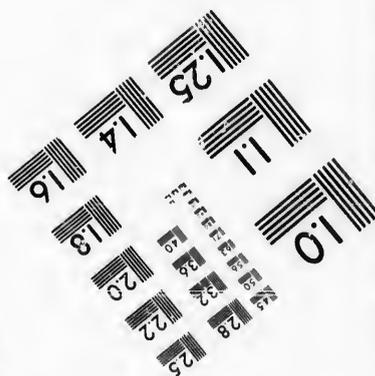
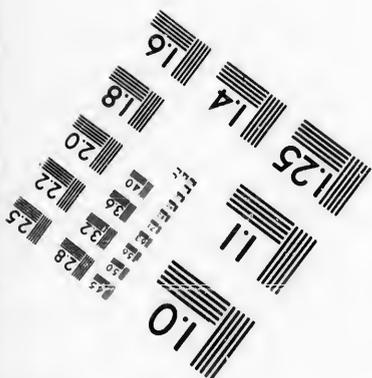
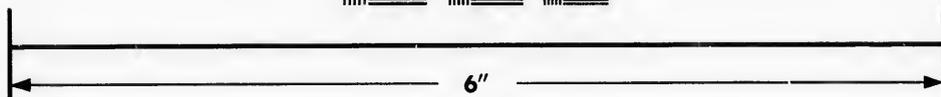
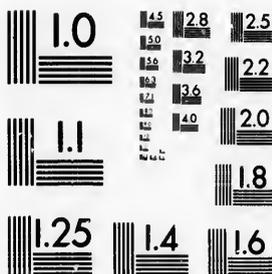


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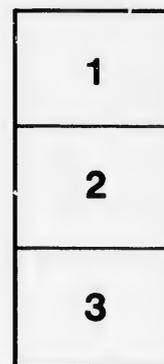
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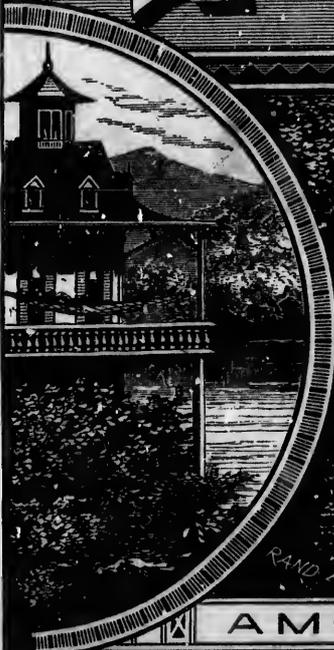
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AND

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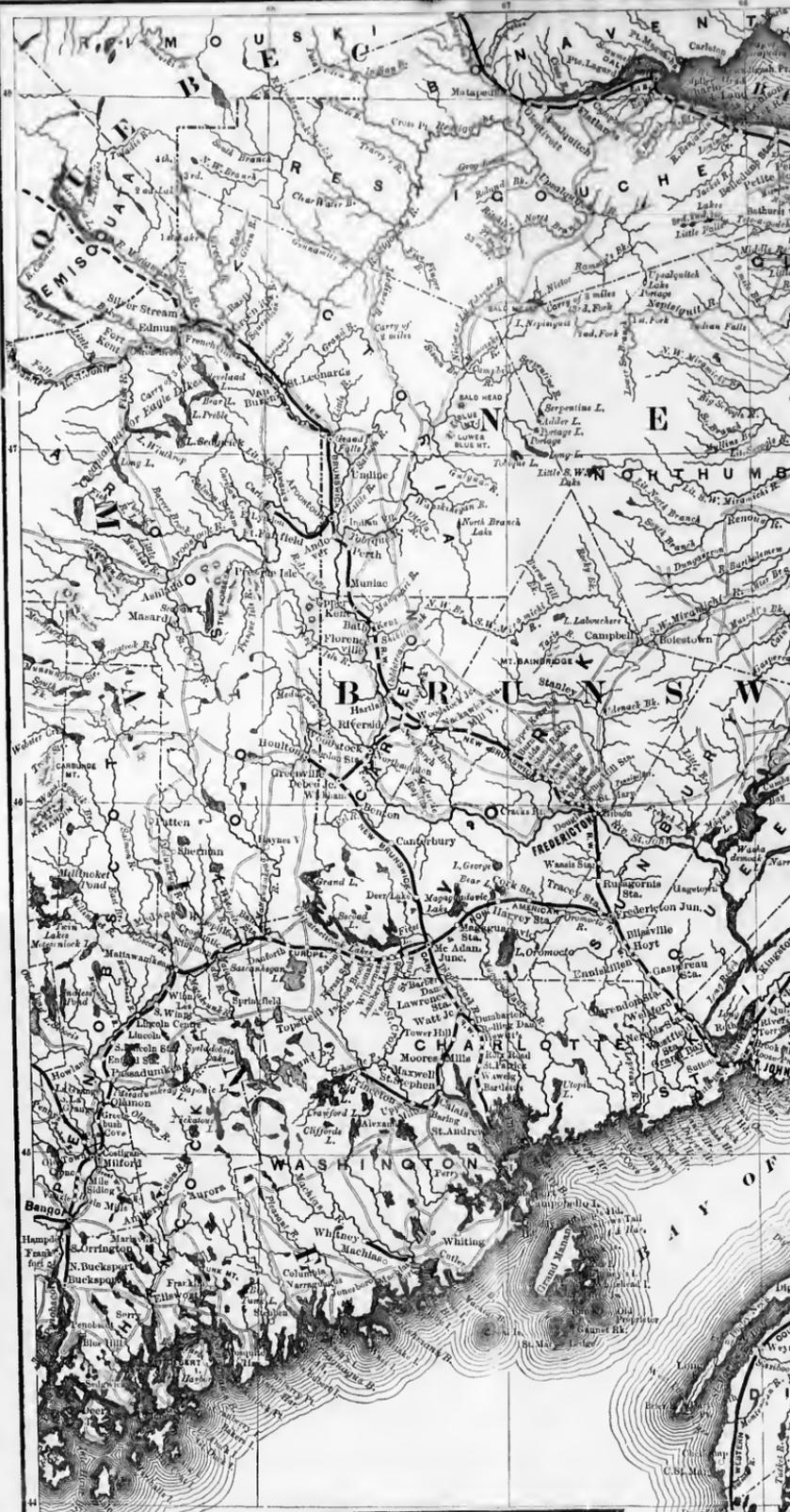
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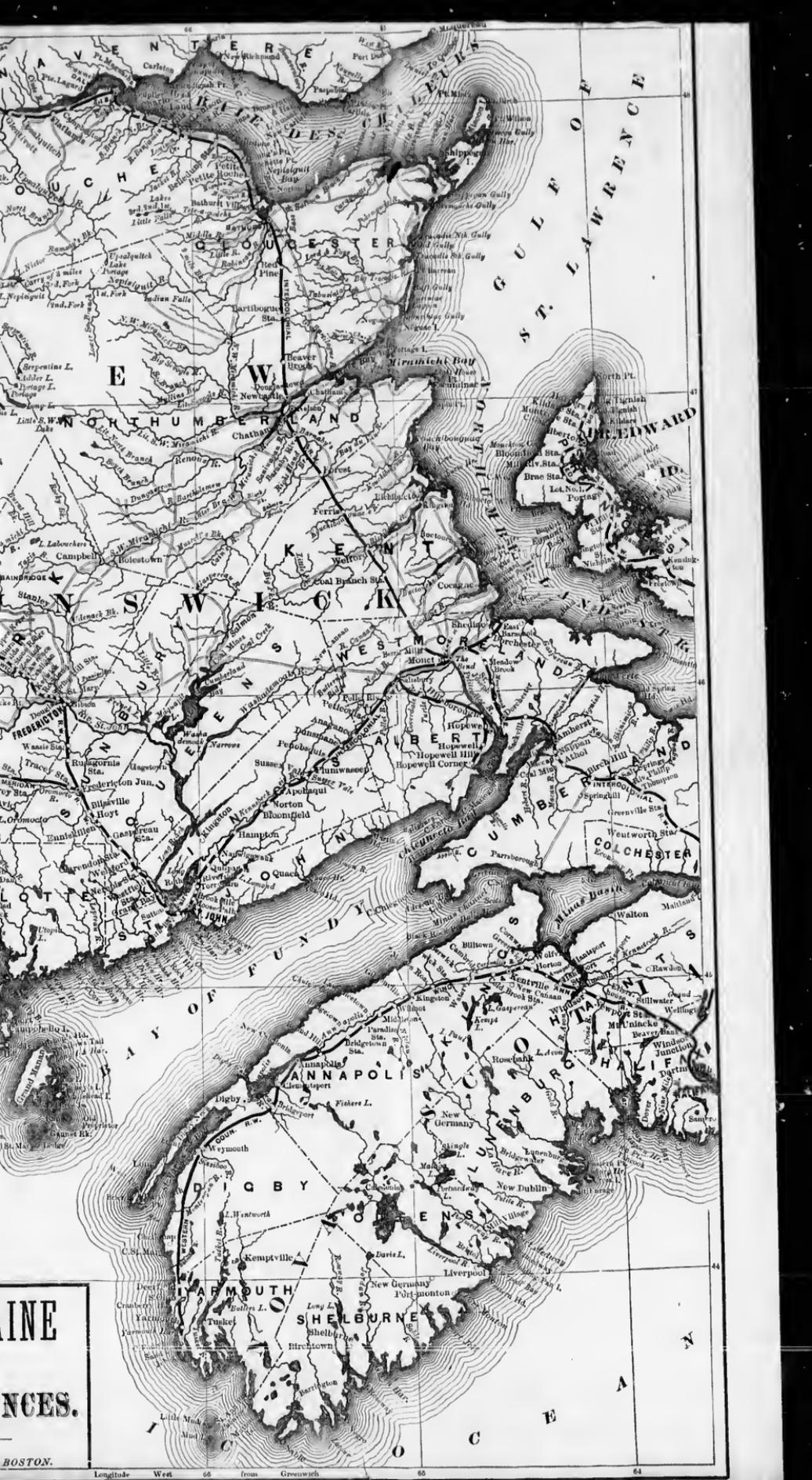


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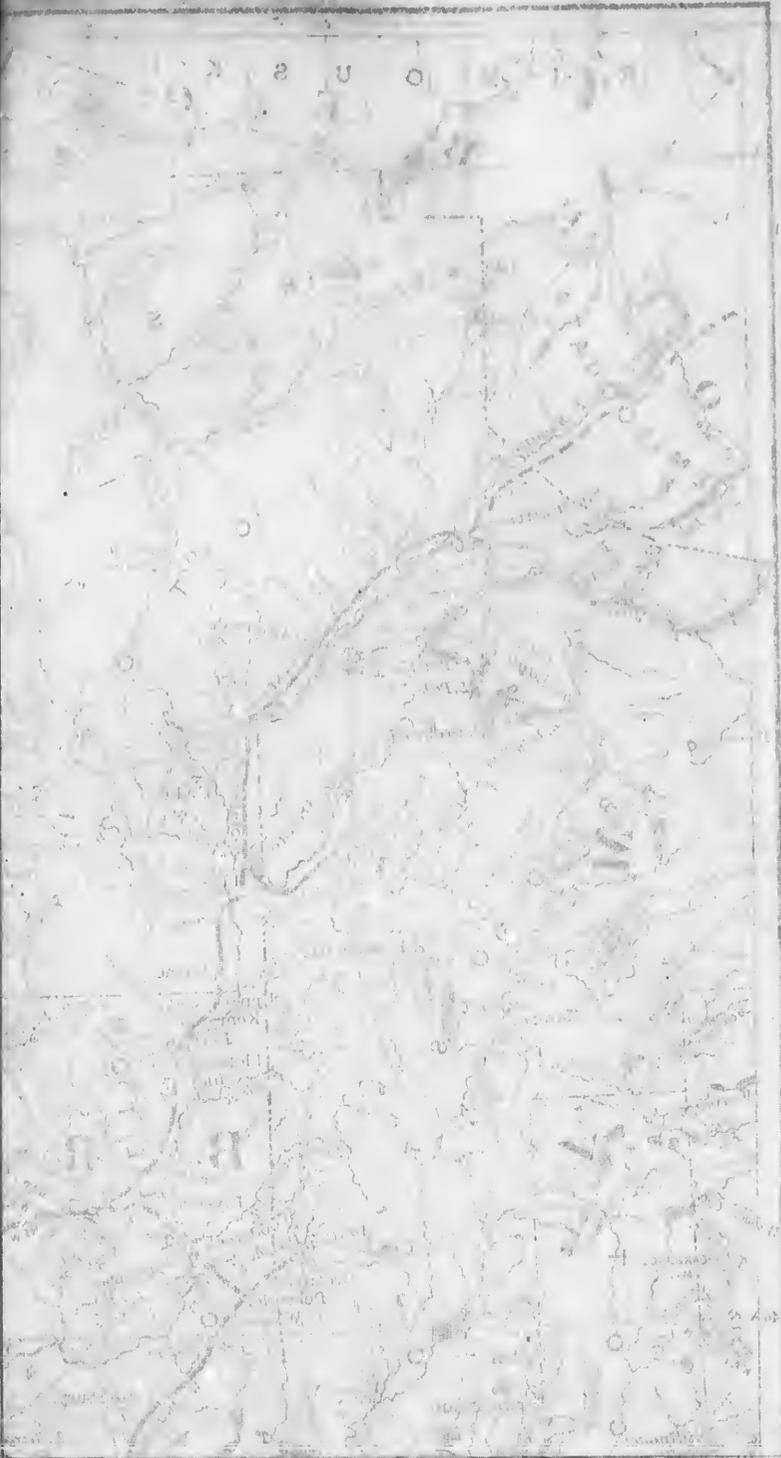
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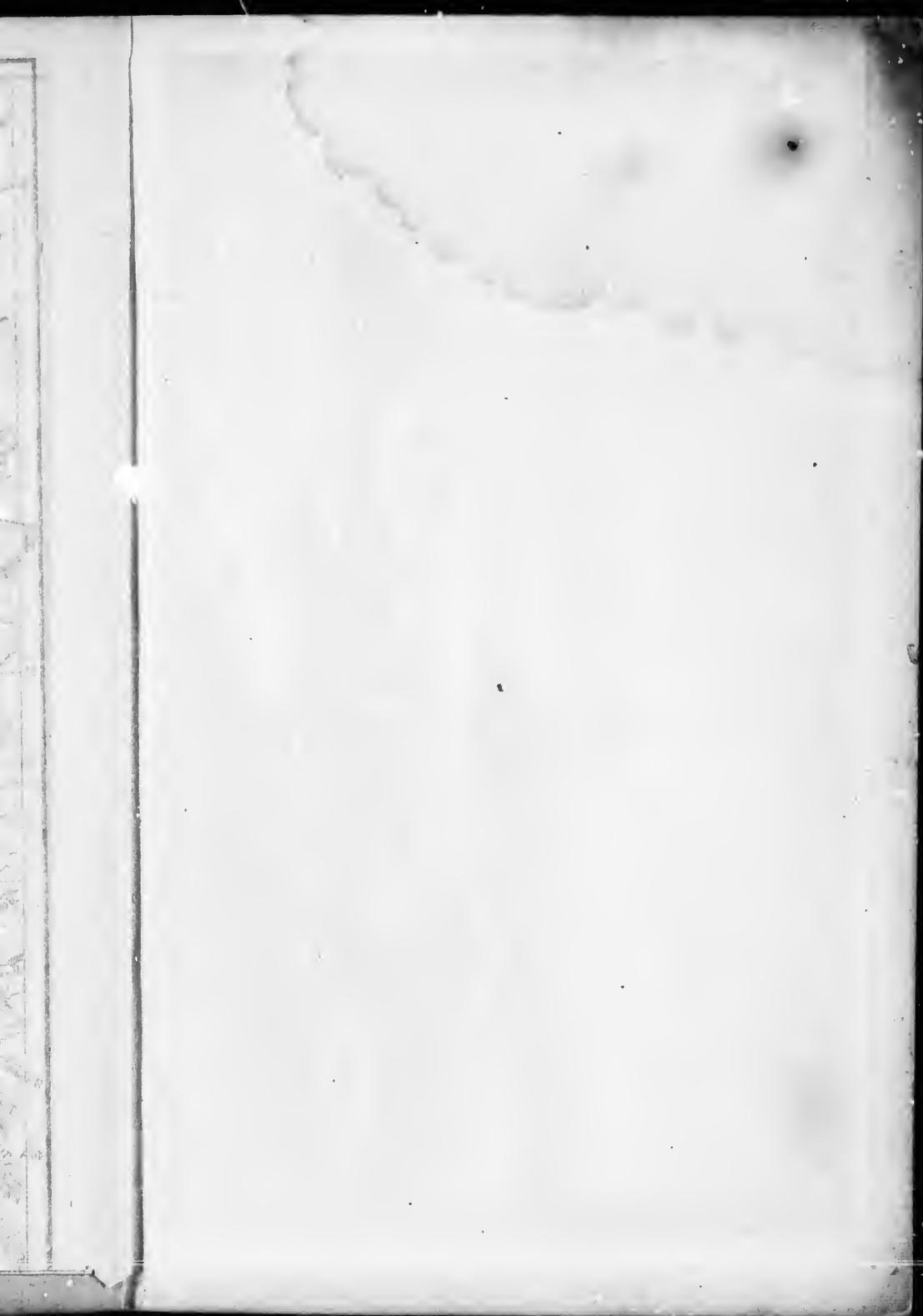
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“OPEN SEASON”

AND

RESTING RETREATS

AMONG THE

Lakes, Rivers, and Mountains

OF

NORTHERN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

ISSUED BY THE

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INTRODUCTION.

