it, and missed; a rest of about three minutes, and then, as the fly got midway between the places of the two rises, both fish rose simultaneously, and missed. Mr. Lawrence, after three minutes more, rose fish number two again; then waited the same length of time, and cast over the spot (the fifth time), when again both fish rose simultaneously; a minute's rest, and another cast brought up fish number two; then an interval of half a minute, and fish number one took the fly, but broke his hold after ten minutes' fight. Then Mr. Lawrence returned, and at the second cast hooked and killed fish number two; weighing twenty-five and a half pounds. The first rise of all was to a 'Butcher,' after the third rise the fly was changed to a silver grey; after the fifth, back to the original 'Butcher.'



CANOE
Etching by C. A. Platt.

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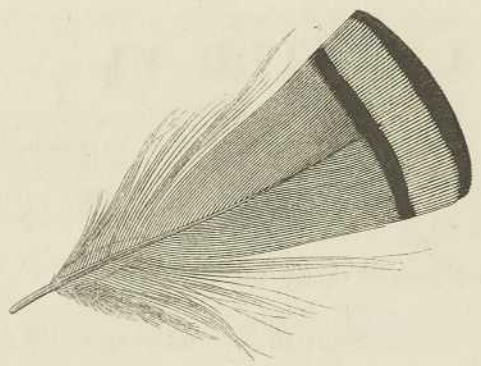




CHAPTER VI

Like a stout steel bow his back he bends,
  Then, bright as the crescent moon,
Leaps high in air, this racer fair,
  And flasheth away full soon.

Songs of the Edinburgh Angling Club.



THE SALMON

OF MATAPEDIA BRIDGE

ONE morning, early in the August of ten years ago, a friend of mine, whom I will call the Judge, and I, reached Matapedia, after a hard and unlucky trip of ten days to the top of the river. It had rained almost constantly, and for nearly a week after we started we had not been dry an hour of any twenty-four. We had failed three nights to reach the places where we meant to camp, and had been forced to pitch our tent in the dark, amid heavy showers and general discomforts. We had fished the best pools of the upper river, Patapedia, Indian House, Devil's Half Acre, Soldier's Gulch, and many others, and only had three or four fish to show. Our pork had turned out rusty, our flour got wet, and I had tipped over my canoe: we considered that we had met with a series of mishaps unparalleled in the history of salmon-fishing. That morning even we had risen at day-break, and started from Red Pine

Mountain so as to reach the mouth of the Upsalquitch in time to fish that, passing a dozen good pools on the way, and, reaching the point, found two anglers camping there, who proudly showed us four fine fish they had just brought in!

It was before the existence of the Ristigouche Salmon Club, and the large straggling building at Matapedia which has been modified into the club-house, with its dependent store, post-office, and other surroundings, was presided over by Dan Fraser, whose comeliness and social powers served in some measure to atone for the shortcomings of the establishment of which he was the easy-going and inefficient head.

Fraser held undisputed possession of the fishing of the great pool formed by the junction of the Matapedia and Ristigouche Rivers in front of his house—the best pool, I believe, in the world—and a claim on a small but excellent one in the Matapedia a few rods above where it meets the main river. Of late years the fish have not frequented this pool, but I have known from five to ten salmon daily to be taken there for a week in the times of which I write, and before.

The last years of Fraser's reign—for he was a potentate in those parts—and after the completion of the Intercolonial Railway, he had his house full during June and July of anglers, who might be seen dotting the big pools thick as a flock of ducks. I was told by a friend that he counted thirty-two canoes fishing there at one time, and my recollection is that about forty salmon were taken on that day. The lower end of this magnificent pool has built over it the railway bridge, which is supported on five stone piers, rising about thirty feet above the usual water-level, and projecting

as far up stream above the roadway of the bridge, the ends of all being sharp, to break up the great cakes and masses of ice which descend in the Spring.

Between these piers, as the season advances, the salmon lie, and can be seen from the bridge resting almost motionless in the swift pure water, and paying no attention to the thundering and shaking of the trains passing overhead. I once counted twenty-eight great fish in one school lying between the third and fourth piers from the Quebec side, all insensible alike to the racket of the railway and the scores of flies cast at them from canoes anchored above.

This August day we were obliged to stay at Matapedia, as no train left until the next morning. We bathed off the remains of camp-smoke and fly-lotions, stowed our tent and cooking utensils away in the store-cellar to take their chances till the following season, and put on clean clothes with a sense of satisfaction which was soon dispelled by the conviction they brought that our summer sport by woods and river was ended, and this day would give us our last sight of the Ristigouche for a twelvemonth.

Our faithful Indians had already scented some mysterious corner of the establishment where they could exchange their hard-earned dollars for whisky, and were lounging about in various stages of the intoxication which had been the fondly-anticipated goal of their labours. By dinner-time we had forgotten every hardship and inconvenience of our late journey, and sighed for the midges and mosquitoes of Tom's Brook and the black flies of Cross Point.

After the rather unpalatable banquet furnished by Fraser—at which we had but one companion, a Cockney tourist who

had been fishing there unsuccessfully for a few days—the Judge and I, to while away the long afternoon, strolled down to the bridge to have a look at the river and a little air, as it was very hot at the hotel. On the bridge we found a faint breeze blowing, and, looking up the river, the lovely rippling pool lay shining before us, the New Brunswick shore rising bold and rugged on the left, the rapid current gurgling and swirling about the corners of the black and polished rocks; and on the right, the beautifully green island which hid the mouth of the Matapedia, and the grassy flat beyond, sprinkled with large forest trees. The only living object in sight before us was our Cockney friend, who was braving the heated glare of the afternoon sun in his canoe, vainly thrashing the submissive waters.

As we sat idly enjoying the scene, and all unconscious of swiftly-approaching adventure, we saw just beneath us, between the second and third piers, the rise of a salmon coming to the surface, evidently at a natural fly floating down, as he made but a slight break. We could not see the fish, as the run of the water was nearest the pier which was in shadow; but the knowledge that he was there, and probably in taking humour, put a period to our dawdling and started me off on a run to the house for a rod.

After unpacking the Judge's trunk to get his reel and flies, which of course were in the bottom, I hastened back, luckily not forgetting the gaff, and found the Judge had seen the fish come up again during my absence. In order to make a cast over him I had to go out to the pointed extremity of one of the piers running up-stream from the bridge, and I should think, as I said before, thirty feet from the

water—at any rate it was high enough to make sitting there very uncomfortable, and getting my fly where I wanted it, from my cramped position, a matter of difficulty. After a number of trials I managed to throw it pretty well above me, and far enough out to float down close to the next pier. Nothing moved; but as I was pulling back the fly for the next cast, and it was almost under my narrow seat, a fair-sized salmon darted at it from the shadow of the opposite pier. I saw him when within ten feet of the fly, and was so startled that I snatched it out of the water, and the fish seeing his expected victim suddenly vanish, turned about and swam leisurely back into the obscurity. The jeers of the Judge, who had seen from the bridge my fright-inspired conduct, added to the sense of abasement I felt at my folly in losing such a chance. However, after waiting a good ten minutes, I began casting over the fish again, and for half-an-hour was thus occupied, changing flies several times, and finally returning to the large blue and brown to which he had first risen, but all in vain. At last, giving him up, I began fishing rather hopelessly the remainder of the very limited amount of water at my command, which consisted of the small portion midway between the two piers around which my fly had always swung, as my cast had been in the current which would bring it down close to the further pier, then at the end of the cast across the water between the two piers, and up the side of that on which I was perched. The first time the fly came down in the centre, and not three yards from where it was when the first fish started for it, I saw something come up deliberately from the bottom, growing, as it approached the surface, as large as a good-

sized infant. I had my nerves well under command, and just checked the progress of the fly; but it seemed ages before the fish reached it, opened his mouth, took it in, and with the same serenity and deliberateness which marked his upward movement turned and sought his lair.

The instant that elapsed before the salmon realised that he was hooked I employed in crawling off the point of the pier to the broader part of it, and doubting very much if I should be able to extricate myself without discredit or the loss of the Judge's tackle from the dilemma of my own seeking. I have a dim recollection of wishing it was the first fish I had fast instead of this one, which was twice the size, and decided that he must be given line enough on his first run—if it was down-stream—to make him unlikely to return and get between the next two piers, which would be fatal, when he made the consideration of that question unnecessary by starting violently up-stream towards the New Brunswick shore, and, after a jump which showed a bright fish of at least thirty pounds, came to a temporary stop about fifty yards above the end of the second pier above me. There was nothing to do but get around to the next pier, if the fish would wait, and this I succeeded in doing, with the assistance of the Judge. Once there, and the salmon remaining in nearly the same position, with the dangerous length of line I had out it became an object to get him started down, if possible between the pier on which I was standing and one of those either to the right or to the left of it. The Judge ran to the bank and returned puffing and blowing with his hat full of stones, and soon the fish, yielding insensibly to the steady pressure of the rod and the current, had worked down near

enough to have stones thrown in above him. The third missile struck the water near enough to start him, and to our joy he dashed down between the piers he came from, and stopped directly under the bridge, where there were probably some of his friends, taking their afternoon siesta, to whom he made known his troubles. It was but for a moment, however, and down again he went, I following him the length of the pier, giving no more line than possible, until I reached the bridge, where, instead of holding my rod up I had to hold it down, to keep the strain on the fish and the line from fouling the floor-timbers of the bridge.

The salmon 'cavorted' about for some minutes, and twice I saw the axle of the reel; but at last he came back from the quicker water and sought the bottom in the deep and quiet part of the pool about twenty-five yards below the bridge. We concluded he must be tired enough not to be anxious to renew the fight at once, and that now was the time to get the rod so it could be used from the lower side of the bridge, the whole structure being between me and the fish. To do this it was of course necessary to carry the rod underneath, and as the thickness of the timbers was too great to admit of reaching between the ties and passing it along with the hand, I took hold of the butt, after giving the line a hitch about the handle of the reel, and pushed the point of the rod as far as I could under the bridge. The Judge lay down on the bridge and inserted the point of the gaff between the line and the rod at the last ring of the tip, and I let go the butt, which, to our horror, swung about and hit the reel against the pier, breaking off the handle and a piece from the side, but fortunately not

the projecting axle to which the line was fastened. We now had the rod hanging perpendicularly, held by the gaff attached to its tip, rather more than half-way across the bridge, the line of course loose, and the salmon sulking in the deeps below unconscious of his opportunity. I next pulled up the slack of the line between me and the fish, not enough to bring any strain which might rouse him to action, and fastened it to the top of the rod, which enabled the Judge, by a long reach, to gaff the line ten feet nearer the salmon. When he had secured this I let go the tip of the rod I had been holding, and it was hauled up by the Judge, handed to me, and the operation gone through once more, which brought us clear of the lower side of the bridge, but not, as we then saw, clear of half-a-dozen telegraph wires which ran along just outside of it, and obliged me to hold the recovered rod with the point down nearly as much as from the pier on the upper side. I found when I got at the reel, that it would render line all right, but owing to the handle being gone I could not wind in. The salmon all this time, probably ten minutes, had not stirred, and with hesitation and anxiety we prepared for a renewal of the interrupted hostilities. Gathering up the slack line with care against future foulings, I felt gently of the fish with no response, then giving a heavier pull, I tapped smartly on the rod with my knife-handle. Nothing more than a short angry tug showed a recognition of this hint, and it was not until a well-aimed stone from the Judge dropped directly above the fish that he showed he meant to give us another fight for freedom. This he did by a dart towards the New Bruns-

wick shore, which, against the heaviest pull I dared risk, was not checked until my line was well-nigh exhausted. He stopped where the water was quite shallow and quick, just above the rapid, and the Judge, who went over to see him, shouted the pleasing intelligence that it was hard for him to retain his position, and he occasionally showed his side. At last he began slowly yielding; I was able to recover some line, and, as he gradually moved down and towards the centre of the stream, he several times came to the surface in his gallant but futile efforts to resist the force he felt was overcoming him. As he reached a point directly in front of me, he gave up beat, and lay helpless on the top of the water on his side, with only an occasional feeble flap of his tail. This of course made it necessary to give him line, as the dead weight of so large a fish, aided by the current—which happily was not very strong just where he was—would soon make something give way. We could not tow him ashore, as the rod wouldn't pass the supports for the telegraph wires, which started from the bridge; but we had another resource in our English friend, whose Indians had brought his canoe near the bridge on the Quebec side, and were watching the contest. I shouted to him, asking him if he would drop down and gaff the fish for me. He grumbled something in reply, of which I fancied I could catch the words 'D—— Yankee,' but did not stir. 'Offer the villain the fish,' said the Judge, which I did with an amiable smile. This proposal was too tempting for him to resist, and he at once started out to the salmon. The canoe was stopped about ten yards above; the noble sportsman placed his gaff in a convenient position, then seized my line and

began hauling the heavy fish up-stream towards him, hand over hand. To our shouts and abuse he paid no attention, and so firmly was the salmon hooked, and so good the tackle, that he was nearly dragged to the gaff before the casting-line parted, and the canoe silently dropped down-stream and disappeared behind the island. The Judge and I looked at each other for a moment in silence, and realising that pursuit was hopeless and language inadequate, gathered in the remains of our angling equipment and returned to the house. There we found that the tourist had left for good, and was going to Dalhousie in his canoe to catch the night train for St. John, which was probably just as well for some of us.



CHAPTER VII

Some youthfull Gallant here perhaps will say
This is no pastime for a gentleman:
It were more fit at cardes and dice to play,
To use both fence and dauncing now and then,
Or walke the streets in nice and strange Aray,
Or with Coy phrases court his Mistris' fan—
A poore delight with toyle and painfull watch,
With losse of time, a silly Fish to catch.

. . . . . .

More ease it were, and more delight I trow,
In some sweet house to passe the time away
Amongst the best, with braue and gallant show;
And with fair dames to daunce, to sport, and play,
And on the board the nimble dice to throw
That brings in gaine, and helps the shot to pay;
And with good wine, and store of dainty fare,
To feede at will and take but little care.

J. D., *Secrets of Angling*, 1630.

has brightened the horizon, when grey chilling mists cling to the surface of the water, and all nature is rubbing her drowsy eyes, and yawning and frowning as she wakes from her slumbers and begins addressing herself to the duties of another day.

It is then that the ambitious tyro, filled with this heresy of Juliana's (which has, with many others, slid almost unchallenged down through the ages), though ignorant of its origin, sallies forth, grumbling at his misery as he feels the dew from the dripping grass penetrate his legs, and the cold dampness of the fog strike into his bones, but expecting his reward of merit at the pool. This he flogs in vain for an hour or two, and returns exhausted and disheartened to his breakfast, feeling withal the comforting sense of duty performed, which endures until a friend comes in from the same water with a brace of fine fish taken at a reasonable hour and in a comfortable manner. To be sure this early rising is excusable when done to outwit a brother angler, and gain possession by first occupancy of water that one otherwise would lose, or late in the season, when water is low and fish languid. Even then there are many more early mornings unfit for fishing than fit for it.

Under the last conditions the evening is the better time, and under the first the biter is often bit.

In order to get the first chance at a throw in the Galway I once arranged with my attendant, Mike Brown, to be awakened at half-past two in the morning, which, he said, would ensure me the place. He came to Black's Hotel himself at the appointed hour; I hurriedly dressed myself, and

we raced through the deserted streets to the river. When we had crossed the bridge and slackened our pace, certain that we were all right, within a few steps of the cottage we saw, to our horror, one of the Blake family walk out from behind it, rod in hand, and take possession of the only station worth casting from. Of course I made believe I liked the humour of the thing, and Mr. Blake, in return, politely affected sympathy for my fruitless labours. After seeing him take a fine fish I still had several wretched hours to pass before breakfast, and while shivering about the cold rooms of the hotel, vowed and re-vowed never to be such a fool again.

The first one who, to my knowledge, has noted his disagreement with Dame Barnes in her views as to early rising is one 'H. R.,' who wrote *The School of Recreation* in 1684. He says, 'The salmon bites best in May, June, and July, at three o'clock in the afternoon.'

Thomas Fairfax, in the *Complete Sportsman*, about 1760, tells us that 'his best biting time is at nine in the forenoon and three in the afternoon, in clear water.'

The *Innocent Epicure*, 1697, recommends a different hour, but still not an early one, as follows:—

> 'At midday, when the Sun exerts his Rays,
> See on the Surface how the Wanton Plays,
> Then wisely tempt him, and, from Force or Choice,
> You 'll see him nimbly to your Pastime Rise.
> Strong be your Lines, your Hooks, your Rods, and all,
> And wise your Conduct, or he break the whole.'

None of these seem, however, to have much shaken the general belief, which still exists, that early morning is the best

time for fishing, and probably many valuable lives will yet be sacrificed before common-sense in this respect has full sway, and the old tradition is finally buried.

My best results on the Ristigouche have been pretty well on towards noon, and from four P.M. until about half-past eight, at which time the darkness comes in June and July. With very low clear water, and hot weather, early morning and late evening fishing—preferably the latter—are most successful; but the first run of fish seem to be in the best taking humour for two or three hours after nine in the morning, and late in the afternoon, as a rule. On the four best fishing days I have ever had, I got nothing earlier than ten o'clock nor later than two. I would not be the means of depriving any sportsman of the sad pleasure he takes in rising with the lark, day after day, as one of the conditions of his calling; but I firmly believe he will catch more fish in any one pool by leaving it alone until eight or nine o'clock every morning than by harassing it three hours earlier.

What one may see in the fresh dawn of a summer's day, on a salmon river like the Ristigouche, is the chief recompence, and it is a great one.

I sometimes think the love of nature that the sportsman has is of a different order from that felt by the average mortal. Perhaps it is a lower sentiment, in that it cannot find its highest gratification in the smaller details of scenery, —in one beautiful view, one rude mass of rocks, one stately tree, or one brilliant flower, but needs the entire effect. He is not moved half so much by the serene beauties of Lake George, only here and there showing the absence of man's



MOOSE AT THE BOGAN
Etching by H. SANDHAM.

MOOSE AT THE BOGAN
Etching by H. SANDHAM.


Hy Sandham

hand, as by the sunset on some wood-surrounded, clear, and lonely lake, with the trout breaking at the edge of the lily-pads near the mouth of the cold stream which feeds it, the loon calling mournfully in the distance, the startled sheldrake and her brood half-flying half-swimming at his approach, the croaking bittern, with his laboured flight, the whole combination of water, forest, and animal life joining to produce a subtle charm which no frequented place, however beautiful, can yield.

When the native animal life has been destroyed, or forced through the proximity of man to seek homes less disturbed, there is always a lack of that completeness of natural surrounding which makes one feel that here is a spot just as it was centuries ago.

Before the memory of man deer sought the water by this well-marked runway—not stealthily by night, but mornings and evenings; and in the warm July and August weather the heat of the day found them up to their backs in the cool stream, lazily cropping now and then a tempting full-blown water-lily close at hand, and slowly retreating before the first rare human intruder.

The mud about the salt-lick at the foot of the lake has for hundreds of successive seasons been marked with their footprints, as it now is. That mink stealing along the shore to his hole in the heaped-up rocks is one of a long line which lived and fished there before him. The great owl—which begins his wild serenade shortly after the last sweet notes of the wood-pewee cease, answering the melancholy and long-drawn call of the bear from the other shore—is of a most ancient ancestry of that ilk, which has

from time immemorial used yonder great beech-tree, now in the last stage of decrepitude, as its nocturnal concert-hall.

Let this lake become accessible, its beauties of water, foliage, and adjacent mountains made known, and what is the result? The invasion of summer tourists ensues; boats, and even steam launches, are brought to it; uncomfortable 'camps' are erected on its borders; in a year or two all the deer are murdered or driven off by night-hunting, the trout are exterminated, and every small animal, and most of the birds, are frightened away. The water is just the same, the woods and the mountains just the same, but through the absence of the appropriate animal life the completeness of the scene is gone.

If a forest is the natural haunt of various kinds of game, it lacks something if the game is not there. If lakes, rivers, and brooks have once been the homes of the brilliant trout, the rapacious mascalonge, or the silvery salmon, and these have been destroyed by the greed of man, the waters have lost their chiefest charm to the sportsman, no matter how great an admirer of natural beauties he may be. They are like the face and form of a fair woman whose outward loveliness promises mental attractions of which she is found destitute. She may be admired but not loved.

So to the sportsman—and not to him alone but to every lover of nature in her rounded completeness—are the lovely pools and rapids of a river like the noble Connecticut, an ideal home for salmon, lakes like the Saranacs, Au Sable, and many others in the Adirondacks, all now bereft of the life which—such is their adaptation for its support—the angler

can hardly believe extinct without the evidence of his own failure to evoke it.

It doubtless seems to a great many an anomaly that there should exist a love in the breast of the destroyer for the creatures he destroys; but it is a fact that the preservation of fish and game, which is due almost entirely to the efforts of sportsmen, is not by any means owing to a selfish desire for increasing their own amusement, nor to the more important economic reasons they urge, but very largely to a genuine love for the wild creatures of the woods and waters as a necessary element in the whole scheme of nature, the absence of which bereaves her, to them, of an essential part of her charm.

The slaughter of fish is by no means the highest pleasure of the angler. The muscular exertion alone, under the soothing influences which generally surround him, is a delight; the thousand indescribable attractions offered, and indeed pressed upon him, by the sparkling waters, the sweetness of the air, the rock-bound shores, and evergreen hills, all insensibly add themselves to the joys of his pursuit, and, perhaps without his suspecting it, form the chief part of them.

There has been in this country for the past few years a growing interest in angling, as well as in shooting and other manly diversions, and its early development in the youth of fashion is by no means devoid of ethnological interest.

In June of each year may be seen in the columns of our journals the announcement that Mr. So-and-so is about starting for his 'salmon preserves' on some well-known Canadian river; or a long interview is published with Mr. ———, in

which he kindly and inaccurately gives to the 'Commissioner' explanations of the habits of the fish, and unfolds the uses of the different varieties of his tackle, which he displays in all its amplitude to the eager scribe, interspersing the exhibition with reminiscences of his exploits on various former trips of the kind, and well-coloured details of the hardships and perils to which he is about to subject himself in his arduous pursuit of sport. This is all in the line of what Mr. Weller terms an 'amable weakness,' and is not to be derided, but enjoyed and commended, as is anything which brings the idle moneyed young man of the present day to think it as correct a thing to scour the woods and plains with rifle and gun, or with his angle explore the water far and near, as to show himself in the window of his favourite club, or while away the summer days amid the enervating surroundings of Newport or Saratoga.

The members of this class who choose angling as their accomplishment do so, to some extent I fear, because they consider the attainment of a passable proficiency in this art easier than in that of shooting. A dozen plausible reasons occur in a moment to the ingenious mind to account for ill-luck in fishing where one could be invented to explain why a series of fair shots was missed. Indeed it is proverbial that fiction with the angler is a sure and frequent refuge.

Two seasons, or even one, on a well-stocked salmon river suffices to transform into an expert—in his own mind—the novice whose previous experience has been confined to catching a few bullheads or perch in his early adolescence, or possibly, in his later years, to trolling for blue-fish near some seaside summer resort. He can tell tales of his prowess

from which the reasonable inference is that his knowledge and experience rival those of Henderson, Francis, or Buckland. His flies all come from North Britain, whence he orders new patterns of his own invention—doubtless to the great amusement of the Kelso artist—differing, one from the other, in some microscopic arrangement of colour which he has discovered is irresistible to the salmon, and gives his admirers the idea that the fish has an eye for the artistic effect of minute details equal to that of the most pronounced pre-Raphaelite. The most striking of these inventions he honours by bestowing upon it his own name, and unaffectedly extols its wondrous prowess, as well to the angler he meets as to his large circle of acquaintances, male and female, at home.

These (and the newspapers) are wont to mention him as a shining example of a finished sportsman whom they all yearn to, and some finally do, imitate, the costume alone being a most seductive temptation to follow in his train. This, of course, must be strictly in accordance with the Anglomaniacal tendency of things here at the present day, not for a moment admitting that anything else may be suitable for a different climate and different surroundings. To look like an English sportsman is his first ambition, not to know how to get his sport himself by a study of the habits of the fish, a knowledge of tackle, and the way to use it properly—these are secondary details; and our fisherman bedecks himself with angling trinkets, purchasing everything new of the kind that he thinks may add to his natural attractiveness and sportsmanlike appearance. He is a mine of wealth to the dealers in these articles; and certain of them which he

thinks especially becoming he does not disdain to appear in when returned to the scenes of civil life and occupation. One veteran angler, made so by ten days on the Ristigouche, I saw come on board the steamer at Liverpool the following year wearing the identical fly-bespangled felt hat which had adorned him on the river. He devoted a considerable part of his time during the voyage to the narration of his experiences in the art of which he bore the insignia, and succeeded in impressing several of his fellow-passengers with the belief that most of his life had been spent in killing salmon.

Another I knew, who, instead of aping the British sportsman, considered the *rôle* of the frontier scout and backwoodsman the proper one for him to assume. Certainly until middle life, and perhaps to this moment, he has been guiltless of the slaying of any living creature. A chance fortnight on a trout stream sufficed to convert him into the most bloodthirsty sportsman I ever met. Our last interview was on a scorching hot day some summers since, when I was trying to keep cool in a hammock under some trees near a farmhouse on the outskirts of a country village.

My repose was interrupted by the shrieks of some children who had been playing near me, and looking up for the cause, I saw approaching my former acquaintance, attired in a full suit of buckskin, fringed and beaded, his feet encased in ornamented moccasins, on his shoulder a trusty fowling-piece, and in his belt a huge bowie-knife. Throwing himself down in unstudied grace on the grass, he drew off one of the large gauntlets which protected his hands, slightly loosed his knife in its sheath to be ready for any sudden onslaught,

and evidently felt that the terrors of the children were a fitting tribute from innocence to valour. He talked feelingly to the people he had come to see of his want of success in these parts, which was no discredit to his skill, as one might go for miles without seeing a bird bigger than a robin or a fish larger than a minnow.

