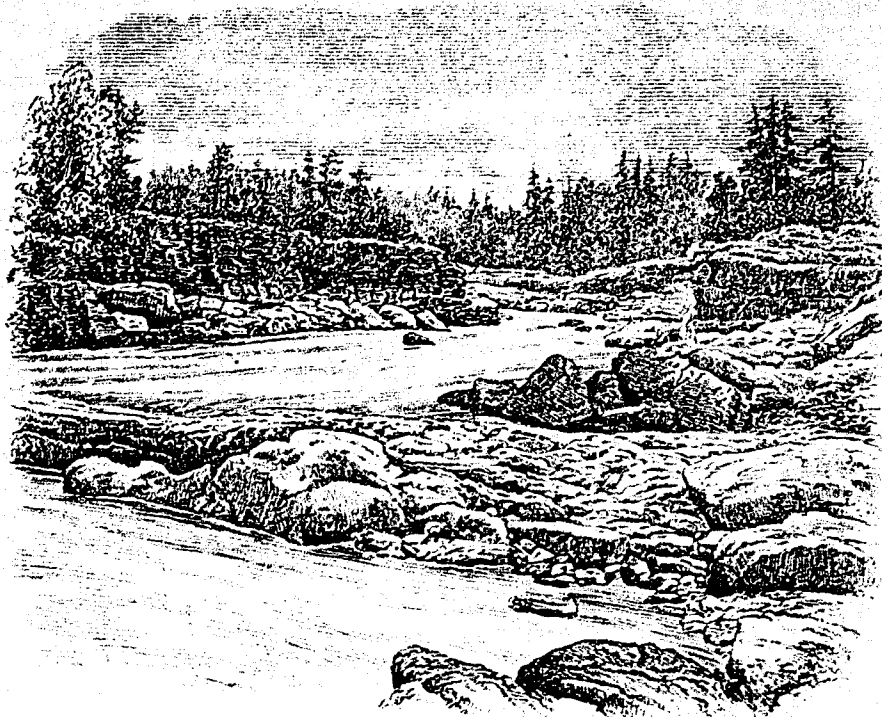


PABINEAU FALLS.



GILMOUR'S CAST.

SKETCHES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

No. 1.—THE NIPISIGUIT RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Nipisiguit River from its mouth near Bathurst to the Grand Falls, a distance of twenty-one miles, is unsurpassed for wild rugged primitive beauty by any other river in America. Beyond this point it ceases to be interesting to the sportsman, as the falls present an unsurmountable barrier to the further progress of that dexterous gymnast, the salmon, and his half-brother, the sea trout, up stream, which find the deep shady pools, gravelly beds, and miniature cascades of this enchanting river a fitting place to deposit their ova. As an angler's resort it has a world-wide reputation, and never fails to repay those who travel thousands of miles in search of sport or the picturesque. The chief points of interest we will briefly sketch.

The first we come upon on ascending the river in a canoe is the "rough waters," three miles from its mouth. It is a series of granite ledges over which in freshet season the waters rush, a sheet of silvery foam boiling, hissing, and dashing hither and thither with a ceaseless thundering roar. This extends over a mile, with a breadth of about one thousand feet.

We portage round this terrible rapid, and proceed pulling upward about four miles, when the "Rapid of the Round Rocks" causes a haul-up and general discharge of rods, reels, tin-pans and tent poles, and other miscellaneous wares consequent on camp life, not forgetting the demi-john. This portage is named from the numerous water-worn round-headed boulders, which rise abruptly from the bed of the river. Near by the Indians had an encampment and small reserve, so that in spite of law and fishing wardens the ruthless spear of the dusky Mic-mac did its fell work of destruction in the pools among these curious bald deposits of the glacial period. Up to this point small farms of excellent land have broken the wilderness with their "green sunny slopes."



FINE ARTS IN THE FOREST.

Here civilization ceases, and the shores on either side are thickly wooded with scrubby spruce and Labrador pine. Wild meadows with a fringe of maple occasionally relieve with their emerald brightness the sombre tones of the evergreens.

Pabineau Falls, eight miles from the starting point, is a favourite resting-place for the prince of fishes. Nature here appears in a very wild and fantastic garb; water and rocks in inextricable confusion striving for mastery. Falls, rapids, whirlpools, pots and

never took his whiskey watered. Everyone visited Dick, and he took their measure as gentlemen from the quantity of firewater they carried for their cruise. Dick was their friend and never disturbed the pools at day-break so long as it lasted. Dick was a thirsty soul from early morn till "dewey eve," and his pretended rights to the fishing-grounds had to be regularly bought up every day, or he would thrash away with a fly as large as a robin and drive every fish up stream.

