

way to Gold River, and fish the Middle River, a tolerable stream, or take the opposite direction to the East River, a glorious runway for salmon, with splendid falls and cold brooks tumbling into it at intervals, at the mouth of which large trout can be caught two at a time, if the angler be skilful enough to land them when they are hooked. If one chooses, he can put up at Mrs. Frails', upon the very bank of this stream, and take his morning and evening fishing, with a noon siesta and a quiet cigar and book; and it is not improbable that he will meet some officers from Halifax, now thirty-nine miles away by the stage route. Between this and Indian River, before mentioned, there is no good fishing.

Three pleasant seasons have I spent at Chester. I idolize its very name. Just below my window a lawn slopes down to a little bay with a jetty, where an occasional sloop lands some stores. There is a large tree, under which I have placed some seats; and off the end of the pier the ladies can catch flounders, tomcods, and cunnners, in any quantity. There are beautiful drives in the vicinity, and innumerable islands in the bay, where one can bathe and picnic to hearts' content. There are sailing-boats for lobster-spearing and deep-sea fishing, and row-boats too. From the top of a neighboring hill is a wonderful panorama of forest, stream, and cultivated shore, of bays, and distant sea, filled with islands of every size and shape. Near by is a marsh where I flushed fourteen brace of English snipe one day in July. And if one will go to Gold River, he may perchance see, as I have done, cariboo quietly feeding on the natural meadows along the upper stream. Beyond Beech Hill is a trackless forest filled with moose, with which two old hunter-living near oft hold familiar intercourse. They trapped a wild-cat last summer, and his stuffed skin is at Chester now.

Very much should I like to go over the ground again with the reader, or take him, in imagination at least, to the inviting

pools of Gold River; but this chapter must draw to a close. Two miles up the stream, a friend has a camp where once stood an Indian wigwam, whose tenants enjoyed a happy honeymoon of vagrant life and salmon dipping; but disaster fell upon them one day, and the incidents thereof are here-with portrayed in rhyme:—

There's a little conical camp,  
Contrived of a framework of spruce,  
With splits newly riven of hemlock,  
Exuding an odorous juice.  
A lawn from the door gently sloping,  
To lave in the river's bright gleam;  
A pathway by feet daily trodden  
Quite smooth to the edge of the stream.

In front of the wigwam an eddy,  
Beyond a precipitous shore,  
Where the foam dashes down with madness,  
And whirls with monotonous roar;  
And bubbles, formed in the seething,  
And tossed by the waves to the shore—  
Then, floating awhile in the eddy,  
Come up and break at the door.

At eve, through the dusk of the gloaming,  
Leonta, with love's yearning soul,  
Awaiteth her husband's returning  
From his nets at "Kill Devil Hole."  
And often and often she looketh,  
Where sunset reddens the looketh,  
For glimpse of his bark-boat careering  
Far up on the stream's foaming crest.

(For danger lurks there in the chasm;  
Elf-goblins make it their home;  
The phantoms that flit there and flutter,  
Are winding-sheets wrought of the foam!)

In vain! and with tearful misgivings,  
Till darkness settles at last!  
Eyes strained, and swelled with long weeping!  
A messenger cometh at last—  
A waif, drifting slow in the eddy,  
A form through the dusk dimly seen—  
Drifting slow, with a chuckle and ripple,  
Like cadences soft of Untine.

With motion so strange and uncertain,  
It seems both to come and retreat;  
Till finally, fears all confirming,  
A corpse floateth up to her feet.  
Heaven rest the agonized wacher!  
Forefend her from pain evermore!  
Poor heart! now stilled by its breaking,  
Like the bubbles that broke by her door!

The wind sweepeth by with a flurry,  
And swiftly the wild waters roll;  
But neither winds nor waves shall efface,  
The legend of "Kill Devil Hole."

## Notice.

### GLADSTONE.

Our portrait of England's great statesman is taken from an engraving in the London *Graphic*. Mr. Gladstone is at present sixty-four years of age, and has spent more than forty years in public life.

He is distinguished as an author and an orator; and as a financier and political economist he is probably unrivalled. The principal facts in his career are well known, and hardly any man in his position has gained such esteem and love from the people.