I would not judge harshly these gentlemen or those of their class. From their ranks come certain ones who after a time cast aside the superficialities, at first their chiefest joy, and become sportsmen from the love of the thing, while the mass of them, after having done enough for glory, slip back to their accustomed sphere.

There are more of these *dilettanti* in the angling than in the shooting way, because, as I have said, a glaze of the former art is much easier acquired. There is but little work necessary; and a man can make much more capital out of a week passed at a comfortable club-house, with a good Indian to fish for him when fatigued by the unaccustomed work, than by carrying a gun across rough ground six or eight hours a day, or lying behind a blind through a bleak north-easter, with one or more cruel companions at hand to pass harsh judgment on him. They are sometimes brought to grief as completely as Mr. Winkle was, when forced by circumstances to try to make good their pretensions; and I think Dickens truly depicted the type in his hero, in giving him a thousand desirable and amiable qualities as an offset to his harmless vanity.

If fashion dictates that one shall go to the woods and rivers, expose himself to the sweet influences of nature, glide in the birch canoe of the Indian down the crystal flood of

a river like the Ristigouche, see the changing panorama of spruce-clad mountains, foaming rapid, or secluded intervale revealed at each turn of the stream, it is doing a good thing for him and putting him in the way of seductions which will be very apt, if often undergone, to establish a strong and wholesome sway of their own.

It seems as if nobody could be insensible to the healthful charms of life in the open air in a world just as God made it, with exercise enough to keep the body sound and the mind active, the cares only the trivial ones of so simple a form of existence, the joys simple also, but thereby all the more enjoyable than the complex and artificial amusements of towns. The serious labours of life are returned to with zest after the freshening up the mind and body take in from a short approach to the primitive forms of nature. The effect of simple abstinence from work, even among pleasant surroundings, is not the same in its resting quality, perhaps because it carries with it no sense of anything accomplished. Any man to whom the thing is not habitual, feels a great satisfaction in proving his possession of that faculty which, if necessity required, would enable him to cope successfully with the normal conditions of life—that he could, if he had to, get along agreeably on the most meagre comforts, or create them by his own ingenuity from the materials offered by nature, throwing aside as superfluous and effeminate the mass of the customs of civilisation. It is the unconscious delight of a sound mind in the reversion to an aboriginal mode of life.

One Sunday afternoon a few years since, we were sitting on the piazza of Camp Harmony, and in the midst of a

heavy thunderstorm, saw a canoe with two men descending the Upsalquitch. From its small size and comparatively high ends we thought it a Madawaska or St. John craft, which we found was the fact when it stopped at our landing. The navigators were an Indian and a white man, the latter a stout, rubicund, elderly gentleman, who came up to the camp in response to our invitation. He was well browned with the weather, quite ragged, and bore other unmistakable marks of a long campaign in the woods. We set him down after a few moments of conversation and refreshment as a college professor or a clergyman, with the chances in favour of the lay calling from his travelling on Sunday. This reason turned out to be misleading, as when he told us that our first supposition was correct, he also said that his failing larder was the cause of his going down that day. After feeding him and persuading him to bring ashore his kit and pass the night with us instead of continuing his voyage in the storm, he gave an account of his travels which made us feel like the veriest milksops and pleasure-seeking idlers.

His canoe, which he bought twenty years before, had carried him and his guide or assistant each successive summer since over thousands of miles of the most unfrequented water-ways of Canada, and his present trip might be taken as a fair sample of all. He had started six weeks before we saw him from Andover in his canoe, ascended the St. John River to the Tobique, the Tobique to its head, whence by a long portage he had reached a tributary of Nepisseguit Lake. At the lake he passed a few days, and shot a moose; his course thence was down the Nepisseguit River, which flows from the lake, to a portage leading to the north-east fork of the

Upsalquitch, about fifty miles above our camp. The journey had been made leisurely, and the trout-rod furnished a large portion of his food, though he had laid in at starting of pork, potatoes, and Hecker's prepared flour, what his scanty freight-room would hold. This flour he considered the greatest boon ever offered by science to the camper, as by simply mixing it with water a delicious loaf of bread could be prepared and baked in a small tin oven, which he used at other times for a packing box, all in ten minutes. His kit had been, through long experience and innate cleverness, selected and arranged so as to give a great many necessities and some comforts of life in a wonderfully small space, and in shape for easy portaging, which every one familiar with this hardest branch of woods' experience will appreciate. Some of his contrivances and inventions were admirable in their simplicity and adaptability; and the sum of them enabled him to travel with a comfort which it seemed impossible to obtain out of the weight and bulk of the materials which yielded it.

In the morning he started down-stream for Campbellton, twenty miles distant, to buy flour, pork, and potatoes, and two days later he passed up the Ristigouche on his way to the Waugan brook, one hundred miles distant, expecting to ascend the eight tedious and fly-infested miles of that wretched streamlet, carry across three miles to the Grand River, down which he would paddle and wade to the St. John, where he would find plenty of water to take him back to his starting-point. Had it not been for his holy vocation we should have taken *cum grano* his statement that when he began these hard trips he was a delicate, weakly man, with a strong tendency to consumption, as a more thorough imper-

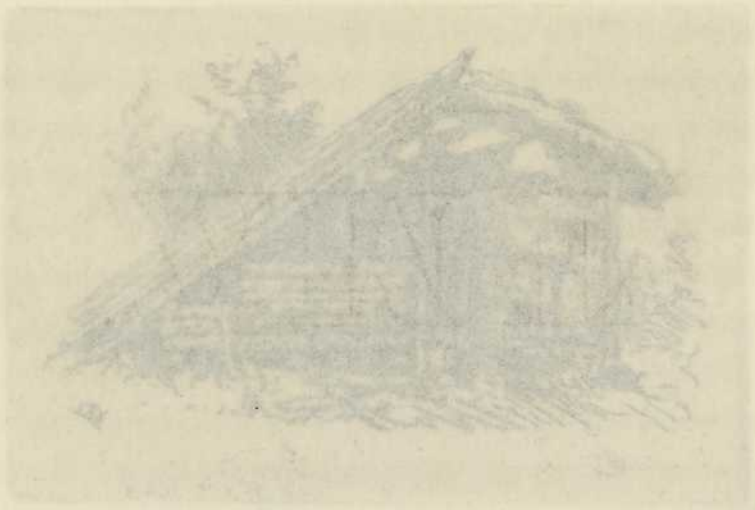
sonation of health, vigour, and toughness, it would be hard to find. He had acquired the hardness and insensibility to the effects of wind, water, and cold, that comes to those who are constantly exposed to the elements.

I have been out for weeks in cold weather with Indians who had no blankets or tent, and in some cases not even coats, simply because they were too lazy to take them on starting. They slept on the ground, sometimes without any fire, and only in case of protracted rain taking the trouble to make the least protection for themselves, and never complained or seemed injured by the exposure. The men engaged in the great spring drives of logs undergo an experience which would be quickly fatal to the average man. At the first breaking-up of the ice—which does not come, in the streams, from its thawing out, but from the rising of the water underneath caused by heavy rains — the logs are set afloat and started on their downward journey of sometimes hundreds of miles. They are attended by the drivers, whose duties are to see that they do not run aground on the various bars and islands, of which the river is full, and that jams occurring from these and other causes are broken before a large accumulation of logs takes place. All this involves being in the icy water almost constantly from twelve to sixteen hours of each day, generally from daylight to dark. The water for a month or six weeks after the break-up is cold, it frequently freezes hard at night, and heavy snow storms are not rare. A scow bearing the store of provisions accompanies the drivers down-stream, and their only shelter consists of a long strip of canvas about three yards wide, which is stretched at night on poles set in the ground at an

angle of about forty-five degrees. Under this scanty and one-sided protection the men lie down on the soaked ground in their wet clothes, and at most one poor blanket, and sleep the sleep of the just until roused by the foreman at early dawn to plunge again into the chilling snow-water.

These men pass us every June, and their drives interfere seriously with our fishing as they get near, and trouble us more or less much before, stringing along for a fortnight or more in advance of the main body, or rear, as it is called.

Finer physical specimens than these drivers it would be hard to find. The rough life and very hard work seems neither to affect their health nor their spirits. They are full of play and joke, and their nightly camp-fire is enlivened by laughter and jest as genuine and jolly as are heard anywhere. Their cheerfulness and good humour are especially noticeable, and they enjoy their life more than those do whose sympathies its hardships excite.



OLD COOKING SHANTY
Etching by Mrs. A. Lea Merritt.

CHAPTER VIII

Not gladder Shobden's wealthy peer
Views his fat oxen and his deer,
Nor peeress, when her alms she gives,
Nor those her Charity relieves,
Nor Gripus as he scans his store,
And counts and counts it o'er and o'er,
Nor Stella, decked in nuptial pride,
And just about to be a Bride,
Than I to feel, O bliss Divine!
A salmon floundering on my line.

Old Song.

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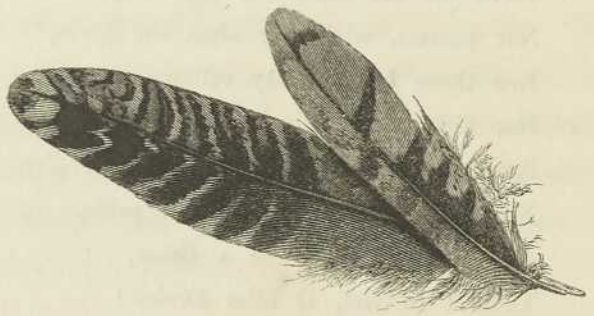
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Not gladder Shobden's wealthy peer
Views his fat oxen and his deer,
Nor peeress, when her alms she gives,
Nor those her Charity relieves,
Nor Gripus as he scans his store,
And counts and counts it o'er and o'er,
Nor Stella, decked in nuptial pride,





THE WAUGAN ET INFRA



N June '81 Lawrence and I decided that, instead of taking the conventional route to the Ristigouche, we would go by the way of the Waugan portage, which connects the head waters of the St. John with those of the Ristigouche, and descend the entire navigable length of the latter—about 120 miles. An (occasional) sea-faring friend of ours whom I will call Daniel, as that is his name, and who was ostensibly going to the Ristigouche Club, joined us—or, as he thought, was joined by us in this project. As a preparation we wrote to our Indians to leave the Mission on June 12th, which would give them to the 17th to pole up to the Waugan. We expected to meet them there on that day, and directed them to bring sufficient provisions in their canoe to last them for the whole, and us for the downward, journey of three days.

When we reached St. John, N.B., we found the trains up the St. John River ran in a most inconvenient way for

us, there being but one a day, and no connection with that at Fredericton, where we had consequently to pass the night; and it was not until the morning of June 18th that we left there by the narrow gauge New Brunswick and Maine Road for 'Violet's' on the Grand River, a tributary of the St. John.

We had a slow disagreeable journey, with a raging snow-storm for several hours of the day, and it was nine o'clock in the evening when we were left off at Violet's house, which we found a fairly comfortable one for the country, though I preferred, after looking at my sleeping apartment, to take up my quarters for the night on the floor of the sitting-room, which the experience of my companions proved was good judgment.

We breakfasted at four next morning, and took our departure for the Waugan, which was reached by way of the Grand River, a fair-sized creek. Violet had provided for us and our luggage three old leaky log canoes, two Frenchmen, and a horse to haul the whole up the stream. Fortunately, just as we were starting, John Dedame, one of our Indians, appeared; from him we learned that the canoes had reached the Waugan two days before, and he had been sent through to look us up. He at once assumed command of the expedition, and changed the order of our canoes, which the Frenchmen had arranged to have towed up single file by the horse, put a stout sapling to which a tow-rope was attached across the bows of two of them, thus holding them abreast, had the third fastened on behind, and standing with his pole astride of the foremost canoes managed the tow-rope, and pushed them aside

from the various shallows, rocks, and other obstacles we were constantly meeting. One Frenchman rode the horse, generally in the bed of the stream, avoiding the deep holes, and occasionally venturing on a slow trot. At half-past ten we stopped to feed the horse and eat the dinner Violet had put up for us, and found by questioning John that we had accomplished five of the fifteen miles in the four hours' travel.

On being informed of our slow progress, and the prospect of the crew having to stay out all night, the supernumerary Frenchman, who until then had been a stolid passenger, astounded us by bursting forth in violent imprecations against his companion who had been riding the horse, at the same time vaunting his own skill as a jockey, and swearing that had he been in the saddle the gentlemen would now be very near the top of the river. By artfully praising the spirit of Antoine, and adding our mite to his objurgations of Aristide, he was induced to take the horse from *ce cochon* and show the Messieurs how a fine rider would 'make ze canot to ascend.' We found Antoine as good as his word; he mounted the steed in great excitement, cursing the *cochon* in one breath, waving his hand and smiling at us in another, and started off at a round trot amid storms of applause and a salute from our battery of a rifle and shot-gun.

We went gallantly for a half-hour, Antoine constantly looking back for the praise so freely given, until suddenly horse and man disappeared from view in a deep pool they had gone into without noticing. It seemed a long time before they came to the surface, and when they did it

was only after quite a struggle and another vanishing from sight that the horse gained footing. Antoine alighted rather crestfallen, and Aristide did not conceal his approval of the mishap. A drink of whisky and a few consolatory remarks revived the rider, and he remounted. After a few moments of caution he regained his spirits, and dashed on with all his pristine ardour, occasionally swimming his horse across a deep pool instead of going round it, and giving John all he could do to prevent our running ashore at the frequent turns we encountered.

Antoine's only other mishap was caused by his horse tripping on a root and throwing him several yards over its head, luckily in water deep enough to make the fall a harmless one; and at about four o'clock we saw a smoke ahead, which John said was made by our men, who had crossed the portage to meet us. An hour later found us across the three miles of the portage, and with the canoes at the Waugan brook, down which we had to go eight miles to the Ristigouche. The men had built a bark shanty, and we were going to set up one little tent for the night, being both tired and hungry, when we accidentally found out the only food they had was about half-a-pound of pork, two hard biscuits, and a small pinch of tea. With the improvidence of their race and their natural appetite, enhanced by the winter's semi-starvation, they had consumed the provisions laid in for the whole trip, and John Dedame had not thought it worth while to tell us of our plight at Violet's where we could have got enough to take us through. We divided and devoured the pork and biscuits at once, pocketed the tea for future use, and then decided

to get to the mouth of the brook that night, though the Indians advised waiting, as it was very shallow and crooked, and, they said, impassable after dark. We started, however, as soon as we could, and the first four miles were got over by the canoes being dragged and pushed most of the way by a man at each end, we lying down flat in them to avoid the overhanging alders.

The Indians had prepared the bottoms of their canoes for the hard usage by covering them with long sheets of hemlock bark, bound on with withes, and even with this defence they were a good deal strained. It was nine o'clock when we reached the Ristigouche, and, after pitching our tent in the rain, went to bed wet and supperless, with no prospect of anything to eat before reaching Laferge's, the house highest up the river, and forty miles distant from us. We were quite willing to rise early next morning, as, except the little tea which we made from that saved, we knew no morsel would pass our lips until Laferge's was reached. We got there about two in the afternoon, being somewhat delayed by scarcity of water for the first few miles, and found two of our countrymen who were fishing the pool thereabout. After a trifling hesitation they entertained us hospitably, and we soon forgot our woes of the past twelve hours under their ministrations.

Just above Laferge's the Kedgwick joins the main river, the size of both being about equal. They differ however in one important respect: nearly, if not quite, all the salmon go up the Kedgwick, and are not seen in the Ristigouche above the forks, though to human perception the adaptability of both waters is the same. After dinner we pushed on for the

mouth of the Patapedia, the second large tributary, where we were to pass the night. There were a good many salmon in the river—all large ones—being of the first run, which goes straight through to the head waters, and does not take the fly at all until they reach their destination. Consequently the angling begins at the head of the river, and fish are caught plentifully there before they are at Matapedia.

We had no right to take a salmon above Indian House, but the trout-fishing is free; and as we learned at Laferge's that the sea-trout had been seen in the Devil's Half-acre, a few miles below, decided to stop there a little while and catch our supper.

The pool is small, but excellent both for salmon and trout; on the way down I put up my trout-rod, passing with a pang the salmon lying in the lovely streams of Soldier's Gulch, Trotting Ground, and other unnamed and untried pools. At the Devil's Half-acre—so called from the appearance of the shore, which is a mass of huge boulders said to have been heaved up from below by his Satanic majesty—Jacques stopped my canoe just above the corner of a large projecting rock where the current swept along so strongly as to leave a long streak of white foam in its course, and on the first cast I made in the stiller deep water, at the outer edge of the eddy, I had a rise like that of a salmon, and was fast in my first fish of the year. In ten minutes I put the gaff in him, and he proved a beautiful sea-trout of four pounds, quite large enough for the strong water and light rod. I quickly took two more of two pounds each, and then stopped, as we had to hasten on to reach the Patapedia in time to make camp. A run of good-sized sea-trout accom-



DEVIL'S HALF-ACRE
Etching by C. O. MURRAY.

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panies the first salmon, and with them goes high up the river, only an odd one being found in the lower part. Indeed the habits of the sea-trout are quite as interesting, and vary as much in different rivers, as those of the salmon. The females of the first run have the ova well-developed, and, I am told, spawn in September and October. There is another run in the early part of September in which the ova are in about an equal stage of forwardness; and still another run in November when the first ice begins to form. These are caught through the ice with bait in great numbers, and in them the spawn is very small, evidently requiring months for its maturing sufficiently to be deposited.

In other rivers, the Nepisseguit, the Nouvelles, the Scheminac—the two last exclusively trout rivers—the great run of them takes place in July, and the best of it is past and gone before the trout are at all plentiful in the Ristigouche. They have been, without any known reason—though the natives attribute it, with their usual logic, to the artificial propagation of salmon—decreasing of late years in the Ristigouche, though the fishing in September and October, and earlier than that, near the tideway is excellent, and six to eight pounds is not a very rare weight to take.

We got to Patapedia in time to prepare comfortably for the night, and furnish our tent with a good store of boughs. A settler's house near by provided us with bread, milk, and pork, and with our trout split down the back, and broiled on a forked stick before the embers, we made a perfectly satisfactory meal.

When we awoke on Sunday we found it very cold, and raining hard, and I reluctantly addressed myself to getting

over the thirty miles between me and Camp Harmony, where I was obliged to be that morning. My companions were going to remain at Patapedia till Monday, and fish Indian House and Cross Point Pools on their way down.

It was past noon when my canoe reached Camp Harmony. I was thoroughly chilled, and the persistent heavy rain having, as usual, found some joints in my armour, I was nearly as wet as the Indians, and much more uncomfortable. We expected to find there Larry Vicaire and his mate, who had been left to bring up the supplies from Matapedia and put the place in order for our coming; but, after the manner of their kind, when most wanted they were not to be seen, and we were obliged to break open the back-door to get in. We soon had a roaring fire in the big fireplace, a hearty meal, and passed the rest of the day in putting things to rights.

It was not until evening, when the storm had ceased and the clear sunset and soft south wind gave an entirely different aspect to nature, that I sat on the piazza with a meditative pipe and began to appreciate that I was at last where for months I had longed to be. The swallows were twittering and building their accustomed nest at the point inside the house where the rafters meet at the peak of the roof; the rounded top of Squaw's Cap Mountain was boldly defined against the deep blue of the sky; the robins were singing joyfully, as if to express their content at the change from the cold and dismalness which had prevailed all day; and the crystalline Upsalquitch was leaping along to fall in the bosom of its stronger sister, and be by her carried to the sea. Directly in front the Camp Pool, beneath whose stream, and



ONE DAY'S CATCH
Drawn by J. Wycliffe Taylor, etched by G. S. Ferrier.

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Geo S. Ferrier
Aquat

behind the rocks whose whereabouts is denoted by many a swirl and break of the water, I know are now lying the great salmon fresh from the boisterous North Atlantic, where they have for months been voyaging beyond the ken of man, happily unconscious of the perils before them. One leaps high from the water just where the two rivers meet, another a few moments later comes up at a fly further out; and, after an interval of quiet, just as the sun is disappearing behind the hill in front of me, a big one almost at my feet startles me by coming straight up out of the water and falling back broadside with a splash that, in the absence of another sound, could be heard a quarter of a mile. I began to feel that this might be the eve of such another happy day on the pool as the one on which it yielded to two of us seventeen salmon on a still and burning afternoon, all taken in the same place, as many lost as killed, and plenty more ready for the fly when we stopped from a sense of shame.

I was quite ready to go to my tent at the end of the long twilight, though after getting there I lay awake for hours listening to the noises which one hears in the most solitary places the first nights he is alone. In the morning I found another of the frequent weather changes had taken place, and a cold wind from the Bay of Chaleurs had brought back the clouds. As the moment approached for the first throw of the year, I felt that my anticipations of the evening had been baseless. But putting on a new casting-line and a large 'Jock Scott' fly, we went out and anchored the canoe near the meeting of the waters, and a little above where we had seen the first fish jump in the evening.

It was not until the second drop that I rose a fish near

the middle of the river, but he came so sluggishly that he only made a lump on the top of the water several feet below the fly. So indifferent did he seem that before going over him again I changed the fly for a small and brilliant 'Durham Ranger,' thinking it best not to show him the 'Jock Scott' again lest it might prevent his taking something he did like. I fished him slowly and carefully until the fly went over him a few feet below where he first rose; then he came indeed! the waters parted with a great wave as he rushed at the fly, showing half his back and his broad tail as he went down. From over-eagerness he missed it clean, and in my agitation I pulled it away too soon or he would have had it on the second try, as he turned and followed the fly for several yards when it was moving off. In two or three minutes I regained my calmness and again offered him the 'Ranger,' which he at once came up to and took in a more deliberate way and carried to the bottom. We had time to get up an anchor before the salmon discovered he was hooked. When he did, off he went down and across stream at such a pace that I surely thought he would run ashore; but he stopped just in time, then came towards us faster than I could reel in and the Indians pole up-stream, turned again and swam off straight down the middle of the river.

The men dropped their poles, seized their paddles, and started after him, while I made him fight for every inch of line, expecting he would soon stop; but such a thought didn't enter his head, he never halted or hesitated, but kept on taking out my line rapidly though I put on as heavy a strain as I dared. Very soon my one hundred and twenty yards

was nearly gone, the men were paddling their best, and the tip of my good Forrest rod was within a yard and a half of my hands. All was useless against the speed, power, and determination of the fish. In another instant the casting-line parted, the vexed rod sprang back, and a moment after we saw the salmon leap out of the water a quarter of a mile below us. Three days later M'Knight, one of the river guardians, brought up my fly and a piece of my casting-line, which had been found fast in a large fish taken in one of the estuary nets nearly twenty miles further down. This verified the statement I had heard and read before, that salmon sometimes, when badly pricked, returned to the sea if not a great distance from it, going probably either from fright or for the healing of their wounds. As a rule they are more sensitive to injuries than trout, and death often results from their successful fights with anglers, in which the injuries received would hardly keep a trout from his feed for an hour. It may be that their violent exertions when hooked wear them out, and cause the fatal ending more than the hurts, as I once took a fish with fully half-a-pound lately bitten out of his side and back, just forward of the adipose fin, probably by a seal; and it is a well-known and curious fact that salmon which have escaped from the nets, bearing the marks and deep cuts of the twine on their backs and fins, are freer risers than their unscathed companions.

I have preserved a strong argument myself in contradiction of this theory of the effeminacy of salmon, in the shape of a 'Jock Scott' fly and half a casting-line which I took from the mouth of one late in June 1883. The fish was killed by a friend of mine in the evening, and besides the fly

he carried, bore another evidence of serious conflict in a deep gaff wound in his shoulder.

I found by inquiry that this salmon had been hooked the morning before by a gentleman fishing Alford's water, a quarter of a mile below us, who had played him for about an hour, and dragged him nearly to the shore with his gaff before its hold gave way. He rose to the fly that finally killed him with great eagerness.

Returning with a new casting-line and fly to the spot where our first failure occurred, I very soon rose another fish, which missed. I threw my line carelessly over the other side of the canoe, where I had already fished, with my eyes fixed on the water, still agitated by the break, when Peter exclaimed, 'By golly!' and I simultaneously had the rod nearly jerked from my hands by an unexpected salmon, to which the 'Durham Ranger' had appeared in exactly the right position. He started off like lightning down-stream, and for a moment we feared he was going to imitate the tactics of his companion we had lost; but his intelligence was not equal to such direct effort, and he spent himself in rushing about here and there, doing quite as much work as sufficed to free the other, and would have won the battle for him had it been as well applied. It made me think how, like salmon, a great many men fail and perish in the race of life through the misdirection and waste of exertions, which, if concentrated on one goal, would ensure success. Our fish probably thought he was using all his powers in the best way, even when Jacques stuck the gaff in his twenty-nine and a half pounds of beauty and shapeliness and hauled him to the beach, to be knocked on the head with a short club.

As soon as this was done we hastened back to the rising salmon we had left, and he came up at once to the 'Ranger,' but so short that I changed the fly for one that for several years was a great favourite of mine and the fish, but which of late they have inexplicably lost their liking for. It is best of a large size, with golden pheasant topping, rough claret body, a heavy hackle of light blue, and rather heavy wings of wild turkey. This was the required article, and the salmon took it with a dash and determination that showed he, or rather she, meant business—most of this first run being females; and I had a very lively time for nearly three-quarters of an hour before the struggle was ended in my favour and my day's sport over.

