

faithful to the interests of his employers. Happy the ship that sails with such a cook, and happy the diners who batten on his beefsteak and onions, hash, roly-poly, and tea.

At sea, action and reflection go hand in hand. One minute after he boarded us Henry was getting dinner, and three minutes later the crew manned the windlass, hove the anchor short, made sail, and we put to sea. We had a staving breeze from southeast and by south, and bowled away merrily for Miramichi. After night-fall the sky became very dark, and it blew heavily. We flew before sea and wind, and made the Escumencac light in the middle watch, but could not run in with such weather without a pilot. We hove to with a tremendous sea running, the darkness aflame with flashing phosphorus, and the little schooner pitching her jib-boom under and knocking passengers and furniture about the cabin without ceremony. It does not take long to raise a high, wall-like swell in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, owing to the shoal water. The lights of other vessels in our neighborhood, bobbing like will-o'-the-wisps in the gloom, and, like us, waiting for dawn, suggested a sharp lookout. At intervals the long, melancholy cry of the loons floated down the wind like the wail of lost spirits—a sign of east wind, in the opinion of some—which led Captain Welch to observe the next morning: "The loons was a-crying for the east wind all night."

A dapper little pilot schooner left a pilot with us at daylight, and we ran across the bar, where a vessel was lost with all on board a year or two ago in a gale. It was a long but delightful beat up the Miramichi River that day. After leaving the broad entrance, we found the river winding, and closed in with lovely overhanging cliffs, crested with verdure which festooned the caves that honeycomb the rocks. Picturesque farms on the slopes, surrounded by natural groves of pine and spruce, and fishermen's huts and boats under the cliffs, gave life to what is really an enchanting stream.

Thirty miles from the sea, we at last anchored at Chatham, the wind blowing in violent squalls, which terminated in a tremendous thunderstorm, attended by terrific gloom. When the clouds cleared away, the glow of the setting sun illumined the wet roofs and shipping of this bustling little place with wonderful splendor. Chatham, as well as Newcastle, two miles farther up on the opposite bank, was once a great ship-building port. This business has left it; but a great lumber trade has sprung up instead, which brings profit to the neighborhood, while it is rapidly stripping the noble primeval woods of New Brunswick. Upward of three hundred square-rigged vessels arrive there during the summer