THE desire to go fishing is inherent in every son of Adam. It remains in what anatomists call a "rudimentary" state about as long as original sin does, — that is, until the youth has stepped into his first pair of long boots, — when it springs forth into marvellous life and activity. In the make-up of the average city man and woman, there also exists a longing for nature just as it came from the hand of the divine Artificer; a sort of *je ne sais quoi*, which finds expression in those marvellous institutions known as picnics; an indefinable and insatiable appetite for the new and the natural, which has sent tourists from our shores tramping over every island and mountain between the poles. The human soul wearies of modern improvements, longs for the world of its grandfather's days, and flies to the uttermost parts of the earth to find and enjoy it for a little while. Vain hope! As sure as fate and as remorseless as the tax-collector, fast in the wake of the pioneer tourist comes the modern landlord with his enormous hotel, his transcendent clerks, with railroads, telegraphs, daily papers, and all those other things which make a holiday a farce, and banish nature to regions yet unexplored.

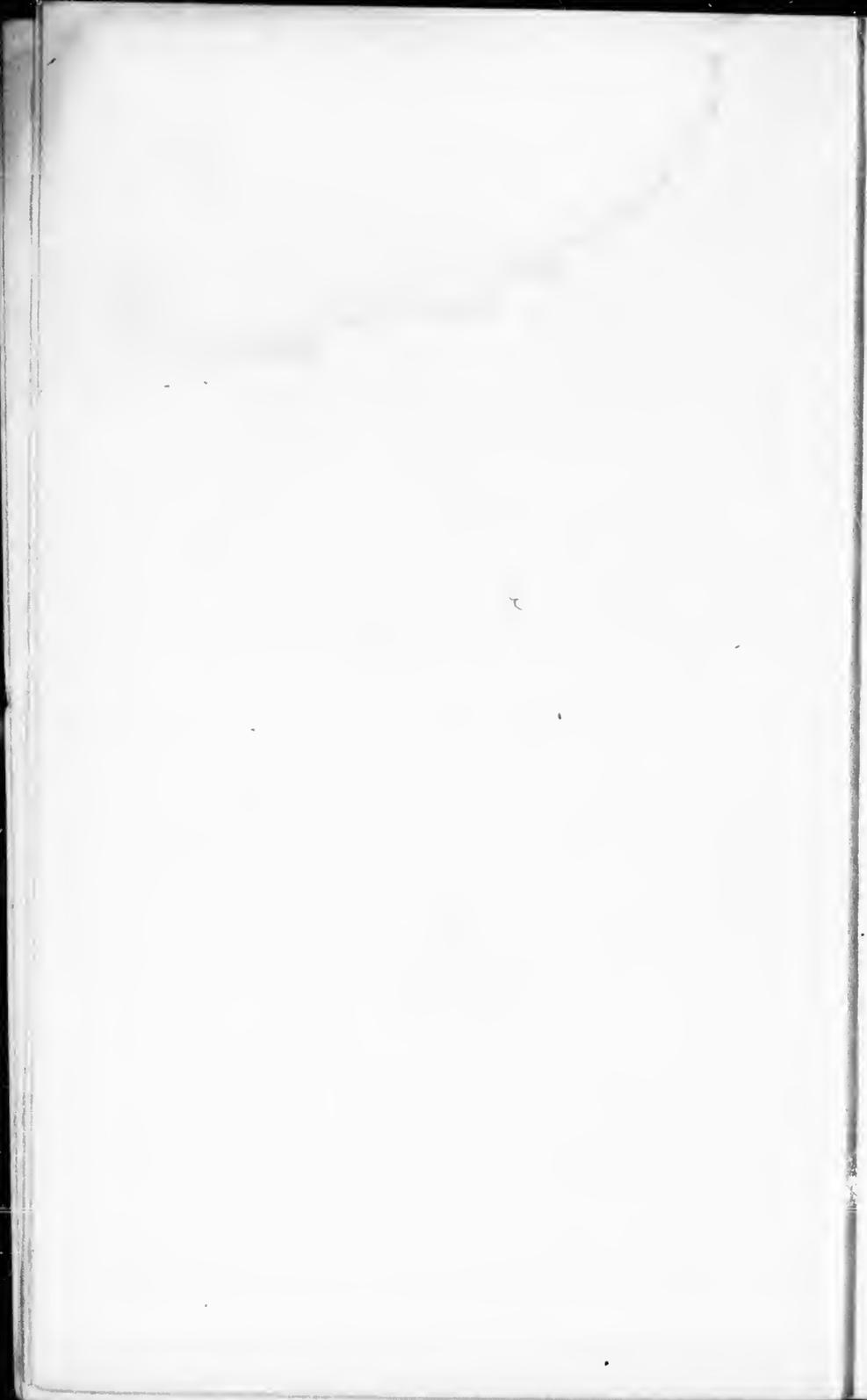
Gentle reader, I have a secret for you; but tell it not to any one, lest all the world should hear it, and hasten to the

spot. There is a land where lofty hills raise their summits to the clouds, and not so much as a footpath upon them; vast forests, large enough to make a dozen States like Rhode Island, given over to the bear, the moose, and other game; a hundred lakes on whose bosom are flocks of wild fowl; and, let me whisper it, streams where salmon and trout crowd each other in darksome pools beneath the shadow of trees which were old when "The Mayflower" dropped her anchor in Plymouth Bay; and all these within twenty-four hours' rail of Boston. There the most devoted lover of "roughing it" can have his fill of pleasure. There those who revel in contemplation of the sublime and beautiful will find glorious landscapes and magnificent combinations of rocks, water, and verdure.

To be more explicit: one or two gentlemen living in New Brunswick received from the Legislature of that province, a few years ago, a large grant of wilderness land as a subsidy for a railroad up the valley of the River St. John. This road has lately been completed, and it crosses the mouths of many tributaries of the St. John, the course of these tributaries lying, for the most part, in the unbroken forest. The settlements along this railway, although in some places nearly a century old, have not yet progressed sufficiently to deprive the country of that interest which attaches to a newly occupied district, and that beauty which belongs especially to those places where land is not too valuable to allow of groves and patches of forest to relieve the monotony of cultivated fields. The chief points of interest to be hereinafter described have long been favorably known, and have, especially the Grand Falls of the St. John River, attracted many visitors. The fishing "trips," as they are called, have had a fair share of devotees of the gentle art; but the ranges of lakes and rivers are of such vast extent, that they are to-day as well stocked with fish as ever. Having been heretofore difficult of access from the cities, these localities are prac-

tically new competitors for summer travel; and, if the experience of the first few months of through railway connection be a fair criterion to judge by, they will prove formidable rivals to the old and established fashionable resorts. On reference to the folded map published herewith, it will be observed that the Eastern, Maine Central, European and North American, New Brunswick and Canada, and New Brunswick Railways, give continuous connection from Boston to Edmundston, — a town away up in the north-west of New Brunswick, and as far north as the northern part of Maine. At and near the stations on the New Brunswick Railway are some of the finest landscapes in America; and from these stations the best fishing-grounds now available to the people of the New England cities can be reached in from one to five hours' drive.







“OPEN SEASON”

AND

RESTING RETREATS.

CHAPTER I.

THE ST. JOHN.

THE River St. John is justly celebrated for its scenery. It is a noble river. Rising in the northern part of the State of Maine, it flows northward, receiving numerous tributaries. At a distance of three hundred miles from the sea, it turns eastward, curving around the northernmost peaks of the Alleghanies in a grand sweep of seventy-five miles; thence it takes a southward course, widening as it goes, until it finds its way to the sea through a rocky gateway whose walls tower grandly above the ebbing and flowing tide. For three hundred miles farm succeeds farm on either shore without a break, except where some town or village raises its spires heavenward. It reaches from the present away back into the past. To ascend it from its mouth to its source is to travel backward over two centuries of Canadian history.

At the sea-shore, where its waters mingle with the ocean, are ships laden in marts far distant; and on every hand the evidence of a refined civilization. Two hundred miles and more up the river we see the new farm and rough cottage of the pioneer English settler. A few miles farther we enter a remnant of "Ancient Acadie," with many of the manners and customs of Evangeline's days yet remaining. A little farther still, and we see the bright light of burning flambeaux marking where the Indian, spear in hand, hovers over the deep pool in which lazy salmon are swimming. And, farther still, the great river is only a forest brook, winding among grand trees not yet desecrated by the woodsman's axe. The St. John has witnessed many stirring scenes. Where the wharves of Carleton now are, and salt sea-breezes blow in from the sea, — a prosaic-looking place enough, — was enacted a grand drama of woman's heroism; and so long as Canada has a history will the name of Madame Latour and the fame of her heroic defence of Fort La Tour be remembered. Within a stone's throw of Gibson Station, on the New Brunswick Railway, stood Fort Nachouac, for a long time the centre of French power in Acadie. Of the gallant struggles here, in which the Chevalier Villebon played so grand a part, there is now no trace, except an occasional bullet or rusted sabre which the ploughshare finds in the mellow soil. At Au-pak, or head of tide, — now called Savage Island, — a few miles above Fredericton, there stood, about a century ago, a large building of poles, — the great council-house of the Melicetes, who then controlled the whole river; the Mohawks having retired to the St. Lawrence after the treaty of Am-wee-nac. Along the shores of this river in days yet longer past, the Mohawks waged such terrible warfare, that, even though ten generations have come and gone since the last battle was fought, the Melicete to-day shudders at the mention of their name.

Since 1784, when a regular provincial government was

established in New Brunswick and Fredericton, founded by Gov. Thomas Carleton, the River St. John has been a scene of long-continued peace. The first English-speaking settlers upon the St. John came somewhat earlier than this. In 1761 Israel Perley was sent from Massachusetts to explore what was afterwards called Sunbury County, Nova Scotia, and is now New Brunswick. Proceeding overland from the settlements in Southern Maine, he came upon the head waters of the Oromocto, which stream he followed to the St. John, and found the deserted farms of the Acadians. This expedition led to the establishment of the Maugerville Colony from Massachusetts. In 1839 a war-cloud appeared on the horizon, owing to certain territorial disputes between the British Government and the United States; but, thanks to the good sense of both parties, a collision was avoided. The American tourist who finds his way into Aroostook, and walks through its thriving towns, or drives out among its magnificent farms, ought to bless the memory of Daniel Webster, who secured for his government this territory in the treaty which followed "the Aroostook War."

From a point two and a half miles above Grand Falls, the St. John is the international boundary, and continues to be so for seventy-three miles. In all its four hundred and fifty miles of course there is no choicer scenery than is to be found in this portion. The hills are bolder, the islands smaller and more picturesque, than they are farther down river, and, although there are wanting those grand stretches of water which characterize the Lower St. John, their place is more than supplied by the curving shores which limit the field of view, and give it a lake-like character.

The central point on the Upper St. John is the Grand Falls, and it is central not only in point of distance, but by reason of its excellent hotel accommodation. The Grand Falls Hotel is a new house expressly intended for tourists,

and kept in first-class style. There are several other houses here for those who prefer a quieter resting-place than a modern hotel affords, notably Glasier's, a new and excellent establishment. Whatever may be the ultimate destination of the down-East tourist, he is recommended to include Grand Falls in his trip, and, if he confine himself to the Upper St. John, to make that town his headquarters.

It would require a vivid imagination to discover very much along the railway from Bangor, Me., to Woodstock, N.B., to awaken enthusiasm. There are mills and tanneries, rivers and forests, granite rocks and pine-trees, farms, and practical-looking towns and villages. But the country, to say the least, is not ornamental, especially that portion of it through which the New Brunswick and Canada Railway passes. This railway, however, possesses some interest apart from its capacity as a common carrier of freight and passengers, it having been the first road projected in Canada; the late John Wilson of St. Andrews, N.B., having proposed its construction from that town to Quebec in 1828, — only three years after the opening of Stephenson's first railway.

Woodstock, the terminus of this road, is on the bank of the St. John, a hundred and forty-seven miles from the sea, and is a town of about three thousand population. It is the centre of as fine an agricultural district as can be found in the same latitude in America. The roads through the adjoining parishes, bordered as they are with well-tilled farms, on which are admirable substantial and ornamental dwellings, afford a series of carriage-drives not to be surpassed in interest and beauty. Twelve miles distance by a road, from a point upon which is a magnificent view of hills and valleys, with the grand summit of Katahdin in the background, is Houlton, a genuine Yankee village, a bustling lively place, and a pretty one as well. Houlton

has railway connection with the New Brunswick and Canada Railway by a short branch line, and is happy in the matter of hotel accommodation.

At Woodstock the traveller up the St. John takes the New Brunswick Railway, which has a branch line to the town. Crossing the river on a long wooden bridge, the railway skirts the shore for four miles, ascending a heavy grade most of the distance, then striking back from the river to the main trunk line. An excellent view is to be had from the car-windows at this point. The elevation at the extreme end of the landscape is Moose Mountain. It is about thirty-five miles distant. The junction is in the heart of a hardwood forest; but the road in its course up river soon gets out into the clearings on the bank of the river, which it closely follows as far as Edmundston, the present terminus, passing through highly cultivated land almost the whole distance. The views from the car-windows, and especially from the rear of the train, are very beautiful.

"*Muniac, Muniac!*" calls out the brakesman as the train rolls up to an unpretending station forty-eight miles from Woodstock. A very pretty landscape the river makes here as it sweeps between the hills; but it is not for this that we pause to notice the spot, nor are we interested by the stories of possible gold-mines among the deep ravines, through which flows the stream from which the station takes its name. This is historic ground, for it is Am-wee-nae where the pipe of peace was smoked by the Melicetes and Mohawks after a war which had lasted for many moons. Tradition tells us that long ago the contending tribes, wearied with conflict, had lain aside the bow, and sought rest,—the Micmacs on the shore of Lake Temisquata; the Melicetes, at Au-pak, or head of tide. Winter was coming on, and the warriors went to the sea for Paska-dum qua-diah, or haddock. [The down-East reader

will here find the origin of the name Passamaquoddy.] Nine men only were left at the home encampment. Two of these, while hunting, made their way to Am-wee-nac, where they found encamped a large party of Mohawks preparing for a descent on Au-pak. Quickly they returned, and took counsel with their friends, which resulted in the nine men embarking in their canoes to try and accomplish by strategy what they could not by force. Approaching Am-wee-nac, they kept close to the western shore of the river, out of arrow-shot from the Mohawk encampment, and one after the other passed around the point, landed, carried their canoes into the woods, hurried across a narrow neck of land to the river again, a little way below, and again poled up around the point; and thus they kept up with the three canoes a steady procession all day long, and, so the story goes, long into the night. Meanwhile, all was excitement in the Mohawk camp, and fear that the Melicetes were too strong in numbers to be successfully coped with; so that when morning came, and five of the nine came over to propose a truce, the calumet was quickly brought, and a lasting treaty agreed upon; and so, saith the veracious chronicler Gabe, a sturdy hunter of the olden sort, ended the war in which had been spent the best blood of three generations of warriors. "Is it true, Gabe?" we asked. "You no believe him, mebbee you tell how war did stop," is the conclusive rejoinder.

Andover is a station fifty-seven miles from Woodstock. There is a pretty village here built along the river-bank irregularly for about a mile. It has two hotels and several fine residences. Andover has many attractions to visitors. The village itself is like a hundred other little country towns, though few, perhaps, are as prettily located; but there is within easy reach much that is interesting. A drive of six miles will take one to the Aroostook Falls, — a charming spot for a picnic, and a place well worth seeing.

These falls are, as their name signifies, on the Aroostook River, about three miles from its junction with the St. John. Anywhere else than in this country of grand scenery, they would be noted, and people would make long journeys to see them. "The Falls" is the name given to a series of cascades through a wild and picturesque gorge a quarter of a mile long, terminating in a deep pool with precipitous banks a hundred feet high. There is good trout-fishing both above and below the Falls, and a good fisherman may get a salmon in the great pool. Most persons who visit Andover spend a day at the Tobique Narrows, or go a short distance up that stream fishing. The Narrows will be more particularly described in a succeeding chapter. Five and a half miles from Andover is Aroostook Junction, whence a branch line goes to Caribou, Me., nineteen miles distant. The main line continues along the St. John, and at eighty-one miles from Woodstock reaches Grand Falls.





CHAPTER II.

GRAND FALLS, N. B.