The fish was almost a counterpart of the other in shape and size, weighing only half-a-pound less, and was hooked outside under the chin. The time it takes to kill a salmon hooked in the lower part of the Upsalquitch Pool is greater than in any other part of the river I am familiar with. If the fish reaches the heavy water below the mouth of the Upsalquitch pretty fresh, he is almost certain to take the angler to a bend nearly half-a-mile down, where the force of the current is sufficiently abated to so lessen its help to the waning energies of the fish, that he can be coaxed to the gradually shoaling beach on the Quebec side. The water is deeper on the New Brunswick shore; but as salmon lie there which should not be disturbed, and the bottom holds various big, sharp-edged rocks, it is on the whole better to land the fish on the other side. As every moment a salmon is fast increases the chances of losing him, a greater than ordinary proportion escape in this piece of water, and they should

always be played as hard as the tackle will bear from the beginning. Indeed I think this is one of the cardinal rules of salmon-fishing in any water. Unless a salmon is fairly well hooked, he won't be landed in any case. To be sure, many are taken where the hold remaining is very light, often a mere thread of skin, and we see that another moment's exertion would have set the salmon free. By playing hard I don't mean trying to tow your fish ashore, and engaging in a hauling match with him, but keeping him on a short line unless he insists on a pull of over three or four pounds, and then reeling in at once as soon as the fish shows the least symptom of yielding, keeping opposite or below him all the time if water and shore allow it, and making him fight your strain in addition to that of the current. One feels much more comfortable, or should, to lose a fish after a brisk fight of five or ten minutes than to have him get away at the end of an hour's dawdling.

I have seen men stand on the beach with their salmon three-parts dead, and anxious to be gaffed and have it over, and try to encourage him to take one more run, absolutely pulling from the reel the line which the poor victim hadn't strength left to start himself.

Such fishermen generally lose two-thirds of those they hook, and ought to lose them all.

Returning to camp with my brace of handsome fish, and rid of the annual foreboding as the season approaches that I have killed my last salmon, I ate my luncheon, prepared by Jim, our Indian cook, and after two hours of repose started out for Nelson's Rock Pool, half-a-mile above, which I fished carefully but without a rise. This pool is a long

one, the water at the top being rough and quite deep, with a sharp ledge of rocks running out from the shore, and reaching the bottom by a very gradual descent. I once hooked a fish here which had risen once just below where this ledge entered the water. I was casting from a canoe anchored in the stream outside, and, wanting to throw my fly a little above the ledge that it might float down where the fish was, by mistake it went on the rock itself. A slight twitch pulled it in the water, and the instant it touched the surface, to my surprise I saw the salmon—a big one—come from the deep below, swim swiftly towards the fly, and, when the water got too shallow for him, turn on his side, and finally seize the object of his desire where the depth could not have been more than three or four inches. All the very few salmon I have observed in the act of taking a fly have turned on their side, or partially so, as a preparation. If this is habitual it accounts for so large a proportion being hooked in the sides of the mouth.

Below the ledge of rocks the water gradually grows shallower and more leisurely in its movements, and the pool terminates in a long flat. The fish in this pool are greatly influenced in the positions they choose by the stage of water, more so than in any part of the river I know. A rise of two or three inches will send them down-stream fifty rods or more, and the fall of the water causes them to go at once to the upper part of the pool. This makes it sometimes wearisome work to find where the fish are. In Captain Sweny's water, on the New Brunswick side of the same stretch, there is one place where the fish stay all the time, and it is only a question of their being willing to

take. From Nelson's Rock I went down to the High Rock Pool in the bend of the river, half-a-mile below the camp, but was equally unsuccessful. Just as I returned home I heard the shouts announcing the approach of my two friends paddling down the river. They had fished Indian House and Cross Point in the morning, getting three good salmon, and unable longer to resist the attractions of Camp Harmony and plenty to eat had pushed on without waiting to make a good day's score, which they probably could have done by remaining. Jim was instructed to prepare the best meal our larder would yield, and we passed the cold evening in blissful ease and perfect content in front of our fireplace.

Next morning was bright and warm, not quite clear, but with a haze which tempered without obscuring the rays of the sun. After a leisurely breakfast our friend Dan regretfully embarked for Matapedia, where domestic cares and the luxuries and conduct of the Club awaited him, while Lawrence and I started for Mowat's, three miles up the river. In front of Mowat's house, on the New Brunswick side, and for a third of a mile down, is the pool. It is smooth and swift-running, and the bottom is generally level and gravelly. Along this reach, which one would not select as a particularly favourable resort for fish, I have had the finest of sport. Near the lower end for a space the bottom is clayey, and salmon don't lie there. Just below the clay the water becomes stronger, and close by the shore is a small white rock marking the beginning of a short rapid and the turning of the channel to the Quebec shore. At the end of this rapid begins another pool called

Mowat's Rock Pool, and a beauty it is. A great ledge projects far out in the stream, around the point of which the obstructed current boils and swirls in foaming disquiet, gradually losing its vehemence towards the New Brunswick side and below as it finds its course no longer barred, and after a period of numberless dancing ripples subsiding into a dignified unvexed flow between the wooded banks to the head of Nelson's Island, where its troubles again commence.

The morning was just right, the water was just right, and there were plenty of fish in the river; yet I tried carefully down the long reach in front of Mowat's to the clay bottom, where we had always stopped, without rising anything but a few small trout and wretched little parr, which were tenderly replaced in the water with the hope they might repay the kindness by being caught a few years later.

Jacques, as usual in periods of depression, conversed freely on angling and other topics. 'Fust time,' said he, 'salmon caught with fly in dis riber, man name M'Kenzie, Englishman, he go up to Indian House, an' have two canoe, me an' John Morrison in one, an' Joe my brudder an' Larry dey in tudder. M'Kenzie he neber fish till he git to Indian House jes at sundown; den he go out, an' we laugh to ourselves at little rod an' de fly, an' say, "Salmon neber look at dat, an' if he does maybe catch one he break loose sure." Well, M'Kenzie he git six dat evenin', an' we all tink he pison um, an' we 'fraid to eat um whateber. So he make great fishin' at Indian House dat time, an' at place below we call M'Kenzie's Pool—you know dat place. Great fishin' in Ristigouche dem days!'

At the conclusion of this tale the conversation turned to

the subject of different Indians of my acquaintance, whom I inquired about, and at last mentioned Louis Michel. Jacques said, 'Well, I tell you 'bout Louis. Well, las' winter, 'bout Crismas, Louis he come to church—you know he master singer at de mission; so dis day he come to church very drunk, an' he sit down in front seat. Priest he preachin' very hard like, an' Louis he set dere with head on him hans—he could not hole it straight—an' he look at priest. Den priest he say somethin', an' Louis he stick up his head an' he say, "Dat dam lie," very loud like, an' den he put his head in his hans agin. Priest he look at him very savage an' den go on preachin'. Bimeby, atter a little, priest he say somethin' more, den Louis he look up agin an' say, "Dat dam lie." So priest he stop minute dat time an' look very cross, den he go on preachin' agin; an' atter a little longer he begin to preach loud, den Louis he stan' right up an' say, "Dat dam lie." So de priest he stop preachin' an' jes jump down an' take Louis by de neck like, an' he kick him all de way trough de church whateber, an' he kick him out de door, an' he say, "You vagabone, you eber come to dis church agin, I break your dam neck!"'

This tale finished, I concluded that my two hours' casting was enough for glory, and we would go home, when, as we were about starting, Jacques saw a salmon rise at a natural fly near the top of the rapid below us; so we dropped down just past the clay bottom, and I began fishing with a small silver-gray fly I had tried the day before. We got nothing, and lifting the anchor went down to about fifteen yards above the white stone before mentioned. I com-

menced casting towards the middle of the stream where Jacques had seen the fish, and when the fly came around about in a line with and certainly five yards from the stone, we saw through the glassy and shallow water a salmon dart from behind it, and with true aim seize the silver-gray. He was so lightly hooked that I lost him before we could get to shore, which I did not so much regret, as from the position of the canoe we should have been obliged to disturb the place where I now knew the rising fish lay.

To get in the right position we poled the canoe further up-stream and inshore, so that I could just reach the rock with a long cast. The first time the fly approached it again it was taken quietly under water without a glimpse of anything. There was an immediate and steady pull on the line, which I yielded to until I reached the bank and had followed him down along it well past the white rock, then I began putting on the pressure till the tight-strung line and arched rod showed the danger of increasing the strain. The fish yielded not a bit, and would occasionally move off at a good but even pace toward the other side of the river, stop, apparently when he felt he had gone far enough, and gradually come back in a way that seemed as if he did so only to please himself. As we got down in the rapid these promenades were of shorter duration, but still entirely devoid of the dash and snap salmon generally show. I thought, as did the Indians, that it was a very heavy fish, and had we lost him would have sworn it. Ten minutes brought him to the beach, and Jacques waded in with his gaff, when for the first time the fish rose to the demands of the occasion, started off

down-stream as he should have done at first, and gave me ten minutes of good sport before being killed. He was a fine well-made fellow of twenty-one pounds, and not being hooked in a sensitive part, probably never knew what was the matter with him until he saw Jacques coming with the gaff.

I returned to my post a cast above the white stone, and in a short time took from behind it two more salmon of about twenty pounds each, and lost a third before starting for the camp. On our way down, as we were passing through the foot of the Rock Pool where the water was quite shallow, we saw two good-sized salmon, one of them with two white marks across his head, and one near his tail, made by the tideway nets he had escaped. The canoe passed almost over them, and they only glided lazily a few feet out of the way. We immediately went in to the shore, poled up above, and I cast over them with several different flies ineffectually, then giving it up, floated down over them again. About four that afternoon I came back to the Rock Pool, and began work at the top of it with the same silver-gray fly I had used in the morning. After a few casts I rose what I thought was a large trout or grilse—though very early for the latter—missed him, and as I was reeling in my line he followed the fly and made another fruitless dash at it. I immediately cast back in the same place, as I would for a trout, and the fly had hardly touched the water when the fish came with a rush and great splash, seized it, and was off. Before Peter could raise the anchor he had been all over the pool, and as we began to paddle towards the beach he came straight to us, and I thought would go under the canoe. Jacques was equal to the

occasion, and slapped his paddle on the water two or three times, which made the fish sheer off a little, and directly I saw him jump high out of the river above us. As my line had been slack for some time, despite my vigorous reeling up, I thought he was free, as he would have been if the hook was not very firmly set; but as he turned after his leap, to my joy I felt the strain again, and down-stream the gallant salmon went at a tearing rate, obliging us to defer landing and to follow in the canoe. He turned and started towards us again, when he had run out seventy-five or eighty yards in spite of me, and again I had a lot of slack to take up. All this time we were edging up to the beach, and when within a dozen yards of it I jumped out of the canoe in water hip-deep, and ran to the bank, finding before I got there that the fish was still fast. He then went down-stream, apparently as fresh as ever, with an occasional jump from the water, for certainly a quarter of a mile, a good portion of which I was obliged to run at my best speed to keep any line on my reel. Near the top of Nelson's Island, a half-mile below the pool, the gravelly beach ends, the trees and alders grow to the water's edge, and had the salmon got as far as that I should have had to take the river again with the odds against me in the shape of a heavy rapid of considerable length full of sharp rocks. Just before we reached the trees, however, the fish went straight across stream, swam up a little way, then stopped, and as I began reeling in I found he gave steadily, though reluctantly, to the pressure. I walked out in the water a short distance—Jacques further out, and somewhat below—keeping all the time a steady and strong drag on the salmon. When he came to a little outside the line where

Jacques stood quietly bending over till only his head and shoulders were above water, I eased up, the current took the wearied fish slowly down tail foremost, Jacques plunged the steel into his silvery side, and bore him struggling to shore. On examination we found him to be the same salmon with the marks of the net we had seen in the morning at the bottom of the pool, and which wouldn't then rise. He weighed twenty-three pounds, and was as game and active a fish as I ever killed. His rise at the fly was quick and determined, like that of a hungry trout, and when hooked he never ceased fighting as long as he could stir a fin. For the first ten minutes of the encounter I felt perfectly helpless, and the salmon would have escaped half-a-dozen times had he not been very firmly hooked and the tackle perfect. It is only from a rare engagement like this that one can fully appreciate the capabilities of resistance in a fresh-run salmon, which, unfortunately for the species, are not often fully exercised. As this contest had pretty thoroughly disturbed the Rock Pool, instead of fishing longer there we went down to a pool half-way to camp where Weir's Brook empties into the river. It is a likely-looking bit of water, and I had often tried it unsuccessfully before; but this time at the first stop I hooked a good fish with the same fly I had used before. I soon got ashore, and found him one of the sulky kind, requiring frequent stoning to start him up from his trips to the bottom. It was nearly dusk, and the air full of sand-flies, the first we had had, which tormented me beyond endurance, as both hands were fully occupied with the rod, and I had no unguents with me. There was no tree or bush near to get a wisp from, but Jacques' ingenuity did not fail

him. Ignorant of the cause, I felt a not particularly balmy breeze about my head, and on turning I found it was caused by my faithful attendant's shirt, which he had kindly taken off—probably for the first time in months—and was brandishing it around my face with a most gratifying effect on the flies. I would not have stopped him in the fulfilment of his generous impulse, even if I could have done so without hurting his feelings, and he only resumed the garment to gaff the fish in. This salmon was in excellent condition, and weighed twenty-two pounds, but was no more to be compared to the one taken before him in courage and activity than is a Canadian pony to an Arab.

Below Weir's Brook, and near the foot of Nelson's Island on the New Brunswick side, the stream narrows, the current grows stronger, and forms quite a deep eddying hole under the bank of the main shore. This little pool is scarcely fifteen yards long, but when the water is just the right height holds fish, which lie close under the bank and also well over towards the shore of the island. This fact was discovered a few years since by a dear friend of mine now departed, and the place was named by me for him the 'Judge's Pool.' From its looks it would not be taken as a favourite resting-place for fish; but in salmon-fishing, as in other things, it is not safe to trust always to appearances. On the Judge's first fishing—and probably a fly had never been cast in it before—he took three salmon, and many a one thereafter. A peculiarity of the pool is that its fish are uniformly large, and when you get one you are almost certain of one or two more before leaving.

Here we found Lawrence with three salmon. He had

risen and pricked four more, and just as we went by he hooked another, which he brought to camp with the rest half-an-hour later. This last was a fish of thirty-four pounds, the largest of our catch, the others twenty-three, twenty-six, and twenty-seven pounds each. This day's sport showed as its result nine salmon averaging about twenty-four pounds each, and besides those which were sent away and eaten we had enough to make a good start towards filling one of the pork barrels we had brought for salting such fish as we couldn't use.

Next to the enjoyment of an excellent day's sport is the return to a comfortable camp at the close of it, with no encumbrance of cares or duties; the leisurely and satisfying meal of simple food, then the chairs drawn up before the blazing fire, made necessary by the chilly evenings of the northern climate; the talk of the happenings of the day, and the sweet sense of healthy fatigue that at a ridiculously early hour makes you yield the pleasures of conscious existence amid such surroundings to the desire for sleep, and such sleep as you get on the elastic beds of hemlock boughs, quiet and dreamless, making you wonder on awaking that morning has come so soon, and feel that you haven't enjoyed the night half as much as you might, from the very fact of the perfect rest — the result you have, but the process is a blank.

We arose to find that the great drive of logs above had been started by the recent rise in the river, which was now full of them, and the fishing during the remainder of our stay was limited to an hour or so in the early morning before the drivers began work, and an occasional period when

the drive was stopped by some jam, leaving but few logs moving.

Salmon soon get used to logs running over them, and will take the fly about as well as at other times. I have not unfrequently hooked salmon within a yard of a log floating down, but when they are thick it is very risky both for canoe and tackle. The ten succeeding days of our stay were uneventful so far as our sport was concerned. We managed to pick up between us two or three salmon a day, and towards the last a few grilse, which we were glad to get, as broiled over the coals they are better than their elders.

The salmon has an individuality about him shared by no other fish I know of. I don't remember ever killing two that acted just alike, and every year I find in them some new feature of craftiness or sagacity to admire. As a rule the only act of folly a salmon commits is in taking the fly at all, and after yielding to that indiscretion he is very likely to exhaust the possibilities of repairing it before giving in.

The day before we left I had been up the river in the afternoon, and when I returned to the Camp it was very nearly dark. We had some visitors from the Club, one of whom had been vainly fishing the camp pool, and went in as we approached.

Jacques, who always fancies he and I can do better on that piece of water than anybody else, proposed we should give it a trial before landing; and though I did not particularly warm to the project I consented, and he put the canoe down at the lower end where the two waters meet.

To my surprise, in half-a-dozen casts I rose a fish to a large blue and brown fly. He would not come up again

though I presented him several varieties of insects, until from the group of spectators who were chaffing me on the bluff was sent a large white miller. To this he rose twice, rather languidly; then I again applied to my friends and received a Norway fly fully as big as a sparrow. In the fast-falling darkness the fish came at this quite close to the canoe—and missed. Another faint rise and he would have nothing more to do with it. I then resumed the original blue and brown, and though it was so dark I couldn't see the fly touch the water five yards off, the salmon did, and took it at once. We had a great time killing him, as he was a strong active fish of twenty-nine pounds, and took us down nearly half-a-mile. They sent a lantern from the camp and three gaffers, as a good deal of betting had been done as to my hooking him and killing him after he was hooked.

When I went in with the fish one of my guests demanded five dollars as my subscription to a blind pool on the weight, he having constituted himself my agent in the matter and lost.

Our friends stayed with us till the moon rose at eleven, and then embarked for Matapedia in their canoes, leaving us with depressed spirits at the prospect of our own departure the following day. The sad moment came, and we reluctantly left the scene of our bliss.

The lofty peak of Squaw's Cap (Aabit octaguesen) stood outlined in blue against the summer sky, and the pellucid river sparkled gaily in the sun as it bore us swiftly and silently on its strong current away from Camp Harmony.

As we swept along the upper end of the Rafting-ground Pool we saw three great salmon balanced almost motionless in

the quick water, and as we came on them away they darted out of sight in an instant, one determined sweep of their powerful tails starting them faster than the eye could follow. Our friends at the Club did their best to make our stay over night there agreeable, but as usual only succeeded in giving us a fuller appreciation of the manifold charms of the Ristigouche river. And as the train bore us off to civilisation and work we would gladly have exchanged our comfortable seats and our prospects for the mouth of the Waugan Brook, and the supperless and drenched nights we passed after getting there. I wondered as we went on how much to us would come true of the verse of the anonymous poet, who wrote in 1706—

> 'Angling tends our bodies to exercise,
> And also souls to make holy and wise,
> By heavenly thoughts and meditation—
> This is the angler's recreation.'



INDIAN WIGWAM
Etching by Mrs. A. Lea Merritt.

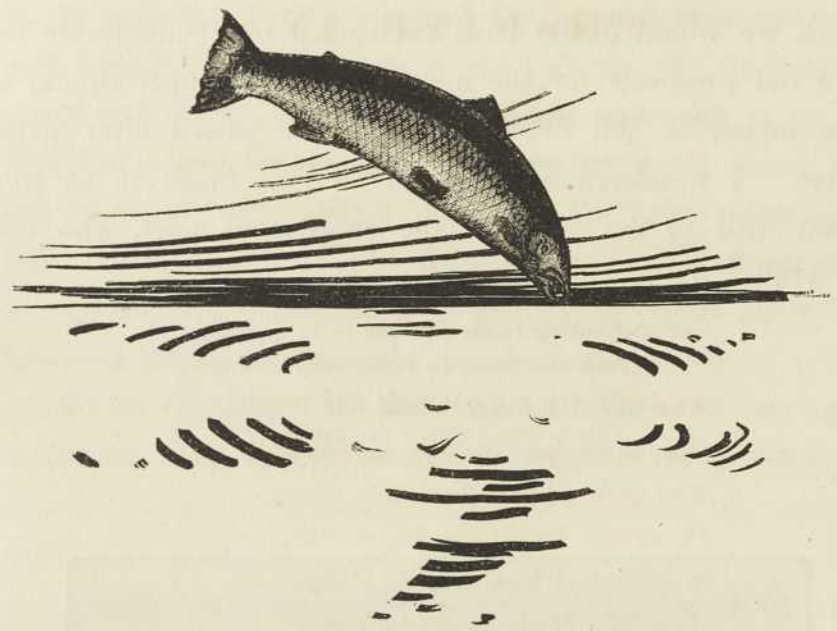
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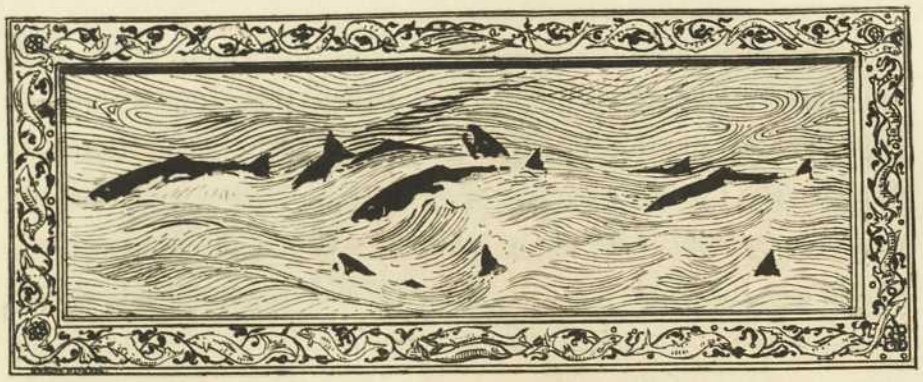
Caveat Salmo.

CHAPTER IX

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The Hound some praise and some the Hawk;
Some better pleased with private sport
Use Tenis; some a Mistris court:
But their delights I neither wish
Nor envy while I freely fish.

Who hunt, in danger often ride;
Who hawk, lure oft both far and wide;
Who game, shall Losers often prove;
Th' unwary Youth who falls in Love
Is fettered in blind Cupid's snare—
My Angle breeds me no such care.

The Compleat Angler, 1653.



THE SEASON OF 1885.

THE prospect for 1885 seemed very brilliant, as it does every year at a thousand miles distance when Nature is putting on her summer garb; the insect world again becomes populous, the papers announce Penobscot salmon on the markets, and the balmy air, the warm and gentle showers, and the vigorous songs of the birds, all make us long for rushing rivers, wide forests, and the rise of the salmon,—or indeed almost any other fish that swims. From the beginning of June, when these attractions work with increasing power, every day seems lost that is passed in waiting for the welcome tidings from Matapedia that the fish have gone up the river; and the prospect of again wielding the rod from a canoe, even without catching anything, seems enchanting; although we know that when realisation is reached, continuous days of salmon-fishing with no success soon get monotonous, even amid the finest scenery.

The news from the Ristigouche in June 1885 were especially encouraging. The fish struck the New Brunswick coast below Charlo, on the Bay of Chaleurs, and the nets from there to the estuary of the Ristigouche were making very heavy takes of large salmon. We left Montreal the night of June 22 by the Intercolonial road, had breakfast next morning at Pointe Levis opposite Quebec, and the day was passed travelling through the beautiful country of the Gulf Coast, with the bold and lofty ranges of the Laurentian Mountains at our left for hours. We hurried along by quaint French hamlets, each with its disproportionately large and handsome church, looking just as they have for the past century or two; the long narrow fields, made so by the division of farms for generations, so that each new owner might have a frontage on the road; the innumerable priests, full-fledged and 'in training,' who seem to have no occupation in life save travelling and hanging about the railway stations; all these joys were ours, and fitting prelude for those we knew were awaiting us. At half-past six in the evening the train reached Matapedia, for a wonder, on time; and on the platform awaiting our coming, with others of their countrymen, we saw and greeted with effusion our Indians, whose emotion at the meeting was, as usual, far less than ours, and its expression successfully concealed. They got our luggage from the cars, reported all the supplies—ordered a month before—as taken to Camp Harmony, the tents, crockery, and cooking-stove brought down from Nelson's, where they had been stored, the fence mended, plenty of wood cut, a lamb slaughtered, the cook at his post, and, Jacques added, 'Plenty salmon in ribber; saw

four big one jump in Camp Pool dis mornin', I tink we make great fishin' whateber.'

At the Club, where we passed the night, we were told by our hosts that the fishing had not been first-rate, as there was more netting than usual in the estuary, and that one of the fishermen had acted on the bright idea of stretching his net entirely across the stream, thereby catching every unfortunate salmon that had escaped the perils below. The fishery officer, a pusillanimous creature, had been afraid to seize the net or to enforce the law that all nets should be lifted from six P.M. Saturday till six A.M. Monday, the result being that despite the enormous run there were few fish in the river, while the price at Campbellton, from the nets, had dropped to 3 cents per pound.

Political influence, which is as potent and pernicious in Canada as in our own country, had been used to secure permission for several new stands of nets, which of course had added to the destruction. These stories, with others concerning the great activity of the drifters up the river, rather dashed our high hopes,—not an uncommon thing, I have noticed, as happening to all sportsmen when drawing near the scene of action; but we slept off our disappointment, and in the morning embarked in our canoes for the voyage of six miles to the Camp, a heavy rain in the night having made the road too muddy to go on foot, as is our usual custom.

The river was rather high, thereby favourable for poling, and in two and a half hours we reached the goal of our wishes for months past.

All hands turned to and unpacked the supplies, washed

the crockery, filled the closets, suspended our hams and bacon from the rafters overhead, nailed our works of art anew to the walls, and wrote the date of our arrival on a smooth beam below eight similar inscriptions. Our beds of boughs a foot in thickness, soft, elastic, level, and fragrant, were inspected and approved, the blanket thrown on them, and our first meal announced. The rest of the day, being



EVENING IN CAMP HARMONY
By W. G. BURN-MURDOCH; engraved by ANNAN and SWAN.

