

for their want of truth. His friend Grainger has discharged all his obligations to the bank in the fullest way."

"But you told me with such confidence——"

"Pray forgive me, sir, but I hope you haven't been quoting me. It would injure me a great deal. Wild oats must be sown somewhere, and, as his friend says, he may be soon married to a very desirable pairson," added Mr. Mackenzie, falling into his Scotch accent. "I cannot vouch for all the idle stories that float through a settlement."

"Going to be married," repeated Mr. Tillotson, mechanically. "Ah, at last! And when?"

"I think he said immediately, but I cannot be certain. A very beautiful creature, too."

Here Thomas à Kempis came back strongly upon Mr. Tillotson's mind with a little commentary, "Weary nights, weeks and months, and nervous fever—all for this!"

### THE SALMON HARVEST.

SALMON are *harvested* and garnered by the savages in North-West America as we in the civilised world reap the "golden grain" and store it for winter use. In the Columbia river, the salmon harvest commences early in June; in the Fraser, east of the Cascade range of mountains, somewhat later. The modes by which salmon are captured by the Indians in these immense streams are different in every detail, and show how a slight change in the geological features of a valley may, by altering the character of the streams flowing through it, change at the same time the habits, systems of fishing, nets, canoes, and wigwams, of the natives.

The Columbia, as it hastens on from the bergs and fies of the Rocky Mountains to its home in the Pacific, offers numerous impediments to the salmon's ascent, although none of them are insurmountable. When the summer sun melts the snow that crowns every hill, and fills the valleys and ravines, the mass of water trickles in myriad currents into the larger stream, causing the river to rise rapidly, often thirty-five feet above its winter level. This increase of bulk enables the fish (ascending to spawn) to clear falls, and thread their way through narrow tortuous channels, that would be impassable save for this admirable provision. Thus reduced to simple hindrances, the wily savage turn them to good account, and during the "run" harvests his crop of "swimming silver."

The first salmon entering the Columbia are taken at Chinook-point, and are said to be the best that are caught. These fish usually find their way to the markets of San Francisco.

This once famous fishery is situated in a snug bay, just inside the sand-bar which renders the entrance for vessels of any tonnage into the river, except during the calmest weather, both difficult and dangerous; the very bay in which

the ill-fated ship *Tonquin* cast anchor; on her decks stood a terror-stricken crew and band of adventurers—the subsequent founders of famed Astoria. The unpretending village of wooden houses, nestling amid the pine-trees, little better than it was fifty year ago, is still visible to the traveller, as the huge ocean steamers splash past it, en route to Portland. The Indian fishermen are gone; the pale-face and his fire-water have done their work; a few salmon are still speared and netted; but the grand army now pass the outpost unmolested, and, marching on, have nothing to stay or hinder their progress until they reach the first rapids, called the Cascades, about one hundred and eighty miles from the sea.

At this point the whole river forces its way through the Cascade range of mountains. Dashing in headlong haste for many miles, whirling round masses of angular rock, like small islands, rushing through narrow channels and over vast boulders, not even a canoe, manned by the most skilful Indian paddles, dares risk its navigation. On either side rise walls of rock six hundred feet in height, on whose bare face the pine clings, as if it sprouted from the solid stone; small waterfalls, too numerous to count, tumble down like lines of silver over the basaltic columns and coloured tuffas; hence comes the name the rapids bear, and perhaps the mountain range—the Cascades.

The scenery of the lower Columbia, betwixt this gap (like a Titan canal cut through the mountains) and the flat region surrounding Fort Vancouver, is indescribably lovely. The mighty stream rolls on its course, after clearing the rapids, past bold promontories a thousand feet high, under long lines of cliff thickly clothed with pine and cedar; the monotonous, impenetrable foliage, like an ocean of sombre green, here and there relieved by open grassy flower-decked glades; thus on, by level swampy meadows fringed with the trembling poplar, the black birch, the willow, and vine maple, until it widens out into a vast estuary at its mouth, inside the sand-bar, seven miles across.

The Indian, ever ready with a legend to account for everything, says that the river once ran under an immense arch, which, spanning the width of waters, formed a natural bridge, over which was a trail that a bygone race used, and thus spared themselves the trouble of swimming the stream above the rapids. An earthquake, stirred up by the Evil Spirit, shook it all down, and thus formed the rapids—a supposition, looking at the geological character of the sides, and detritus scattered about in the water, far from improbable. The bad geni thought to dam back the salmon effectually, but made a miserable mistake, and conferred a benefit where a punishment was intended. The impediment, simply hindering the salmon in its ascent, facilitates its capture. A short time prior to the river's rising, several tribes of Indians leave their hunting-grounds, assemble together, and camp along the sides of the rapids. Forgetting all old grievances, in anticipation of the salmon harvest