EW places within the reach of tourists possess so many and such a variety of attractions as the Grand Falls of the St. John River. In the grandeur of the cataract, the rugged sublimity of the gorge, the fury of the rapids, the rich coloring of the rocks, the lovely outlooks from the high hills, the charming drives, the strong, pure air, the quaint customs of the French *habitans*, and last, but not least, the excellent fishing-grounds within easy reach, it is without a successful rival. Even in the old stage-coach days, when it was seventy-five miles to the nearest railway-station, the Falls attracted many visitors. In 1872 in three months over twelve hundred guests registered at what is now the American House, then the leading hotel of the place, and most of these were persons from a distance spending a holiday with horse and carriage leisurely through the country. Since the New Brunswick Railway has reached there, the tide of travel thither is increasing, and the prospect is, that a new claimant and a powerful one has risen to demand the attention of the army of pleasure-seekers which every year is abroad in the land. That the Falls will become popular would seem to be assured by the fact that the posi-



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tion of the town is such, that, be it never so warm a day, there is generally sufficient circulation of air to prevent sultriness. Moreover, there are retired nooks—not a few, but dozens of them—among the rocks or the recesses of the neighboring forests, where there is perennial shade; so that this town, though more than a hundred miles in any direction from salt water, is in a great measure free from the objection, on account of intense summer heat, which is made with so much reason to many very interesting places. A very few words will suffice to describe the town. It stands on a horseshoe-shaped peninsula (see map) formed by a bend in the river, is laid out with mathematical regularity, and built up with a refreshing indifference to any thing like symmetry. A street large enough for a farm, and called Broadway, runs through the centre of the town. A little way from one end of it is the railway station, and a little way from the other end the Falls. There is about three-quarters of a mile between the two points. To describe the cataract itself and its surroundings passes the power of pen or pencil. It is easy to give heights and distances, and a painter may make the rocks stand out upon his canvas, and the water seem to seethe and boil; but the best description, the most skilful picture, would lack the life of the scene. The frowning cliff is overwhelming to look upon, not only because its summit is two hundred feet above the place on which we stand, but because the mighty waves which break against its base proclaim its majesty in their thunder. The cataract is glorious to behold, not only for its seventy-five feet of height, but for its changing lights and shadows, its prismatic effects, its steaming clouds of spray, its solemn voice which seems to make the very rocks tremble. The most one can do is to tell the visitor where to go, so that he may see all that is to be seen, and see it to the best advantage. Let the tourist follow the directions contained in these pages; for they have been tested a hundred times, and

he will leave the Falls persuaded that not even Niagara, with all its grandeur, excels this splendid cataract.

The peninsula upon which the village stands is twenty chains wide in the narrowest part, with banks nearly perpendicular descending to the river. That next the upper basin is one hundred and twenty-five feet high; that next the lower basin, two hundred and fifty feet high. This configuration of the country gives variety of scene, and is, perhaps, the reason why the warmest days of summer are usually tempered by a slight breeze. A ravine which was formerly the old river-channel bounds the village on the west, and separates it from what is known as the mountain, the top of which is about twelve hundred feet above sea-level. One of the pleasantest walks in the neighborhood of the Falls is up the side of this hill, and the outlook from the top is very fine. Seven hundred feet below, and a quarter of a mile away, is the village. A thousand feet below, and less than half a mile away, is the blue water of the lower basin. Fair farms and cosey homesteads greet the eye in every direction. You can discern the break of the water as it makes its first plunge at the great cataract, and just catch a glimpse of it as it issues from the mouth of the gorge foaming from its mile struggle with the rocks.

If the first visit to the Falls is made at night, the best place to go to is the bridge. At times a lunar bow can be distinctly seen spanning the gorge; and occasionally will-o-the-wisps hovering over the moist, mossy caverns. In the daytime it is better not to go to the bridge in the first instance. The best course to take is to go down Front Street, or the street next the upper basin. From this a grassy, shaded road turns to the left, which leads directly to the brink of the caldron into which the river plunges. Without waiting to analyze the view, pass over the canal upon which the mill stands, and go out to the rock which



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projects in the face of the Falls, and a little below the crest. If these directions are followed, the first impressions of the Falls will exceed the most vivid anticipations. It is idle to attempt to depict the scene. The plunge of the cataract is seventy-five feet, and the distance from one side of the gorge to the other in a straight line is three hundred feet. Excepting in very dry summers there is an unbroken curtain of water from one side to the other, falling into a whirlpool of terrific power. Clouds of spray hang around the base of the Fall, or drift heavily against the black walls of rock.

About three-quarters of a century ago Sir John Caldwell dug the canal, and built a saw-mill at the Falls. A long boom was anchored in the stream above the cataract, and men were employed to guide into the boom the logs which floated down the stream. Two men would man a canoe, and they towed the logs by means of an iron dog and chain fastened to the canoe. One day a large pine log floated by the boom, and down towards the cataract. A canoe quickly went in pursuit: the dog was made fast, and the *voyageurs* dipped their paddles with all their power, for they had run a greater risk than usual. For a moment the canoe and log remained stationary; but soon the remorseless current bore them backwards towards the abyss, slowly at first, but soon with the speed of an arrow. One chance of life remained, — to break the chain: so one of the *voyageurs* rose, and struck at it with his axe. But for once his sure aim was at fault: the axe missed its mark, and slipped from his hands into the water. And now he dropped upon his knees, and above the thunder of the cataract rose his voice in prayer for his wife and little ones. The other sat motionless, except his giant arms, which wielded the paddle with the energy of despair. And so they went to their death. Tradition tells of another scene enacted here many years ago. An Indian girl of the Milicetes was taken prisoner by the

Mohawks, who had killed her father and brothers. Her captors planned a night descent upon her tribe, and she was directed to build a fire to mark the nearest point to the Falls which could be safely approached by canoes. She built the fire on the rocks below the Falls, and then, as a guaranty of her good faith, led the advancing canoes. Straight for the light she steered. Closely the warriors followed, over the Falls the whole band sailed, and none escaped.

The view from the foot of the cataract is very striking; and perhaps the best view in the whole gorge is from the point which projects out into the stream just above the outlet of the canal. Very few persons go there, as it is somewhat difficult of access, and it is generally enshrouded in spray.

After having examined the points of interest on the west side, the best course to adopt is to cross the bridge to the eastern shore, and go cut upon the rocks just below the main fall. At one point here a descent can be made to the water's edge; but it is dangerous. The best point to see the logs go over the Falls is on this side, and it also affords the best view of the rapids at high water.

The bridge is the second structure erected across the gorge. The first was upon a different principle from this one, and it fell, causing the loss of two lives. The present bridge is very substantial.

The favorite place of resort in the gorge is "The Wells," situated about half way between the two basins. The Wells are immense holes worn in the rock by the action of the water upon small stones. They occur in the neighborhood of most all waterfalls, but at the Grand Falls are exceptionally large. They serve to indicate the immense age of the gorge. So gradual is the process of erosion, that the work of a year is not noticeable; and it is doubtful if in twenty-five years there would be any appreciable increase in the size, even of those wells which are always exposed to the

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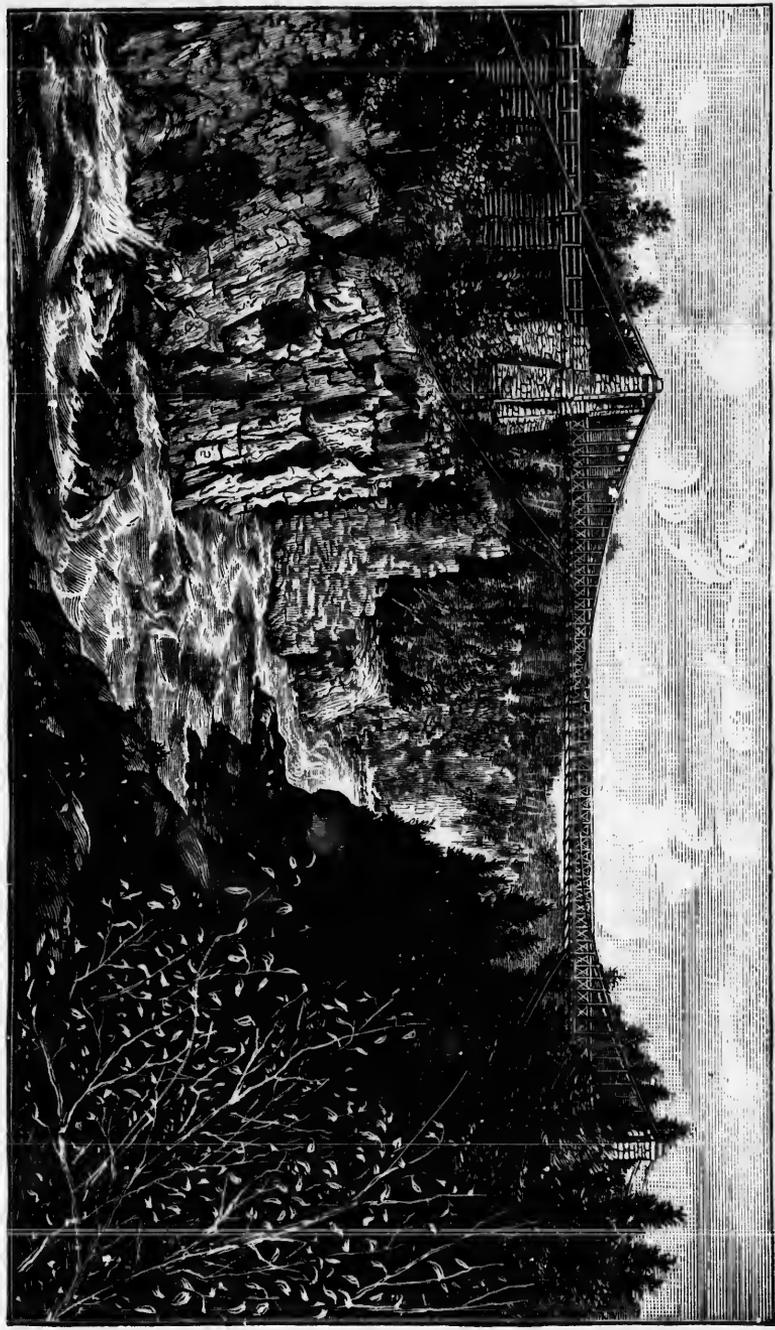
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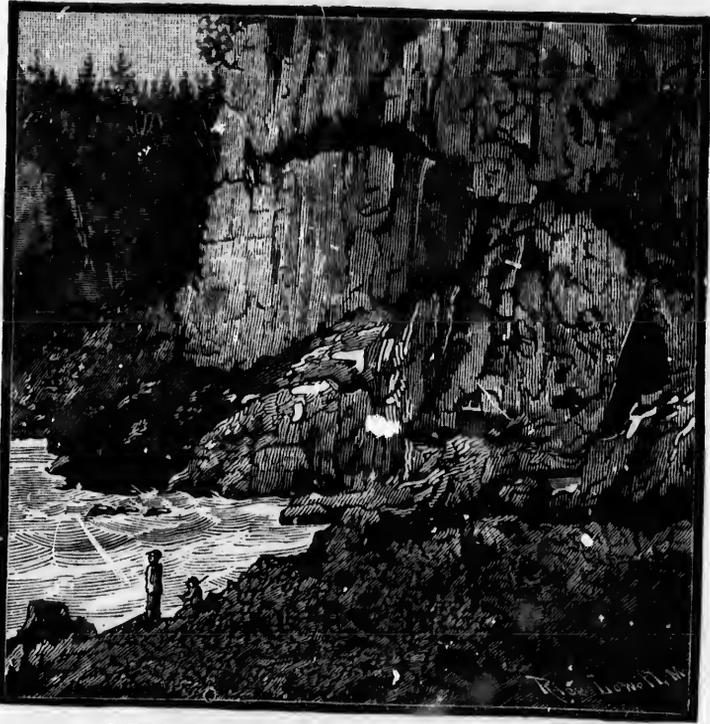
action of the water. This being so, it is difficult to conceive of the time occupied in wearing away the three thousand cubic feet of rock which have been displaced to form



THE WELLS, GRAND FALLS NARROWS.

the Great Well, especially in view of the fact that for centuries the water has run through it only for a few months in each year. It may not be uninteresting to mention here that geologists are of the opinion that the Falls have worn

their way up from the lower basin to the position they now occupy. At one time they say the peninsula of Grand Falls was a horse-back separating a large lake from the ocean, the outlet being through the old river valley near the rail-



SCENE OPPOSITE WELLS, GRAND FALLS NARROWS.

way station. Subsequently, as the whole continent was raised up from the ocean, the old channel was closed, and a new one opened, following the general course of the present one. Whether these theories are correct or not, it is certain that forces of marvellous magnitude, and slow in

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their operation, formed the gorge. This is evident from the fact that the strata are all standing in nearly a perpendicular position, and are twisted, or rather *crumpled*, as one would crumple the leaves of a book by pressing upon their edges.

The descent to the Wells is through a grove of spruce for the first hundred and fifty feet, or to high-water mark. Thence a farther descent of fifty feet perpendicular, but about two hundred over the rocks, leads to a natural platform close to the water. At this point the river, which just above the Falls is eight hundred feet wide, is contracted to a width of sixty feet, and pours over a slanting fall of thirty feet. A precipice rising two hundred feet sheer from the water forms the opposite shore. The first feeling which comes to a stranger as he stands on this platform is of bewilderment. The solid rocks seem afloat, and to be borne along at headlong speed against the foaming water. It is necessary, in order to take in the full majestic beauty of such a spot as this, to remain in contemplation of it until this feeling of confusion gives place to one of security; and it is because they violate this rule that so many persons who visit great cataracts come away with crude and unsatisfactory ideas respecting them.

The Wells are five in number; one of them, the smallest, being always full of water, and another, the largest, being nearly always dry. Pulpit Rock is near at hand. This is a large block standing upright on its base, and is so called from its resemblance to an old-fashioned pulpit. It is well named too, for it proclaims with silent eloquence the great power of nature. The view up the gorge is grand beyond description. It presents a vast amphitheatre whereof the floor is of water, and the walls of perpendicular rock from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and twenty-five feet high. A frowning precipice on the farther shore looms up like the ruined portal of a cathedral built

by giants. In every direction are towering crags crowned with foliage, and draped with mosses and lichens of all shades and hues. The ceaseless thunder of the water reverberates through the rocky chamber, combining with



PULPIT ROCK, GRAND FALLS NARROWS.

the rush of the rapids and the grandeur of the rocks to call up sensations of awe. There is not within the range of summer travel a more sublime scene than that presented by this view from the Wells. The illustrations will give some little idea of it; but they necessarily show only a

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part, and are, as a matter of course, lacking in the contrast between the life-like speed of the water and the solemn firmness of the rocks.

The view down the gorge at this point is closely shut in by the lofty rocks, which seem to bar the river's passage. "The Coffee-Mill," a whirlpool about one hundred feet in diameter, forms a prominent feature in this scene. From the Wells a safe path leads up to the bridge. Every foot of the distance is interesting. About a hundred yards from the Wells is a ravine the bottom of which is of broken stone, and slopes to the river. This is the best place to get souvenirs of the Falls in the shape of prettily-marked stones. The best are to be found close to the water. The upper side of this ravine rises at an angle of about seventy degrees for the first thirty feet, and above this is perpendicular for a hundred. To one approaching, it appears an impassable barrier; but on closer examination a natural footpath will be found about half way up the slope, by which the point can be passed without difficulty. The best course to take from this point is directly out over the rocks, until a view of the bridge is obtained. The contortions of the strata are more marked in this part of the gorge than in any other, and are worthy of particular examination. At the point whence the best view of the bridge is obtained are three large wells of great depth, and always full of water. A few words descriptive of the scene at this point will perhaps give an idea of the scenery in the gorge. The spectator here has before him a vista of white water, nearly half a mile long, terminating in the great cataract; and about the middle distance the bridge spans the gorge with a clear altitude of a hundred and twenty-five feet. The furious rapid breaks upon the rocks at his feet, and throws its spray around him. The river is about a hundred feet wide, and the farther shore is a precipice over two hundred feet high. On all sides, excepting that occupied by the great cataract, the view is shut in by

the lofty rocks. These certainly are the materials for grand scenery. The Cave, so called, is up the rocks to the left, and it is visited by every one. Many persons go no farther up the gorge than this point; but those who do not mind a little climbing are recommended to go on, as many most interesting places lie between the cave and the bridge. A good path leads up to the top of the gorge near the bridge, and most remarkable mosses may be found while ascending. It will take from four to six hours to go from the Wells to the bridge, and see all that is worth seeing. One accustomed to climbing the rocks could make the circuit in an hour, but would see very little.

Some of the finest views at the Falls are from points on the eastern side of the gorge. They are reached by going out the Tobique Road (so called) marked on the plan "road to New Denmark," taking the first path to the right (see plan), and following it around the top of the gorge to Lover's Leap and Falls Brook. From the Grand Falls Hotel to Falls Brook is about a mile. After leaving the highway road, one who is intent on seeing the best views will have to trust somewhat to his own exploratory powers: the only direction which can be given is to follow the general course of the path, making occasional departures from it so as to approach near the edge of the cliff. The Lover's Leap is so called for no particular reason. It is an overhanging precipice about a hundred and seventy-five feet high and at its base is a pool of unknown depth called Falls Brook Basin. A tradition of doubtful authenticity mentions this rock as a place whence Indians cast their captives taken in war. It is certainly well adapted for such a purpose; and the tradition has this much to commend it. The outlook from the top is superb; the deep black pool so far below, the lofty precipices on either side, the silvery threads of Falls Brook against the deep gray of the rocks, the forest raising its branches to the sky, combine to make a beautiful pic-

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ture. It is matter of doubt whether it is harder work going down to Falls Brook than it is coming up again: the only thing certain about it is that the views from the rocks below are well worth the trouble of ascending and descending. The easiest way to get to Falls Brook is to go up from the lower basin in a canoe at low water. At very favorable seasons one may go in this manner as far as the Coffee-Mill, and possibly skilful canoe-men might reach the foot of the Falls at the Wells: this, however, is only at very low water. At any other time no craft could live anywhere between the two basins.