Sunday, was passed in meditation, reading, and longing for the morrow. The setting of the sun left a keenness in the air which made a fire necessary in the great fireplace, and seated before the glowing, crackling pile of fat birch logs in our easy chairs we smoked the pipe of peace and goodwill until ten, when Lawrence and I retired to our tents, Captain

Sweny, the third of our party, preferring to take up his quarters in the house. My little tent, which I have before described, is pitched in front of the house, on the bluff directly over the pool, and next to the large and imposing one occupied by Lawrence.

Nelson's cow, which occasionally gets inside our fence, nearly wrecked it once the summer before by stumbling over the ropes in the dead of night, scaring me out of my wits. But if undisturbed by incidents of this character, I would rather than sleep elsewhere lie awake on my aromatic couch, listening to the passing of the breeze through the birches and spruces on the steep hillside close by, and the changing sounds of the ripple of the pool at my feet, interrupted now and then by the splash of a leaping salmon. First nights are generally wakeful, and thereby give more time for conscious enjoyment; but after a day or two of work in the open air, how sweet the slumber which overcomes one five minutes after he has lain down, and holds him so fully in its power that it requires the evidences of daylight and his renewed vigour to prove that he has closed his eyes for more than a moment.

The first night was no exception to the rule of interrupted sleep. I heard several times the hopping steps of a great northern hare, fated a few days later to be converted into a stew, coming to feed on the short sweet grass of the little plateau, and the faint waking chirp of the birds as the first streak of dawn appeared; then the robins began their song, followed soon by the cawing of the crows from a settlement they had across the Upsalquitch, as they prepared to set out on their daily maraudings among the

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toads, which in June seek the still places near the shore to spawn, and while engaged in this pleasing avocation fall victims by hundreds to their black enemies.

I hear the low talk of the Indians back of the camp, and their steps as they descend to the river, and soon the sound of the falling axe denotes their preparations for the everlasting 'bile de kittle.' Then Nat the cook audibly dons his heavy boots on the back stoop, and with yawns and grunts prepares for the labours of the day. The sun is now full on the tent, making my two heavy blankets uncomfortably warm, and gradually banishing the delicious sense of drowsy consciousness, until I begin to wonder what time it is, and after long hesitation rouse up enough to look at my watch and find it half-past five. Another few moments, passed mostly in pluming myself in not being fool enough to be fishing at that time, and I crawl out of my tent to see such a morning as I believe can only be found in northern latitudes: a blue sky of unclouded brightness, the air warm and balmy, yet with a spicy undertone of freshness that makes every breath of it a luxury; the grass sparkling with the heavy dew, and in some places yet untouched by the sun showing the whiteness of the hoar frost of the night; and the noble river before me, hastening along so fast and foolishly to lose its identity in the waters of the great Gulf of St. Lawrence. After a bath in the big tin tub I have in the wash-room, I rouse my companions, and Nat soon gives us our breakfast. He is a farmer at Head of Tide, a few miles below Matapedia, though when he addresses himself to agriculture I cannot see. He cooks in a lumber camp and on drives from September to May, and

is with us through the most of June and July. We have had him for several years, and fortunately, as I have already said, his culinary ambition was fired at his first coming by a servant of Lawrence, who gave him many useful hints and left him as a keepsake a cookery book, which Nat is always poring over when not practising its precepts.

He is now the best cook in New Brunswick of my acquaintance, and though he sometimes falls short of perfection in the loftier flights which he occasionally is induced to try through the influence of the book, on simples he can't be beat. We are fortunate in being able to get from the settlers good butter, cream, eggs, and lamb. In July chickens are to be had, and Lawrence once returned from below with three good-sized goslings, and a bag containing a very lively and noisy inmate, which proved to be a sucking pig.

Our breakfast finished, we started out to catch the first fish of the season, an exploit which has to me each year the same charm of novelty as if it were my first attempt, and which I always approach with the same modesty and hesitation one would feel on proposing marriage when he was not quite sure of his reception. The Captain's water joins and is mixed up with ours, and the two properties comprise all the desirable fishing for nearly four miles. When together we divide the whole into three parts, taking regular and recurring turns at each. At the stage of water we had, the Camp Pool was the best, and it fell to my lot to have that and all below it, while the others divided what there was above.

Jacques thought we had better begin on the Quebec side, there being a bar starting from the top and centre of the

pool reaching towards that shore. Along this bar, on both sides of it, the salmon lie in water about four feet deep. We found on going across that the lower part of the bar had almost disappeared, probably through the action of the ice in the spring; but thinking the fish from old association might still be there, we worked carefully down the length of it, seeing nothing but a good-sized trout, which took my small bright fly so vigorously that for a moment I thought I had a salmon. By nine o'clock it became a little overcast, and, having fished out the Quebec side, we paddled across to the head of the pool. Two or three drops were made without result, though I expected at every cast to rise a fish out of this beautiful water, over which mine was the first fly of the year. Jacques shared my disappointment and said, 'Mus' be salmon here, but de debbils won't rise.' At last, opposite the sharp shelving rock reaching into the river from the shore, and quite near it, one did come up, a big one which we fancy always inhabits that spot, making a wave as he rose, and a loud slap with his tail as he turned downward without the fly. It excited me as much as the first performance of the kind I ever saw. One rise of that sort, where a big fish comes right for the fly like a lion pouncing on his helpless prey, making the water foam and scatter in his eagerness, quite pays one for a long journey, even if the salmon is not caught, which was the case in this instance; and I must say I was conscious and ashamed of a slight momentary feeling of relief when I found the ferocious creature had not fulfilled his dire intent and forced upon me the doubtful conflict.[1]

[1] This feeling was exemplified in the case of a gentleman I knew, who, coming

This cowardly emotion was transient; but I could not get another rise out of the fish, and when I had wasted half-an-hour trying we dropped a little down-stream and further out. The very first cast I made towards shore, and not twenty feet from the canoe; as the fly passed over the sunken rock up came the same fish,—I could see him distinctly as he approached the fly, and observed him turn on his side to take it as did the one at Nelson's Rock before-mentioned. To be sure the water was so shallow that the last-named one had to turn on his side to get where the fly was, but here there was plenty of water for him to swim standing on his tail if he chose.[1] The Nelson's Rock fish broke my casting-line; the Camp Pool one was so lightly hooked that the slight tug freed him, and I sadly continued my progress downward, passing the very cream of the place without a rise. At the last drop well down, where the waters of the Upsalquitch come in and fish don't generally lie until the river is lower, I rose and hooked one, which was soon landed, a small fish of nine pounds, an unusual size for June.

Shortly after coming in with my one small salmon, rather tired and somewhat disappointed, I saw the canoes of my companions rounding the point above Nelson's on their way home, and in few moments they were dancing along the

to a salmon river for the first time, fished in fear and trembling for four days without a rise. At the end of that time he got one, a large fish, which made such a noise and commotion, as he missed the fly, that the angler immediately stopped fishing and returned to camp, thanking his stars he had not caught him.

[1] It is my opinion, from my own observations and those of anglers who have fished where salmon could better be seen when they take the fly, that they generally, if not always, turn on their sides to do so. The fly, being under water, is taken before the break is seen, and in the short interval the fish regains his usual position.

rapid at the head of the Camp Pool. Their exertions had been more unsuccessful than mine; neither had risen a fish, though they had faithfully tried all the best places. Lawrence had seen a man at Mowat's just from Campbellton, who reported the catch of salmon in the nets the night before as something wonderful, one stand getting nearly two hundred large fish. As the night before was Sunday night, when all the nets are supposed to be lifted, we hoped the man was lying, but found afterwards that none or very few of the fishermen had obeyed the law that night or the one before.

The fact is that most of the guarding that is done in the estuary of the Ristigouche, as well as up the river, is almost in spite of the government, which, since the establishment of riparian rights on the salmon streams has—after building the breeding-house and annually putting down in the river the fry therefrom—seemed to interpose no restrictions on catching all the salmon by any means which the ingenuity of the settlers may suggest.

Towards night we all went out again, but the only fish that showed at all was one to me in the Camp Pool, and we sat down to our dinner with our high anticipations of the morning rather blasted.

We had our little fish split down the back and broiled over the coals, and a salmon should never be broiled in any other form, the common method of cutting steaks off him and cooking against the grain causing the loss of the juices of the fish, which by the former method are preserved.

This is about the best way of serving a salmon, unless you can previously smoke him for twenty-four hours, first

anointing him—after having been split and thrice skewered with twigs to keep him spread out—with a mixture of salt and brown sugar. Our small smoke-house of bark had been erected before we came, and an ingenious little fireplace and draft constructed under it, whence the smoke from the green birch and maple chips could be carried in a steady stream to the interior; but several days were to pass before we could enjoy its products.

After dinner, and an hour of delicious preparation by our big fireplace, Lawrence and I returned to our tents, and passed a night that amply repaid us for the unaccustomed fatigues of our first day. As I was thinking of getting up I heard a salmon jump at the point of the rock just below my tent, probably the one I had pricked the day before. Such a noise these big fellows make in jumping when everything is still—greater than their size would seem to warrant. A stone of the weight of a salmon thrown in from a high bank does not sound the same or so loudly. I have seen it tried by a concealed angler, for the purpose of trying to make a friend fishing a little below think he had passed over a salmon.

The Indians reported they had seen two fish show themselves at the lower part of the pool; but that did not prevent our taking a leisurely and comfortable breakfast at seven, and lounging about for half-an-hour after it before addressing ourselves to the labours of the day.

Those calm and peaceful morning half-hours at Camp Harmony,—often lengthened out to twice that,—how full of enjoyment they were! Passed on the east piazza, with the turbulent Upsalquitch tumbling along at our feet, and beyond

it Squaw's Cap, lifting its towering peak in the bright sunshine high above the surrounding hills; the day before us with all its uncertainties and great possibilities, but surely enough of either to promise ample theme for our evening symposium, if not for enduring remembrance.

This Tuesday we all fished with unrewarded vigour, except the Captain, who came in with a fine fish of twenty-two pounds, and his tale of him was this. He had reached the lower cast of the Judge's Pool late in the afternoon, and expected fully to go home empty-handed, when a trout eight inches long took his fly. Reeling it in rather lazily, what was his astonishment to see a salmon make a dash at it right on top of the water. The Captain was so startled that he pulled the trout away, when the salmon swam on the surface for two or three yards, evidently looking for it. To his great subsequent regret the Captain, instead of trying again with the trout, put on a large 'Silver Doctor,' and after resting the fish a few moments, cast over him, hooked and killed him. He and the Indians had no doubt from the eagerness of the salmon that he would have taken the trout had it been offered him again. The Captain's son, whose observations are trustworthy, saw the next year, in August, an Upsalquitch salmon he was watching in a shallow pool seize a small trout which ventured near him, and go out of sight with it in his mouth.

It was not until Friday that a fish was taken in our upper water. On that day Lawrence and the Captain got two each above Nelson's Island, in the stretch between that and Mowat's Rock, while the Camp Pool yielded me one. They were all good fish, from twenty-two to twenty-five pounds.

We felt that this, our first decently successful day, was an omen of good luck, and sallied forth on Saturday morning with high hopes. It was a lovely day, cool and delightful, but with a south wind and hazy atmosphere that indicated more heat than we had been having. My route was up the river, and instead of going in the canoe I crossed and walked the three miles on the Quebec side through the woods. The road, or rather path, followed the windings of the river—sometimes high above it, sometimes almost at its brink—crossed at intervals by brooks of various smallness, whose sparkling waters tempted the passer-by to drink even when not thirsty. There were a good many chipmunks running along the sides of the path, scarcely moving a yard out of the way at my approach. A curious fact about these little creatures is that every year for a few days early in July a good many are seen swimming the river. Most of them I think, are drowned, as we often see their corpses floating down. I have picked up several from the water nearly dead, and after staying in the canoe long enough to get thoroughly revived, they always plunge in again and probably perish.

As my path went through a growth of hardwood, red squirrels occasionally broke the silence by violent chatterings at the rare intrusion on their possessions, and I saw several kinds of the rare and beautiful northern warblers hopping nimbly among the branches uttering their feeble chirps. At one of the little brooks that came suddenly into view as I turned a bend in the path a veteran woodchuck, large and grey, was drinking; he did not see me, and when he was through he sat on his haunches, wiped his face carefully with his paws, and started slowly the same way I was going. As

I followed along and became visible to him, he only slightly hastened his pace and went a few rods ahead for some distance, when suddenly leaving the path he started off at a brisk run through the woods, probably to conceal the whereabouts of his hole, which I found on examination about ten yards to the right, a little beaten track leading up to it.

At Mowat's Rock the canoe was waiting, and I embarked for the pool half-a-mile above. There the worst experience of the week was repeated. I fished down it with the greatest care, changing my flies often, knowing all the time the uselessness of doing so, but still hoping that by chance the right selection might be made.

I don't know how I should get through all those fruitless hours of labour but for the conversation of Jacques. I asked him after several changes what I should put on next. 'Well, give 'em small "Ranger"; berry fine fly dat.' 'Hadn't I better put on this large "Black Fairy"?' 'Oh yes; put on "Black Fairy." Well, you know old Knapp, he fish two days in same place wid one fly. Joe Capelin, he wid him, and he keep mouth shut berry close till tird day. Den he say to ole Knapp, "Tink you better change your fly." Ole Knapp he look at Joe berry sharp like an' say, "D—— you, dat my business!" so Joe he nebber tell him atter dat what to do dough he fish wrong all time an' nebber git one rise whateber; but if say word he become cross an' make berry short answer.'

At the next symptom of discouragement on my part Jacques said of Lawrence, whose luck had been worse than mine, 'If Mr. Lawrence don't git salmon to-day I mus' tell him how to git 'im. Well, salmon berry dry, an' Mr. Law-

rence mus' jes take one bottle brandy in canoe an' git Alexis drunk—jes 'bout half-drunk; den he talk to salmon an' salmon berry hapt to rise.'

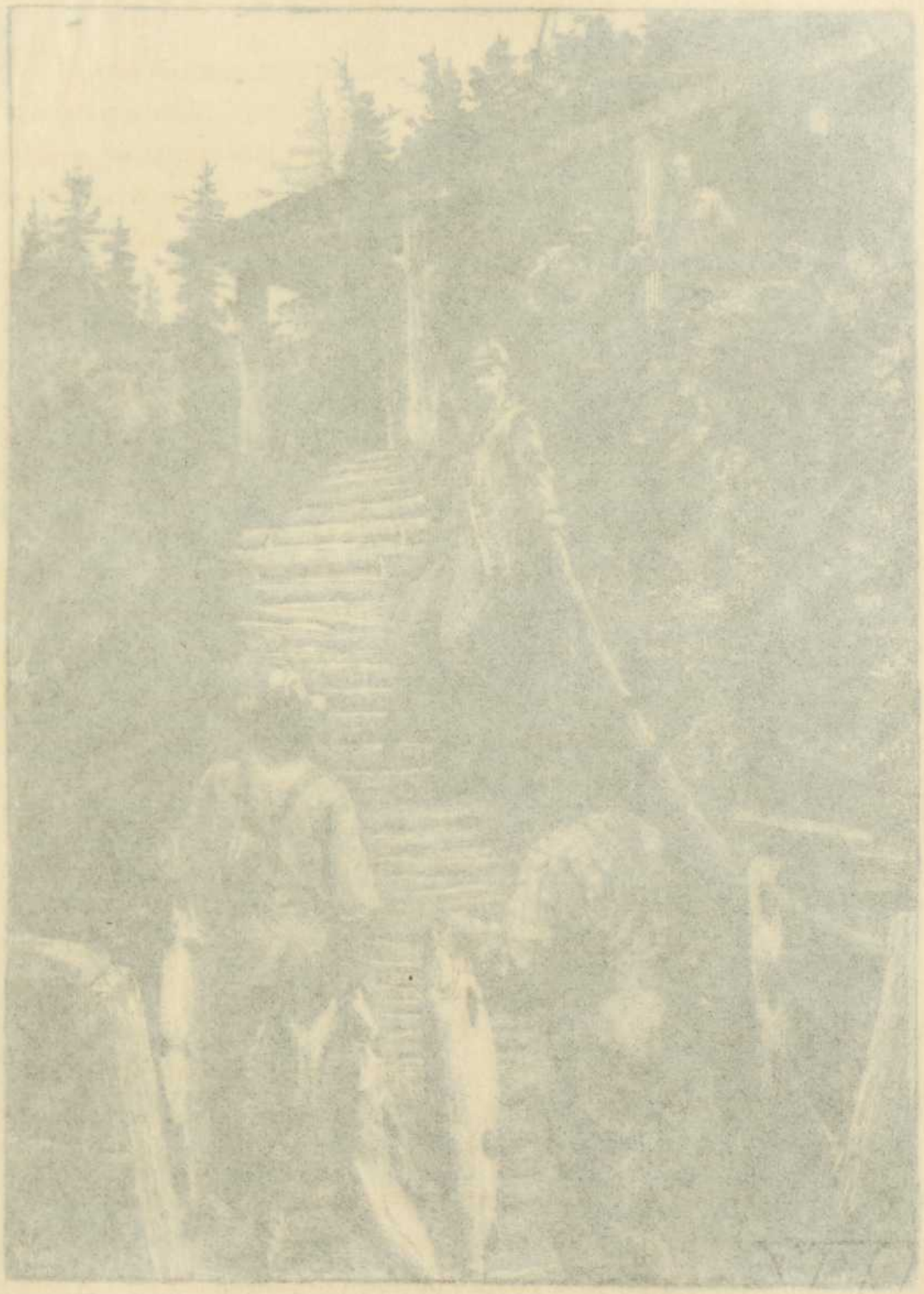
With beguilements like these, artfully applied at every symptom of exhaustion, Jacques kept me to the point of fishing through the pool, when I thankfully returned to camp feeling I had creditably performed a difficult duty.

At four o'clock we went to the Judge's Pool for an evening fishing, and after a couple of drops I rose quite near the shore a salmon, which came as though he meant business, but missed the hook. Giving him two or three minutes to think better of it, I began again; but before my fly reached the spot where he was, a great mound appeared in the river moving rapidly toward the helpless insect. Just before reaching it the water opened with a violent splash, and a large fish emerged, his impetus carrying him clear out of the stream, then fell back again with a noise and splash as if a child had been thrown overboard. That instant fully repaid me for all the thousands of barren casts I had made in the week. As the fish sought the bottom the top of the rod bent, the reel sung as a few yards of the line rolled off, and then stopped until my friend realised he was in trouble and started to get out of it. Down the pool he went, and it was near the foot of the island before I could land. We knew without his swimming deep and steadily that he was a big one from the view we had when he took, and I couldn't get any control of him till we were down near Nelson's gate. Then he was induced to come near shore, and we saw him do what I daresay salmon often try successfully as a means of getting rid of the hook, that was to stand

straight on his head and grub among the stones at the bottom. This he kept at for some minutes at intervals, and persisted in it after I had drawn him into water so shallow that several inches of his tail stuck out while he was rubbing away. At last Jacques gaffed him—a male fish of thirty-four pounds, with the hook on his lower jaw already quite distinct.

We then returned to the pool in quest of the smaller fish which had first risen. He came up the instant the fly, a small 'Jock Scott,' passed over him, but faintly. I then tried him with a large gaudy 'Britannia'—to my mind the handsomest fly tied. To this he rose twice, at five minutes' intervals, but in a very Platonic way. Leaving him I then passed a quarter of an hour in going over the rest of the pool, but without success. Returning, I went ashore, which enabled me to present the fly to him in a different way, and tried again with the 'Britannia'—two faint rises; a 'Silver Doctor' brought him up again in the same way; then the 'Jock Scott' he had first risen to was shown him ineffectually. As a last resort I put on a very small 'Durham Ranger.' No sooner did this go over him than he came with a vengeance, hooked himself securely, and gave me a good ten minutes' sport before he was gaffed—a plump, well-shaped sixteen-pounder.

Though writing this a few hours after the occurrence, I find I have omitted one rise this fish made, as there were nine in all. It was nothing but perseverance and hard work that got him for me, and his capture occupied nearly two hours. However, one salmon so taken yields a sweeter satisfaction than a half-dozen you feel sure any one might have caught.



REACHING HOME
Etching by H. SANDHAM.

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REACHING HOME
Etching by H. SANDHAM.



H. Sandham (?)

One of my companions came down from above just as I was starting for camp in the latter part of the twilight, and he had two fish, both of good size. On reaching home we found our third angler had also taken two in the Camp Pool, which made our catch for the day six. Four of these we sent to Matapedia that night to be expressed thence to people, less fortunate than we, who were obliged to remain at home.

Sunday at noon, two friends reached us on their way to our water at Mowat's, which we had let them have for the rest of the season. Their camp had already been built on the high bank which rose from the river on the New Brunswick side, close by an icy cascade tumbling down it. There were three bark shanties and two large tents, a tall flag-pole, and such various other little comforts as the wit and axe of the backwoodsman could compass. Next morning I went up to call, and found my hosts well and happy, though one had sprained his wrist and his trunk had been dropped overboard in mid-river, where it had lain for some time before a rescue was effected. That Monday our catch was again six salmon, but we saw more in the river than we had any day before, as the result of the tideway nets having been lifted over Sunday.

On Tuesday the logs—of which a few had been sailing down for several days—began to come so thickly that we knew the great drive could not be very far above, and learned from a native who passed by that it was near Chain of Rocks. The salmon, as I have before said, soon get used to the logs, and seem to rise just as well as when the water is free from them. I have often hooked, and seen others hook, salmon

within a yard or two of a big log floating down; but the trouble is in saving the fish when the river is so encumbered with these tree-trunks, some of them fifty feet long, and their whole length directly across the stream. It adds much to the excitement of the sport to pursue it under such difficulties; and in spite of these heavy fresh-run fish generally doing just as they please for a time, the numbers that are landed when logs are running thick—and one would suppose the feat impossible—is surprising. There are lots of hair-breadth escapes to one actual one; but with good tackle, a safe passage through the first wild rush of the fish, and Indians who will, after you get ashore, keep above in the canoe and push what logs they can away from your line, you may be reasonably certain of success.

Half-way up our Camp Pool on the New Brunswick side, and just in a line with my little tent on the edge of the bluff, is a rock projecting into the water, or rather out of it, as it begins in the middle of the river, rising gradually from the bottom. The water flows around and over it with a delicious ripple near the shore, and as it deepens the whereabouts of the sharp and uneven top of the ledge is indicated by a gradually diminishing line of eddies, at times almost invisible, the next moment perhaps boiling and foaming in miniature whirlpools. The rock where the ripple ends has for years been the abode of a big salmon. We have imagined that the same fish, bearing a charmed life, has season after season avoided the perils of the sea and river, and returned safely and with added pounds to his old home. He doesn't come with the throng of his companions which earliest seek the river, but about the 18th or 20th of June reaches his haunt,

and celebrates his arrival by jumps and gambols such as few of his fellows indulge in. We always anxiously await his coming, and speculate on the increase of size a year has brought him, for he delights to show us his fair proportions morning and evening as we watch him from the high bank, and often during the night have I been roused from sleep by the splash of his descent from a leap of unusual loftiness, feeling a pleasant sense of companionship in his nearness to me.

He has always proved most obliging in showing himself to us on days when no other fish could be seen, and not to us only but to our visitors; for them we always lead to the bluff as if to exhibit the view, and keeping them there on this pretext for a few moments, they perchance see our friend jump clear out of water, or roll to the surface brandishing his huge tail in their faces, and, ignorant of the fact that such performances are habitual with our exhibition salmon, call our attention to the monster, and enjoy our feigned surprise as we do their gratification. None the less has this salmon been willing to amuse us by rising in a furious and savage manner on his first reaching the pool at any fly we may cast at him; for, despite our sentimental attachment, his capture has been the object of our most strenuous efforts. These rises grow fainter and less frequent as his stay in the pool lengthens, and so well-judged are they that until now, save on one occasion, he has never been hooked. This was on the day of his arrival two years since, and mine was the honour and glory of playing him for ten minutes before he broke loose. He was not seen until a week afterwards, but then resumed his sports in a somewhat

subdued spirit, and a few days later we could get a rise or two out of him as usual any morning or evening.

This year (1885) he seemed especially lively. I rose him thrice the day he came, and he could be brought up to the surface by presenting him with almost any fly. When the log-running was at its height Lawrence had the questionable honour of hooking him. He had fished down the Quebec side of the pool without a rise, and coming across to try the rock, when his fly sailed over the point of it the fish came up and took it just as any other salmon would. Lawrence was so surprised at finding he had him that he lost his usual presence of mind, and let the fish carry him down past the mouth of the Upsalquitch, where the main river logs were largely augmented by those coming down that stream. Through these the salmon tore with resistless strength, missing them for a time, but finally the line was caught in one and broken after a severe struggle, at several periods of which Lawrence thought he was going to land the fish in spite of the superstitious feeling we all, especially the Indians, had that the fly was never tied which could bring him ashore. We much fear that he has not survived his wounds, or, if he has, has changed his quarters in disgust, as he was not seen in his accustomed haunts after that while we remained on the river. In 1886 his hold was occupied by a succession of much smaller salmon, devoid of his gamesomeness and sagacity, and readily falling victims to our wiles.

Two days after this I had an adventure worth narrating with a salmon in this same pool. We were fishing quietly along at a time when the logs were not running especially thick, no fish on the rise, a cold damp wind blowing, and

my chief desire to complete my task and get back to the comforts of the fireplace. Suddenly I heard a splash to my left, and Jacques exclaimed, 'By golly! you see dat salmon jump jes' dere? he dam big, an' so white he look jes' like ske-day-gum-wit, dat mean ghost, so I call him ghost.' Neither I nor John Capelin, a new and youthful assistant of Jacques, had seen the fish, but felt returning animation at the proof of a salmon being in the pool at all. We went over above and tried him in vain with several flies, then leaving him went to the camp for an hour of rest and refreshment. I would have devoted more time to these pleasing pursuits, but Jacques appeared at the door and insisted on my going out, saying, 'Now we git de ghost, git him dis time sartin, because I talk to him jes' now down at landin', an' say, "suardo ske-day-gum-wit, suardo," dat mean come up ghost, an' I sure as sure I put gaff in his head dis day.'

