

**CHIPLOQUORGAN: OR, LIFE BY  
THE CAMP FIRE IN  
DOMINION OF CANADA AND  
NEWFOUNDLAND, NEW EDITION**

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Chiploquorgan: Or, Life by the Camp Fire in Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, New  
Edition by Richard Lewes Dashwood

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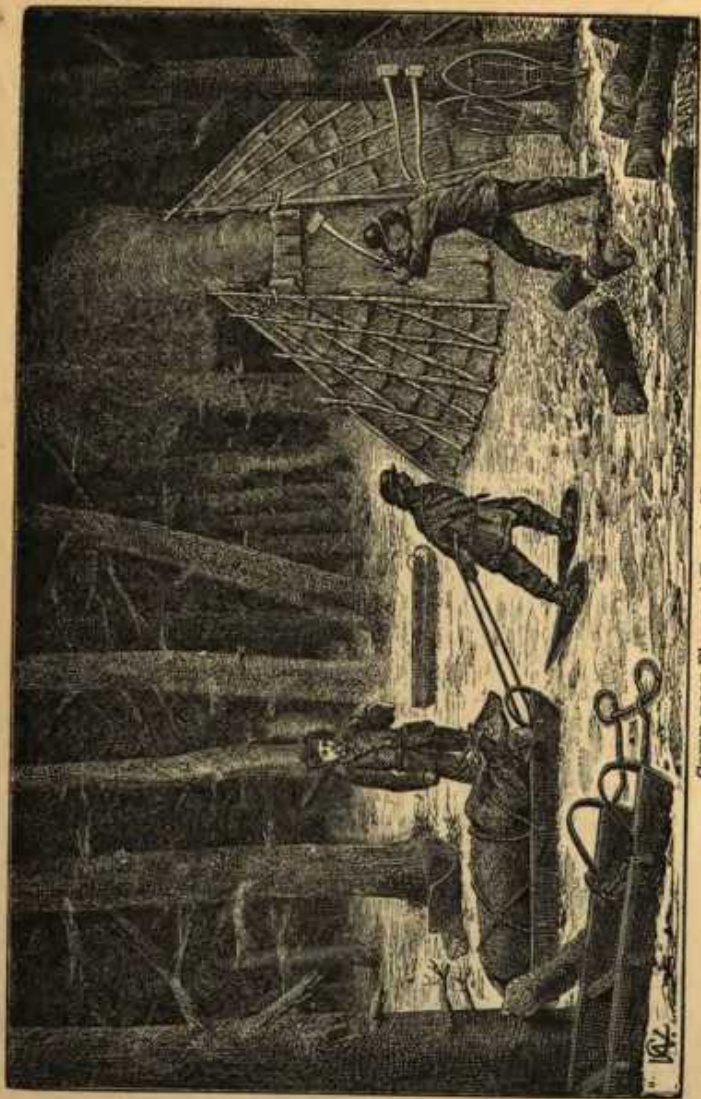
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**RICHARD LEWES DASHWOOD**

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CHIPLOQUORGAN.



Camp near Pleasant Brook, New Brunswick.

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OR,  
LIFE BY THE CAMP FIRE  
IN  
DOMINION OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY  
RICHARD LEWES DASHWOOD,  
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## P R E F A C E .

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THE word "Chiploquorgan" is the Indian name, in the Milicite language, for the stick on which the kettle is suspended over the camp fire, as depicted on the cover of this book. The Indians attach a certain degree of superstition to the Chiploquorgan, and it is considered most unlucky to burn or remove it on leaving a camp.





# CHIPLOQUORGAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

Ball for North America—Mishaps on the Voyage—Arrival at St. John, New Brunswick—First impressions of the town—My first fishing expedition—American Hotels—The Schoodic Lakes—Yankee "Sportsmen"—Trout fishing—The Schoodic Indians—The mosquitoes, and how to get rid of them.

ON the 24th of January, 1862, I sailed in the steam transport *Adelaide*, from Cork, for North America, with six companies of my regiment, which formed part of the force sent from England at that time, in consequence of the seizure by an American man-of-war of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, while passengers on board the royal mail steamer *Trent*.

After our engines breaking down on several occasions, and meeting other damages from a

severe hurricane, we were obliged to put back to Plymouth for repairs. Here we were detained three weeks ; and at the end of that time we sailed for St. John, New Brunswick. We were ordered to take the southern route as a means of avoiding the rough storms of the North Atlantic, against which our ship had proved herself totally unequal to make any headway. We were also ordered to touch at the Bermudas for coals. We reached those islands with just enough coal to take us into port. We stayed there ten days, and eventually reached St. John, New Brunswick, on the 24th of March, seventy-nine days after our original departure from Cork. If we had embarked in one of Cunard's or Inman's steamers, we should probably have crossed the Atlantic in a fortnight, and besides having a pleasanter voyage, the saving of expense would have been considerable.

The *Adelaide* was quite unfit to cross the Atlantic at that time of year, her engines being deficient in power, and being moreover old-fashioned and worn-out. Their defective state may be imagined from the fact that they broke down altogether about ten times.