

Under this belief our minds were at rest, and the hours flew by in pleasant converse, till the dying fire warned us of the hour, and urged the propriety of retiring to repose. As Harry raked together the brands of the fire, a distant shout was heard, which was immediately returned, and these signals were repeated at intervals. From the direction of the sound it was quite plain that our travellers had, either intentionally or by accident, left the road, for they were approaching us from below, while the road was above. In a short time Jim and his companion made their appearance, foot-sore, weary and hungry. They had lost the road in the darkness, but Jim's organ of locality led him at once to the stream, down which they had a weary tramp. The fire was immediately renewed; while Jim exchanged his wet garments for dry ones, a warm supper was prepared, and soon the troubles of the day were forgotten. The long and toilsome walk to and from the falls was rewarded by most meagre sport; no salmon, nor trout of any size, were in the pools. Jim's doubts respecting the large trout of the Miramichi settled into the most decided unbelief, and Harry's assurance that he had formerly taken them in large numbers as heavy as three and a half and four pounds, hardly removed his skepticism. Charles prepared a "night-cap" for Jim, of which Harry and himself partook, and with *buenos noches* we all betook ourselves to sleep.

The rosy tips that heralded the morn had scarce appeared in the eastern horizon, when Harry awoke, and rousing his friends, intimated to them that it was time to take their parting cast, and if such was their intention they must be up and doing. Jim preferred another nap, and said he should spend the morning in packing up. Fred preferred to kill another moose or bear in a morning dream, and so Charles and Harry had the casts to themselves and were soon at work. Luck had deserted them, for the sport was miserable. The choicest flies and the deftest fishing failed to attract the fish, if any were there, and they returned to camp with a grilse each as their only reward for early rising and industrious exertion. Harry was positive in the expression of his belief that their ill success at this famous salmon haunt was owing to recent operations of the spears, for he had never known the fish so few or so shy in all his former experience on the river.

Jim had quite recovered from his fatigue, and had regained his usual high spirits. Though he was sorry to leave the scene of his favorite sport, he was too good a philosopher to sigh over the inevitable. Fred was not so stoical; he loudly denounced the cruel fate that tore him from so congenial a life. Charles and Harry would fain have prolonged their stay—but serious duties required their attention, and their thoughts were turned on home and its cares.

When the fiat is once pronounced, when the irrevocable decision is made, your true sports-

man is as anxious to hasten his return as he formerly was to reach the scene of his sport. Having "broken camp" and turned our faces homeward, there was no disposition among our anglers to linger on the road and fritter away the time in "last casts." Our last fly was thrown at Clearwater. Had time been less pressing, a night spent on the lower part of the river, giving a chance to fish Rocky Bend in the morning, Salmon Brook in the evening, and yet reach Campbellton the same night, would probably have rewarded the anglers. It was decided, however, to make no stay on the way down; so we passed many a tempting cast, and many a promising spot, without stopping. The only pause was at the mouth of Fall Brook, where Harry called a halt for the purpose of showing his American friends a very remarkable and romantic waterfall.

Drawing the canoes to shore, we made our way up the bed of a small brook, a few hundred yards, and were rewarded by one of the most beautiful views that had gladdened our eyes during our stay on the river.

A circular spot, about thirty yards in diameter, was enclosed on three sides by a high and almost perpendicular wall of rock, densely wooded to the very brink, some trees slanting over the abyss, and looking as if the slightest touch would send them thundering down upon us. Immediately in front a narrow lane in the woods indicated the course of the stream, that leaped from the brink, and made its way in a series of beautiful cascades, about two-thirds of the distance down, whence it ran, in a more gradual descent by a zigzag course, to the bottom of the precipice, and fell into a basin beneath. The body of water was not great, but this, while it lessened the sublimity of the scene, added much to its romantic beauty. The height must have been nearly a hundred feet; the effect of the cascades, and the subsequent dancing of the slender thread of water down the crooked groove it had worn in the rugged face of the precipice, was very fine, heightened as it was by a succession of miniature rainbows at every cascade. We looked long and admiringly at this lovely scene, and Charles much regretted that the trouble to get at his drawing materials prevented his carrying home a sketch of this romantic place. One of the men volunteered to reach the top of the precipice by a circuitous route, and detach some of the rocks on the brink, in order that we might see the effect of a huge mass tearing and rumbling down its steep and rugged sides. In a few minutes Tom appeared on the imminent verge of the giddy height, looking scarcely so large as an infant. To chop down a small tree, trim off the branches, and make a long lever, was the work of a few moments; with this he detached some enormous rocks from the brink, which came thundering and ricocheting down the side, emitting a shower of sparks as they impinged on some projection harder than usual. The effect of the sound, confined in the narrow amphitheatre in which we stood, was very cu