Yielding to this solicitation I embarked, and Jacques, as usual, took the canoe a good distance above where the 'ghost' was. To my surprise, a few moments' casting brought me a rise, and I succeeded in landing a beautiful salmon of twenty-four and a half pounds. 'Dat not ske-day-gum-wit,' said Jacques; 'but now we git him dis time sartin, an' show him how he like look of shore. He jes behine de rock under dat ripple; now you cast way down one side like, an' don't let fly go over him 't all, den mebbe he see dat, an' say, "I have to swim berry hard to git dat fly or I lose him what-eber," so he nebber look for de hook, he in such hurry.' These instructions, which I followed, justified Jacques' acumen; for as soon as the 'Brown Fairy' was two yards from the ripple, the salmon seized it with a vehemence that made

me pity the poor fly and the light tackle back of it. He went to the bottom and stirred not till the anchor was up, when, realising that the morsel in his mouth was a peppery one, he started for the deeper water of the New Brunswick shore, not in a hasty way, but with a deliberation befitting his age and size. We followed along after, keeping as near as possible, and with as hard a pull as was prudent—in fact a little harder, by reason of the logs floating down dangerously frequent, and a collision of the line with one of them was almost sure to end in discomfiture. Reaching the deep water the fish sulked very considerately while half-a-dozen logs passed close by ; but they had not gone far before he started down-stream, and, notwithstanding my efforts in holding him back, and those of the Indians in paddling towards him, went under the last of the group of logs, where the line became caught in a piece of bark, but could still run out, though we were unable to pull it clear. The salmon kindly stopped in mid-stream, and we started down in pursuit of the logs to release the line, which John Capelin did very cleverly just in time to save the few last yards on the reel. The salmon was now far above us, but between his gradually yielding and our pulling towards him, we soon got close enough for me to begin leading him to shore, and after several more short runs and sulking fits, with great luck in avoiding descending logs, I found myself getting him under some control, though he was still strong, and had not once shown himself since being hooked. Below the rapid, the foot of which we were now approaching, the water was shallow for some distance from the beach, and a great many logs had grounded there, making it out of the question to get to

the shore. So I told Jacques he might gaff the fish from the canoe, and I stepped over the centre bar to the stern, near John Capelin, that he might have more room. The salmon, which was still above us, came slowly into view, tail first, brought down by the strong pull and heavy current, and as we saw the expanse of his light brown back, and the sweep of his broad tail, Jacques exclaimed loudly at his size. He did not appear very tired, but would drop down a little way, and then with one motion of his powerful tail nearly regain the ground he had lost. At last, by gentle coaxing, he came within reach of Jacques, crouched low in the bow, with his gaff extended in readiness. Letting it gently drop into the water beyond the fish, he pulled the sharp iron into him, and hauled him over the side of the canoe instead of running ashore between the logs as I directed. The great weight straitened the gaff, which came out as soon as the salmon was in the canoe. Jacques tried to sit on him or seize him, and I rushed forward to assist, but after a brief engagement the fish jumped out of the canoe on the shore side with the fly still fast in his mouth, and started up stream apparently as strong as ever. Seeing he was fast I still expected to save him, when, to my horror, John Capelin, with the reckless impetuosity of youth, bounded into the water with his paddle uplifted in pursuit. The first blow he aimed broke the top of my rod in two places, but in the instant which intervened between it and the second, I realised, even while expressing my disapprobation, that there were hopes the fish might still be mine. These hopes were soon to be blasted, as John, deaf to entreaty, had again brought down the paddle, and this time on the line (the salmon was fifteen

yards away), which of course broke, and left me to gather in the ruins and have it out with the aborigines.

This fish was, I think, a bigger one than I ever killed, and would go above that forty-pound mark which I have, so far, never quite reached. The disappointment at his useless loss was very great, but its expression was scarcely so praiseworthy as that of a fellow-sufferer whose adventure is narrated in the *New Sporting Magazine* of July 1831, as follows :—

'Piscator struck a heavy trout of near seven pounds weight, and after half-an-hour of the greatest anxiety had him exhausted and motionless on the top of the water. Nothing remained but for the man who accompanied him to put the net under the fish and take him out, but instead of putting the net over the tail of the fish first, the man attempted to get the fish's head into it, and these hooks which had not struck the fish caught the net, and of course held fast. This roused the dying trout, which, making a sudden struggle, broke away. Piscator and the man looked at each other in silent astonishment ; at length Piscator, quietly putting his hand in his pocket, took out a new brass reel and line, and threw it at the man with all his force, luckily missing him. The reel, worth some three guineas, went into the river. Piscator said nothing ; but gently disengaging the butt of his rod, struck at the man with all his might, who only saved himself by running for his life.'

As the great drive of logs gradually got near us, we found them so thick for a few days that we did not fish at all. A canoe could be navigated along the sides of the river, but the current was so clogged that half the time it was impossible to get a fly on the water at all. The tail of the drive being within a few miles, we expected relief soon, and got great stories about the fishing in the clear water above the logs. We devoted one of these non-angling days to a trip to Camp Albany, so named after the home of its two occupants. The canoe ride of nearly ten miles up there took us through



ANGLING AT TOAD BROOK
Etching by G. S. FERRIER.

ANGLING AT TOAD BROOK
Etching by C. S. Perrine.


Wm S Ferrier
1887.

some of the most beautiful scenery of the river, and at Brandy Brook, where we stopped for refreshment, we saw a small boy with twenty-five or thirty trout, averaging a pound each, which he had taken with a bait of salt pork attached to a cod-hook, which was connected by a stout twine to a kind of vaulting pole, eight or nine feet long. Our improved appliances at the same place yielded us nothing, while the boy would every few moments haul out a fresh victim. At Chain of Rocks we saw several salmon, and soon after passing through that interesting spot reached the foaming billows of Hero's Rapid, in the hearing and sight of which Mr. MacAndrew has twice built his comfortable house, only to have it carried away by the breaking up of the ice in the spring. Half-a-mile from this was our destination; and as we were mounting the ascent to the neat and well-ordered camp, so different from the disorder of our own, we saw one of our hosts rounding the point from the pool above fast in a salmon, which acted like a big one. We walked down to the beach hoping to see him land the fish there; but after quite a time of sulking and running across the river, he started down-stream at such a rate that Mr. Olcott had to take his canoe and follow. The fish went down through Hero's Rapid—not so called after the classic female, but for a horse of that name, which years ago performed a great feat of towing a scow through it—and a full mile from the Camp was gaffed. He was the fourth they had taken that morning, all of from twenty-two to twenty-four pounds. After luncheon, served on a white table-cloth, with a bouquet of flowers in the middle, and everything clean and orderly to distraction, we passed a delightful hour, may be two, on the

cool piazza, alongside a table well garnished with cooling drinks and choice cigars. Two handsome iron pots contained smudges, which were moved about to different stations by an attentive savage as the flies or wind came from a new quarter; for, as Jacques would say, 'dose muskittys darn cross an' tick.' We had never been able to train any Indians to such effective efforts, and nowhere else have I ever seen any who would attend to keeping a smudge going without a fresh command for every item of service to save their kind employer from being devoured. I fancy the club must be the means used in the seclusion of Camp Albany to accomplish the result we saw, as I can think of no emotion but that of extreme and continuous terror that would make and keep half-a-dozen Mic-Macs as attentive and decorous as is the trained menial of British descent. Camp Albany is beyond question the neatest and most inoffensive one on the river, and its owners equally skilful as anglers and as dispensers of an elegant and plenteous hospitality to all passers-by. Their theory is that everybody going up or down the river is hungry, thirsty, or in need of a night's lodging, which is just as it should be on the Ristigouche. Often friends whom we have expected at our place by noon from up the river have appeared at five or six, and seemed to consider the excuse of having been stopped at Camp Albany a perfectly sufficient one, and we never had any good of them that evening.

On our way down we stopped at the Brandy Brook pools for a cast, but got nothing, they having probably been drifted the night before by the guardian. We found the tail of the drive just above Mowat's, and the drivers told us they would get past the Upsalquitch by another day. The next night

they were down to the bar above Camp Harmony. About six in the evening it began raining, and kept at it hard and steadily. In the morning we found the river had risen a foot, and no logs were in sight; the water, too, was muddier than I had ever seen it. The rain poured down in sheets all that day and night, and the next morning four feet more of a rise had taken place in the main river, which was rushing down in an impetuous torrent, dark-yellow in colour, bearing with it uprooted trees, roots, branches, and bark washed from the shore. News reached us that a canoe had been swamped, and a man drowned at Red Pine Mountain, and it looked a dangerous undertaking to cross the river even in a canoe. One great benefit we learned was effected, and that was the carrying away of all the tideway-nets, which could not be put down again that year, and consequently gave the fish their first free chance to enter the river.

Strange to say, the heavy storm had not extended up the Upsalquitch, and in the main river, for a full mile below its junction, there was a well-defined and narrowing channel of the clear water contributed to the flood by the smaller stream. It rained enough for several days to prevent any fall of the five-feet rise in the river; but the New Brunswick side of the Ristigouche, where the clear water of the Upsalquitch flowed, was abundant with salmon, as indeed were all the spots in the river where clear brooks joined it. These and the smaller rivers the fish ascended wherever they could. The Upsalquitch, near our camp, was like a lake, the rise in the main river more than overcoming the natural fall of its smaller sister for some distance, and in this still pool, during its existence, there were a great many salmon, though we

did not find this out for several days. The three of us, with a visitor, fished along in a line close to the New Brunswick shore and had plenty of sport. A salmon rose to me one of these days in the Ristigouche water, close to the line of the clear stream to be sure, but where it actually looked like soup, and I would not suppose the most acute vision could see a fly six inches off.

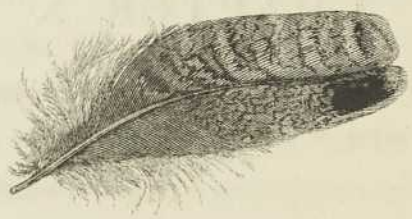
On July 2d I was obliged to leave; and at the beginning of my sad journey, as I approached Lawrence, who was fishing just below the camp, he wanted me to come in his canoe and take his rod for a farewell cast. This I willingly did, and at the second try rose and killed a nice bright fish of nineteen pounds. The sport after I left was remarkable all over the river as the waters fell. My friends remained until the 15th, and the total catch from Camp Harmony and Captain Sweny's water was two hundred and five fish. This could have been very largely increased had they tried to fish for a score the last fortnight. The number of salmon that got safely up the river must have been greater than for years past, and the effect will last for some time.

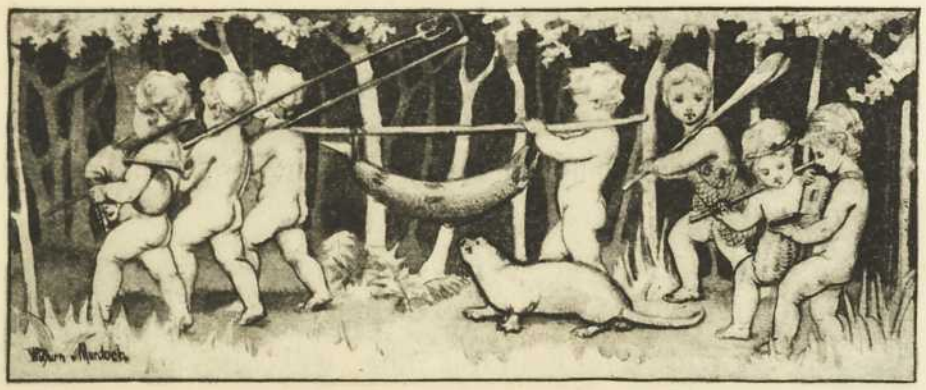
A good many of the large Ristigouche fish went up the Upsalquitch that year, and probably spawned there. They were seen in the headwaters in the autumn by Alexander Robertson, the guardian, and may be the progenitors of a larger race of salmon than those now frequenting that river. I found that the number of fish taken in the Club waters in 1885 was eight hundred and seventeen; but very few members were in the river after the high water in July, or the score would have been largely increased.

CHAPTER X

You that fish for Dace and Roches,
Carpes or Tenches, Bonus Noches.

Men Miracles, 1656.





THE ADVENTURES OF 1886



EING a man of family, it is my pleasure as well as my duty to sometimes share with those who do so much for me the pleasures of my summer outing. If my partner in the fishing, objects to the presence of my wife and a portion of my children at Camp Harmony once in a while, he has so successfully concealed his true sentiments as to deserve no sympathy. At any rate, such of the household as have visited the Ristigouche are enchanted with it; and, as the children have passed, since they could walk, several weeks of each year in camping out, they are much impressed with the luxuries of the Canadian habitation.

The seasons in which Lawrence and I extend this hospitality our guests come along after we have been at the Camp for a fortnight or so, under the escort of my eldest

son, and give to our life interests and ideas which I am sure are the more appreciated as we are not subjected to them during our entire stay.

Two ladies, who for two years have accompanied their husbands to the river, are expert anglers—one of them particularly so—throw a beautiful line, will cast for hours in all weather, and one has, I think, killed more salmon in the Ristigouche than almost any man who goes there. I am sorry that the two ladies of my household have progressed no further in the art of angling than to become poor trout-fishers, and to have lost one salmon. This, however, is not an unmixed evil. They don't want to fish the piece of water that seems to them the best, and which we are saving for the right moment. They rejoice in our success without envying it, and perhaps admire the more our piscatorial exploits from their own incapacity to rival them. At least their angling inefficiency disarms criticism of ours.

The Camp seems somehow to run smoother when ladies are about. The occasional disputes and slight jars which the best of friends sometimes have are entirely omitted, the dishes are washed cleaner, the meals are more orderly, various delicacies unknown at other times appear on the table, and though disapproved of ostensibly, are none the less enjoyed.

It is very much like putting trousers and a tail-coat on an infant of two to set a lad of thirteen salmon-fishing, and I don't say that it is an indulgence I would think it advisable to be at all free with where the chance for it exists. I risked it with my elder son when he was thirteen, and his appreciation amply repaid my partiality. The first day I gave him one man and a canoe,—he had already some idea of poling,—and set him to work in a poor bit of water inside of Nelson's Island.

He was gone four hours, and returned with a salmon of twenty-seven pounds, and a harrowing description of his encounter with another much larger one, which had beaten him after an hour's struggle. Next day I sent him up the Upsalquitch half-a-mile to a little pool we have there, which we hardly consider worth trying. I went down the main river a little way, and as I was coming home saw a canoe descending the Upsalquitch with only one man in it, and he seemed to be paddling in a wild and incoherent way. As it approached we saw it was Henry's canoe, and when near enough a bent rod came to view, held, as we soon found, by the boy, who was lying flat on his back in the bottom of the canoe, and playing a particularly strong and lively fish, which had, through accident or design, gone up to the little pool from the main river where he belonged, and after being hooked, started straight back to his proper stream. When we weighed him he pulled down the scale to twenty-eight pounds, and I made the boy go back to his trout-rod for a few days. Since then I have limited his occasions for salmon-fishing, particularly when it has been unusually good, and thus have perhaps neutralised the evils he sustained from over-indulgence five years ago.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-six was the last year we had ladies at the Camp, and to prepare for them Lawrence went up ten days ahead of me early in June, with a friend for company. I got along a day sooner than I expected, and hired a native to drive me up to the Camp after the arrival of the train at Matapedia. It was dark when I reached there; and I managed to attract the attention of one of the Indians who was down at the shore, and was taken over without being seen, thus adding the pleasures of a surprise to that of my coming.

I found them just finishing dinner with two guests they had secured for the night. My little tent had been set up and the boughs cut for it. These the Indians made my bed from, and next morning I was furnished a rod and line, and given the Camp pool. The fishing had been very good, with the peculiarity on the part of the salmon, which continued all the season and all over the river, of most of them taking the fly without showing at the top of the water. My experience was that many more than usual were lightly hooked and escaped—their not being seen when taking perhaps accounting for this, as they did not dash at the fly with sufficient vigour to carry them within sight of the angler. Generally, however, in trout- and salmon-fishing, those which take quietly under water are thought to hook themselves most securely, but I conclude that when the practice becomes general and permanent, it is a sign of indifference on the part of the fish.

My first morning's work gave me a new item of interest to add to the increasing store. I rose a heavy fish twice at the head of the pool, and had fished nearly down to the bottom of it, casting carelessly, and wishing, for the sake of my unaccustomed muscles, I was through, when an unseen salmon seized my fly, and rushed off down stream, getting out fifty yards of line before Peter Metallic, Jacques' partner, could raise the anchor, then turned, leaped high out of water, and started up the Upsalquitch, the mouth of which was opposite us. We followed him in the canoe as best we could against the strong current, but he went so fast that, when at length I checked him, the barrel of my reel was almost in sight. He then backed down slowly, with frequent short upward runs, to the main river, and just as he reached it, gave another high jump, then came directly towards

us, so much faster than I could reel in, and the Indians paddle towards the other shore, that the line bagged behind him, and, to my horror, though we splashed the water to keep him off, he darted directly under the canoe. I thought the rod would have to go, but, fortunately, though the tip was bent beneath the surface, I managed to get it around the end, over Peter's head, and found the line unentangled and the fish still on. All this time we had been going a little down-stream and near the centre of the river. The salmon, after a third jump, started off with fresh vigour up the current of the Ristigouche. After going a little way he stopped suddenly; and approaching, and reeling up as I did so, I found that when within about twenty-five yards I could gain no more line, and concluded that the fish was sulking. After waiting a few moments, the men holding the canoe against the stream with their poles, and the salmon nearly straight above us, Jacques said, 'Dat salmon he fas-sen line roun' rock on bottom an' go off.'

In a short time I reached the same conclusion, and began reeling up to recover the line. On getting the canoe over it, we found it was under a large stone, as near as I could judge about ten yards from the fly; the men tried for some time to move the stone with their poles, but it was heavy and slippery, and it was hard to keep the canoe from drifting down. At last I told Jacques to get right over it, and I would pull at the line till it broke and not bother any longer to loosen it. Just as I expected the snap to come, the line lost its hold under the stone and was freed. The canoe then dropped down-stream, and I began reeling up, while Jacques was cursing our hard luck in losing the fish in a

choice mixture of English and Mic-Mac. My line, as I took it in, did not come as freely as it should, and I found there was still something at the end of it which I thought was probably a small root. My astonishment may be imagined when the something turned out to be the salmon, which yielded quietly to the pull until near the canoe, when off he went, fresh as a daisy, from his long rest. Jacques gave a loud whoop, and shouted: 'Oh de beggar, he beat h——!' The fish gave us a good fifteen minutes' work up- and down-stream before I could get ashore, and there hung obstinately in the current for near as much longer, taking me down through the rapid a quarter of a mile. When Jacques finally struck the gaff through his bright side and dragged him ashore, I felt a great weight of anxiety lifted off my mind at the prosperous termination of the adventure. We did not get him a moment too soon, as the line was frayed down to a single strand of silk where it had been fast, and could not have stood one more pull from the twenty-three pounder.

I have never known of a case like this: a salmon, after he has the game in his own hands, and may get free by an instant's exertion, kindly waiting until the fouled line, with much splashing and knocking of iron-shod poles against the bottom within a few yards of him, can be freed. The fish must have stopped moving as soon as the line became fast; probably he was tired with the long preceding struggle, and had reached the shelter of some familiar rock, where he felt safe from harm. Truly, as Leonard Mascall says, 'the Salmon is a gentle Fish, but he is cumbrous to take.'

Just as we reached camp with our hard-earned victim, I

saw a scow rounding the point below, on which were some of the medical specialists of the Club, who were going up the river in style, and bringing with them my luggage, which I could not get up the night before.

The ascent of the river, when a trip of a long distance is projected, is nowadays generally made in one of these scows, evolved from the crude craft used by the lumbermen for taking up their supplies. The first attempt at great improvement in these was made a dozen or more years ago by Mr. Bridges, one of the first lessees of the river, who had all of it above Patapedia. The name he conferred on his scow was 'Great Cæsar's Ghost,' and she has furnished the substantial model for all those now existing.

Various degrees of elegance are of course found in the half-dozen or more in use, some having the house on deck divided into two apartments, one for a sitting- and dining-room and the other for sleeping, while the kitchen is entirely apart on the extreme stern, and the pantry thoroughly fitted with crockery and other housekeeping utensils. The windows are all protected by gauze nettings to keep out the flies, there is a space forward to enjoy the unrestricted open air, and the canoes are either taken on board or towed behind.

The scows are drawn up-stream by horses, as many as four being sometimes necessary, and the skill acquired by both the rider and steeds to successfully manage the ascent is of a very high grade. The latter, after a season or two of it, become almost amphibious, and will stem a foaming rapid with only their heads above water, or swim across a broad and seething pool with a cheerfulness born of experience and hardships overcome. The rider is constantly dripping from these frequent

and deep wadings and swimmings, often up to his shoulders in water, and always as wet as though he were so, from the continual splashing he gets. The passengers are as comfortable as if at home—more so, in fact. At the several houses on the upper waters owned by the Club the excursionists may stop for a change, and it is not an unusual thing to take the scow up to the highest point they wish to go, and then send it back with the horses on board, making the descent of the river in the canoes, and stopping at the various fishing-points on the way down.

A week after my arrival the ladies joined us, and when the two or three days necessary to get them and us adjusted to the new state of things had elapsed, we offered them the treat of going down over the water at night to see the salmon by the light of flambeaux. The Indians entered heartily into the idea, and were occupied most of the afternoon before the chosen evening in preparing the torches, which is done by binding together strips of birch-bark until they form a compact mass about two feet long and six inches square. They kept chanting at their work what they told me was a recital of an old chief's former prowess with the spear. The refrain, of which the song mostly consisted, was—

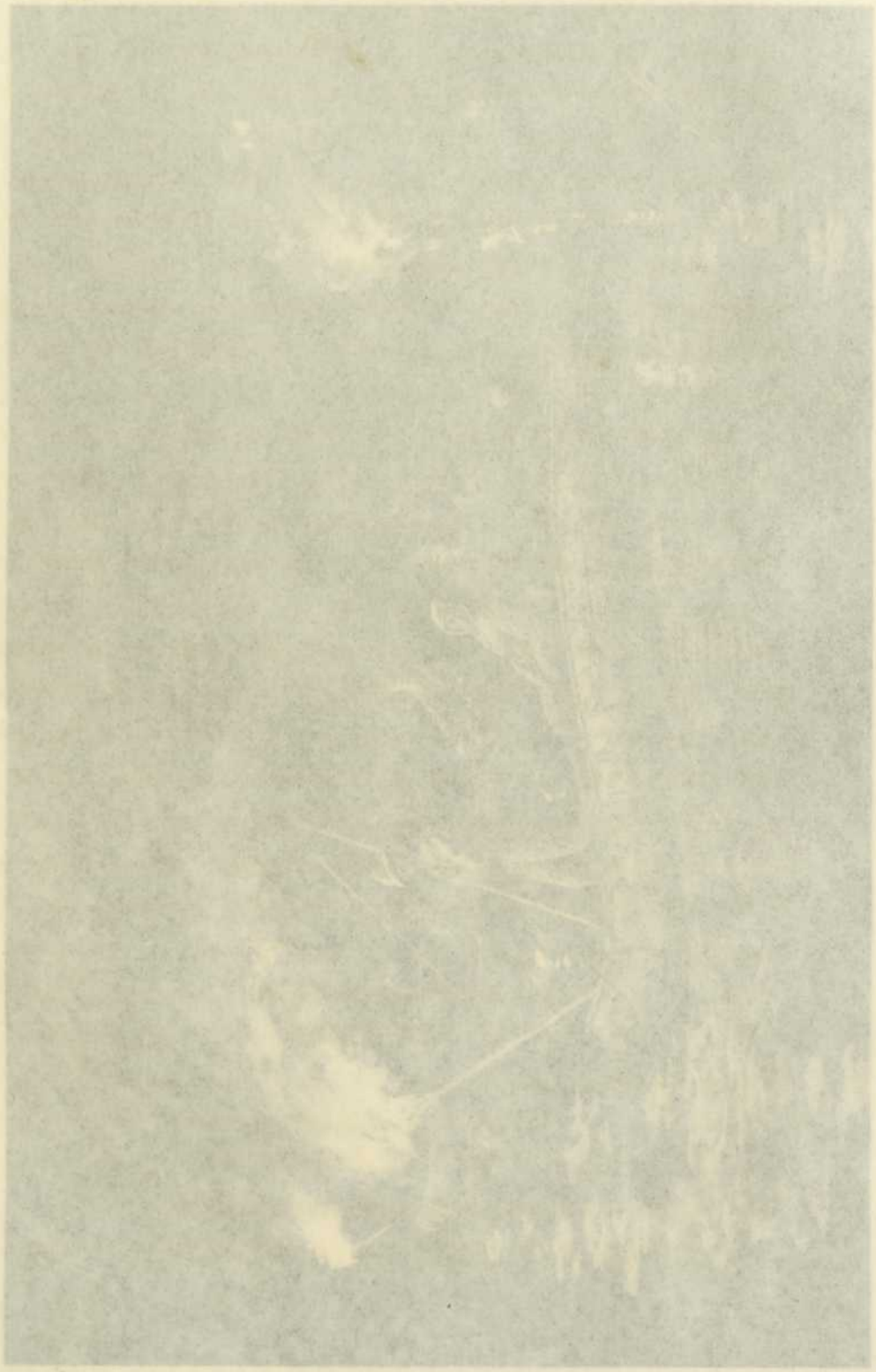
'Polycarp Martin socks-y-guet,
Polycarp Martin eps-y-guet.'