All tourists are recommended to begin at the river-bank, directly opposite the railway station, and walk along until they strike the street nearest the gorge, for the views down river, including the lower basin, are especially fine; also to go up the highway on the east bank of the river to the top of the hill above the Falls. In driving, to go down the road to Salmon River, to the place marked on the plan with an asterisk. There is good partridge-shooting down this road in the autumn. A very beautiful drive in the evening is up the road to Van Buren for a mile or so. The river above the Falls makes a charming picture at sunset. The ascent of the mountain has been already spoken of: reference is made to it again for the purpose of naming the elevations to be seen from it. The hills about the centre of the field of view, but a little to the right, are the Salmon River Mountains, and are about nine miles away. They form a continuous range terminating on the south in a hill called Blue Bell. The pale-blue range north of these, and just on the horizon, are the Blue Mountains, sixteen hundred feet high and about twenty-five miles away. The conical hill north of these is Bald Head, twenty-two hundred feet high and thirty-five miles away. If the day is very clear, Bald Mountain, the highest elevation east of Katahdin, can be seen to the north of Bald Head. It is twenty-eight hundred feet high and

about forty miles distant. From Bald Head to the extreme southern point of view is over fifty miles.

The foregoing pages are intended for practical use as a guide to the Falls. No attempt at description has been made beyond what was absolutely necessary to secure this object, and this for two reasons: firstly, the limits of this book would not permit a description of the various points of interest in detail; and, secondly, the writer is conscious of his inability to depict the grandeur and beauty of this wonderful place. If there were only two or three points of interest, it would be not very difficult to tell all about them; but they are innumerable. This may sound like exaggeration, but it is not. It is the sober truth, that, outside of the town plat, every foot of the peninsula is interesting. The universal verdict of those who thoroughly explore it is that it is unrivalled. The writer spent two days of 1879 with a high Dominion official, whose home is not far from Niagara, in visiting those of the chief points to be got at in that length of time. As we stood at nightfall looking down into the lower basin, whose pale-blue water, two hundred and fifty feet below us, bore upon its bosom masses of foam as it moved majestically on between its forest walls, he said, "This exceeds my utmost expectations. It is unquestionably the finest scenery in Canada."

Lord Dufferin, who visited the Falls in 1873, declared publicly that the scenery was finer than any he had then seen in Canada. Such testimony as this could be multiplied a thousand-fold.

At whatever time during the season of open water a tourist may select to visit the Grand Falls, he will find them an object of great interest. There is always a large flow of water over them. This is, of course, greater in the month of May than at any other period; and during that month the Falls and the gorge present a scene of indescribable grandeur. The spring freshet usually adds over fifteen

feet to the depth of the river above the Falls, and increases its breadth considerably. When one thinks that all this immense body of water passes through the gorge, which at some places is not more than a hundred feet wide, it is easy to believe that the result must be a terrible struggle between the rocks and the water. And so it is. The Falls are then about twice as wide as at low water, but are not more than ten to twenty feet in height; and the water, forced into the narrow passage, rises in a vast wave higher than the top of the cataract. Vast columns of spray shoot high into the air as though forced up by some huge engine. The commotion of the water is terrible. At one moment it presents a level, seething, yellowish-white surface; suddenly a fearful gulf will open, disclosing bare black rocks a hundred feet below. For an instant it will seem as though some unseen power was about to rend the sides of the gorge in twain as the gulf widens more and more; but quick as thought its watery walls close together in a foam-crested wave, with a crashing roar louder than thunder. Never is the appearance the same for a minute at a time.

The visitor in June will not have such good opportunities of seeing the rocks as he would have later in the season; but the rapids are finer, and the cataract grander, then, than in midsummer. An opportunity is also afforded in June to observe the "logs going through." Very large quantities of lumber are cut upon the head waters of the St. John, and floated down the river. This necessitates the passage of thousands of logs through the gorge, and it is extremely interesting to watch them. To give an idea of the power of the rapids, and at the same time of the depth of the water, it may be mentioned, that, just above the bridge, there is at half freshet a fall of a few feet, caused by a sudden narrowing of the channel and a consequent heaping-up of the water behind. Logs from

twenty to forty feet long coming over this fall are carried down out of sight in the seething pool below, and, after remaining buried for a few moments, spring up, as if shot from a cannon, clear of the water. Others will be borne along perpendicular, half their length out of water, spinning like a top.

Strawberry season begins at the Falls about the first week in July. This is a matter of some importance, because there is no place in the world where better strawberries can be had, or more of them. If one has a fancy for "a plate of rich strawberries all smothered with cream," he won't be disappointed if he asks for it anywhere along his route, from Woodstock up, after the first of July. Perhaps the best time of all to see the Falls is the latter part of September, when partridges are *ripe*, and Jack Frost has breathed upon the forests. The tinting of these Northern forests in autumn is superb, and nowhere has it a finer effect than when in combination with the lichens and mosses, the rocks and the water at the Falls.

Parties spending a few days at the Falls, and desiring a little trout-fishing, can have it without any difficulty. Without particularizing, it may be mentioned that two or three streams empty into the St. John in the neighborhood, upon which there is very good fishing, although in none of them, except Salmon River, seven miles away, are the trout large. The Rapides des Femmes Stream is three miles below the village, on the western bank of the river. There is a beautiful fall here about one hundred feet high. Here is located the Salmon Hatchery, which of course is well worthy a visit. In the fall large flocks of ducks frequent this portion of the St. John, although the locality is rather unsuited to shooting water-fowl, owing to the rapid current, which renders it nearly impossible to approach the game, except from up stream, without being observed.

Not the least interesting feature of a visit to the Falls is

the opportunity afforded to study the manners and customs of the French *habitans* and the Danish immigrants. Two races of people more diverse in their manners, customs, and ideas, it would be difficult to find.



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CHAPTER III.

AROOSTOOK.

THE fertility of Aroostook County, Maine, is almost proverbial. The first settlers were attracted by the rich, deep intervalles along the river-bank; but, as these became occupied, the highlands were taken up, and found to be equally productive. The county lies, for the most part, north of the watershed between the rivers of Southern Maine and the St. John, which the British Government for a long time contended was the boundary between the United States and New Brunswick. The province of Quebec, or Lower Canada as it was then called, also claimed this territory. A glance at the map will show that the Aroostook River is very crooked, and one would naturally conclude that its course would be characterized by the beauty of the scenery. Such is emphatically the case. The views along the St. John are grander, but they could not be more beautiful; while the elegance of the farm-houses, and high cultivation of the fields, gives the Aroostook a character which the St. John above Andover can scarcely claim as yet; for it must be remembered, that in no part of New England has agriculture been more successfully prosecuted than in this far-off corner of Maine. This latter fact is being every day more and more appreciated, and a tide of immigration is steadily setting in that direction. It will



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be many years before the millions of acres of magnificent upland here are occupied, even at the present rate of settlement; but when they are, and this rich region pours the wealth of its products down to the cities by the sea, the whole State will enter upon a new era of great and permanent prosperity. The most southerly town in Aroostook is Houlton, which has already been referred to. It does a large business in the lower part of the county, and formerly commanded the trade of the whole of it; but, as settlement increased, extensive business establishments grew up in the interior, which, with the construction of the New Brunswick Railway, have removed the centre of trade to the valley of that river from which the county takes its name. Houlton, however, continues to be a prosperous town. The New Brunswick Railway has a branch line up the Aroostook Valley, which is operated as a main line in connection with the line below Aroostook Junction. From the Junction to the boundary line is four miles. A passing view of the Aroostook Falls is afforded from the train, which, after the boundary is passed, runs along the river-bank, disclosing a series of charming views. At seven miles from the Junction *Fort Fairfield* is reached, — a pretty village prettily situated, and a trade-centre of considerable importance. The fort from which the village takes its name stood on the hill overlooking the railway-station. It was built in the days of the bloodless Aroostook war, and has long since been dismantled. A part of the escarpment remains, and one of the barracks; and the imaginative tourist may stand on the commanding height, and people the peaceful valley below with contending armies, if he can emancipate his mind from the influence of the genius of peace and contentment which rests upon the landscape. The view from the fort is very fine. The village has good hotels, and claims to be the most hospitable place beneath the stars and stripes, and, what is more to the purpose, has merit

on which to base its claim. Twelve miles up the lovely river valley brings us to the terminus of the railway,— *Caribou Station*, so called from the village on the opposite side of the stream. Caribou claims to be the smartest town in the country, and looks forward to a prosperous future, which is unquestionably in store for it, and the near approach of which is evidenced by the growth of trade. It has a fine large hotel, situated on an elevation, a pleasant place to make your headquarters for a day or two while you drive along the many country roads which centre here. New Sweden is only a short distance away.

About equidistant from Caribou and Fort Fairfield, and about twelve miles from either, is Presque Isle, a very thriving town, and the largest in Aroostook, except Houlton. It is as yet without railway connection. *Mars Hill* is a prominent elevation sixteen hundred and fifty feet high, and situated just at the boundary line. The drive around the base of the mountain is very beautiful. In every direction throughout Aroostook are enterprising villages, and the people are marked by their intelligence and admirable business habits. A more prosperous section of country it would be difficult to find.



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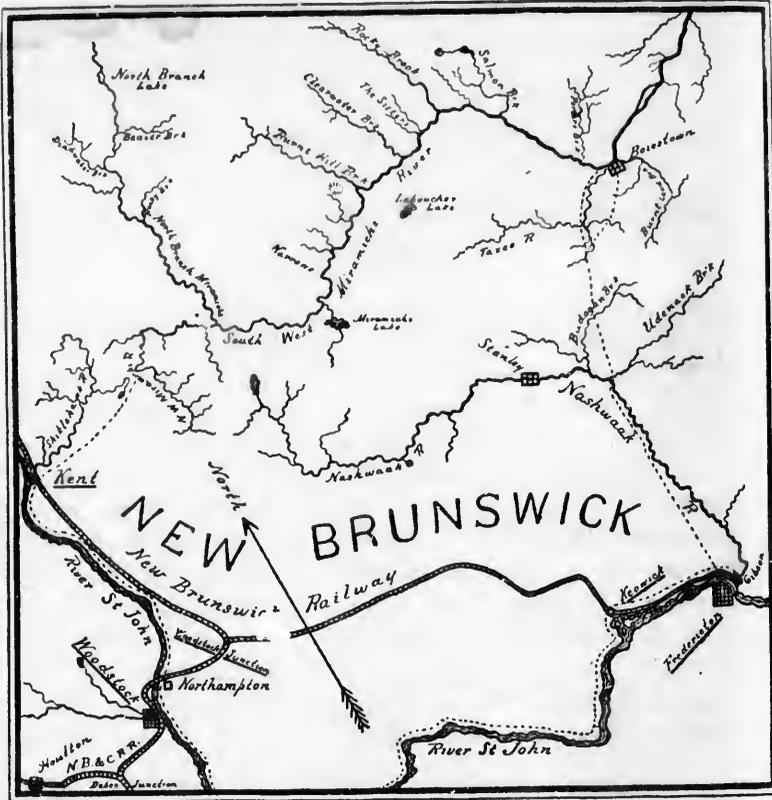


CHAPTER IV.

WHERE TO GO FISHING.—THE SALMON STREAM.

IN the following pages a few of the leading fishing "trips" to be reached *via* the New Brunswick Railway are described, and a few hints given to those who have no experience in life "along the stream." No attempt has been made to mention all the places where one may go for a good day's sport. In describing the various ways in which a pleasant day may be spent around Grand Falls, mention has been made of several streams where trout can be taken at any time during the summer. There are hundreds of such places along the St. John, above Woodstock, to which no reference whatever can be made. A simple catalogue of their names would make a fair pamphlet. The only resorts which space will permit a description of are a few of the leading ones which combine good fishing, choice scenery, and the necessity of camping out. Little can be said to assist any one in making a choice between them, except that there need be no fear of disappointment in selecting either. *The South-west Miramichi.* This excellent salmon stream is reached from *Kent Station* on the New Brunswick Railway. Those who propose to fish it are recommended to write to Richards & Son, Railway Ticket-Agents at Fredericton, N. B., to

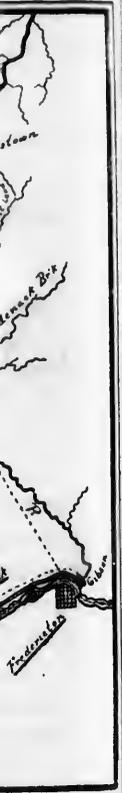
secure them canoes, which, with the guides, must be procured at Boiestown on the Miramichi. His camping equipment ought to be complete before the fisherman leaves



MAP OF THE SOUTH-WEST MIRAMICHI RIVER.
Railway and Telegraph Stations thus: — Kent.

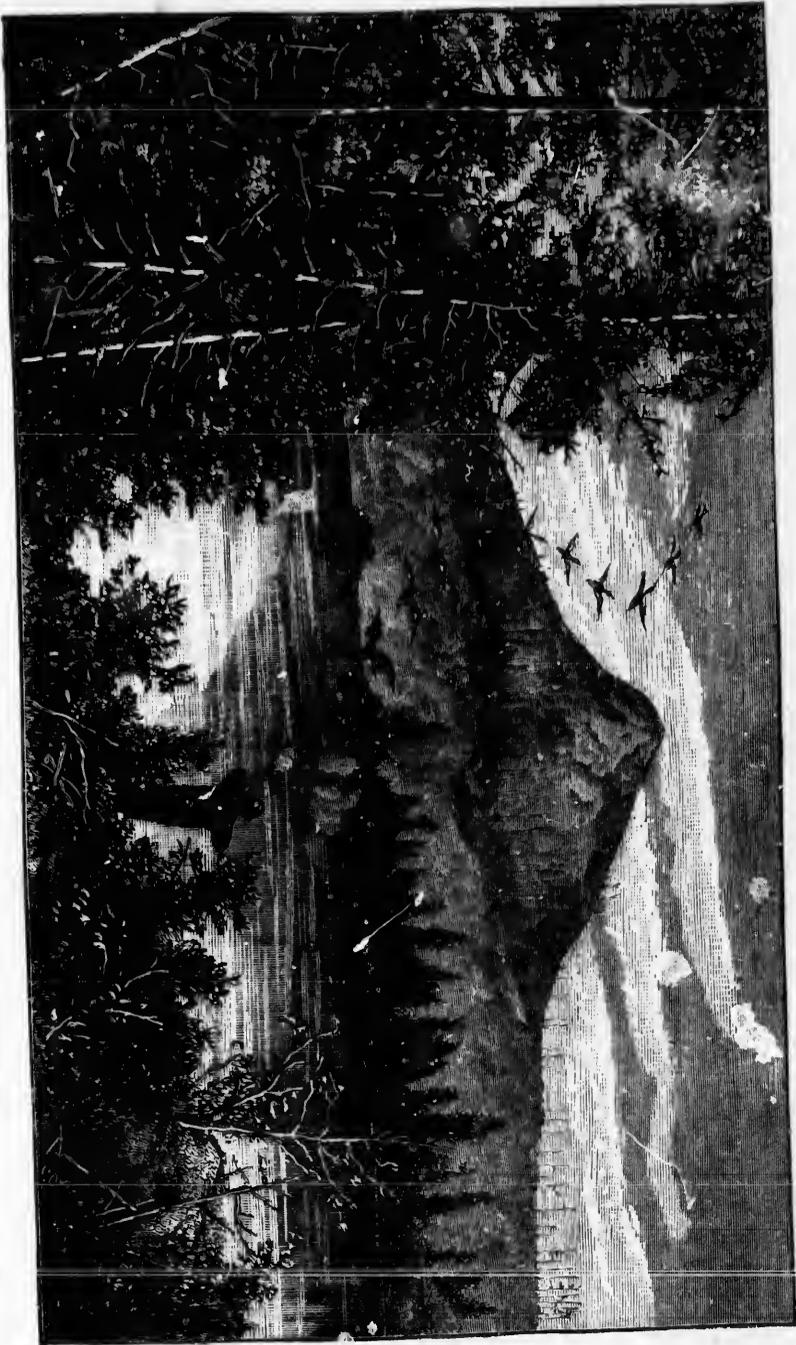
Woodstock, the terminus of the New Brunswick and Canada Railway, as the stores at Kent do not keep much of an assortment. The train on the New Brunswick Railway arrives at Kent early in the evening, and it is possible, if

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arrangements for a team to be ready on the arrival of the train have been made by telegraph, to camp on the bank of the Miramichi the first night after leaving Boston, though too late, perhaps, to hook a salmon. The Miramichi is a large river with innumerable branches, and has



SCENE ON MIRAMICHI.

a general course from west to east across the Province of New Brunswick, finally emptying its waters into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The best place for salmon is on the south-west branch, which is only fifteen miles from Kent Station. From the point where the road from the station strikes the river to Boiestown—where the fisherman will either turn

