

rious. A pleasant half hour was spent in admiring the beauty of the cascades and the blending colors of the rainbows, after which we returned to the canoes and resumed our journey, making no other halt until we reached Campbellton. Our impatience to leave the river was heightened by a drenching shower, which threatened to settle into steady rain.

Well drenched and with ravenous appetites, we reached the comfortable home of the Palmers, two of whom had been our canoe-men. A speedy change of clothing, and a comfortable supper set us quite at ease, when, sending for William Wilson, whose house was a mile below, we arranged with him to take us to Fredericton, while Thomas Palmer undertook to transport our luggage.

Our wish was to start immediately, travel all night, and, if possible, reach Fredericton in time to take the morning boat for St. John, but the rain was incessant, and gave no hopes of passing off, for that night, at least. Bidding farewell to our obliging friends, the Palmers, and the rest of our canoe-men, we were driven to Wilson's house, where kind attentions and comfortable beds made amends for the chagrin caused by our unexpected detention.

While there we learned the cause of our ill-luck at Clearwater. Harry's surmise was correct; the pools had been speared a few nights before we encamped there, and these illegal depredations had been extended up Clearwater as far as the falls, which sufficiently explained Jim's want of success at that once famous place. Fortunately for Harry's veracity Jim here saw some of the mythical trout that had so long eluded his search. Wilson had some in a small pond, together with a fine salmon, all of which had been taken in a net. These trout ranged from two pounds to four, and we were informed that an unusually large number had ascended the river some weeks previously. Jim could not refrain from showering inverted blessings on the heads of the poachers who had deprived him of the pleasure of taking a few with rod and line, in order that he might compare their game qualities, strength and activity, with those of grilse, which some of the trout surpassed in size.

In taking leave of the Miramichi, the writer cannot refrain from pronouncing, with feelings of real sorrow, "Ichabod! Ichabod!" for its glory has, indeed departed. When he first visited the river, twenty years ago, and caught his first salmon at the mouth of Salmon Brook, it was the Paradise of Anglers, as regards both salmon and trout, though even then, it had begun to feel the effect of nets and spears. But then, lumbering on the river was in full activity, and the dwellers on its banks were busily occupied; since that time great lumbering operations have gradually died out; the inhabitants have had more time to devote to the work of extermination, until at present, what with illegal fishing at the mouth of the river, nets stretched entirely across it in some places, the utter neglect of the "close time," and above

all, the incessant operations of the destructive spear, fish are becoming so scarce and shy that the sport will hardly repay the expense of the journey. When the writer first fished the river, it was regularly visited by a number of American gentlemen, who, of late years, have entirely deserted it. Messrs. Cadwallader and Biddle of Philadelphia, Messrs. Prime, father and sons, of New York, and Messrs. Abbott and Higginson of Boston, are among those who used to frequent this once splendid salmon river, and with whom the writer has exchanged many and pleasing courtesies. It is matter of serious regret that the short-sighted folly of the owners of land on the river's banks, whose interest certainly lies in preserving the fish, should be aiding in their extermination. Like the fool who, in his greed, killed the fowl that every day laid him a golden egg, these foolish people do not seem to care for the consequences of their folly. In addition to the numerous obstructions which the fish have to surmount before they reach their spawning place, they are ruthlessly pursued and taken in the very act of depositing their ova. The writer has lain in his tent and seen forty salmon taken by the spear from the pools at Burnt Hill, and this while the regulations of the county entirely prohibit spearing. On one occasion the poachers were bought off, and left the place, but there were strong reasons to suspect that they informed their associates of this fact, and sent up a new party the following night to extort from the anglers a further sum as the price of their forbearance to set the laws at defiance. The want of a proper officer to see these laws enforced, renders it an easy matter to evade them, and the still profitable salmon fisheries of the Province, will soon be extinguished. The instinct of the salmon leads it to the river in which it was bred, to deposit its spawn, hence when once a river is depopulated, the fisheries at its mouth become valueless, and the only way to restore them is to introduce fresh spawn into the river. Many of our rivers that once teemed with salmon, are now almost destitute of them, and the few that still frequent them have to run the gauntlet of all kinds of obstruction. Nothing is wanted to restore these rivers to their former state, but fair play for the fish—sufficient fish-ways in dams, strict prohibition of throwing saw-dust into rivers and harbors, a proper length of net and size of mesh, and a due observance of "close time," at least one day in the week. It is impossible to estimate the harm done to both the coast and harbor fisheries by the want of a proper enforcement of the fishery laws, and if some stringent measures be not soon adopted there will be no salmon left to protect, and a source of wealth to the inhabitants and of sport to the angler, will be cut off entirely. The supineness of former governments is much to be censured, and future legislators will grieve over the blindness of present ones. Sportsmen are always ready to pay liberally for their favorite amusement, and the Mirami-