Which translated is—

'Polycarp Martin making flambeaux,
Polycarp Martin making spearing.'

Polycarp is a well-known contemporary Mic-Mac.

The moon went down at nine, and with it an unpro-



TORCHLIGHT ON THE RIVER
Drawn by H. SANDHAM, engraved by ANNAN and SWAN.

TORCH-LIGHT ON THE RIVER

Drawn by H. SANDHAM, engraved by ANNAN and SWAN.



pitious breeze, leaving the night and water perfect for our purpose. At the canoes we found standing in the bow of each, and leaning slightly forward of it, sticks about five feet long, cleft at the upper end for the admission of the flambeaux, of which each canoe carried half-a-dozen. We poled a mile up-stream to the Judge's Pool, where the flambeaux were lighted and stuck crossways in the cleft sticks. Then the canoes formed in line across the river, equidistant from each other, and we began floating down. As the flames seized the oily birch-bark, and it fried and crackled with the heat, the outside darkness grew blacker, and the only evidence to the eye of water beneath us was the ripple on the pool as we passed over the quick part of it. This was enough to prevent our seeing any fish in the Judge's or Nelson's Rock Pool just below. A little further down we came to the long flat, where the shallower current runs swiftly, but with perfect smoothness. Here the effect was wonderful; so clear was the water that we could not see the line where it ceased and the atmosphere began; every pebble on the bottom was as distinct as if nothing but air lay between us and it, the canoes seemed to be floating in air, and the small fish, trout, suckers, and parr looked like flying machines, so perfect was the delusion. At the foot of this flat we saw the first salmon, a little one, and at the head of the Upsalquitch Pool, a short distance further, we came on a school of six large fish quite near the shore. They ran about in a dazed way as we floated over, darting under the canoes, one very big one following the lights and swimming alongside for a few moments after his companions had been left behind. Jacques remarked,

'Ef we spearin' now we git couple dis time, den pole back, an' run over 'em again, an' git couple more mebbe.' Through the rest of the Camp Pool we saw no salmon, probably by reason of the ripple; but at the head of the flat below it we came on them again, first seeing one, then two or three together, and in one spot ten. Some of them dashed off out of sight at once, others hardly moved, while some again followed the canoes, running back and forward between and under them. They were all in water from three to five feet deep, which we had to touch to assure ourselves of its existence, and convince us that the appearance of these large fish rushing through the air, with fins and tails for wings, was but an illusion. Most of the salmon we saw here were large, and one monster of certainly above forty pounds glided several times in a leisurely way under the line of canoes, presenting a most inviting surface for a spear.

As the salmon grew frequent the Indians began to get excited; Jacques stood up in the bow of our canoe, pole in hand, balanced as if it were a spear, aiming at the salmon as we passed them, and only by a strong effort and my repeated warnings restraining himself from driving at each fish that came within his reach. Alexis Vicaire, a cousin of Jacques, in another canoe, couldn't control his natural instincts, and at last, with a wild yell, struck at a passing salmon, fortunately missing him. We were obliged to assert our authority very strongly to check the growing desire of the Indians to kill the salmon with their poles, which they easily could have done. They seemed—especially the older ones, who had in past times speared many a night through these flats—half-crazed by the likeness of this to their old

expeditions when the river was free to them, full of salmon, and the most delightful and productive part of the year was that occupied in taking sufficient fish for their wants, and no more, for the Indians always knew enough in fishing or hunting to stop when their needs were supplied.

As the flambeaux became nearly consumed they were knocked out of the cleft-sticks into the water, and their places supplied with fresh ones, the river behind us being left strewn with burning fragments of the fat birch-bark, looking like great fire-flies following in our track. As nearly as could be counted, we saw something over forty salmon in one drift of two miles to the end of the flat below the Upsalquitch, where we turned about for home, our flambeaux being used up. The repressed spirits of the Indians found vent in a race up-stream, exciting principally from the frequent collisions of the canoes, many of which were brought about purposely, with a reckless disregard of breakages or upsets. We reached camp however in safety, though all well dampened as the result of the race; and the Indians gradually calmed down under the subduing influence of the hearty meal which their exertions gave them the excuse for taking.

It is undoubtedly the fact with salmon, as it is with trout, that an entirely new fly in colour and design will be taken by fish which refuse those of proved adaptability for the place and season. These evidences of fickleness in fish should always be regarded simply as such, and not as the result of some great new entomological discovery on the part of him who accidentally profits by it.

With half-a-dozen, or even fewer, patterns of flies, I believe any river may be well fished, and probably that number of

varieties might be selected that would take more salmon than all the other contents of the best-filled book. The sole use of the ordinary great mass of material is to look at, and from it to select what enables one to take advantage of those days when fish which have been some time in the river won't look at the standard article, but will occasionally and momentarily yield to the seductions of an insect before unseen.

From several personal experiences of these freaks of salmon I give the following as an illustration:—

It was in a dry time, when the river was unusually low and clear for the season. For a week we did not take half-a-dozen fish, although we saw a good many in the lower pools. After several days of hard work, without a rise even, I tied, in the leisure hours after luncheon, such a fly as I was sure no salmon in our neighbourhood had ever seen. The body was blue, hackle bright yellow, and the wings made from two good-sized entire feathers from the neck of the jungle-cock, not those commonly used, but taken from near the shoulder, and mottled black and white. When the fly was finished I dried and took it down to Captain Sweny's High Rock Pool, which hadn't yielded a fish for ten days, and had my best two hours' sport of the season, rising five salmon, of which I hooked four and landed three. I went rather late, and wasn't one-third of the way down the pool when darkness came on, consequently what I might have done had I been able to use to the full my opportunity will never be known; but I shall always believe that had I begun at three o'clock instead of six I could have risen every salmon in the pool with that monstrosity. On returning with my fish I found the others had been unsuccessful, and after dinner

tied three more flies like mine for my companions. Next morning we all took an early start, hoping to find the fish still of the same humour; but, alas! the short mania was over, and the *genus salmo* of our parts had regained that discretion and soundness of judgment which usually characterises it in low water. Not a rise could be got to the new fly, then or after, even in the High Rock Pool, and it has probably killed its first and last fish.

There is quite as much difference in the strength and determination of salmon as of men; and as in men we find rare ones who have a double endowment of these attributes without showing any indications of it on the surface, so the angler will occasionally get hold of a salmon which seems preternaturally endowed with game and fighting ability. When one of these is encountered he inspires his captor or loser with new and lofty ideas of the possibilities he may have to face, and with the belief that a twenty-five pound fish of the highest type can make short work of any ordinary tackle if he uses his powers intelligently. I am sure I shall never forget the second and last fish of this kind I have successfully met. I had been pottering about all one beautiful sunny morning, spending a good part of it in trying to make a stupid Frenchman understand how I wanted the leaky camp-roof repaired. Jacques was hanging around volunteering advice, and anxious to get out on the water. When we finally started, he remarked in a sympathising tone, 'Tink you might kick dat dam Frenchman off de pint. Jes now 'bout Mission getting full of dem. Dey lazy beggars—don' like 'em 't all.' Then, after a moment's hesitation, 'My fadder French, 'bout half, hisself; dat 's reason s'pose.'

It was near noon, and as we expected company to luncheon, we went down to the lower part of the pool at once, and had no sooner anchored than, in the strong water directly in front of us, where there was a break over a low-lying rock, we saw, or thought we did, a fish just come to the top, though the white-crested wave made it very hard to be certain. However, after fishing both sides out, I let the fly dally slowly just over the underlying boulder, and right below the breaker it was taken and carried to the bottom. After an instant's rest, the fish went up-stream two hundred yards, the Indians poling after him as fast as they could, and I, after the first half of his run, giving him all the butt the rod would bear; he then turned at a right angle and jumped twice, kindly stopping after the last leap long enough for us to get up to him. These runs had given me such an idea of his great strength that I was surprised at seeing so small a fish when he showed above water. His next move was straight down-stream, and though we had an even start with him in the canoe, and the Indians paddled their best, he exhausted all but about five of my one hundred and fifty yards of line before he halted, which he did suddenly, and without being apparently influenced by the very heavy pressure I had on him all the way. Had I been on shore he would have broken me on this run to a certainty, and I am sure nobody could have saved him with fewer than two hundred and fifty yards of line from the bank. We had no sooner caught up to the fish than he repeated the performance, again stopping when half-a-minute more would have set him free. He did not show the least symptom of fatigue, or of being induced to stop by reason of the load he was

dragging, but his halts were as sudden and abrupt as his starts, with no preparatory slowing-up.

Four of these long runs did he make, part of them straight down and others diagonally across, and we all began to think—for by this time our company had arrived, and the fleet had joined us to see the diversion and assist with advice—that our judgment of the size of the fish was wrong, and he was as big as his great strength would indicate.

At last, a full mile below where he was hooked, Peter gaffed him very cleverly by going below, wading out up to his middle, and crouching behind a rock till the fish worked down to it. I think when gaffed he had a couple more good runs in him, as he hadn't begun to give in a bit, and resisted at once every attempt to coax him near shore. His weight was but twenty-five pounds, and he was hooked just in the angle of the jaw very firmly. I had on a bran new line and casting-line; but even with these favourable conditions it was only a piece of luck that the fish was worsted. I felt all through the early part of the contest that he could break me whenever he chose, and his last run was as strong and determined as his first. It was only by sticking to the canoe that I managed to save him, as I could not have kept near enough him by running along shore to retain any of my line. I should say that seventy-five yards on the reel is ample for the ordinary fish of twenty-five to thirty pounds—if played entirely from the shore—on the Ristigouche, while double the amount wouldn't have sufficed for this salmon without some swifter means of following him than on foot down the rough beach.

Just below Camp Harmony, on the Quebec side and

joining our property, there is the frontage of a settler named Alford, who has half-a-mile of fairish water. This he rents to casual anglers when he can, and at other times fishes it most persistently himself. Sometimes he takes a boy along to help, but generally goes out alone in an extremely cranky log canoe. It is a treat to see his cleverness in handling a fish alone, and many a one we have watched him kill from our piazza, through a glass.

As soon as he hooks a salmon he throws overboard the buoy to his anchor, and with a pole in one hand and his rod in the other works to the shore as quickly as he can, performing successfully some very difficult balancing feats when he has to pole up stream with one hand, standing, and control with the other a lively salmon. Of course he has to give out lots of line in the critical period before reaching land, which he loses no time in recovering when he gets there. There is quite a smooth gradually-sloping beach near the end of his property, and to this he directs the fish as it becomes exhausted, and when the proper moment comes gets it head-on towards shore, and, once started straight, hauls it up on the beach. It would seem that the necessary pull to do this would break the hold of the hook. It sometimes does, but as both the salmon and small wet stones are very slippery, the force required is very much less than would be supposed.

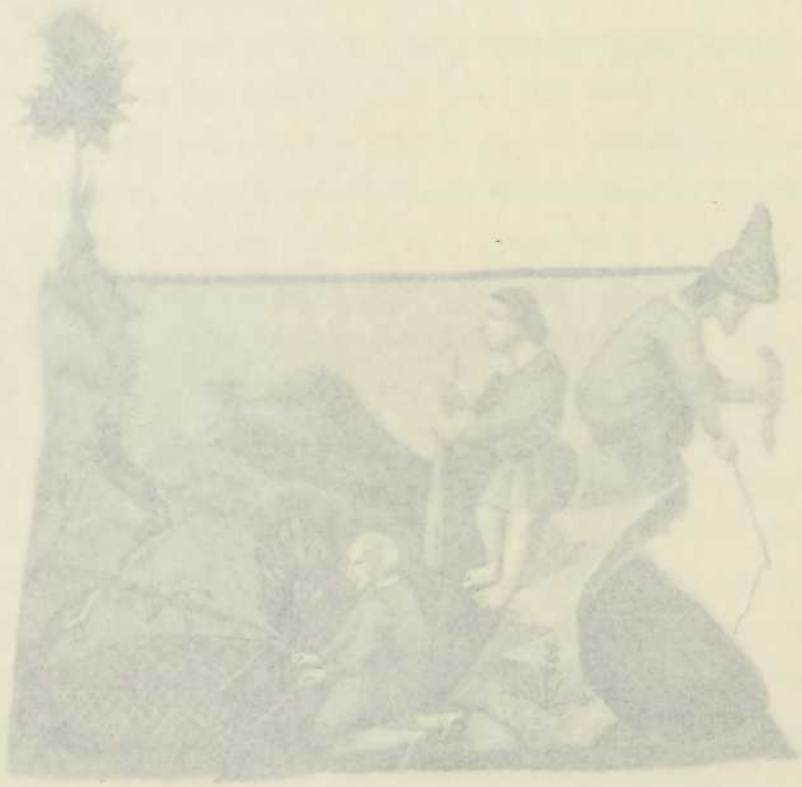
We remained in 1886 until early in August. Towards the last the water was very low and the fish hard to take. They could not be had in the Camp Pool by fishing from a canoe, they had learned too well what this was; but I managed to get one almost every day by wading and long casting with small flies. We made one enjoyable excursion to the Little

Falls of the Upsalquitch, six miles distant, where there is one of the most beautiful pools that can be imagined. We got no salmon there, but the boys caught fifty or sixty trout in it as fast as they could cast, all brilliantly-coloured brook-trout, from a quarter to three-quarters of a pound.

The total catch on our water for the season was two hundred and thirty salmon and sixteen grilse, and all the stations on the river did very well. There are rivers where the annual catch per rod is greater than on the Ristigouche, but I know of none where the whole number is so great, or where uniformly better sport can be had by the angler. Its accessibility, and the ease of getting supplies, are to most people very desirable features, while at the same time one can easily get all the untainted wilderness and discomfort he wants. I believe it, in its fishing, scenery, and general advantages, altogether the best Canadian river, and capable of indefinite improvement. It has won my heart, as it has those of nearly all who have been once subjected to its spell.

When the day of our departure came we felt we had not half appreciated our good time, and that if we could live the month over again it might be made to yield much more enjoyment.

On embarking, Peter produced his worn fiddle and drew from it a mournful wail; Jacques waved his hat and shouted 'Good-bye, Apsequish,' and we swept down the current in line, with our eyes turned backward, till the bend in the river at High Rock shut suddenly off our last view for the year of Squaw's Cap, the brown roof of Camp Harmony, and the spruce-clad mountain behind it, around which the long-winged fish-hawks were sailing in great circles through the cloudless expanse of the blue sky.



FACSIMILE FROM A CODEX OF JUSTINIAN (*circa* 1471).
IN THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY
Engraved by ANNAN and SWAN.

CHAPTER XI

While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: sage benign
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverent watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline—
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook—
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet book,
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome piety!

WORDSWORTH.



FACSIMILE FROM A CODEX OF JUSTINIAN (circa 1250).
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ANGLING LITERATURE



N the eyes of his good-natured friends who do not share his interests the collector of angling books, I think, generally appears an object of pity, and to those who are inclined to harsher judgments a tinge of contempt is apt to be added to this feeling. Even to many of the collectors in other departments he appears as one pursuing a course unworthy of serious attention.

To be sure, every one has heard of Walton and Cotton, and in a general way considers the *Complete Angler* a good and desirable book, of which every gentleman should have a well-bound copy of some good edition in his library—not particularly to read, but just to own as one would Chaucer, Sir Thomas More, or Hume. To such, a shelf filled with Waltons, from the small hardly-used first of 1653, along through the Bagsters, Hawkinses, and Majors, the tiny volumes

of 1825 and 1844, to the imposing and sumptuous Pickering of 1836 and Wiley of 1880—ninety odd in all—appears an entirely superfluous possession, and its accumulation unworthy the occupation of a man of sense, who, if he must collect books, can find so many topics of practical utility to work upon.

I sometimes think that the development of the book-collector is largely due to the primitive venatorial instinct which is more or less deeply latent in every human breast; not the beginning of it—not that which leads to the building up of a general library, but the peculiar effect which comes after a good start is made in collecting on any one subject, and the victim begins gradually to appreciate what lies before him, what he must have, what pitfalls and snares he should avoid, and what unexpected and momentous difficulties are in his path. As he rises to the dignity and importance of his new career, he finds himself in a microcosm the existence of which he never before suspected, and, if he has the courage to press on in the hard path, he soon begins to experience all the pleasure and disappointment of the chase.

A hot pursuit of one volume, lasting through years, ends in disastrous failure; another, sought after with equal avidity, may come to hand by the merest chance in some obscure spot, and at a price far below that which the ardent fancy of its pursuer would place upon it.

So the lordly salmon, which has remained unmoved in his rocky hold while the practised angler has vainly tempted him with all the resources of his art—and at last, discouraged, has abandoned—will, wandering to some unaccustomed shoal or strange and tempting eddy, yield himself to the fly cast



SALMON FISHING—

'In rivers swift, your Salmon are great store,
Where with vast nets, they often bring to shore,
Many of them, and divers other Fish,
Which when well drest, fit for a Prince's dish.'

'SALMON FISHING from Seuerall Wayes of HUNTING, HAWKING AND FISHING, ACORDING TO THE ENGLISH MANNER. Invented by FRANCIS BARLOW. Etched by W: Hollar.' Engraved in facsimile by Annan and Swan.

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with small hopefulness and care, entirely disproportioned to the importance of the result it brings.

Unlooked for or easily-won prizes, as in shooting and fishing, add to the charm of book-collecting, and their happening is received with much of the same spirit. Every collector has in his mind volumes on his subject that he neglects no chance of procuring. Perhaps, as Penn in his *Maxims and Hints* advises, he conceals the objects of his pursuit lest the knowledge of them should stimulate the ardour of rivals. For them no well-trained setter ranges and quarters the game-haunted field with more assiduity and thoroughness than he does all the shops, stalls, and catalogues he thinks may hold his quarry; nor, when obtained, does the dog mouth and carry his bird with more tender care.

As the collector's shelves fill up, his constantly renewed wants become harder to gratify, for they are confined to the rarer and older works which Time has drawn his tithes from, and the remnant is in hands which will not loose their grip while life or fortune remains.

How many of these scarce and valuable books are destroyed or injured by the careless handling of well-meaning persons! I once saw a lady, to whom a first Walton was incautiously being shown, slowly turning over each leaf with her wetted finger, while the owner looked on in despair without daring to say a word. Of another very rare book I saw the choicest plate, which was folded, torn half in two by a friend of its possessor, who apologised handsomely for the accident, and indeed offered to take the copy and replace it with a perfect one,—which he might have done in ten years,

if fortunate. One golden rule for collectors, too often learned by sad experience, is to let no profane hand touch their choice volumes. It is certain that people not especially interested do not care for such things, and yet, though bored, feel it their duty to profess an interest in them. A large portion of the general public think that to show a proper appreciation of a rare book each leaf of it should be turned over as if in search of a hidden treasure, and various passages read aloud admiringly, entirely irrespective of any literary merit they may have; and the result is likely to be that, through sheer good-nature, a damage is done in ten minutes of ignorant and well-meant laudation that fifty judicious handlings would not inflict.

The literature of angling boasts the labours of many accomplished scholars and interesting writers besides Walton and the learned Cotton. Great poets have sung of the piscatorial art, men learned in the law have written of its mysteries, and the votaries of the church have given it some of its choicest jewels.

Of the ancients, Oppian, who wrote the *Halieutica*, a Greek angling treatise, is the most prominent; but until the English began to feel the writing impulse not much of any account was done.

In 1486 was published *The Boke of St. Albans*, written by the Prioress of Sopwell, Dame Julyans Barnes, and it is her claim to the remembrance of posterity. The first edition was printed, according to the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, 'by the schoolmaster printer of St. Albans, 1486'; the second was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496. Of these very few copies are known, and the book is almost priceless. In the edition

of 1496 the spelling of the name is changed to 'Bernes,' and has gradually become 'Berners.' Holinshed's *Chronicles* in 1577 calls it 'Bemes.' There have been a score of reprints of the whole book and the angling part of it by itself, several of them handsome facsimiles of the original black letter. Of these, Mr. Joseph Haslewood's, in 1810, with its mass of biographical and bibliographical work, is the best and the most elegant. It is now rare.

Of Juliana, Bishop Bale, in his collection of British Biographies,[1] says:

'She was an illustrious female, eminently endowed with superior qualities, both mental and personal. Among the many solaces of human life, she held the sports of the field in the highest estimation. This heroic woman saw that they were the exercises of noble men after wars, after the administration of justice or the concerns of the State. She had learned, perhaps, that Ulysses instituted such diversions after the Conquest of Troy, and that they received commendation from Plato,' etc. etc., all showing that the good Bishop had a tender side towards sporting members of the cloth.

In 1883 appeared—

> 'An older form of the *Tretyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle* attributed to Dame Juliana Barnes, printed from a MS. in the possession of Alfred Denison, Esq., with Preface and Glossary by Thomas Satchell.'

Mr. Satchell thinks this was written at an earlier date than 1450, and is drawn from the same original with the Westminster edition of 1496. Although substantially the

[1] *Illustrium Majoris Britanniæ Scriptorum Summarium.* Ipswich, 1548. Another edition was published 1557.

same as the fishing part of the *Boke of St. Albans*, there are so many differences of phrase, orthography, and sense, that Mr. Satchell feels sure of an independent source for it, which casts a shadow of doubt on the originality of that part at least of the *Boke of St. Albans*. Whoever the author, she or he was a true sportsman and lover of Nature. Her closing advice to anglers is so excellent that I quote a portion of it: they must not be 'to rauenous in takyng of your sayd game, or to moche at one time, whyche ye may lyghtly doo if ye doo in every poynt as this present treatyse shewyth you in every poynt, whyche sholde lyghtly be occasyon to dystroye your owne dysportes and other mennys also—as whan ye have a suffycyent mese ye sholde covete no more as at that tyme.' There are several pages on the proper conduct of anglers which are interesting and instructive, and apply to the nineteenth just as strongly as to the fifteenth century.

After the *Boke of St. Albans* there is a long hiatus in the preserved angling literature of England until Leonard Mascall, in 1590, broke the silence by publishing—

> 'A Booke of Fishing with Hooke & Line, and of all other instruments thereunto belonging. Another of sundrie Engines and Trappes to take Polcats, Buzards, Rattes, Mice and all other Kindes of Vermine & Beasts whatsoeuer, most profitable for all Warriners and such as delight in this kinde of sport and pastime.'

A reprint of this, also edited by Mr. Thomas Satchell, in 1884, states in the Preface that the book is a compilation made by a practical angler from the *Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle*, *L'Agriculture et Maison Rustique* (Praedium Rusticum ?), and other sources. It is illustrated,

and contains the usual quaint mediæval recipes for angling. 'To bobble for yeeles,' we learn, was done in those days just as it now is in this country, and 'To take the Samon as well in the River as in the Sea' the following is recommended: 'Take eight drams of Cockes stones and the Curnels of pine apple tree burnt sixteene drams, beate all together a like till it be in the manner of meale.' Another, 'Take the seedes of Wild Rue eight drams, the fat of a veale eyght drams; of sesame thirteene drams, beat altogether, and make small loaves thereof, and use them as the other before mentioned. This much more taken from Stephanus in French.'

The works of this Stephanus, who is elsewhere quoted by Mascall, must have been destroyed by justly enraged anglers who tried his recipes, as I can find no other reference to them in the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* or elsewhere.

A curious book that is properly classed among those on angling is *Hortus Sanitatis*, a compilation which passed through various editions—the first about 1490, Strasburg—and embellished, in the later editions at least, with great numbers of woodcuts, which are interesting, both from being among the first attempts in that art and from the very singular animals they represent. The title-page and colophon of the edition of 1536, now before me, which are of a very ambitious design, are attributed to Holbein. They are worthy of him, and of a much higher character than the other illustrations. It is hardly necessary to say that the book is written in German.[1]

In 1613 J. D. (John Dennys) published *Secrets of*

[1] Hart, etc.

Angling, in which the poems are amongst the best on the subject, and the book is delightful reading at the present day. He gives good advice about tackle and clothing, and his 'Obiection to Angling,' and 'Answere' to it are worthy in rhythm and sentiment to go beside any angling verses. Of clothing he says:

> 'And let your garments Russet be, or gray,
> Of Colour darke and hardest to descrye,
> That with the Raine or weather wil away,
> And least offend the fearfull Fishes eye.
> For neither Skarlet nor rich cloth of ray,
> Nor Colours dipt in fresh Assyrian dye,
> Nor tender silkes of Purple, Paule, or golde,
> Will serve so well to keepe off wet or colde.'

A reprint of J. D. has lately been edited by 'Piscator,' Edinburgh, 1885, and according to him there does not exist a rarer angling book. A number of different editions have been published.

Gervase Markham, a Royalist Captain under Charles I., was one of the most popular of angling writers, and indeed he neglected no subject connected with military affairs, agriculture, or horsemanship. Hunting, farriery, hawking, fowling, midwifery, heraldry, poetry, and the drama, all were fields for the exercise of his versatile talents. He has been accused of plagiarism, and with the comparative scarcity of books in his time such a charge could be more easily established than in the case of more recent works.

Westwood and Satchell give him half a dozen titles in *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, and most of his books went through numerous editions. Many of the titles are curious, as—

'The Pleasures of Princes, or Goodmen's Recreations, containing a Discourse of the generall Art of Fishing with the Angle or otherwise, and of all the Hidden Secrets belonging thereunto. Together with the Choice of the Fighting Cocke, being a Worke neuer in that nature handled by any former Author. London, 1614.'

