

over to your side. Among them is my uncle here, who never speaks of you now but with enthusiasm. What more can be said? I gave him your letter to read, and since then he has asked me a dozen times at least if I had not forgotten to forward the remittance you asked for, saying that I must not delay it. The truth is, I have deferred writing till the last moment, because I have not succeeded in getting your fishes, and have always been hoping that I might be able to fulfill your commission. I busied myself on your behalf with all the zeal and industry of which I was capable, but quite in vain. The devil seemed to be in it. The season of Bondelles was over two months ago, and there are none to be seen; as to trout, I don't believe one has been eaten in the whole town for six weeks. I am forever at the heels of the fishermen, promising them double and treble the value of the fish I want, but they all tell me they catch nothing except pike. I have been to Cudrefin for lampreys, but found nothing. Rodolphe¹ has been paddling in the brook every day without success. I went to Sauge,—no eels, no anything but perch and a few little cat-fish. Two mortal Sundays did I spend, rod in hand, trying to

¹ An experienced old boatman.