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and everything was black right quick. You had no money those days to pay fines. You had to go up to Port Hood, the County seat, sent before the justice of the peace, if you were caught taking a salmon illegally. It didn't make any difference how hungry you were or how badly you needed salmon, if you were caught. I was never caught. But there was an old story an old Murphy fellow told me one time from out Big Brook--he was an old salmon spearer, he used to follow the river. They caught him-- the wardens caught him--and they told him he had to appear in Port Hood--no, Inverness then. He had to appear in three days. The same night they caught a Ross fellow from Portree--four miles further up. So when the three days were up, Murphy got up early in the morning and went to Inverness. Actually, it may have been the very next day--but in any case, he had a fresh salmon with him. Murphy took along a nice big fat salmon to sell in Inverness to pay his fine. So when he got out to the main road from Big Brook, Ross from Portree was coming along in his wagon. They knew one another. "Where are you going, Mr. Murphy?" "I was caught spearing and I've got to go to Inverness." "Gosh," the Ross fellow said, "I was caught too. There's where I'm going." Ross fellow said, "How are you going to pay your fine?" "I got a big salmon under the seat. I'm going to sell it in Inverness." Ross said, "I got one, too." You'd have perhaps a flashlight when you were sweeping with the net. But this flambeau was for spearing salmon--that gave a beautiful light. You could see the bottom of the river, you could see everything. That's why it was so easily detected by the warden, if he was around at all. But those days I've heard the old fellows say that they've known seven boats to be on the river at one time, different pools, different sections of the river. The wardens had beats. Using a boat and a flambeau, you speared the fish. When you come down the pool over your salmon, they'll back up, but the first time over they're not wild. Just going right slow and hugging the bottom. And you have all the chances in the world to get him. But the next trip over, you're going to have wild salmon. You put your boat in right up at the head of the pool and start, and go over your pool till you get to the lower end. And it's like anything else--like learning a trade--you know what to do. You light your flambeau and just drift and you have no time to waste--you've got to pick them as you come over them. Some you'll miss. Some probably will be wild. But you usually pick up a salmon or two for a trip over a pool. Then times advanced and pine root got scarce and they couldn't find the pitch pine to make their lights, and gasoline engines came in and kerosene lamps and people learned how to make a light with oil. They used to use bags and kerosene--old sacks. Last long enough for going over a pool. Go over the next one, you could replenish the kerosene. Then gasoline came in. One fellow at the threshing mill (it was run by gasoline engine) said we're going to try this on salmon spearing tonight. I believe it will make a beautiful light. So that night they all made up they would meet at the river and try it in their flambeau. He took some of this gas, it was very strong. In the commotion of getting the boat to the river and the bags in and the flambeau in and everything, his can was leaking a little on the



boat and a lit? tle on the beach. Got some on the flambeau and he hollered,  
everything was ready. All he needed was a match. He struck the match and the  
boat went afire, th' flambeau and river and beach and everything. Discour? aged  
the gasoline. Piece of iron tire A piece of wood S'ti cj