'A Way to get Wealth; containing sixe principal vocations . . . in which every good husband or housewife may lawfully imploy themselves. London, 1631.'

The rarest of these productions of Markham, and one of the scarcest of all works on angling, is—

'The Young Sportsman's Delight, and Instructor in Angling, Fowling, Hawking, Hunting, ordering Singing Birds, Hawkes, Poultry, Conies, Hares, Dogs, etc., and how to Cure them. By G. M. Sold at the Ring in Little Britain. Price, 6d.'

with a second title—

'A Compleat and Experienc'd Angler, in Two Parts, or the Angler's Vade Mecum,'

In this little book Markham is as inaccurate as brief in some of his observations on salmon, and the concluding 'Pleasant story for anglers' is the only part at all worthy of quotation. Here it is, and its moral is apparent:—'One day a person being fishing it happen'd that he pulled up a Dead-Man's Scull, and imagining that it came there by chance thought it was a Deed of Charity to bury it. Whereupon he goes Home and gets a Spade, and finding a convenient Place he fell to digging, and having dug deep he espied a large Old Bag, which pulling out found it to be full of Gold. Thus was the poor Man enriched unexpectedly.' Mr. Satchell, in the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, says he knows of but one perfect copy of this book. I believe, however, there are two in the United States.

In 1651, Thomas Barker, who is said to have followed

the lowly but important vocation of a cook, published a short treatise entitled

> 'The Art of Angling, wherein are discovered many Rare Secrets very necessary to be known by all who delight in that Recreation.'

It has always struck me that Barker owes more of his distinction to the favourable opinion in which he was held by Walton than to the merit of his short monograph of sixteen pages. A considerable portion of it is devoted to the cooking of various kinds of fish; and the instructions, while doubtless those of a practical angler, are made subordinate to tales of his own exploits. The 'second edition, much enlarged,' is called

> 'Barker's Delight; or, the Art of Angling, wherein are discovered many Rare Secrets very necessary to be known by all that delight in that Recreation, both for Catching the Fish and Dressing thereof' (1657).

The *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* says of this: 'The "enlargement" consists mainly of culinary recipes, and of some scraps of verse, roughly coopered and stiff-jointed. The culinary feature is of such frequent occurrence, that one is apt to take Barker for parcel angler, parcel cook, and to imagine that when he doffed rod and creel it was to don the white night-cap and apron.'

At most, Barker was a premonitory herald of the great chief of writers on angling, who two years later, in the month of May 1653, published

> 'The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation: being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers.'

The price was 1*s.* 6*d.*, and the author's name does not appear on the title-page, but only at the end of the 'Epistle Dedicatory,' and then in the modestly abbreviated form of 'Iz. Wa.'

There must be transcendent merit in a book on such a subject which, two hundred years after its appearance, is generally read and admired by the intelligent and learned; without which no library is complete; which has gone through nearly one hundred editions, many of them distinguished for their excellence; and which bids fair to long hold its position as the first English pastoral classic. Any one who will read it can easily account for the long-lived enthusiasm it has excited. Enthusiasm perhaps is not the right word, as it indicates something less deep-seated and permanent than the calm restful spirit which pervades the volume, and insensibly influences the mind of the reader.

The quaint honesty, charity, simplicity and kindness of Walton show on every page; and the appreciative and charming descriptions of the minute incidents of the walks persuade one that no selfish or inhumane thought ever harboured in that gentle breast.

The impressions of the personal character of Walton gained from reading the *Compleat Angler* are wonderfully definite and delightful. In writing his book, without knowing it, he writes his own personality just as clearly, and with the strongest impress of truthfulness.

How beautifully has Mr. Westwood, in his *Twelve Sonnets*, portrayed the man! I wish I could quote them all here, but one must suffice:

'So Fine Ear, stooping with a steadfast will
Above thy mouldering tomb in summer time,
Hears still what seems a ripple or a rhyme,
Unsilenced by the centuries,—hears still,
Through chinks and clefts, a little babbling rill,
Then quaint discourse: Piscator's homily,
The voice we honour,—Auceps' grave reply,
Venator's jest; and presently a thrill
Of music joyous, without fret and jar,
"Come, live with me, and be my love"; and, near,
The nightingale's sweet cadence, full and clear,
Or bay of otter hounds from fields afar—
Old life, old sport of Lea-side or of Dove,
The life we cherish, and the sport we love.'

The verse of Walton is quite as charming as his prose. Nothing could be more in accord and unison with the spirit of the scenes he describes than that he quotes from 'holy Mr. Herbert,' beginning—

'Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky.'

Everything else he writes is full of the same sentiment of harmony and peace, not without gaiety, and a large infusion of kindly humour. His quotations of verse are frequent and interesting. A song he ascribes to one William Basse ends thus:

'The first men that our Saviour deare
Did chuse to wait upon Him here
Blest Fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that he on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom he to follow him hath chose.'

The 'Noble, Learned and Diuine W. Salustius, Lord of Bartas,' is frequently quoted by Walton, and he was indeed a man to quote from. Du Bartas wrote several lengthy

poems, the translation of which into English by Sylvester has been the latter's chief claim to remembrance. It is only with *The First Weeke, or the Birth of the World*, 1598, of which Walton made such free use, that the angling collector has to do. The poem is full of queer and novel ideas. The contrast quoted by Walton between the licentious conduct of 'Th' adulterous Sargus' and the 'Constant Cantharus,' the latter

> 'In nuptial duties spending his chaste life ;
> Never loves any but his own dear wife,'

and also concerning the mullet, who 'for chaste love hath no Peer,' marks the high tide of mediæval superstition.

Another 'observation' of Du Bartas I shall follow Walton in giving—

> 'God, not contented to each kind to give
> And to infuse the virtue generative,
> By His wise power made many creatures breed
> Of lifeless bodies, without Venus' deed.
>
> 'So the cold humour breeds the Salamander,
> Who, in effect, like to her birth's commander,
> With child with hundred Winters, with her touch
> Quencheth the fire, though glowing ne'er so much.
>
> 'So in the fire, in burning furnace, springs
> The fly Perausta, with the flaming wings ;
> Without the fire it dies, in it it joys,
> Living in that which all things else destroys.
>
> 'So slow Boötes underneath him sees,
> In th' icy Islands, Goslings hatch'd of Trees,[1]
> Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water,
> Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls soon after.

[1] In one of the Magazines of 1807 is given a circumstantial account of a Barnacle Tree, a tree bearing geese, taken up at sea in January of that year by Captain Bytheway, and on exhibition at Woolwich. The branches bore thousands of eggs,

'So rotten planks of broken ships do change
To barnacles. O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green Tree, then a broken Hull,
Lately a Mushroom, now a flying Gull.'

Du Bartas devotes a number of pages to the conduct of fish in different situations of peril, and very curious they are, as may be judged by this short sample:—

'But if the Scolopendra hath suckt in
The sower sweet Morsell with the barbed Pinne,
She hath as rare a trick to ridd her from it,
For instantly she all her guts doth vomit,
And, having clear'd them from the danger, then
She faire and softly sups them in againe,
So that not one of them within her wombe
Changeth his office or his wonted roome.'

Anything like an adequate bibliographical study of Walton would be a presumptuous attempt, either in the confines of this chapter or in view of the many already existing excellent ones. Mr. Westwood has, in *The Chronicle of the Complete Angler*, 1864, almost exhausted the possibilities of the subject, while of the prefaces to the various editions we can point with pride to that of the late Rev. Dr. Bethune of Brooklyn, N.Y., in the Wiley editions, as being, particularly in its thorough and discriminating appreciation of Walton as a man, author, and angler, and its learned disquisition on angling literature, easily the best that has yet

which hung to eight inches of the tree, and each one, according to Sir Robert Moray, who opened many of them, contained a perfect sea-fowl, with a bill like that of a goose, feet like those of a water-fowl, and feathers all plainly formed. In Browny's *Piscatory Eclogues* the same belief is expressed:—

'Say, canst thou tell how worms of moisture breed,
Or Pike are gendered of the Pick'rel weed,
How carps without the parent kinds renew,
Or slimy eels are formed of genial dew?'

appeared. The example of Walton seemed to have incited others to the production of works on angling,—among them Colonel Robert Venables, a Parliamentary soldier and Governor of Chester, who made an unfortunate military expedition to Hispaniola, on his return from which, in 1654, he and other of the Generals were imprisoned for a time in the Tower.

Colonel Venables solaced a part of his declining years in writing

> 'The Experienc'd Angler, or Angling Improved: being a general Discourse of Angling, Imparting many of the aptest wayes and choicest Experiments for the taking of most sorts of Fish in Pond or River.'

This was printed in 1662, and small as it is forms one of the corner-stones of the angler's library. It is marked by a soldierly sententiousness of expression, but contains nothing novel or of marked interest. The second edition was destroyed by the great fire, and the fourth has the honour of forming the third part of *The Universal Angler* (5th Walton & Cotton, 1676). A fine copy of this with all the titles is rarer than any of the Waltons except the first and second.

Walton himself wrote an elegant, though somewhat self-depreciatory, preface to the first edition of *Venables*, addressed to his 'ingenious friend the author,' whom he says he had not up to that time seen.

It is not at all improbable, however, that these two veterans later in life may have wandered together along the primrose-studded banks of their favourite streams, and exchanged reminiscences of mighty exploits with rod and line to their mutual satisfaction. It is a supreme delight for strangers with common

tastes to have a chance of trying the effect of their tales in an entirely virgin field, with no necessity of straining the mind to recollect just how every detail came in at previous recountals, and it is possible that even the worthy Izaak and the valiant Colonel may have been susceptible to these amiable and venial frailties, which are wrongfully supposed to be especial attributes of piscatory narrations.

In 1676 was published William Gilbert's little book called

> 'The Angler's Delight, containing the whole Art of neat and clean Angling, wherein is taught the readiest way to take all sorts of Fish from the Pike to the Minnow,' etc. etc.

Another early edition of this appeared in 1682, under the title of *The Young Angler's Companion*, etc. etc. Both are considered important.

Mr. Gilbert was at one with most of the angling craft in his views as to the ''vivers' necessary for properly planned excursions. He says: 'If you have a boy to go along with you, a good Neat's tongue and a bottle of Canary should not be wanting, in the enjoyment of which I leave you.'

The Innocent Epicure, a rather meritorious angling poem (1697), was probably written by John Smith, who also published in 1684 *Profit and Pleasure United, or the Husbandman's Magazine*, and over the signature of 'J. S., gent., a brother of the angle,' 1696,

> 'The true Art of Angling, or the Best and Speediest way of taking all sorts of Fresh Water Fish with the Worm, Fly, Paste, and other Baits in their proper season,' etc. etc.

The last-named volume is very minute, and forms a marked feature in angling collections from its rarity, as well as

from its merits as a manual. This merit was fully recognised by the author, who says in his 'Prefatory Address to the Lovers of Angling': 'Though you see this Book but small, yet think not the matter is so it contains, for upon my Word, Brother Angler, you will find in it more than you are aware of, or could reasonably expect. It is stored with such variety of choice Instructions, that I am bold to say that there are none of what Volume soever that in a direct and easie method can show you anything like it. It comprehends whatever they pretend to, and many secrets that never before appeared in Print'—and so on for several pages, concluding with a truthful and lengthy eulogium on the recreation of angling.

Richard Franck (Philanthropus) published in 1694 his *Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland*, etc. The book is a specimen of pretentious egotism, withal evidently the work of a man who was familiar with angling from personal experience. His attacks on Walton, whom he apparently looks at from the standpoint of a rival instructor, are very bitter—and amusing as well. Copies of the first edition are very rare, and those of the second by no means common. This second edition was of 250 copies, and printed in 1821, with a preface by Sir Walter Scott, who signs himself

> 'No fisher,
> But a well-wisher
> To the game.'

A number of angling works appeared about the beginning of the eighteenth century; but most of them, except those I have mentioned, were mere rehashes of their predecessors. One honourable exception is *The Angler's Vade Mecum, or a Com-*

pendious yet Full Discourse of Angling, etc. (1681), by James Chetham (of Smedley). This work is by no means a manual like most of that day, but, while containing much that had before appeared, has a large amount of purely original matter and thought.

Among the books of that time now best known are *A Family Jewel, or the Woman's Counsellor* (*circa* 1704), *The Complete Family Piece, and Country Gentleman and Farmer's Best Guide* (1737), and the works of the Bowlkers (Richard and Charles), Thomas Fairfax, John Kirby, Best, and others. Most of these are good books, and have passed through several editions. James Saunders, in the *Compleat Fisherman* (1724), for the first time mentions the use of the silk-worm gut in angling, which fixes very nearly the date of its discovery.

Many of these early books with angling portions contain much of value on the manners and customs of the times, treating, as they often do with great minuteness, on agriculture, stock-raising, the care of beasts and birds bred for sporting as well as other purposes, bell-ringing, heraldry, preserving, pickling, cooking, and in fact all the duties and amusements of the age. This fashion of encyclopædic publications continued for a century, and as a sample of their scope I give the title of one of the later ones—

> 'The Gentleman's Recreation, in Three Parts. The First Part contains a Short and Easie Introduction to all the Liberal Arts and Sciences, etc. The Second treats of Horsemanship, Hawking, Hunting, Fowling, Fishing, Agriculture, etc. The Third is a Complete Body of all our Forest, Chace, and Game Laws as they are at this time.'

The book is a folio of about 600 pages, and there were two editions, 1686 and 1710. Richard Blome, the author, neglected

nothing that could be done by compilation; Rhetoric, Theology, Cosmography, Algebra, Fortification, Poetry, War, all contribute to the heterogeneous contents. Such diversity and wide range of subjects was necessary in a time when books were scarce and expensive, and most people preferred to have as much information in one volume as would suffice for such guidance as they needed in all the avocations of country life.

A division of angling literature into periods must at best be arbitrary; and for the somewhat unnecessary purpose of having one, it would seem that the division between old and modern may quite as well be marked by the beginning of the eighteenth century as at any other time.

Before that date the declining years of the angler would be soothed by the perusal of his small collection of books on his favourite amusement,—and they gave him far more to think about than double the number of those written since. Oppian, Martial, Ælian, Rondeletius and Ausonius were there, with Du Bartas, and the new Walton, still somewhat tinged with ancient superstition.

On the border of some classic sea or nymph-haunted stream, far from the 'fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ,' their owner, in his fancy—that essential attribute of the angler's character—could defraud the active Scarus with some archaic fly; with the labrax-baited hook land the 'Anthia, with lashing tail'; drop a tear over the sad end of the virtuous Cantharus which he knocks on the head ere basketing, and witness the accomplished Scolopendra turn his insides out when hooked. His successor of the present day is, by the rule of hard facts, debarred from these solaces of the evening of his life. The literature of angling for the last hundred years

has been steadily growing away from the delightful and harmless superstitions of the older time, and such is the prosaic influence of the nineteenth century that it is now hard to imagine even the possibility of hauling out some fish that will occupy his last moments in making an elegant address filled with classic allusions.

The pleasing and exciting uncertainty which every ancient angler felt as to the capture, for instance, of a Sargus engaged in unlawful pleasure, or any one of the various marine monsters depicted in *Hortus Sanitatis* and other early works, is now all gone, and the only field left for the imagination of angling writers is in the narration of size and quantity of ordinary ichthyological types accepted by the cold light of science. Generally, to its credit, the literature has withstood the heavy loss of material, and manufactured out of the comparatively small remnant tales enough to keep the relative popular appreciation of anglers' stories as high as it was centuries ago.

The discovery of the use of silk-worm gut about 1724 may easily have been due to the growth of angling as an amusement, and the increasing suspiciousness that it induced among sporting fish. This wariness would force anglers to look about for something less plainly visible than the clumsy lines of the day to attach the fly to, and more durable and manageable than the horse-hair links which were then, and indeed long after, used.

This and other improvements in the methods of taking fish for amusement encouraged the practice of fly-fishing, and soon gave it an importance beyond those of other methods.

I will therefore pass over without further mention—though worthy of it—Browne, Cox, Brookes, Blagrave, Sir John More, and others, and give a sketch of the angling literature on the modern side of my arbitrary line of chronological division.

John Gay, the poet, wrote a Georgic on 'Rural Sports' which was published in 1720, and I quote from it part of his animated description of the capture of a large trout in the Thames :

'Lost in smart pain, he feels his dire mistake,
Lashes the waves, and beats the foamy lake.
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears.
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and writhes his straining body round,
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide—
The trembling fins the boiling waves divide.
Now hope exults the fisher's beating heart,—
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art.
He views the trembling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And the slight line the mighty bulk commands
Till, tired at last, despoiled of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length,' etc.

Thomson, in his *Seasons*, 1728, thus shows his appreciation as well as his knowledge of the art of angling—

'Just in the dubious point where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulated flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly,
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive, mark the springing game.'

and so on, in beautiful numbers, describing the capture of the 'Monarch of the brook.'

Williamson's *British Angler*, 1740, gives another indication of the growing interest in fly-fishing in this rhymed account of salmon angling (I think it is the first)—

> 'The salmon first of river fish is nam'd,
> Loved at his Sport, but more at Table fam'd:
> Well are the patient Angler's Pains repaid
> When the fair Leader is his Captive made.
> Oft purling Brooks, but oft'ner greater Streams
> He haunts, and basks in Phoebus' Mid-day Beams:
> Then Cautious tempt him, and he 'll nimbly rise—
> Be strong your Tackle, or you lose the Prize:
> Large be your Fly too, with expanded Wings
> Of various Hues—at this he boldly springs.
> Yet curling Billows should assist the Cheat,
> Quick-sighted else, he shuns the fatal Bait.'

The first angling book of importance of the nineteenth century is Daniel's *Rural Sports*, 2 vols. 4to. 1801. It passed through several beautifully illustrated editions, and is a very valuable work, although Westwood and Satchell think 'it savours too much of book-making.' It is interspersed with anecdotes, and a large portion of the whole is devoted to angling. Mr. Daniel was a clergyman, and this vocation has contributed more than any other to angling literature.

T. F. Salter, in 1808, published *Hints to Anglers*, a tract of 13 pp., and followed it in 1814 by *The Angler's Guide, or Complete London Angler*, etc. etc. Mr. Salter says, 'I write from practice, not from books arrange,' and it must be by reason of this, or for some other subtle cause, that the English publishers kept putting out new editions until the collector is tired and sick of the sight of them. They fortunately ceased in 1841.

'Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing, in a Series of Conversations; with some Account of the Habits of Fishes belonging to the Genus Salmo, by an Angler,'

appeared in 1828, and was the first publication on angling by an eminent scientific man (Sir Humphry Davy). The *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* says: '*Salmonia* ranks high in the scale of angling literature, higher we should say (if it were not for the audacity of the dictum) than it really merits. It lacks the freshness of heart and simple *naïveté* of style that we look for first of all in a genuine angling book.' Christopher North says of it in *Blackwood*, 'Although it is occasionally rather a pleasant book than otherwise, it is not by any means worthy either of the subject or the man—the one being Angling, and the other Sir Humphry Davy.' An excellent review of *Salmonia*, by Sir Walter Scott, was printed in the *Quarterly Review* in 1828. Despite the unfavourable criticisms made, it is a popular book, and much read up to the present day.

Edward Jesse, in 1832, published

'Gleanings in Natural History, with Local Recollections, to which are added Maxims and Hints for an Angler.'

An Angler's Rambles followed in 1836, and *Scenes and Occupations of Country Life* in 1853. This charming writer is the author of several books on other than angling subjects, all of which are well worth a place in the library.

In 1833 Richard Penn, a great-grandson of William Penn, published one of the most amusing of angling books,

'Maxims and Hints on Angling, Chess, Shooting, and other Matters; also Miseries of Fishing.'

It is illustrated with well-drawn comic woodcuts, and much sound information is conveyed in a satirical manner. Most of the thirty-two 'miseries of fishing' have been felt by all anglers of experience in just the way they are narrated. The book has passed through several editions in England and this country, and may be considered one of the standard works.

In 1841 *The Fly Fisher's Text Book* was published. It was written by Edward Chitty, Barrister-at-Law, over the pseudonym of 'Theophilus South, Gent,' and is one of the very best of angling books. Its style is concise, clear, and elegant, and it is excellently illustrated. The diagrams on casting, and their explanation, are particularly worthy of study.

The following year (1842) appeared *The Collected Works of Christopher North* (Professor John Wilson), which contain many articles especially on angling, and others with reference to it. These essays are, in interest, not at all below those of the great professor on other subjects; and indeed the fascinations of angling, and the close intercourse with nature it brings, seem to have taken so deep a hold on him that in their expression he gives a clearer view of the real man as he was than in any other topic he has illumined by his vigorous pen.

'The Angler's Tent,' and 'The Nameless Stream,' in his poems of an earlier date, are graceful and admirable.

J. J. Manley, in his *Notes on Fish and Fishing*, has a most interesting and scholarly chapter, among a number of others in the book, on the literature of fishing, to which, with the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, I am under obligation in the making up of my own chapter. Mr. Manley says, and with truth, that

'in 1835 we come to another era, the modern era of angling literature.' This has been gradually improving, on the whole, up to the present day, and is occupying more and more the leisure of men who have made their mark in other walks of life.

It was in 1836 that Thomas Tod Stoddart published *The Art of Angling as practised in Scotland;* in 1837, *Angling Reminiscences;* in 1839, *Songs and Poems;* in 1847, *The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland;* in 1866, *An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs.* I have specified all these books, as, in my opinion, they are at about the high-water mark of angling literature, written by a man who knew his subject, and who could express himself so as to bring out its most subtle charms.

What can be more spirited or true to life than 'The Taking of the Salmon' in *An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs*, which I would here give entire, instead of a single verse, were I not sure that every one who takes the trouble to read this chapter is perfectly familiar with it—

'"A birr," a whirr,—the salmon's out
Far on the rushing river,
He storms the stream with edge of might,
And, like a brandished sword of light,
Rolls flashing o'er the surges white,
A desperate endeavour.
Hark to the music of the reel,
The fitful and the grating,
It pants along the breathless wheel,
Now hurried, now abating.'

There are a few books which every angler should have on his shelves to read, not to look at and worry over and bore his friends by talking about, and Stoddart's are among them.

Another contemporary and countryman of Stoddart, and of equal merit, is John Colquhoun, whose first book, *The Moor and the Loch*, was published in 1840. This passed through five editions, and was followed in 1849 by *Rocks and Rivers*, and in 1866 by *Sporting Days*.

Of him the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* says: 'All Mr. Colquhoun's books are pervaded with that love for wild nature and strong sense of humanity to the creatures inhabiting it which characterise the true sportsman.'

More than this, his narrative is simple, straightforward, and free from every taint of that affectation which is the great bane of sporting books written by men who are not sportsmen, and which shows itself to the discerning eye in many little points where perhaps the authors would never suspect it.

Hofland's *British Angler's Manual*, 1839, is more than its title would indicate, judging from the contents of the many manuals preceding and following it. It is a rather large book, well written and well illustrated, partly by the author, who was also an artist.

I now come to one of the choicest volumes in text, illustration, and rarity, that adorns angling literature. It is—

'Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed, with a Short Account of the Natural History and Habits of the Salmon, Instructions to Sportsmen, Anecdotes, etc., by William Scrope, Esq., author of "The Art of Deer-Stalking."

"Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes."
—VIRGIL, *Georg.*, lib. 2.

Illustrated by thirteen lithographs and nine wood engravings by L. Haghe, T. Landseer, and S. Williams, from paintings by Sir David Wilkie and Edwin Landseer, R.A., Charles Landseer, William Simson, and Edward Cooke. London: Murray, 1843. Royal 8vo.

I doubt if any volume on angling, since the Pickering Walton of 1836, combines literary excellencies with those of print and illustration in anything like the same degree with this work. The interest of the book is sufficient to make it one of the very best of its class, imbued as it is with the spirit of the romantic Tweed. The illustrations, as may be judged from the names of those who contributed them, are beautiful; among them the coloured lithographs of young salmon being, in drawing and the exquisite reproduction of natural colouring, simply perfect.

No owner of a first Scrope will ever willingly part with it, and it is one of the hardest modern books to get. A second edition, much inferior to the first, was published in 1854, and I have seen a third within a year or two.

O'Gorman published in 1845 *The Practice of Angling, particularly as regards Ireland*, a curious and amusing work, as characteristically Irish in thought, feeling, and expression, as any native of that noble country could desire.

Eighteen hundred and forty-seven marked the appearance of several writers of distinction in the department of angling. The first was the Rev. Dr. Bethune of Brooklyn, New York, a distinguished clergyman, a skilful angler, and the author of by far the best bibliographical preface that has appeared with any edition of Walton. The jewel had a very poor setting in the Wiley and Putnam edition of 1847, probably, with the exception of two or three subsequent ones of the same publishers, the meanest and shabbiest presentation of Walton ever made. However, the Wileys have in some measure atoned for their sins by their edition of 1880, which is one of the handsomest in existence.

Dr. Bethune's part is much more than a mere preface. It has matter enough to form a good-sized volume, and treats of fish, fishing, and fishing literature in a learned, appreciative, and interesting manner. It ought long since to have been printed by itself.

The industrious and entertaining 'Ephemera' (Edward Fitzgibbon) also first appeared as a book-maker this year in his *Handbook of Angling*, which has since passed through four editions. Three years later his *Book of the Salmon* was published. Both are intelligently written and valuable works. 'Ephemera' also edited no fewer than five editions of Walton.

