

I know what your thoughts are. Yes, Hawthorne did say that when a country or a region becomes an object of interest to painters and poets, it may be safely considered to be in the last stages of decay. I admit the truth of the observation; it will hold good as far as the river is concerned; but if you were to see the little town over there on a market day, when the streets are crowded with wagons loaded with farmers' produce, you would not think that it was in any danger of going down. A good farming country lies all around. Heavy grain crops are grown in the townships west of the river, and now that the low, sandy lands of Moulton are well drained, they produce roots and fruits in great abundance.

The fine prospect on both sides makes this embankment a most enjoyable place for a stroll. On summer evenings, especially on Sundays, after church, half of the population of Dunnville may be seen here. But there are times when nobody will venture to cross it unless compelled. When the late fall winds are blowing a hurricane down the river, the waves will dash against it and break over it in showers of spray that would drench one to the skin in a few minutes. At the time of the great flood in 1869, the waters burst through and made a gap of over 200 feet long. Then the lower stories of half the houses in Dunnville were flooded, and the people rowed about the streets in boats for several days. The low, flat parts of Moulton township were also overflowed for several miles back from the river. These overwhelming floods are now things of the past. The village fathers of Dunnville have raised the road along the river so as to form a level breakwater, and an additional waste-weir has been built. The embankment, too, has been made higher and stronger.

Here, at the end of the embankment, is the first of the three great waste-weirs which carry off the surplus water and are the chief safeguards

when there is danger of being flooded. A pleasant, airy, picturesque spot it is. On the upper side is the wide river, and look across it and you will get a fine view of the front street of Dunnville, with the tops of the higher buildings and the towers of the churches. On the lower side, the swift current sweeps round into Sulphur Creek, and when the valves of the weir are open and the water is rushing through them, it becomes so rapid and strong that it would be rather difficult to stem it. When, like the "sweet Afton," it flows gently along, the lake fish delight to come up and play here. On each side of the channel you may see one of the quaint-looking dip-nets used in this region, with its long balance pole and its upright rest. It hangs over the water ready for a dip whenever indications are favorable. On the opposite side, close by the tall white grist mill, a couple of fishermen are sitting down enjoying a smoke under the thick willows that overhang the little mill-race. In a few minutes they will probably let down the net and make a catch. The fish caught here are, most of them, fine eating, especially the bass, both black and white. These fishermen are professionals, who pay the Government for their licenses and follow the occupation for profit. They own seines as well as dip-nets, and if you come at the right time you may see them putting off in their scow-built punts and then throwing out their nets and dragging them to shore, heavy, perhaps, with every kind of fish that is to be found in these waters—pike, pickerel, bass, suckers, mullet, and, it may be, maskinonge—the finest and most delicious of all, so epicures say. At certain seasons of the year it is unlawful to catch some of these fish. Should one of the prohibited happen to get into the net at these times, the fishermen, of course, make a point of throwing it back into the water, more especially if the inspector should chance to be looking on.