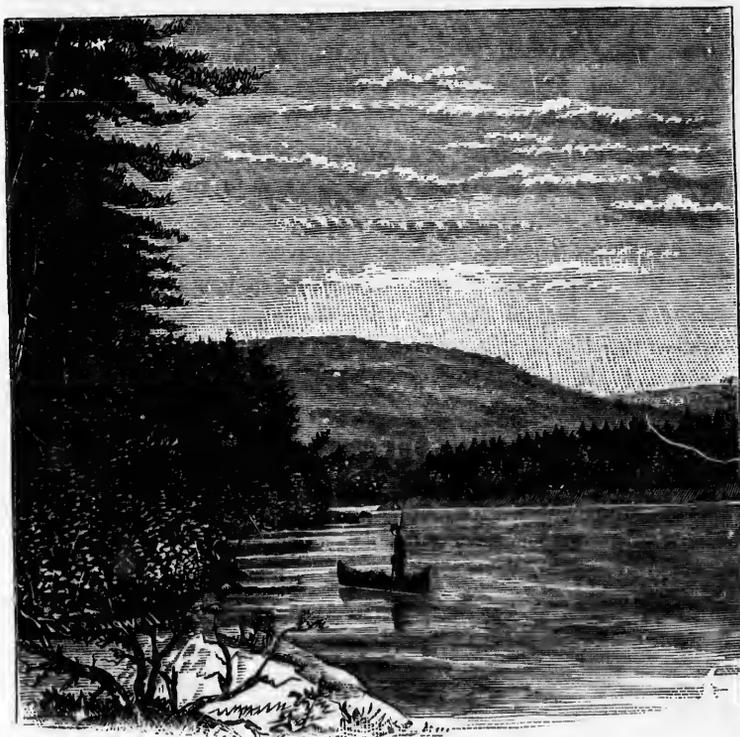
about, and return the way he has come, or go by highway to Fredericton — is sixty miles. The best salmon-hole is at Burnt Hill, about twenty-five miles down stream from the point of embarkation. Other favorite places are the Clear-water Rocky Bend, Rocky Brook, and Three-Mile Rapids. The salmon are not as large as on the Restigouche, being rarely taken above twenty-five pounds in weight; but they are very gamey, and he who kills one of them need not fear to try his hand at a forty-pounder. As an instance of the abundance of these noble fish, it may be mentioned that Mr. E. H. of Fredericton, one of the owners of the fishing-privileges on the stream, took twenty salmon and grilse in an afternoon. On one occasion he killed five full-grown salmon, and hooked the sixth, but lost him, within an hour at the Rocky Bend. This same gentleman has taken sixty salmon in a fortnight; but then he is a very king with the rod and fly. Grilse, or young salmon, afford a great deal of sport. They are a very active fish, weighing from two to five pounds. A general opinion prevails among fishermen that the grilse is a two-years old salmon. *Smolt*, as the young salmon is called in England as soon as it begins to migrate, have in that country been caught, marked, and set free again. The same fish have been taken six or eight weeks later, weighing then from three to five pounds. The late Duke of Athole caught a salmon in the Tay weighing just ten pounds. It was marked, and returned to the river, in the lower part of which it was caught after five weeks and two days, when it was found to weigh twenty pounds and a quarter. From the facts one is apt to conclude that our fishermen are in error; but, be this as it may, it is impossible to have better sport than grilse afford; and, when the fisherman has hooked one, he has little time to discuss the question of age, for his best skill is needed for his fish. The right of fishing on the South-west Miramichi belongs to private persons; but heretofore no objec-

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tion has been made to strangers going thither, and the writer has been informed by one of the proprietors that the stream is open to the public for fly-fishing. There is good trout-fishing here. The scenery on the South-west Mira-



SNAKE-BROOK MOUNTAIN, SOUTH-WEST MIRAMICHI.

michi near Boiestown lacks boldness, but in the upper portion of the river is very fine. High hills succeed each other, with deep ravines clad with beautiful forests. The varied shades of green on these hillsides is somewhat remarkable, and relieves the scenery of any thing like monotony.

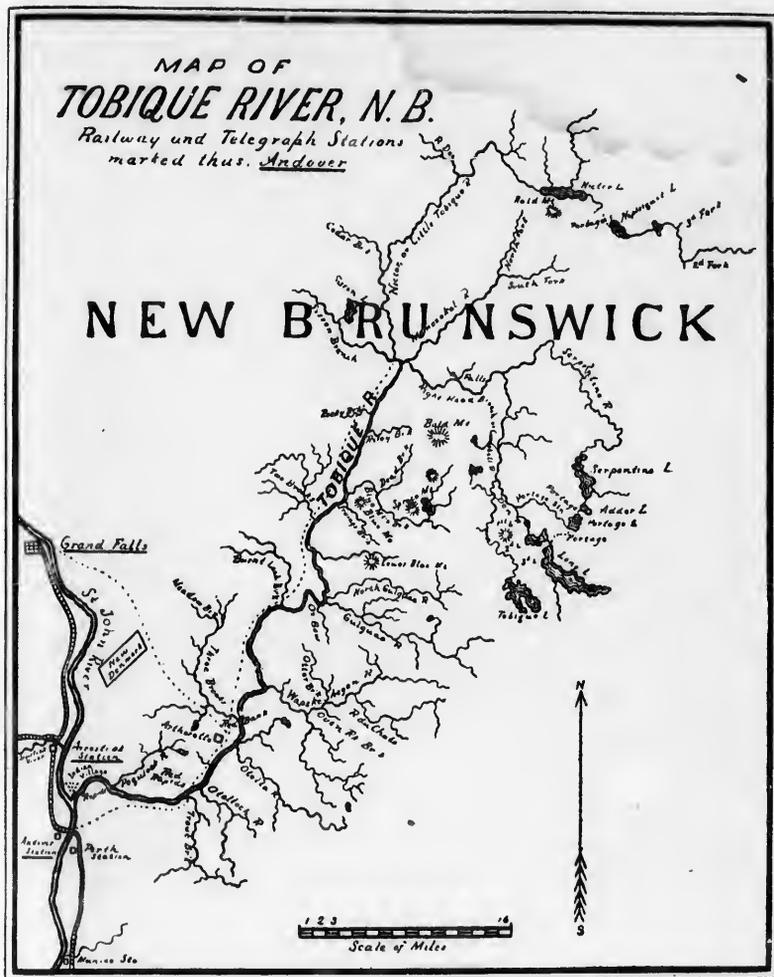
About fifteen miles above Boiestown is a somewhat remarkable cascade on Falls Brook, a tributary stream, the waters of which descend over one hundred feet in a perpendicular fall. From Boiestown, a road forty-five miles long leads to Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick; and carriages can be obtained for conveyance there. For a long distance the road follows the Nashwaak Valley, and at three miles from Fredericton passes the village and mills of Marysville, owned by Mr. Alexander Gibson, the president and chief proprietor of the New Brunswick Railway. The Methodist Church here is a perfect gem in its way, and was built by Mr. Gibson, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, for the use of his family and employees. It is free to all, however. Immediately opposite Fredericton is Gibson, the lower terminus of the New Brunswick Railway; and the best course to take on arriving here is to go up the railway to Grand Falls, and rest for a day or two before returning home. Persons desirous of really first-class salmon and trout fishing are strongly urged to try this trip.

The Tobique. It is said by some travellers that the River Tobique, a tributary of the St. John, is the most picturesque stream in America. Whether this be entirely true or not, the claim is not made without many good grounds. Directly across New Brunswick, in two directions, run great belts of azoic rock. They are convergent, having their apex not far from Vanceboro Station on the European and North American Railway. One belt, that with which we are concerned, extends in a north-easterly direction to the Bay Chaleur. It is along the northern side of this that the Tobique runs; and its picturesqueness is due to the striking shapes into which the silurian rocks were thrown when this great mass of granite and porphyry rose from the cleft earth. The Tobique affords excellent fishing. It is a great spawning-ground for salmon, and the trout in its waters are legion. It is about sixty-three



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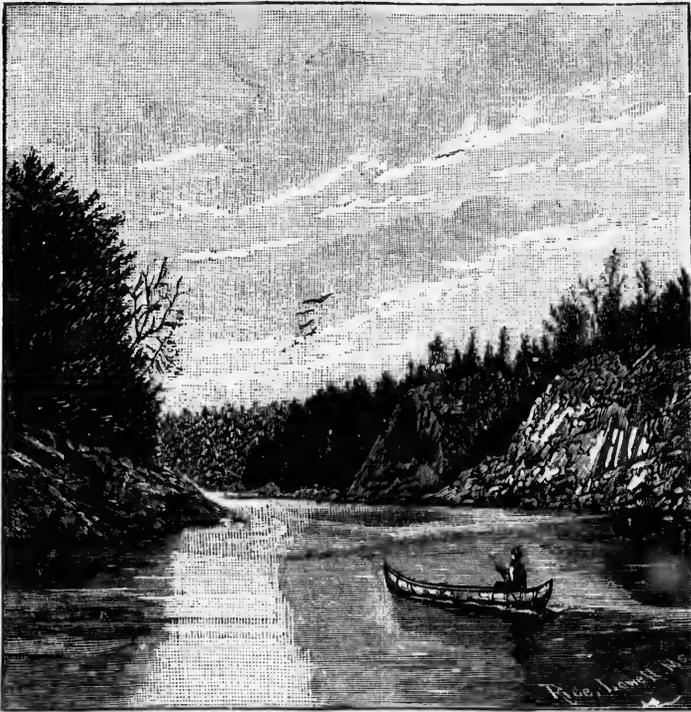
SECTIONAL MAP OF TOBIQUE RIVER.

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miles from its junction with the St. John to the Nictau or the Forks, where the river divides into three branches, each some fifty miles long. Andover Station, New Brunswick Railway, is two miles below the mouth of the Tobique.



TOBIQUE NARROWS.

Here the tourist who is to ascend the Tobique should stop for a day to engage a guide and canoe. These can be hired at the Indian Village, which stands on the point just above where the St. John receives the waters of its great tributary. This Indian Village contains a representation of the story

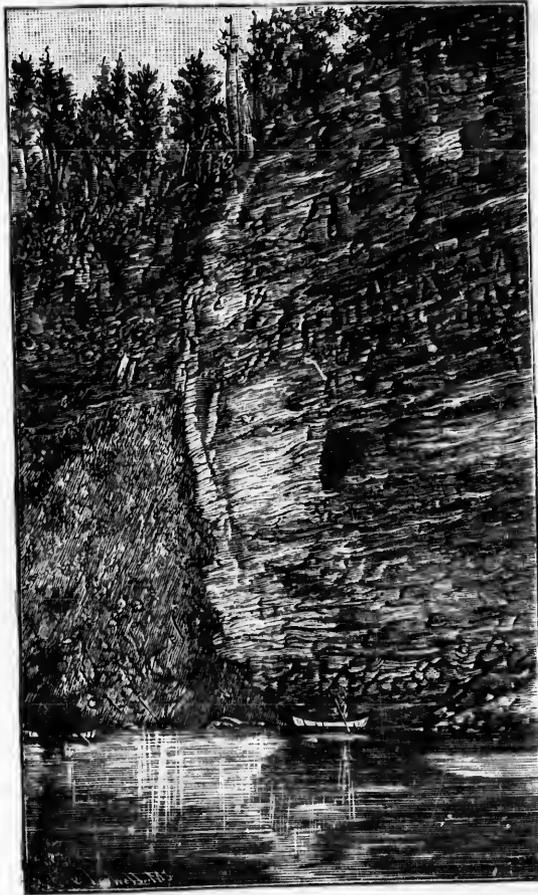
of the crucifixion, — a curious-looking structure of wood ; and it will repay a visit by giving an insight into the present way of living of the descendants of as hardy a race of warriors as ever trod the green forests of America. A few simple men and women, without a single trace of the long-faded glory of their nation, they live in this lovely spot in wretched imitation of civilized life. Good trusty guides are the men, strong and active in their canoes, wonderfully adept with the salmon-spear ; but every thing like romance or heroism is as completely gone as if it had never existed. They bear their yoke of conquest heavily, and, though unconscious of it, are staggering beneath it to a grave.

The entrance to the Tobique is between a flat island and a flat mainland ; but a mile farther on perpendicular walls of rock raise their heads on either shore. The Narrows of the Tobique afford a striking bit of scenery. They are about half a mile long, from fifty to a hundred feet wide, the walls being in some places one hundred and fifty feet high. In midsummer the water forms a succession black fathomless pools with short *chutes* between them, — at times of freshet, as wild a rapid as one need care to see. A stranger gazing on the torrent that seethes, boils, and dashes against the rocks at these seasons, would scarcely believe that every year, when the waters are at their wildest fury, hundreds of rafts are run through the Narrows ; yet such is the fact. And exciting work it is, requiring skill and daring ; but in these great requisites no man is more endowed than the New Brunswick woodsman. Rough he may be to look upon ; but his heart is as true, and his hand as firm, as those of any mailed knight who ever couched his lance

“ For God and his fair lady.”

The river valley widens out above the Narrows, and in its windings presents a wonderful variety of scene. Now our canoe seems afloat on some lake shut in by hills ; in a moment

a grand passage opens through the wall of living green, and a long vista stretches before us with mountain-tops on the



PLASTER CLIFF.

far-off horizon. Here a snug farmhouse stands by the river-bank, with a homelike look about it; here a rough crag

raises its hoary head against the sky; here long, low lands, here queer-looking round hills, like exaggerated haystacks, make up the landscapes. At twenty-eight miles from the St. John is the great Plaster Cliff, an enormous deposit of red



BLUE MOUNTAIN, TOBIQUE RIVER.

gypsiferous sandstone interstratified with pure, white fibrous gypsum. It has a frontage on the river of half a mile. Its height at the point shown in the illustration is one hundred and thirty-five feet. The summit of the rock is worn by the action of the frost and water, so as to give it the appearance of a gigantic ruin to one drifting by it in the evening

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twilight. Twelve miles farther up the stream is Blue Mountain Bend. The Blue Mountains have an elevation of sixteen hundred feet above the sea-level. The view from them is very fine. At the Bend is somewhat of a remarkable echo. If a pistol-shot is fired on the shore opposite the red cliff, just below the turn in the river, the report will come back sharp and clear; and then the mountain-gorges will take it up, and it will roll away up the ravines, dying away like distant thunder. No other New Brunswick river presents so striking a scene as those in which the Blue Mountains form a part. Ten miles beyond the Bend is the Riley Brook settlement. Every one who goes up the Tobique should leave the river here, and ascend Bald Head, a peak which rises about five miles to the south, and occasional glimpses of which can be had through the foliage along the river-bank. Nowhere can one get so good an idea of what the wilds of New Brunswick are like as from the top of this mountain; for its commanding position makes it worthy the title. Bald Head is twenty-two hundred feet high, and is almost a complete cone, its summit having about half the area of an ordinary railway-car. The ascent is extremely steep; but the broken porphyry rocks give capital foothold and handhold, when necessary. It can be ascended only on the northern and western sides. On the south and east it is nearly perpendicular for about a thousand feet. It rises from a valley, the elevation of which is about six hundred feet above sea-level; and the rugged summit, sixteen hundred feet overhead, seems almost ready to fall upon the observer. The approach to this valley is by a forest-road; and the glimpses of the mountain-peak through the dense foliage are a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The view from the summit is extremely fine. Far away on the south-western horizon Katahdin's summit stands clearly out against the paler blue of the sky; to the north, a nest of mountains and the grand dome of Bald Mountain; to the west, a tiny patch

of light green, just where the forest and sky meet, marks the top of the mountain in the rear of Grand Falls; to the north-west is a magnificent table-land, covered for four hundred square miles with dense birch and maple forests, a few mountain-peaks breaking the smooth outline of the horizon; to the south, a wide valley flanked by conical hills, behind which range follows range till the eye cannot distinguish the earth and sky. For one hundred miles the Tobique pursues its winding course within the range of vision, and here and there glimpses of its shining surface meet the eye. The whole county of Victoria with its million acres, a large part of Carleton, and portions of York, Madawaska, Northumberland, Gloucester, and Restigouche, are within the field of view, and this from a summit so small, that, standing on the northern edge, one can throw a stone a foot in diameter across the mountain-top, and send it thundering down a thousand feet or more on the southern side.

The Nictau, or Forks, is an enchanting spot. A settler has lately gone there, and his chopping and cabin somewhat mar the beauty of the spot; yet it is beautiful still. Three rivers meet here in a deep pool, wherein one may see huge salmon swimming, tall trees throwing their shadow and image upon the water.

