

miles from the interior, would be thought a large river, but here it is only one among a number of such. Its upper regions have never been fully explored. They are still the



HUNTER'S LODGE.

haunt of the moose, caribou, deer, bear, wolf, fox, and many kinds of smaller game; while the streams abound in the finest fish.

In 1825 the Miramichi district was devastated by one of the most disastrous forest fires of which we have any record. A long drought had parched the forest to tinder. For two months not a drop of rain had fallen, and the streams were shrunk to rivulets. Numerous fires had laid waste the woods and farms, and filled the air with stifling smoke. The Government House at Fredericton was also burned. But a still greater calamity was impending.

On the 7th day of October, a storm of flame swept over the country for sixty miles—from Miramichi to the Bay of Chaleurs. A pitchy darkness covered the sky, lurid flames swept over the earth, consuming the forest, houses, barns, crops, and the towns of Newcastle and Douglas, with several ships upon the stocks,

Resistance was in vain and escape almost impossible. The only hope of eluding the tornado of fire was to plunge into the rivers and marshes; and to cower in the water or ooze till the wave of flame had passed. The roar of the wind and fire, the crackling and crashing of the pines, the bellowing of the terrified cattle, and the glare of the conflagration were an assemblage of horrors sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. When that fatal night had passed, the thriving towns, villages and farms over an area of five thousand square miles were a charred and blackened desolation. A million dollars' worth of accumulated property was consumed, and the loss of timber was incalculable. One hundred and sixty persons perished in the flames or in their efforts to escape, and hundreds were maimed for life. The generous aid of the sister provinces, and of Great Britain and the United States, greatly mitigated the suffering of the hapless inhabitants, made homeless on the eve of a rigorous winter.

We next reach the magnificent



FISHING TENT.

Bay of Chaleurs—one of the noblest havens and richest fishing grounds in the world—ninety miles long and from fifteen to twenty-five miles wide. I could not help thinking of that first recorded visit to this