

of conviction that the "Maine Liquor Law" had been adopted, though the people did not wish to say anything to a stranger about it.

As all sublunary pleasant things come to an end, so did my visit; for, very early one morning I was roused by the steamer's gun, the report of which made the windows rattle, and then went off reverberating grandly among the hills till the echo was lost in the distance.

In a few moments I was dressed and on my way to the wharf. I reached the steamer in good time, and after a hearty shake hands from my friend Jones, who would see me off, I bade farewell to the Basin.

My next stopping place was Percé, the principal fishing village on the coast, about forty miles from the Basin. It derives its name from the pierced rock, which in ages past formed a part of the mainland, from which it is now separated by a narrow channel. The rock is tunnelled by the incessant action of wave and weather, and forms a striking adjunct to the bold and rugged scenery of the place.

Here I was kindly received by the gentlemanly agent of the Messrs. Robin, (to whom I bore a letter of introduction,) who own the most extensive fishing establishments on the coast, giving employment to multitudes in summer, and to a considerable number even in winter, and transacting an amount of business altogether astonishing when contrasted with the poor, or perhaps I should say undeveloped, appearance of the country in this part of Canada. Their buildings, stores, &c., are of great size and of most substantial construction. At this establishment I was shown cod-fish in every stage; here, at tables arranged on the beach, were skillful hands engaged in beheading, splitting, and depriving of the back-bone, the fish newly caught. As well as I can remember, each fish when thrown on the table was operated upon by three men. It was first seized by No. 1, bearing the villainous designation of the "Cut-throat," who with a peculiar kind of knife of the same name, cut the fishes' throat. No. 2, who is called the "Header," then broke the head off. Then No. 3, who is called the "Splitter," dexterously split the fish open and cut out the back-bone, in the twinkling of an eye. With such quickness was this feat accomplished, in hundreds of instances, as I looked on, that I wondered how the operators managed to escape amputating their fingers and thumbs.

These fish, so prepared, were then pickled in strong brine; after this they are placed in heaps to drain on the floors of buildings erected for the purpose; from this they are transferred to frames covered with brushwood, which I was informed were flakes; why *flakes* I could not make out: on these they are dried in the sun, and require much care and constant attention. After the proper amount of drying, known to the initiated,