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SALMON FISHING IN THE RESTIGOUCHE.

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THE hilly country in the eastern part of the Province of Quebec will probably in the future be one of the great summer play-grounds of the people of North America. At present, however, it is but little known, and tourists and visitors are sparse: a few of them, Americans, conscientiously "doing the Provinces," a few, denizens of the cities of the interior—mostly Montrealese—who rush to the sea side for cooler air; and a larger proportion, devotees of the Gentle Art, whom the observer identifies by their stacks of fishing-rods, bales of waterproof gear, and grey habiliments. For this last class of visitors these regions have special fascinations; and why? Because in a hilly country where the annual rain-fall is so great, every mountain-gorge has its brook, and every glen has its river; and the rivers here, unlike the tepid, oozy streams of lowland regions, are clear with a crystalline transparency, and cool with the coolness of the hills where they were born; now breaking into tempestuous arrowy rapids, and again creeping noiselessly through deep pools as if afraid to break the stillness of the forest. These are the favorite haunts of the aristocratic species of the Salmonidæ, and the scenes of the exploits and hazards of the sportsman.

A short account of an eight days' excursion on one of the best of these streams, the Restigouche, may not be without interest, especially to the lovers of salmon-fishing.