

ARTICLE II.

THE RESTIGOUCHE — WITH NOTES ESPECIALLY
ON ITS FLORA.

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(Read December 1st, 1896.)

Last summer, in company with Dr. W. F. Ganong, I made a trip down the Restigouche in a canoe. On the morning of the 25th July, we started from St. Leonard's Station, about thirteen miles above Grand Falls on the St. John, and made the portage through to the headwaters of the Restigouche, twenty-five miles, arriving there about four o'clock that afternoon. Twelve days after we reached Campbellton after a most delightful trip, in almost uninterrupted fine weather, and upon a river that has no superior in romantic and picturesque scenery, even in this province of beautiful rivers.

Twelve years ago when I stood on Bald Mountain at the head of the Tobique and looked over the expanse of virgin forest, amid which the Restigouche threads its way through a wild and deep valley seaward, I had a desire to know more of a river that is alike the sportsman's paradise, the delight of artists, and almost a *terra incognita* to naturalists. With an appetite sharpened by twelve years of waiting, I became a willing partner in last summer's excursion.

For the first twelve miles of our portage through from the St. John to the head waters of the Restigouche we had a good road. Our portageurs — three men in all — drove ahead on a stout wagon drawn by two horses,