We give a sketch of him "at home," dis-



FRIED PORK AND FAMILY PRAYERS.

foam forming hundreds of beautiful "bits," such as the lover of nature and the cultivated artistic mind know well how to appreciate. On either bank the same old crusty rock is piled up step upon step with marvellous regularity, in some places full thirty feet above the level of the river. The stream, in a distance of about a quarter of a mile, takes three sudden bends which varies the grouping and increases the many gorgeously picturesque surprises of this delightful locality—black flies and mosquitoes not taken into account.

The "Flat Rock" and "Gilmour's Cast" are the angler's chief stations. The latter is named after a recluse who lived for many years a solitary life near the Pabineau. No one knew whence he came or his pedigree. He is supposed to have been of good family, was evidently well educated, and of Scottish origin. The lovers of the mysterious hugged the idea that he had committed some great crime, and was an outcast and an outlaw, and dare not seek the "busy haunts of men." He would occasionally visit the village to fill his canteen. He lived and died a mystery and alone. It is claimed that he was the first who "whipped" the Nipisiguit.

Old Dick, or the Hermit of the Pabineau, a more recent though not less celebrated character, is likewise associated with the history of the place. He had a hut within a mile of the fishing grounds and lived by the sale of wild meadow hay and what he could "sponge" out of the young lordlings who fished the stream. He was a character in his way, and an authority on Horse Flies and Hackles. His early youth was evidently spent in the "Green Isle," to his dying day he

playing his picture gallery, which consisted of one common print gorgeously coloured, of a Dame du Ballet in professional costume. Money could not purchase this gem of high art from the enraptured Dick. Likewise, his morning call appearance; on his passage through the bushes the mosquitoes would gather round their old friend in a dense cloud. A deputation, bottle in hand, awaits him with some 95 per cent. over proof anything under that would insult his palate. "Four fingers" down and the fisheries were secure for the morning.

THE GRAND FALLS.

Seven miles from the Pabineau is a deep, clean cut cleft in the solid rock, through which the river courses with more or less violence, according to the volume of water passing through it. By some this is considered excellent ground for sport. Beyond this a short distance, and the rapids and falls of the great and little chain of rocks come in view—more labour for the voyageur in the shape of a long portage. It is a succession of small cascades, rapids, pools and broken water, extremely beautiful if not grand. We assisted on one occasion in landing a 30lb fish out of one of these pools. The above is about two miles in length. A good snub-ist can descend this rapid, but it requires one who knows the stream. French half-breeds generally are employed as canoe tenders by fishing parties. They are usually a very temperate, honest race. They have, however, a wonderful liking for fried fat pork at all times, and on all occasions. In the "wee sma' hours" we have awakened with a fizzing in our ears—a stonch

in our nostrils, and behold before our startled vision in full relief the kneeling figures of "Les habitants," counting their aves, and indulging as usual. Just above the little chain of rocks is the basin, a wide lake-like sheet of very deep water. After passing through this, you enter the narrows of the Grand Falls, a rocky gorge. High perpendicular crags shut you in on either side, varying from 150 to 300 feet high, with a breadth of 60 feet. As you pass up this fearful chasm, now and then snubbed in the centre of a glassy sheet of driving and extremely translucent water, you breathe not, you speak not, lest the echo should bring down those terrible frowning, threatening masses of purple rock high up overhead. The sun but seldom faintly tips these gloomy, solemn, cavernous retreats. Natural ice wells can be found among its clefts and rents all through the year. We turn an elbow, and before us springs with a sudden roar the Grand Falls of the Nipisiguit. Taken as a "tout ensemble," it is allowed to be the queen of cascades on this Continent. Had the author of Minne-ha-ha viewed this Fall previous to writing up his "Laughing Waters," he certainly would have changed his base, for the Minne-ha-ha is but a mill sluice compared to the Nipisiguit in point of romantic beauty.

Reader if ever you should visit the Nipisiguit, and fish the pools at the Grand Falls, endeavour to pot your seventeen salmon in one day, for it was done by a well known English sportsman when the writer was on the river. The Falls have three leaps, and a total perpendicular of nearly one hundred feet. Senator Ferguson is the only party lumbering in this river. The difficulties are great. Provisions have to be sent twelve months in advance, and placed in bear houses, or strong buildings secure against the attack of burly Bruin. The nearest camp is seventy-five or eighty miles from Bathurst. The Nipisiguit has suffered much from unlawful netting and spearing. The fishing privileges are now leased, and efficient care taken of the spawning grounds, so that it cannot fail but recuperate, and occupy its former well-deserved popularity.

E. J. R.



OLD DICK en route.