The fishing thus far is very good so far as numbers go; but the fish are not large. It is necessary to know where to fish; but this the guides can tell. At the foot of Forbes Island, three miles below Nictau, the writer caught trout on one occasion as fast as he could drop his flies upon the water, using two rods, with another person to take off the fish. He has fished the stream many times, and always had good sport. Of the streams into which the Tobique divides Nictau, the Left-hand branch, or Little Tobique (the geographical Right-hand branch) is the best for trout. The right-hand, or Campbell River, is a favorite resort for salmon. The Mamozekel, or centre branch, is not a very

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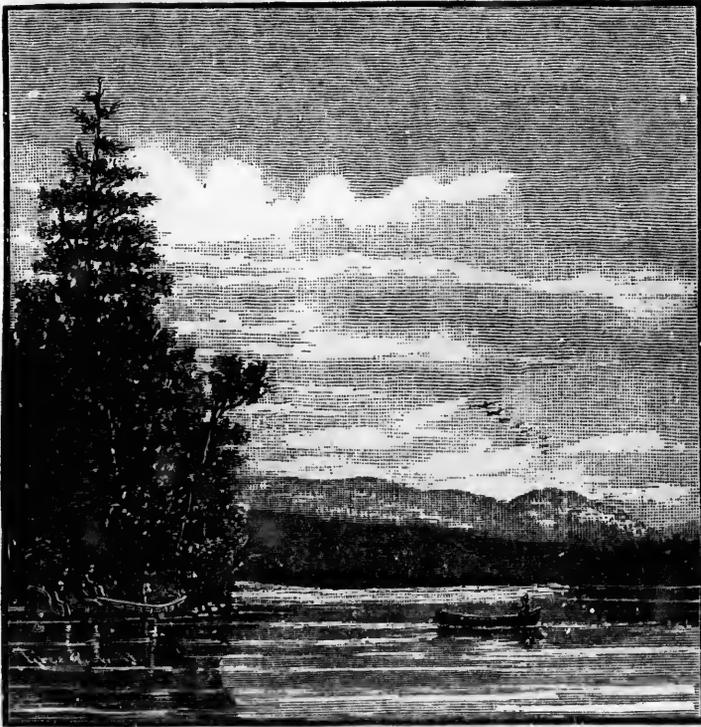
good stream for fish. It is a strange fact that salmon will only go to the right-hand branch, and white-fish only to the left-hand branch. One-half mile from Nietau, on the Left-hand Branch, is the celebrated White-fish Hole. There is



GREAT WHITE-FISH HOLE, LITTLE TOBIQUE LAKE.

usually good trout-fishing there. If trout-fishing is all that is wanted, the Little Tobique is the best branch to ascend. Tobique Lake is the source of this branch, a pretty sheet of water famed for its big trout, the flat rock in the centre where fishermen pitch their tents sometimes, and the rocky

dome of Bald Mountain on its southern shore. Bald Mountain is not very difficult of ascent, and the view from the summit is grand in the extreme. From Tobique Lake a portage of three miles leads to Bathurst, or Nipisiguit Lake,



LITTLE TOBIQUE LAKE.

the source of the Nipisiguit, a fine stream for salmon and trout, emptying into the Bay Chaleur. Fishermen frequently ascend the Tobique, and descend the Nipisiguit, or *vice versa*. It is recommended to any who can spare the necessary time, — say at least a fortnight. No one ever ascends

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the Mamozekel for sport. It runs into a perfect nest of mountains, so much alike that it is difficult to tell one from the other. The Campbell River is a rapid, rocky stream, flanked in places by palisades two hundred feet high. There



SCENE ON LITTLE TOBIQUE LAKE.

is good trout-fishing in it, and many salmon are speared there. It is suggested that good casts for salmon might be found at the Falls, six miles up, the Salmon Hole, a mile farther, and at Serpentine Falls, on the tributary of that name, about seven miles beyond the Salmon Hole. The merits of these places in this respect have yet to be tested.

Within a few years the Tobique will have to be struck off the list of streams which with their fishing combine the charm of roughing it; but, until that time does come, it is strongly recommended to tourists who will be satisfied with good fishing and admirable scenery; while, except on the head waters and in a few places in the lower part of the river, the number of fish to be caught is smaller than on some of the trips to be described hereafter, the beauty of the stream, the almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation, the grandeur of the landscape, give it the very front rank among the forest streams of New Brunswick.

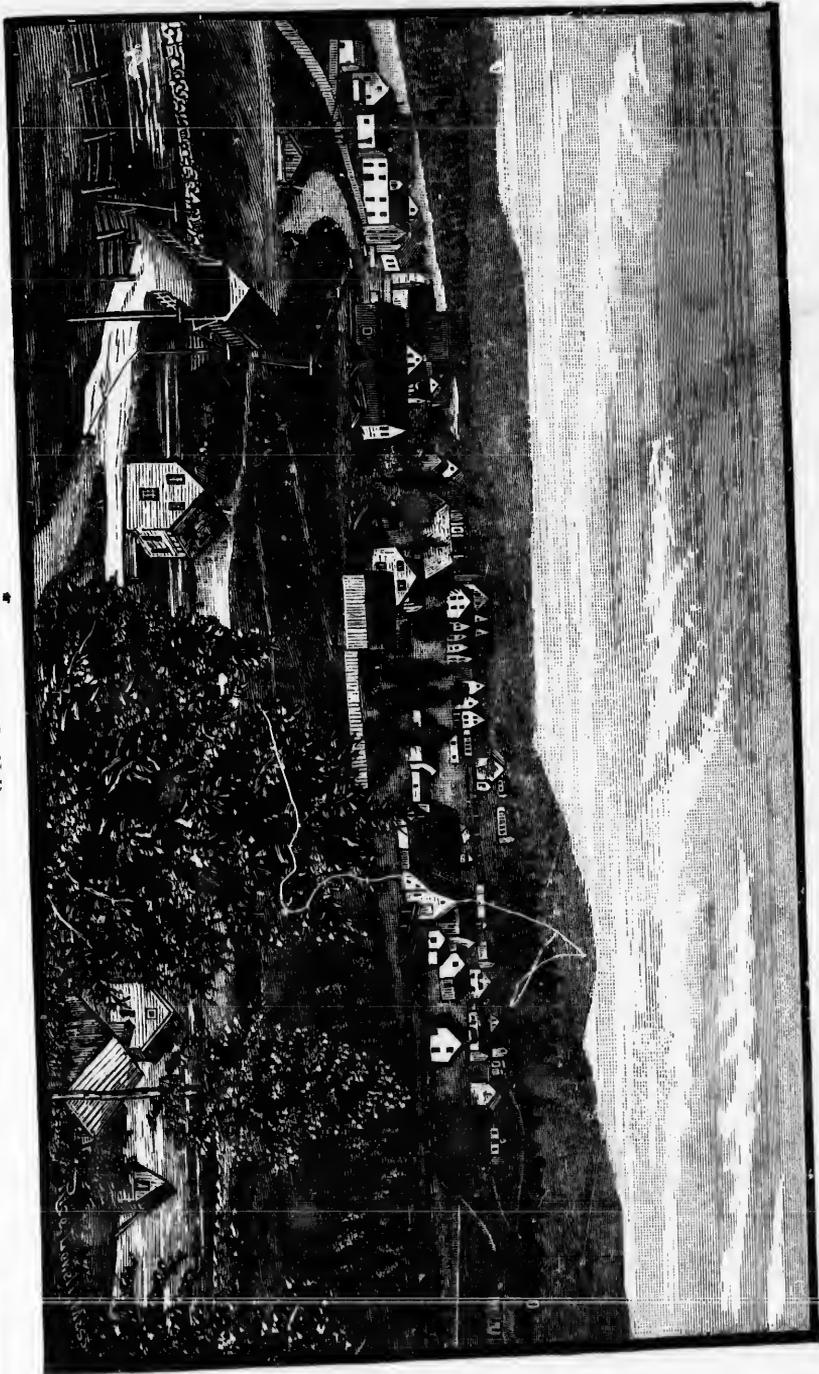
Above the Tobique a number of tributaries enter the St. John, but none that need be mentioned here until Grand River, fourteen miles above Grand Falls, is reached. The station and telegraph-office is called St. Leonards. Grand River is not much esteemed for its fishing, but is worthy of mention as being a favorite way of reaching the Restigouche, the greatest of all Canadian salmon streams, where forty-pound giants lie waiting for the well-directed fly, and hundreds of sportsmen and sportswomen, from princesses of the blood to poaching *habitans*, have gained magnificent piscatorial triumphs. It is twelve miles from the mouth of Grand River to the Wagan, a little stream running from the north. A portage of three miles leads to the Wagansis, a branch of the Restigouche. The trip across, or "through the Alders" as it is called, is a little tough at the start; but, when the Restigouche is reached, it is easy enough. The Restigouche is leased by the Dominion Government, and is carefully watched by the lessees. It is necessary to get permission from these gentlemen before going there for salmon.



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CHAPTER V.

THE TROUT STREAMS.

EDMUNDSTON, the northern terminus of the New Brunswick Railway, is thirty-nine miles from Grand Falls, and five hundred and thirty-six from Boston. It is prettily situated on rising ground, at the confluence of the Madawaska and St. John. Behind the town rise high, wooded hills, forming a background against which the white houses of the village stand out clearly. Viewed from the Block-House Hill, an eminence on the lower side of the River Madawaska, where the British Government in troublous times, now happily forgotten, erected a stronghold the stone walls of which yet remain, Edmundston makes a lovely picture. Entering the village, we find it regularly laid out, but only partially built up according to the street lines, with two or three nice dwelling-houses and a very good hotel. The views from the town and neighboring hills are superb,—on the one side rugged and picturesque, as one would expect the hills and crags to be against whose summits for so many months of the year the winds from the Labrador expend their fury; on the other, clothed with a mellow beauty which gives the scene almost a tropical aspect. A few steps from the chief hotel (Whitney's) an irregular rock rises above the roadway, and affords a fine outlook, especially in

the evening, when the sun is setting. The St. John, always majestic, moves slowly along to the sea, and for ten miles you mark its course as it passes between rich lowlands and around islands fringed with alder and elm. The gently sloping hills are cleared to the summit, and a half-dozen hamlets nestle at their feet, with here and there a tall church-spire from which the soft tones of the *angelus* are borne to us on the quiet air. The sombre front of Mount Carmel, nine miles away, contrasts grandly with the rich blue of the sky; and the long still reaches of water mirror the landscape in every detail. The scene is a hallowed one. On these fertile shores, then covered with mighty pine-trees, a band of exiles from "the Acadian land" rested after long wanderings, and these are their descendants, whose "homes of peace and contentment" we are looking upon.

Edmundston boasts of little except its scenery to interest the stranger. Yet, if "the proper study of mankind be man," this town and the district of which it is the centre afford a theme well worthy of careful investigation. In some respects the *habitan* of to-day is just as his ancestors were a century and a half ago. The plain, unvarnished truth is, that contact with Englishmen and Americans of the rougher sort has robbed them of much of that noble simplicity of manner which characterized the generation of which only a few white-haired relics remain. Yet now and then we meet one of the old sort, whose kindly face and courteous demeanor stamp him a gentleman. Such as these have a simple code of honor which is refreshing in these days of bonds and registrations, and guaranties and defalcations. Unable to read or write, they neither give nor expect any other surety of good faith than a promise. They are courteous with a politeness that is never servile, unshaken in their faith in the Church and her teachings, giving freely while they live of their substance for religion

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and charity, and, dying, never forget to provide for masses to be said for the repose of the soul. Unfortunately, these fine types of one of the purest-hearted races which ever lived are fast passing away. To those who know well the character of the Acadian French, Longfellow's grand poem comes with peculiar freshness and beauty. Very many of the *habitans* speak English. It is customary to make much sport of the French spoken by them; but it is not half as bad as it is represented to be. Of one thing one may be certain: if he undertakes to converse in French with a *habitan*, and is not understood, he may safely conclude the fault is with himself. The Madawaska people may have degenerated; but they have not yet got so low that they can understand the ordinary French of the school graduate.

About five miles below Edmundston, on the Canadian side of the river, is the convent and school of the Sacred Heart, an institution of more than a local fame. The chapel of St. Basil, at the same place, is a very fine structure of wood.

But, beautiful and interesting as its surroundings are, Edmundston's chief claim to the consideration of tourists consists in its being the headquarters of the great fishing-trips of the Upper St. John. A reference to the large map published herewith will show, that, within a short distance of Edmundston, three considerable tributaries enter the St. John: these are the Madawaska, at the mouth of which the village is situated, Green River, nine miles below, and Fish River, twenty miles above. Several smaller branches of the St. John will also be noticed; but it is proposed to describe only the larger streams and lakes. In all the tributaries of the St. John above Grand Falls there is generally very good trout-fishing. Salmon cannot at present ascend above the Grand Falls; but when the Dominion Government build, as they propose, a fishway through the canal at the great cataract, the upper water of the river will

become a famous salmon-ground. Fishermen who desire to take salmon will find ample directions where in a former chapter.

The largest fish taken in the Upper St. John is the *toque*, or *toledi* (which, by the way, some claim are the names of distinct varieties of fish). The average weight of these is from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. Occasional specimens are taken weighing thirty-five pounds. They are shaped somewhat like a salmon, and marked somewhat like a trout; are good eating, though a little coarse. They do not take the fly, but are speared, or taken by trawling. The whitefish (*pointu noir*) is also found abundantly here. They are a beautiful fish, weighing from half a pound to a pound. They smell exceedingly like a cucumber, and, when cooked and eaten fresh from the water, are, in the opinion of many, far superior either to trout or salmon. When large, they are speared, but generally are netted. They take neither bait nor the fly. Trout are innumerable, and of all sizes, from the little brook-trout of an ounce weight to magnificent six and seven pounders. If it is possible to become surfeited with trout-fishing, here one may be. Although, as everywhere else, skill counts for much, and secures generally the best prizes, any person, no matter how awkward he may be with the rod and line, is certain of good sport if he have a good guide. Nearly all the "trips" can be made by ladies without discomfort or even inconvenience. The ordinary means of locomotion is the log canoe or *peroigue* (pronounced *pe-roig*). This will carry three persons, including the guide and their camping fit-out. It is better for each person to have a canoe. French guides can be procured for one dollar per day. They will furnish the canoes, blankets for their own use, plates, &c., and can generally supply a few simple "cooking-tools," as their phrase is. The fisherman must provide the tent, his personal outfit, and the provisions. Some persons prefer Indian guides. Their

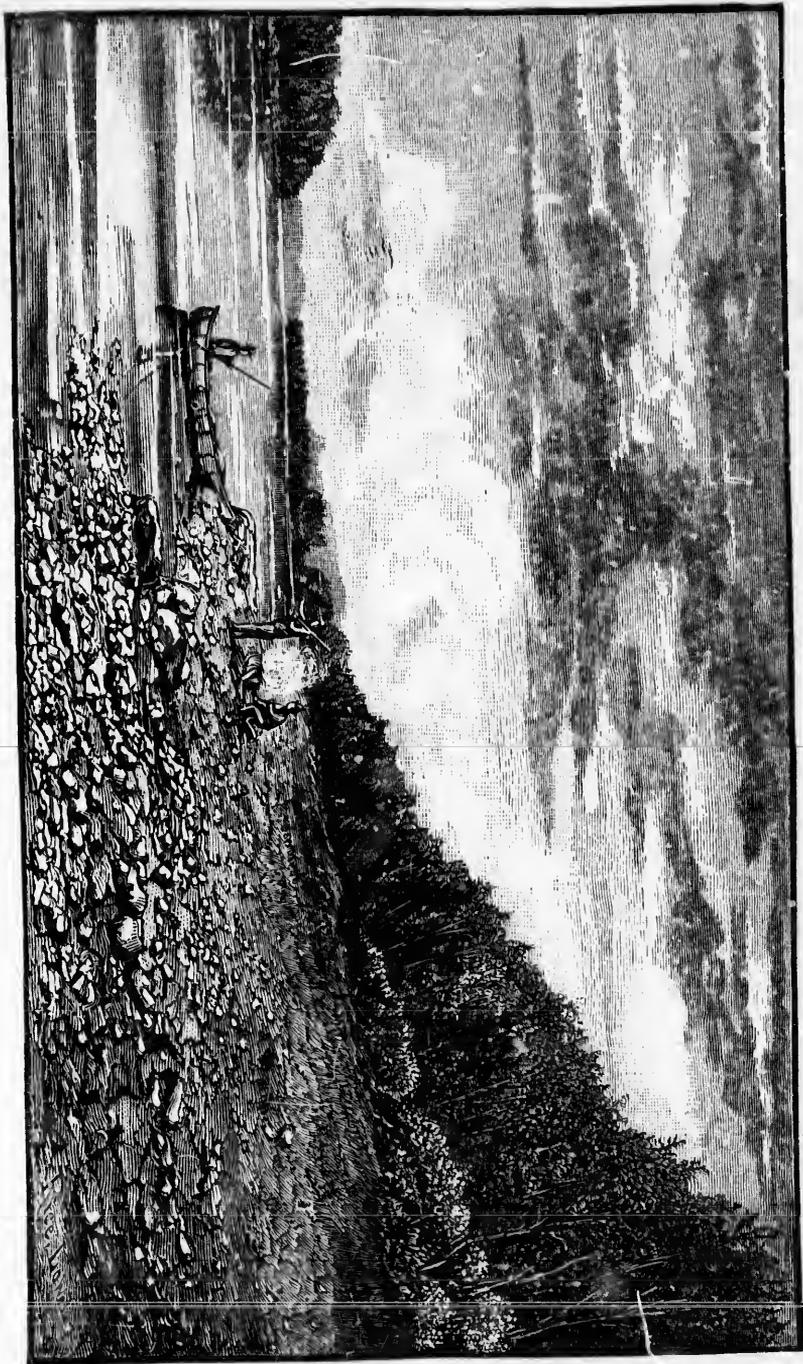
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charge is about the same. They generally use birch-bark canoes. These are much lighter, and generally more graceful, than the perougue, and quite as steady in the water; but the latter are stronger. Large parties are recommended to take a *batteau*, — a wide boat with pointed ends, well adapted to carry heavy loads, and run rapids. In such a case canoes ought to be taken; but so many will not be required as in cases where the baggage of the party is transported in them. No directions can be given as to the quantity of provisions to be taken. Of the "staples," — pork, potatoes, tea, and flour, — the guide will tell about how much will likely be required. In the matter of "incidentals each person must consult his own taste and the space at his disposal in his canoe. A few simple articles not strictly necessaries will be found to come in play very well, such as pickles, coffee, condensed milk, sugar, cheese, and one or two other things which a glance around a grocery-store will suggest. It is prudent to take some good liniment on such a trip, something good for internal as well as external use, the change in the manner of living often rendering something of the kind very valuable. In the matter of tents, the best is none too good, if it be not too heavy and complicated; but a square piece of cotton will do very well in the absence of any thing more elaborate. Indeed, if one has good health, a good long cruise may be made without taking any shelter; for the guide can easily extemporize one; and, if the worst comes to the worst, a bed on the ground before a huge fire, with nothing between you and the stars, and little more between you and mother-earth, will bring pleasant dreams and a sure appetite for breakfast. Every one of a party ought to have two good woollen blankets and a rubber one. They can manage with less, however, very comfortably. In the absence of rubber blankets, a piece of oiled canvas will be found serviceable for the protection of clothing and provisions in case of rain.