There was published for Mr. Charles St. John, in 1847, *Short Sketches of the wild sports and natural history of the Highlands.* In 1849 *A Tour in Sutherlandshire*, and in 1863 *Natural History and Sport in Moray.*

All of these, which are largely devoted to angling, afford the most delightful and instructive reading; and, as a combination of the sportsman and naturalist, with an eye in his head to note hundreds of matters of interest to which the ordinary observer is blind, St. John, though not so well known, mainly from the fact of his secluded life, occupies a place alongside of Frank Buckland in the estimation of those who have followed his wanderings by torrent, hill, and moor, and observed his thorough knowledge of the wild creatures he met, and the keen insight he had into their habits and even their thoughts.

A new edition of his last book, *Natural History and Sport in Moray*, was edited and published by Mr. David Douglas, Edinburgh, 1882, and is in its dress worthy of its charming author. The illustrations, by Mr. Reid and Mr. Taylor, are excellent, but yield in interest to the remarkably life-like and

vigorous pen-and-ink sketches of Mr. St. John himself. These have, with great good judgment, been reproduced just as they were found among the author's papers, and go largely to make the volume one of the choicest publications of its kind.

In 1851 another delightful angling book appeared, written by the Rev. Henry Newland, entitled *The Erne, its Legends and its Fly-fishing*. It shows a keen appreciation and knowledge of the sport, and also of the character and habits of the Irish, whose company he enjoyed in his various excursions to his favourite river. There are many interesting details of his angling experiences. The book has now become rather rare. It is noticeable that this period of angling literature shows that men of broader culture and more varied information were giving their attention to it. It is not the mere angler who may be skilful at the sport itself and can give directions that will suffice for taking fish, but the educated naturalist, clergyman, lawyer, or man of science, whose well-trained mind sees and notes incidents of the habits and history of the fish sought, and facts of their dependence or surroundings, which the Barkers, Williamsons, Salters, and Bests never dreamed of. In fact, all the angling books since 1835 or 1840 that are in themselves of more than passing interest have been written by men who look at the amusement quite as much from the standpoint of the naturalist as that of the angler; and to these, more than to the purely scientific authors who have pursued their investigations in houses and museums, is due the greater part of what is now known about anadromous and fresh-water fishes.

No man who was not a sportsman could have written the charming volumes of Mr. Buckland; and it would have

been impossible for any mere closet naturalists to have ascertained the half that he and Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell have done regarding the habits of the salmon. The latter has contributed as much as any living man to the enrichment of fishing literature on its practical side, and each of his succeeding books shows new accessions to the mass of his ichthyological information.

In the fishing part of the lately published *Badminton Library of Sports*, edited by Mr. Pennell, he has some excellent papers, and has secured for it, from the pen of Major Traherne, the best and most exhaustive essay on salmon-fishing that has ever been written.

Mr. Francis Francis is another of the contemporaneous authors of the new type, and has published, besides his capital text-book—

> 'A Book on Angling; being a Complete Treatise on the Art of Angling in every Branch, with Explanatory Plates, 1867,'

a number of well-written and entertaining volumes on, and akin to, the sport. Perhaps the best of these is *Sporting Sketches with Pen and Pencil*, 1878, which is well illustrated by Mr. A. W. Cooper. All the writings of Mr. Francis show much practical knowledge of his subject, due to his interest and wide experience in it.[1]

I see that I have missed another clergyman, the Rev. Charles Badham, who published, in 1854, *Prose Halieutics, or Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle*, a rather learned work, which has had an extensive circulation. Still another of the cloth

[1] Since this was written, in December 1886, the intelligence of Mr. Francis' death has brought a feeling of loss to every reader of his books.

is 'Clericus' (Rev. W. Cartwright), who published in 1854 *Rambles and Recollections of a Fly-fisher;* and in 1874 *Facts and Fancies of Salmon-Fishing*, with original illustrations. Both of these are well worth reading, and are evidently the work of a man thoroughly posted on his subject, and filled with a love of his fellow-creatures, of nature, and of sport.

To a member of a kindred profession we owe a delightfully interesting book, William Peard's—

> 'A Year of Liberty: or Salmon Angling in Ireland from February 1 to November 1, 1865;'

and G. Christopher Davies, who edited the 1877 edition of *The Angler's Souvenir* and the Warne & Co. 'Walton' of 1878, has written a number of volumes on angling and natural history, which are both entertaining and instructive. Of these

> 'The "Swan" and her Crew: or the Adventures of Three Young Naturalists and Sportsmen on the Broads and Rivers of Norfolk,'

may serve as a sample title.

The *Newcastle Fisher's Garland* I have left to bring in with them their latest collator, Mr. Joseph Crawhall. These were first brought together in 1836 under the title of *A Collection of Right Merrie Garlands for North Country Anglers.* They have been published—generally every year—at Newcastle from 1821 to 1864, the last date being that of Mr. Crawhall's edition.

They are altogether the best existing collection of angling songs, and many of them are of a high order of literary merit. Most of the original publications were limited in the number of their copies, and a complete set of the firsts is valuable; the more so, from their containing some of the handiwork of

the immortal Bewick, who, by the way, was an angler himself, and treats enough on the subject in his *Memoir*, 1862,[1] to warrant his being classed among writers on angling.

'The Angler's Progress,' by Herman Boaz, a conjuror, 1789, is the first of the *Garlands*. Why it should be is hard to say, unless it gave the idea for the rest. It has small merit, as may be judged from the first lines:—

'When I was a mere school-boy
(Ere yet I learned my book)
I felt an itch for angling
In every little brook.'

Of the earlier composers of these ballads, the memories of Roxby and Doubleday have been the best preserved. The *Garland* for 1821 is the joint production of these gentlemen, and begins thus:—

'Auld nature now revived seems,
Cauld winter's blasts are fled,
And freely flow the sunny streams
O'er Coquet's pebbly bed.
The mellow thrush from Dews-hill wood
Proclaims the dawn of day,
And to the Coquet's crystal flood
The fisher wends his way.'

'The Auld Fisher's Farewell to Coquet,' by the same authors, is especially full of poetic feeling and simplicity of expression. The coming of Spring and the angler's holiday are well described in 'The Fisher's Call' in the *Garland* for 1828:—

'The lav'rock 's in the sky,
And on the heath the plover,
The bee upon the thyme,
The swallow skimming over;

[1] This, of course, was published posthumously, as Bewick died in 1828, and is the first and only edition.

The farmer walks the field,
The seed he 's casting steady;
The breeze is blowing west—
Be ready, fishers, ready!'

William Thompson, Robert Nicol, Rev. Henry Cotes, Emerson Charnley, and William Greene, are among the early contributors to the *Garlands*, and none of them sink to the level of mediocrity in their verses. Mr. W. A. Chatto, who wrote the clever 'Angler's Souvenir,' is the author of several spirited *Garlands*. Mr. Thomas Westwood furnished that of 1863, 'The Dying Angler's Last Look at Coquet,' and Mr. Joseph Crawhall's name is appended to several since 1853.

The numerous local allusions in these ballads detract from their general, though they probably add to their special, interest. Withal, they are pleasant healthy reading for any lover of angling.

Mr. Joseph Crawhall edited the collected *Garlands* up to 1864, and issued of them fifty large-paper copies, beautifully prepared and illustrated, which, like all his books, are among the great *desiderata* of the angling collector.

Mr. Crawhall may be called the Admirable Crichton of this literature—a writer of prose and poetry, an illustrator of the first order in his own productions and those he gathers together, and a maker of books full of the quaintest conceits and unexpected finds and combinations.

Besides the *Newcastle Fisher's Garlands* above mentioned he published (1873) *Chaplets from Coquet-Side*, one hundred copies, the text consisting largely of his contributions to the *Garlands*. In 1859 appeared

'The Compleatest Angling Booke that euer was writ, being done oute of y^e^ Hebrewe and other Tongves, by a Person of Honor, Adorn'd

with Scvlptvres; Imprynted by ande for y^e^ Authour dwyllyng nigh vnto ye Riuere Coquet yn Northumberlande, this yere o' thyncarnacon of oure Lorde CIↃ.IↃCCC.XXXXX.VIII.

Forty copies of this were printed, all of which, as the author says in his preface to a second edition in 1881, were 'offered on the insatiate altar of friendship,' and, as may be imagined from their small number and this disposition of them, are very hard to get. There are ninety-seven leaves, each printed on one side; the illustrations consist of numerous etchings, woodcuts, and some hand-coloured plates, nearly all done by Mr. Crawhall, and, with rare exceptions, admirable. The general scope of the book, though various incursions to other fields are made, is a humorous bibliography of some of the older angling works. A copy, if attainable, would readily fetch 150 to 200 dollars.

The second edition numbered one hundred copies, was published in 1881, and is a much finer specimen of book-making than the first. Many new illustrations are added, several of them being exquisite etchings, and there is a marked improvement in the paper and print.

In 1880 Mr. Crawhall published *Border Notes and Mixty Maxty*. This reproduction of the manuscript is capitally illustrated,—some of the pen-and-ink sketches being particularly life-like and vigorous. The book is, as its title indicates, a mixture of versification, humorous descriptions, and tales, with the same archaic flavour which marks all Mr. Crawhall's productions.

In 1885 Mr. Crawhall again appeared before the public with *Izaak Walton: his Wallet Booke*. Of this there are 100 large-paper copies, besides the ordinary edition. It is hand-

somely published by Field & Tuer, and illustrated with quaint coloured woodcuts in the antique style. Though, like everything of Mr. Crawhall's, a desirable possession, it is below the standard of his other works in original merit.

One of the most charming of recent books is *My Life as an Angler*, 1879, by William Henderson, who, in his declining years, has given us a large volume, but still too small, of his life-long experiences in the sport he loved. It is an autobiography with all the uninteresting parts left out; and I have seen a man who never went fishing in his life read it through with the intensest interest,—not, as he said, to find how many miserable fish Mr. Henderson had outwitted, but for the pleasure his simple, flowing narrative gave. There was a large-paper edition of this, handsomely printed and illustrated.

Mr. J. J. Manley's *Notes on Fish and Fishing*, 1877, I have before alluded to. It is the work of an angler and a scholar who has made a study of fishing literature, and writes with a mastery of his subject, and its expression, that makes his book one to be read and re-read. The chapters on 'the literature of fishing' and 'fishing as a sport,' are particularly good. The interest and growing knowledge about angling books in his day is well indicated by Mr. Manley's statement on p. 70, where he says, 'There are in existence something like six hundred books on angling.' This information Mr. Manley probably got from Mr. Westwood's *New Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, 1861. Owing, principally, to the indefatigable and intelligent researches of Messrs. Westwood and Satchell, since that date the number of known works has greatly increased, and the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, published in 1883 by these enthusiasts on angling

literature, contains titles of 2148 distinct works, not counting new editions and reprints.

To Thomas Westwood and Thomas Satchell every angling collector owes an obligation which can never be repaid. They have, by infinite research and labour, got together from widely scattered periods and countries a mass of information on this literature that, but for them, we could hardly expect would ever have been gathered and put in shape. Moreover, it has been a pure labour of love, and, I fancy, like many such, generally a thankless one. The work bestowed on the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* is enormous, and could hardly have been done by any who had not the equipment for it that a lifetime devotion to a subject gives to such as nature has qualified for the work. Mr. Westwood has attained honourable distinction as a poet in other fields of literature, and his *Burden of the Bell, Berries and Blossoms, Foxglove Bells, The Quest of the Sancgreall,* contain parts which will be classic in English poetry, and show the man to be, as the *London Literary Gazette* says, 'A thoroughly Christian poet, without a vestige of bigotry or cant.' All his verses are filled with an undertone of cheerful seriousness and a love of nature and mankind. Several of the *Newcastle Fisher's Garlands* are from his pen, and *The Chronicle of the Complete Angler,* 1864, is an invaluable bibliographical work on this pastoral. In 1884 he published

'In Memoriam Izaak Walton, obiit 15th December 1683; Twelve Sonnets and an Epilogue.'

and no more beautiful tribute has been paid to the memory of Walton. The dedication is to Mr. Thomas Satchell, and thus alludes to their unrewarded labours on the literature they have done so much to rescue from oblivion—

'Friend, fellow-worker in a field where Fame
Grows scanty laurels, resolute and gay
You bore the heat and burden of the day.
Friend, did you miss me? When the twilight came
I stole away—forsook you without shame;
Slipped shoes of swiftness on, and flew to see
Each home and haunt of old felicity—
The Lea, the Dove, the Fishing House—what blame?
E'en Tot'nam's Hill and Broxbourne's bowery leas—
Long pilgrimage, long as from Age to Youth;
Now glad, now sad, now changed, and now the same,
Those cherished scenes of holiday and ease.
Friend, here am I; and not to come, in sooth,
Quite empty-handed back, I bring you these.'

Mr. Satchell[1] has, besides his great joint work with Mr. Westwood, edited several reprints of the early works on angling, among them that of Leonard Mascall and *An Earlier Form of the 'Tretyse of Fysshynge with an Angle,'* and has written 'A Provisional Index to' *Glossary of Fish Names*, 1879, in all of which there is a large amount of learned and painstaking labour. *The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record*, by Westwood and Satchell, was published in 1880, and a second series in twelve monthly numbers is now in progress. Both of these series are repositories for the best of the current literary observations on angling subjects, and contain much curious and erudite matter.

The contemplation of the fact that these gentlemen cannot always live to continue their philanthropic labours is a sad one to the many who have profited by them, as we can never hope to see their places filled.

England, or more properly Great Britain, has furnished so overwhelming a proportion of existing angling literature, that

[1] He died April 16, 1887, when the MS. of this chapter, which he inspired, was on its way to him.

it seems hardly worth while to allude to that of any other country. The existence in these islands for centuries of an educated leisure class fond of sports, and having, on the whole, the best natural facilities in the world for the practice of angling, from the silvery Thames, Lea, and Dove, to the brawling streams of the Welsh mountains, the rocky torrents and lonely romantic lochs of Scotland—to the classic Tweed and the wild fairy-haunted Erne and Lakes of Killarney in Ireland, is enough to account for the growth of an angling literature.

The associations connected with a large portion of British angling waters are of the history of the Anglo-Saxon people. On their banks the great battles of civilisation and freedom have been fought and their results garnered. Along their primrose-studded slopes have strolled and thought the great scholars and poets who have done more for the elevation of the race than its warriors. The amusement they yield has been a favourite recreation of many whose names are immortal, and the knowledge of all this is to lend to angling in such waters an ideal charm and influence it could not have in a wild Canadian river or Maine lake. Who would not rather take a single trout where Walton has cast his fly, in the brooks which inspired Kingsley's 'Chalk stream studies,' or in the Tweed, still under the potent spell of the great 'Wizard of the North,' than fling out a cartload from some lonely and unknown lake where never before a line was thrown?

I think these associations, acting on men prepared by education, habit, and natural aptitude to receive them, have been one great cause of British angling literature, certainly of the best of it, and perhaps indeed, in a different way, of most of

the rest. This country is as well favoured in the raw material, and already the leaven is beginning to work. Though far behind, we are still second to our kin beyond the sea; the inherited love of manly sports is here, and its adequate expression will come with time.

There is, near Philadelphia, the most ancient Fishing Club in existence, called 'The State in Schuylkill;' its chronicles were published by a member, William Milner, jun., in 1830, under the title—

> 'An Authentic Historical Memoir of the Schuylkill Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill, from its Establishment on that Romantic Stream, near Philadelphia, in the year 1732, to this present time. By a Member.'
>
> > 'If you look to its antiquity it is most ancient;
> > If to its dignity it is most honourable;
> > If to its jurisdiction it is most extensive.'

The frontispiece is a lithograph of 'The Castle in Schuylkill,' and the first manifesto of the associates, who numbered among them some of the most eminent of the early colonists, was dated 29th September 1744, and signed by Thomas Stretch.

There is a record of 'Election Expenses, October 1740,' which shows the convivial element had proper recognition on such occasions, as most of the items are for spirits, wine, pipes, and tobacco. An interesting account of the Club up to a recent date lately appeared in the *Century Magazine*, written by Robert Adams, jun., and forms a fitting pendant for the very rare and curious work of Milner. The Club has entertained, in the primitive manner it still affects, most of the successive Presidents of the United States, from Washington down. 'In 1825,' I quote from the *Century* article, 'Little Schuylkill invited General Lafayette and suite to dine in state at the

castle. The citizens, habited in white linen aprons and ample straw hats, formed in open file. The Marquis made a speech, and, expressing his desire as a member to do his duty, was duly invested by the Councillors with a hat and apron and introduced to the kitchen, where he was initiated into business by attention to the turning of the beef-steaks on the gridirons.'

Rev. Dr. Bethune occupies the first place here as an angling bibliographer, on the strength of his learned and appreciative editorial work on the Wiley editions of Walton; and in Mr. Thaddeus Norris we have an angling writer well worthy of a place beside Stoddart, Colquhoun, Francis, and Pennell. He published in 1864—

> 'The American Angler's Book; embracing the Natural History of Sporting Fish, and the Art of Taking Them; to which is appended *Dies Piscatoriæ*, describing noted Fishing Places and the Pleasures of Solitary Fly-Fishing.'

Mr. Norris was a fluent, interesting writer, and a most accomplished angler.

The books of Henry William Herbert, which may be claimed perhaps justly as those of an English author, were published over the *nom de plume* of 'Frank Forrester.' They are as follows:—

> 'Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America, 1849;'
> 'The Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen, 1864;'
> 'American Game in its Seasons, 1873.'

There were others exclusively on shooting. This accomplished writer, whose melancholy end is so well known, was the son of the Dean of Manchester, and came to this country in his early manhood. The illustrations in *Fish and Fishing*

were made by himself from nature. *The Blackwater Chronicle* 1853, by 'Porte-Crayon' (Mr. Strother), is a description of a long excursion into the wilderness after trout, and is very readable.

In 1869 Genio C. Scott published *Fishing in American Waters*, a large book, and full of excellent practical information.

Alfred B. Street, the poet, published a book in 1860 called *Woods and Waters, or the Saranac and Racket*, giving a moderately full account of the then little known Adirondack region, and in his collected works are many short angling poems of some merit. Robert Barnwell Roosevelt is another American angling writer of a high rank; his books are full of reliable and explicit instruction in the art, gathered from the stores of a long and varied personal experience. The narrative and descriptive parts are entertaining, and bear the impress of truthfulness, that jewel for anglers. Mr. Roosevelt has written

'Game Fish of the Northern States of America and British Provinces, 1862;'

'Superior Fishing, or the Striped Bass, Trout, and Black Bass of the Northern States, 1865;' and

'Fish Hatching and Fish Catching, 1879.'

This last volume was written jointly with Mr. Seth Green, the eminent angler and fish-culturist, whose contributions to the periodical press on these subjects are well worthy of preservation in a permanent form.

Much good ephemeral angling literature was collected by Professor Mayer in his handsome book, *Sport with Gun and Rod*, published in 1884 by the 'Century' Company. The excellent *Book of the Black Bass*, 1881, by Dr. James

A. Henshall, is a careful and well-written history of that game fish, from the standpoint of an angler and ichthyologist, and is one of the most important American books of its kind. The same author has since published a diverting account of camp life in Florida, and a fitting companion to it is Lieutenant Schwatka's *Hunting and Fishing Adventures in Arctic Regions*, 1885. Prouty's *Fish, their Habits and Haunts, and Methods of Catching Them*, Boston 1883, is unpretentious and instructive; and an anonymous work, *American Fish, and How to Catch Them*, by an old angler, 1885, is one of the best of its kind, the chapter on 'Fishing in the Pacific' being particularly novel and interesting.

An excellent book on flies and tackle is a recent one by Henry P. Wells, though his following book, *The American Salmon Fisherman*, shows far less knowledge of its subject.

There are various other American angling books of merit, and many destitute of it; some of them written by men who considered angling so low down in the scale of arts as to think the capture of half-a-dozen fish by them, or in their presence, a complete justification for their going into print on the subject. More than a dozen editions of Walton have been issued here, several of them worthy of their author; and the current *American Angler*, devoted entirely to angling and kindred topics, is a well-edited and well-supported weekly paper. Mr. Isaac M'Lellan, a veteran sportsman, published last year *Poems of Rod and Gun*, in which are included many admirable descriptions of purely American sport and scenery.

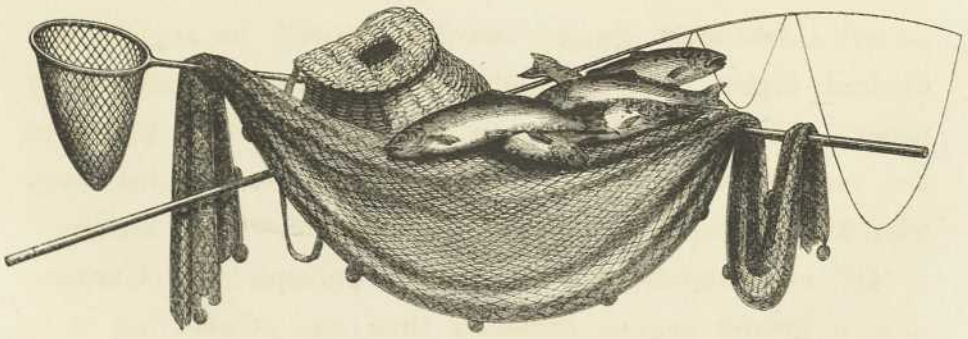
Of non-English-speaking people, perhaps the Germans have a greater angling literature than any others; but it is not extensive enough to admit of much notice here. Solomon

& Co., of Hamburg, in 1859, published a German translation of the *Complete Angler*, probably the only one made in any foreign tongue.

Italy has furnished a number of works on angling, chiefly poetical; and the French literature on the subject is amusing, to say the least, in the generally palpable incapacity of its writers to comprehend the idea of angling as a sport. The biggest fish stories of Anglo-Saxon authors pale their ineffectual fires beside those of Revoil and some of his *confrères*.

This chapter has dragged along to an unconscionable length, and mention of great numbers of books well worthy of it has had to be entirely omitted.

It is almost certain that those only who are interested in angling literature will read what I have written, and I fear that of these few a very large proportion will discover its woful incompleteness before my confession of it. If my humility suffices to partially disarm their criticism I shall be content.





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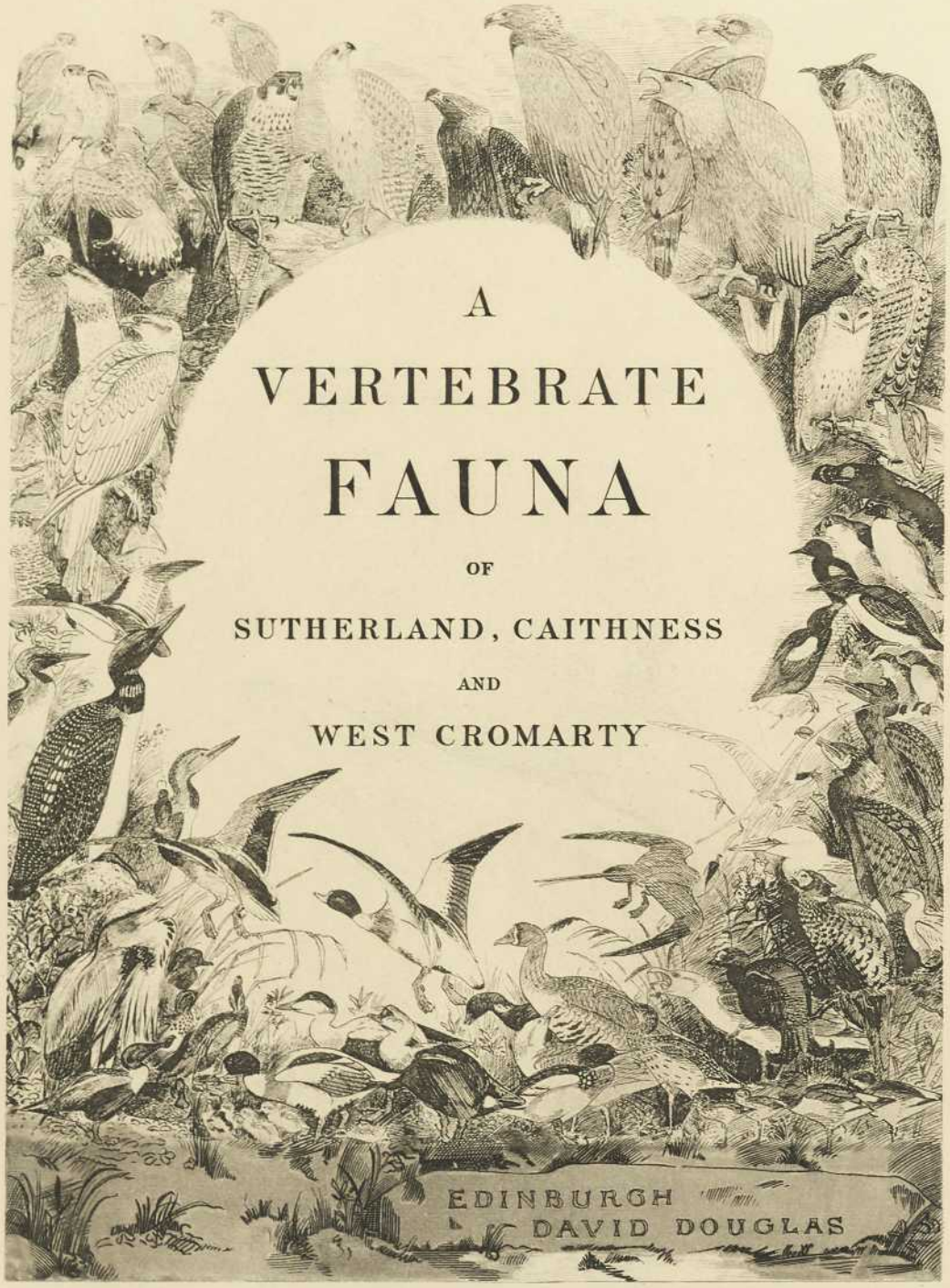


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