

main. I recall "barren," as totally and utterly inapplicable to our teeming waters, whence comes a very large proportion of our wealth. Over 20,000 of us find employment in fishing, and two years ago the waters yielded to us over five millions of dollars worth of fish. 3,885 barrels of Salmon; 100,991 Salmon in cans; 408,998 lbs. of fresh Salmon; 228,152 barrels of Mackerel; 201,600 barrels of Herring; 10,200 boxes smoked Herring; 10,055 barrels Alewives; 447,166 cwts. of Codfish; 119,539 Scalefish; 6177 barrels of Shad; 950,000 cans of Lobsters. Five-eighths of the produce of the fisheries in the Confederate Provinces came from Nova Scotia. Dry facts, hard figures, dreary details, "infinitely forgetable," as Carlyle would say. Stop a moment. Did ever you see a salmon tugging for life in a river at one end of a rod, and a skilful angler, managing as best he can, at the other end? There is romance, there is comedy enough about salmon fishing, though, of course, only a small proportion of the aggregate catch is due to the skill of the amateur. For others there is toil enough, and anxiety, and "hopes and fears that kindle hope" in the work. As for other classes of fishermen, their lives are full of peril, of adventure, of hardship. Every man of them can tell you of magnificent mornings and evenings off Mabou, or Cape North, or Indian Tickle, or the Magdalen Islands, or Gaspé. They can tell of handsome fortunes piled up in a few weeks, of swift and prosperous voyages, and bright and prosperous years. Ah! but there is another side to the story. Scarce a family in Lunenburg, Queens, Shelburne and other shore counties but have been clothed in mourning through disasters on the hungry ocean. You hear of mighty and sudden storms, of desperate struggles for long dark days and awful nights, against the wrathful winds and the tremendous waves. Many hasten to some favoring haven; many ride out the tempest; but some, always some, perish, and tidings of woe come to some expectant families, and grief overspreads whole villages. How often have I heard incidents like the following:—John Smith, of Smith's Bay, has a snug farm sloping down to the water's edge. By hard work, he and his six boys and five girls make ends meet. Mrs. Smith dreads the sea, for her father and three brothers were drowned in the big gale which wrecked the *Reindeer* on Gull Rock. But as Mr. Smith's boys reach early manhood they witness the successful enterprize of their neighbors. They cannot resist the general