In the matter of clothing, each must consult his own convenience as to quantity. Any strong material will do. Woolen socks are much the best kind; and, whatever else you leave behind, take at least one extra pair of these. Low shoes are preferable to boots, as they let the water out; for wet feet and fishing are inseparable. Therefore a pair of stout leather slippers, to be worn in camp at night, are a source of great comfort. As this book may fall into the hands of those whose fishing expeditions have never led them far away from settlements, the above suggestions are made, not as covering every thing needed on a long trip (for many things are required which are not mentioned, and your guide will see that you do not forget them), but simply as hints to secure comfort. Novices ought to remember that towels do not grow on alder-bushes, nor is soap to be picked up on the beaches.

At Edmundston mine host Whitney or Maxime Martin will provide guides on application; at Grand Falls, Samuel Raymond; at Andover, I. A. Perley, whose hotel is near the station.

The FISH River or Eagle Lakes. This trip is wholly within the State of Maine. Fish River, as before mentioned, enters the St. John about twenty miles above Edmundston, and at its mouth is the pretty little village of Fort Kent. The scenery in the neighborhood of Fort Kent is very picturesque: the hills are higher and more conical than lower down the river, the islands more numerous, the river more winding, and its banks closer together. Fish River drains a series of eight lakes, and the fishing-trip may be all down stream. Guides and canoes had better be arranged for at Edmundston, and sent up the St. John to Frenchville, a most beautiful spot five miles from Edmundston. From Frenchville a portage of five and one-half miles leads to Long Lake, the source of one of the branches of Fish River. This point is seventy-five

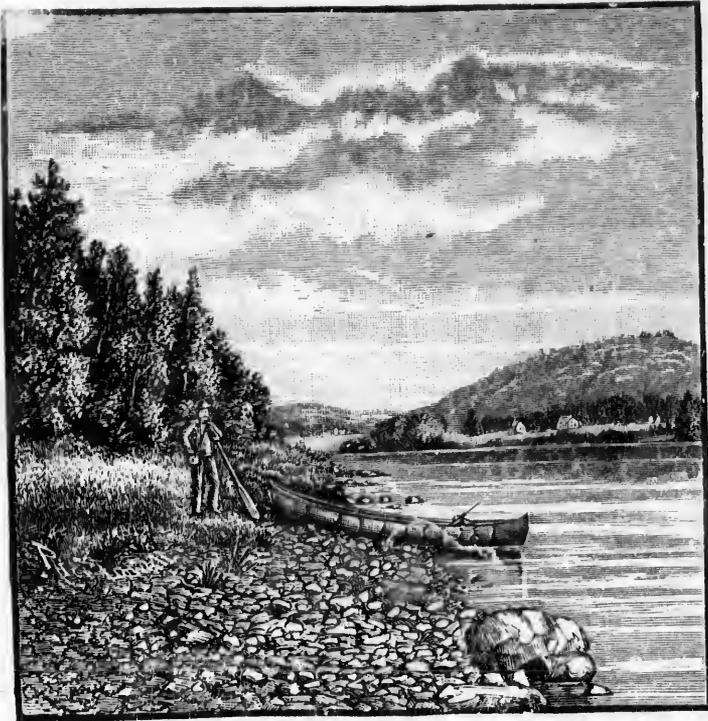
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miles by water from Fort Kent, or ninety-five from Edmundston. A direct course down stream will pass through Mud Lake, Cross Lake, Square Lake, and Eagle Lake. The shores of Long Lake are largely settled: the others are yet



NEAR FRENCHVILLE, ME.

in a wilderness state. The scenery is very beautiful, and there are many quick runs of water which give a life and zest to canoeing. Fishing is very good,—not perhaps entirely equal to what it is in some other streams, but on the whole well worth going for. When the head of Eagle Lake is

reached, two routes present themselves to the fisherman. He may either continue down the lake to the mouth of the stream, or ascend the West Forks through Upper Lake to Angle or Portage Lake (a distance of about forty miles), whence a short carry will take the canoes into the Little Machias, a tributary of the Aroostook. It follows also, as a matter of course, that Fish River may be reached from the Aroostook; and as a matter of fact very many parties go that way. Formerly by way of Houlton, and thence by stage forty-five miles to Presque Isle; now by rail either to Fort Fairfield or Caribou on the Aroostook branch of the New Brunswick Railway.

Green River is a tributary of the St. John, entering the main stream from the east, about nine miles below Edmundston. Excepting its extreme head waters, it lies wholly within New Brunswick. It is a large stream, and takes its name from the color of the water, which is so marked as to be observable for some distance after its junction with the St. John. There is a railway station at the mouth of Green River; but it is better, under existing arrangements, to go to Edmundston, and there make preparations to ascend the stream. If a party of ladies and gentlemen are travelling together, and a few hours' fishing is all that is wanted, a very pleasant way to spend a couple of days is to drive from Grand Falls to Edmundston (the distance is thirty-eight miles), and stop for a little while to fish at the Lower or First Falls of Green River. These Falls are reached by a road about a mile long, which leaves the main highway at Green River Station. In ordinary seasons one is sure to have very good sport, and, if the time is very favorable, fine large trout may be taken here. Canoes can be obtained at the Falls for a sail up the stream; and altogether a pleasant time may be had if the *materiel* for a picnic is taken along. The highway enables the tourist to see the many beautiful landscapes much better than he can from the railway train, for



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MAP OF EAGLE OR FISH RIVER LAKES.

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the reason that the former runs for the most part nearer the river than the latter. It is well worth while, for those who live in cities, or whose ideas of a country road are derived from occasional jaunts through the farming districts of the New-England States to spend a day in leisurely passing through a part of this Madawaska country. Nowhere will they see more beautiful landscapes, and nowhere, at least in North America, a quainter people. One thing is especially noticeable: the *habitan* always shows deference to strangers. If he meets them in a narrow place in the road, his anxiety to make the passing easy for them, no matter at what inconvenience to himself, is so intense as sometimes to be amusing. If you meet a troop of children returning from school, no matter in what sport they are engaged as your carriage passes, the little folks, girls and all, become quiet, and the hats are doffed with an easy grace a city swell might envy. You may shower upon them the most execrable French, or with gestures, and the half-dozen French words everybody knows, endeavor to carry on a conversation, the *habitan* will never betray his amusement or astonishment even by a smile, but will answer you in his own language, even though he repeats what he has to say in English. As you pass a wayside brook, you will see a party of buxom women washing their clothes beside a great fire, and, in lieu of using a washboard, pounding each article with a short, flat piece of wood. So primitive are all the domestic appointments, that, were it not for the telegraph lines by the roadside and the railway track not far away, one would almost think he had been transported back to his grandfather's days. If the party drive up from Grand Falls, they had better go on to Edmundston. About two miles above Green River Station a large cross stands by the roadside. The view from this point up river is beautiful beyond description. The late Hon. Joseph Howe declared it to be the finest in all Canada. If it is not proposed to extend

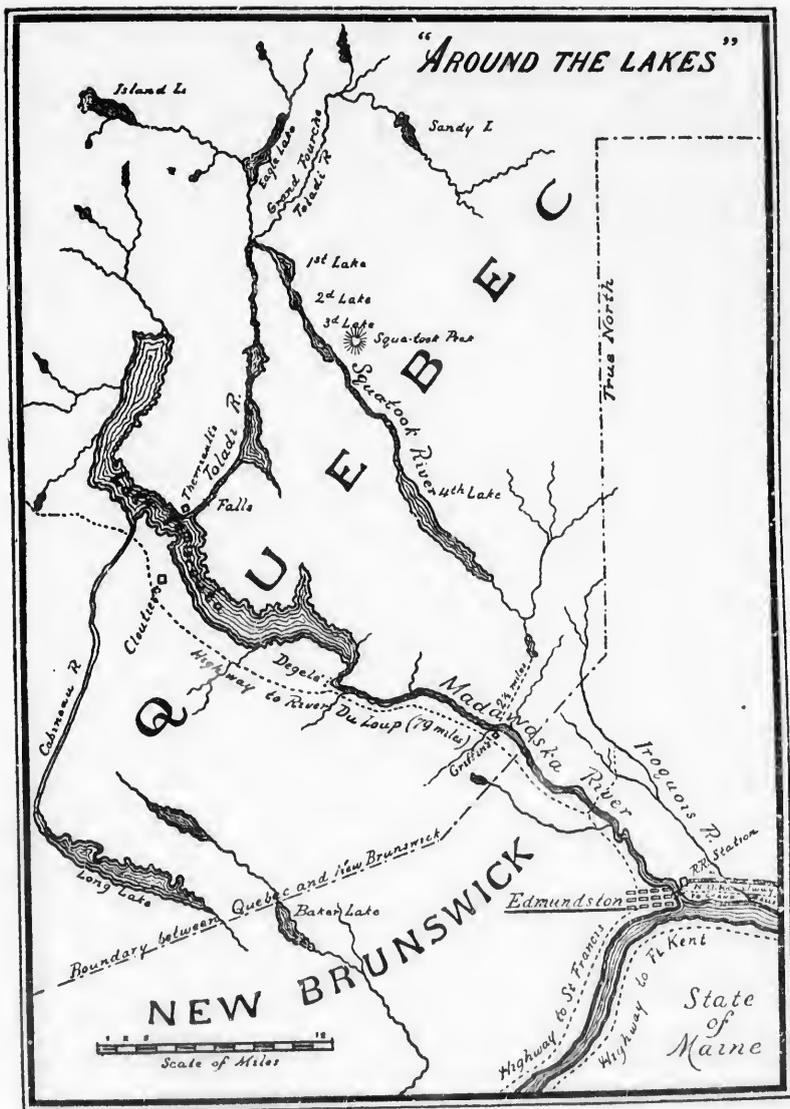
the drive any farther up river, the return to Grand Falls should be by the Western or United States shore of the river, passing through the smart little village of Van Buren with its mills and immense starch-factories.

Those who propose to ascend Green River should go by train to Edmundston, and, putting the camping-kit into an express-wagon, drive to Albert's on Green River, about twelve miles from the mouth of the stream. A road across the country makes the distance from Edmundston to Albert's about eight miles. It passes over some lofty hills, from one of which the whole course of the St. John, for forty miles, lies with the range of view. Canoes can be obtained at Albert's, and guides as well, generally: nevertheless, it is advisable to guard against disappointment by making inquiries at Edmundston as to the likelihood of getting them, and, if it appears doubtful, to take them from there. Good fishing begins immediately, the trout increasing in size as you ascend the stream. You can catch just as many as you wish. The writer and two others, while drifting down the first four miles above Albert's, took twenty-five dozen fine trout in three hours. A gentleman who visited Green River lakes in the summer of 1879 says that the catch of trout was so large, that he and his companions discontinued fishing, as "it seemed wasteful to kill more than we could carry away. As it was, we took half a canoe-load, and might easily have filled it." There is this difference between Green River and most other streams: in the former, one can take trout anywhere; in the latter, unless one has a good guide, he may have very poor sport. It is twenty miles from Albert's to the Forks. The right-hand branch (the left going up) leads to the lakes, and affords the best fishing. Very large trout, whitefish, and toledi are taken here. The lakes are four in number, the first three being about the same size, — say two miles long by a mile wide. The fourth lake is smaller. There are no



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SECTIONAL MAP.

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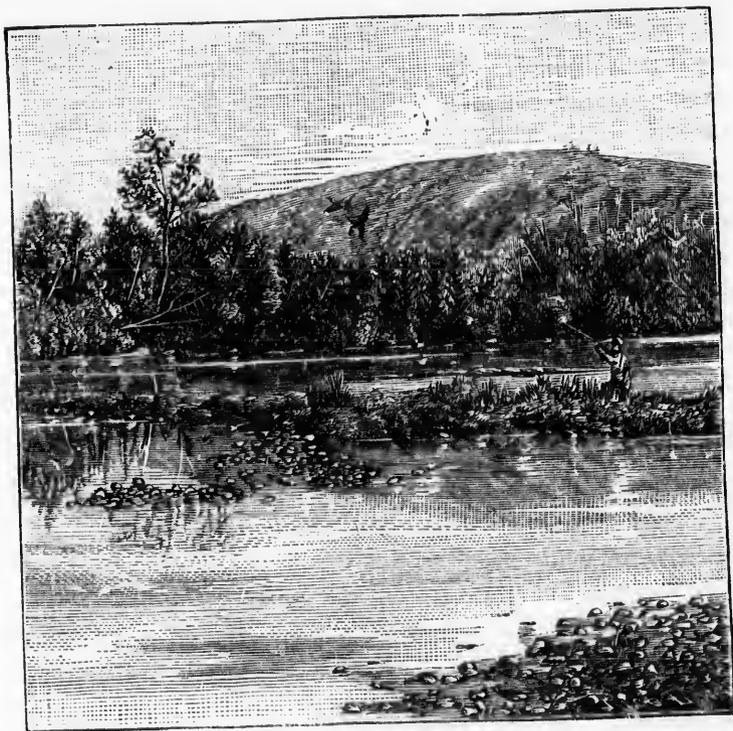
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dangerous rapids on Green River. The scenery is picturesque. High hills shut in the river for most of its course, which is very winding, affording an ever-changing panorama of islands, ravines, and noble forest-crowned summits. The clear limpid water, the smooth, curved, gravelly beaches, the hundred shady nooks where the living green can scarcely be distinguished from its reflection in the water, and above all, the fish, so plentiful that no sportsman is so poor as not to have good luck, form a combination of attractions hard to be resisted.

The Temiscouata and the lakes connected with it hold out the greatest attractions to sportsmen, or tourists in search of the beautiful. The attention of the reader is directed to the sectional map, and he is asked to note the position of Edmundston. He will observe that the Madawaska River is the outlet of a large lake, Temiscouata, — a sheet of water twenty-eight miles long, with an average width of five miles. On the eastern shore is the mouth of the Toledi, which river, at seventeen miles from Temiscouata, divides into three branches; the west branch draining two very considerable lakes; the centre or *Grande Fourche* also getting its water from lakes; and the east branch or Squatook flowing through a series of lakes, and in a line nearly parallel to Temiscouata, one of its branches taking its rise in a little sheet of water only two and one-half miles from the Madawaska River, at Griffin's, sixteen miles from Edmundston. The Toledi and its tributaries flow through country yet in a state of nature; so that not only do the streams and lakes teem with fish, but game of all kinds, from the lordly moose to plump partridges, abounds on the hillsides. Mr. Levite Thertiault, M.P.P., who has a summer residence at the mouth of the Toledi, informed the writer that in the fall of 1879, while drifting down the stream in his canoe, from the first Toledi lake to the mouth, a distance of eight miles, he saw four bears and

two caribous. Very few persons visit these waters in the summer for hunting, although many do for the sake of the fishing. The reason of this is easily understood. The class of visitors has largely consisted of young men out



SCENE ON MADAWASKA.

for a short holiday, young fellows with crude notions of fishing, and none at all of hunting. Now and then some sportsman in the true sense of the word finds his way there, and enjoys a few weeks of as thorough forest life as he could get in the most retired fastnesses of the Rocky

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Mountains. In 1879 the Hon. W. W. T. of Portland, Me., took his degree of K.R. (Knight of the Rifle) by a skilful shot on the shores of the Fourth Squatook Lake, which brought to his feet a gigantic black bear. Mr. McD., a high State official at Ottawa, owns three lakes in Quebec, where he "cultivates" trout for his private fishing. He was tempted two years ago to visit the Toledi, and try his skill there, and now his carefully protected lakes miss their own when summer comes; for he is away on these forest-locked lakes and streams.

If one, on arriving at Edmundston, only has a day at his disposal, and wishes to spend that upon the water, it is recommended that he confine himself to the Madawaska River. A very pleasant course to adopt, when there is a party of two or more, is to send the canoes up the stream, and drive in a carriage to the place of meeting, and there picnic. The sail home in the evening will be most delightful, and very good fishing can be had. The Madawaska is a large and very beautiful stream. It consists, for the most part, of a succession of deep pools separated by short rapids, but none of them rough enough to make even the most nervous feel timid, if we except what is called the Little Falls at Edmundston, which, however, it is not necessary to pass. In many places the clearings reach the river-bank; but for the most part the trees along the shore are standing, and give the landscape all those lights and shadows and clear mirroring of the foliage which render river scenery in the forest so enchanting. Words cannot do justice to the quiet enjoyment of an evening spent in this way. It may be true enough that

"Atra cura post equitem sedit;"

but the grim spectre has never learned how to follow a swiftly gliding canoe when the peace of a summer sunset rests upon nature, and no sound breaks the stillness but

the murmur of the rapids and the even-song of the birds. Does poetry delight you most, then you will find a rhythm in the motion of your little craft and the beat of the wave-lets on yonder beach that the masters of the pen can only feebly imitate; are you an artist, then see how Nature has pictured herself in that deep pool where every detail of the landscape is reproduced, but softened, and made more beautiful even than the reality. But if you are not of this sort, but only a practical fellow who would like a nice trout for breakfast, then let your flies drop just opposite where that little brook trickles down the bank, and, my word for it, before the canoe has floated by, you will get one.

For a trip of less than a week's duration, the canoes should be sent to Cloutier's, a wayside inn twenty-eight miles from Edmundston, and nearly opposite the mouth of the Toledi. Unless it is intended to make Cloutier's the headquarters for the trip, and return there every night, a full camp equipment ought to be taken along. Having proceeded to Cloutier's in carriages, the party will set off at once across Lake Temiscouata, to the mouth of the Toledi. Here is the best place to take whitefish to be found in the maritime provinces of Canada, two hundred and eighty-five barrels of these having been taken at the time of the fall run in 1878. About a mile from the Temiscouata are the Falls of the Toledi, around which canoes have to be carried when ascending the stream. Above this point an uninterrupted stretch of smooth sluggish water extends to the Forks, a distance of sixteen miles. As a general thing, there is not very good fishing in localities similar to this; but the Toledi is somewhat exceptional, and very nice trout can be taken at the points where small spring brooks contribute their waters to the main stream. Owing to the calmness of the water, a canoe can be propelled along this part of the journey with the paddle alone, and about a day will be occupied in making the distance. At least another day should be spent at the

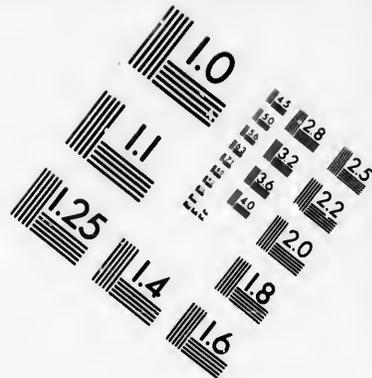
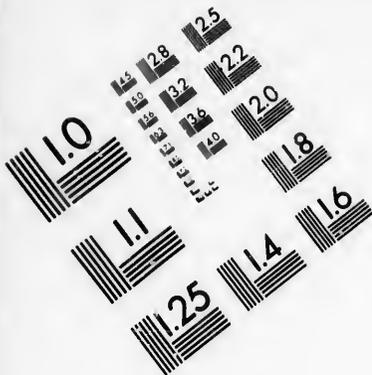
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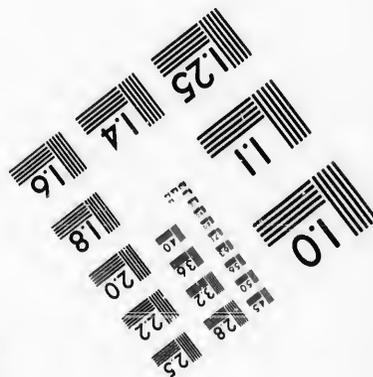
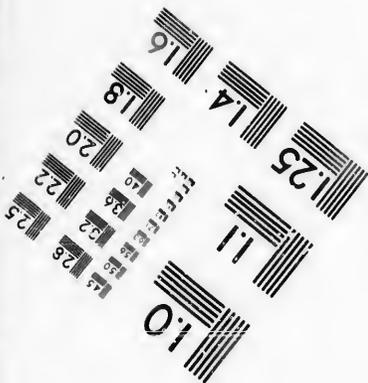
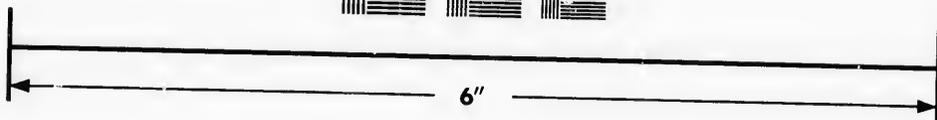
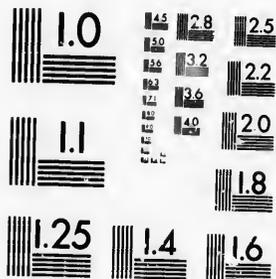
Forks in fishing, which is very excellent there at all seasons. From the Forks to Edmundston is about a day and a half's journey when the wind is favorable. Parties consisting of gentlemen only ought to ascend either the West Branch or the Grande Fourche. Both afford excellent fishing; the latter perhaps the best, especially above the Big Jam, which is about a mile from the junction of the streams. The current will be found quite rapid, and progress will have to be made by "poling." This is the invariable method of propelling a canoe against rapid water. If there is one canoeeman, he stands in the stern of the canoe, and shoves it along with a pole about ten feet long. This is very easy to write; but the thing itself is not so easy to do, as many a novice who has found his first attempt followed by an ignominious tumble into the water can testify. The skill with which the French or Indian guides will force their loaded canoes up foaming rapids, their quick judgment to seize any little advantage offered by a projecting rock below which there is ever so slight an eddy, the grace with which they preserve their balance when the pole loses its hold on the slippery rocks, are really remarkable. It may be well, perhaps, to say here that there is little or no danger in canoeing on these streams. As a general thing, in those places where the water is deep enough to make a fall into it perilous, nothing but the grossest carelessness will lead to an overturn. The writer has gone many hundred miles, in his canoe, and up and down as rough bits of water as are generally considered navigable by craft of any kind, and has never known an accident to happen more serious than an occasional wetting resulting from carelessness. So little danger is there, and the chances for undue exposure are so slight, that ladies frequently make some of the longest and most difficult fishing-trips.

Around the Lakes. This is a favorite trip, and justly so. Edmundston is the starting-point, and the course





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

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is up the Madawaska to Griffin's, a distance of sixteen miles. From this point a portage of two and a half miles to the east leads to a small sheet of water known as Beardsley or Mud Lake. Oxen can be obtained at Griffin's for the transportation of the *impedimenta* and canoes over this road; and, if he meets with no drawback, the fisherman ought to "boil the kettle" the first night on the shores of Fourth Squa-took Lake, twenty miles in a direct line from Edmundston by land, but nearly one hundred by water, and down stream all the way. To those who have never sailed down rivers and lakes through miles of forest, it is useless to try to describe the glorious trip; to those who have, it unnecessary: but, *entre nous*, it would be impossible any way. There is something about it which cannot be put on paper, or on canvas either. Here is a catalogue of the attractions, — a hundred miles of noble lakes and beautiful rivers, forests abounding in game, waters teeming with fish, hosts of wild fowl, and lovely scenery. From the top of Squa-took Peak, a conical hill which rises from the shore of the Third Lake, an excellent idea can be obtained of what a Canadian forest is like. About three hundred square miles lies within the field of vision; and everywhere, except on the western horizon, where a line of light green shows the settlements on the west of the Temiscouata, or where some lake or stream glistens in the sunlight, is unbroken forest. From Squa-took Peak the forest reaches for two hundred miles to the east, south-east, and north-east, without a break, or as far as from Boston to the head of Lake Champlain in a direct line. The trip around the lakes can be made in four or five days; but it is better to take a longer time, halting to ascend some of the tributary streams, or the main Toledi itself, when the Forks are reached. A tourist with only four or five days at his disposal is recommended to select some of the other routes herein spoken of.

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From all these excursions the return to Edmundston is in canoes. Every part of them may be made by water, except the portages; but it is preferable to begin some of them, as has been recommended, in carriages. The reason of this



SCENE ON SQUA-TOOK.

is, that the rate of progress up stream is somewhat slow, except the water be sluggish, as it rarely is; and, besides, a drive through this country in any direction gives a pleasing variety to a holiday. On the lakes many a pleasant sail may be had when the wind is favorable. Sometimes it is

safe to hoist a sail in a single canoe. Indians often stand a spruce bush in the bow of their "barks," which sit almost upon the surface of the water, and fly along at great speed before a wind dead astern. If a little improvised yachting



IN CAMP ON SQUA-TOOK.

is wanted, it can be had with safety by securing two or three canoes side by side, but a little distance apart, which can be easily done by means of the "setting-poles," and extemporizing a sail out of a blanket. As a general rule, however, persons unaccustomed to canoeing had better not

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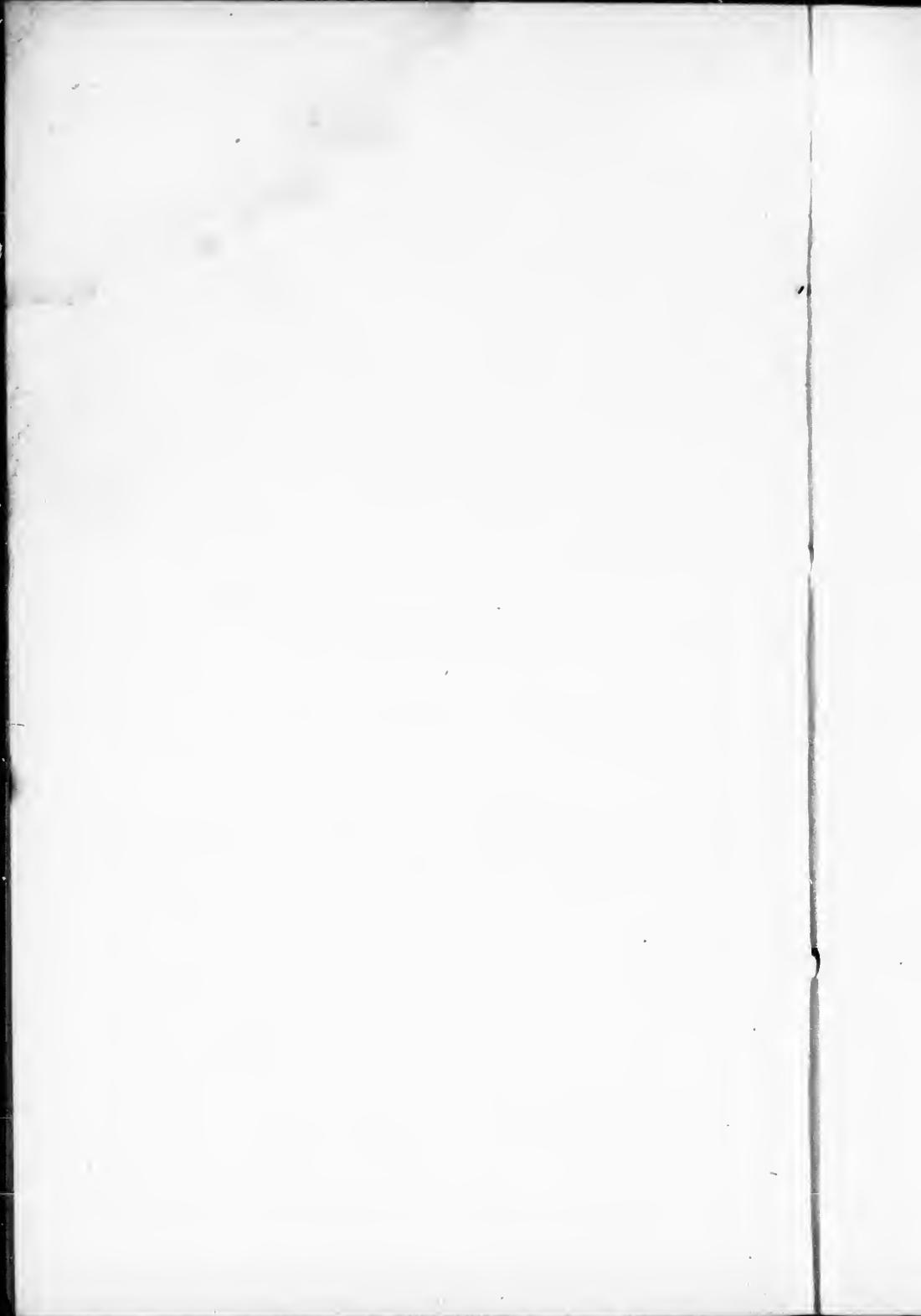
experiment at novel means of locomotion. Trust the guides. Avoid attempts at assistance in seemingly difficult places, unless asked for it; for what appears to a novice an unlooked-for and somewhat perilous emergency is altogether likely to be nothing at all out of course, but only one of the ordinary incidents of canoeing, and entirely free from risk of any kind. With these few parting words of advice, this imperfect account of the fishing-trips of the Upper St. John must be brought to a close.



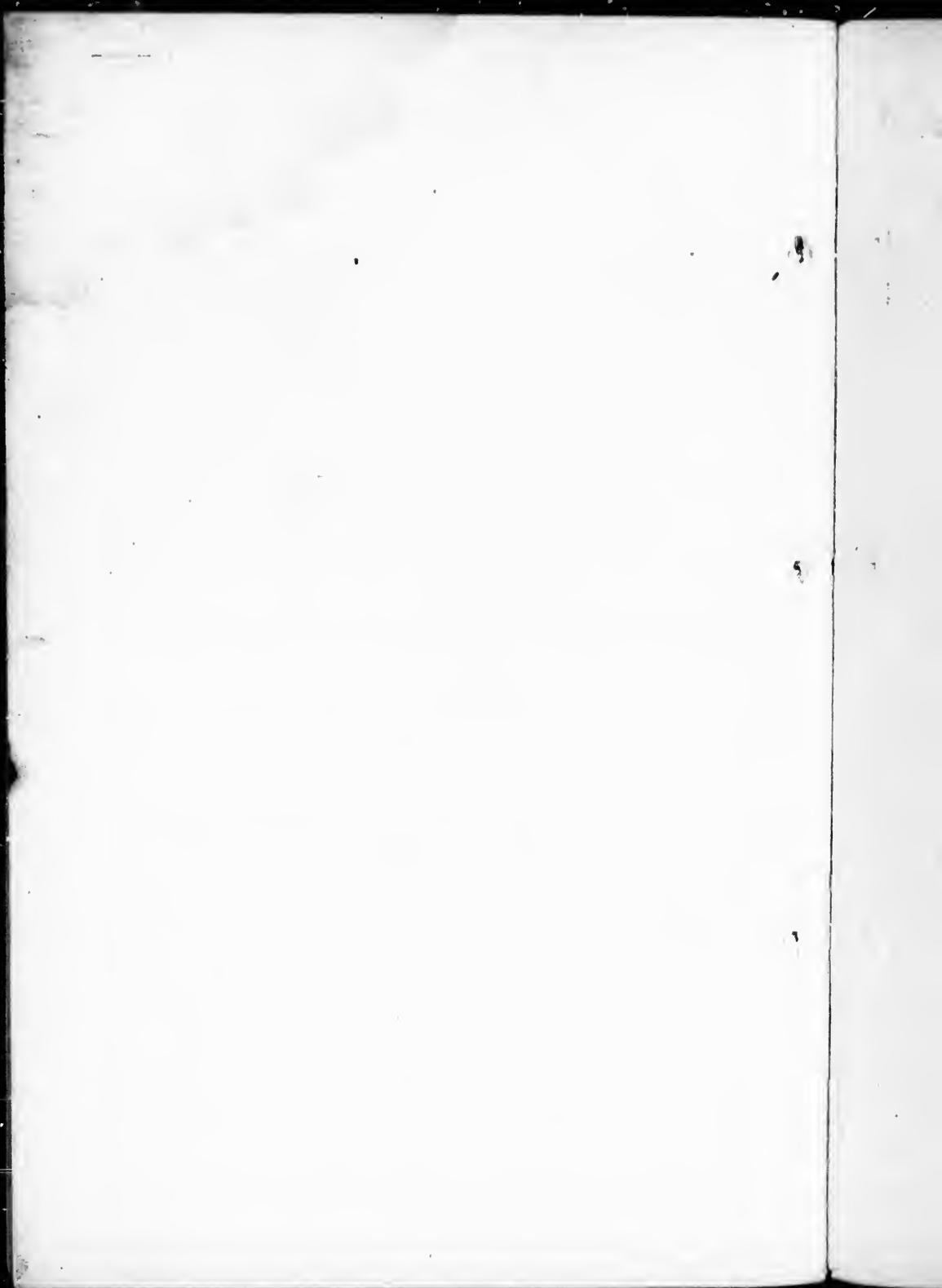


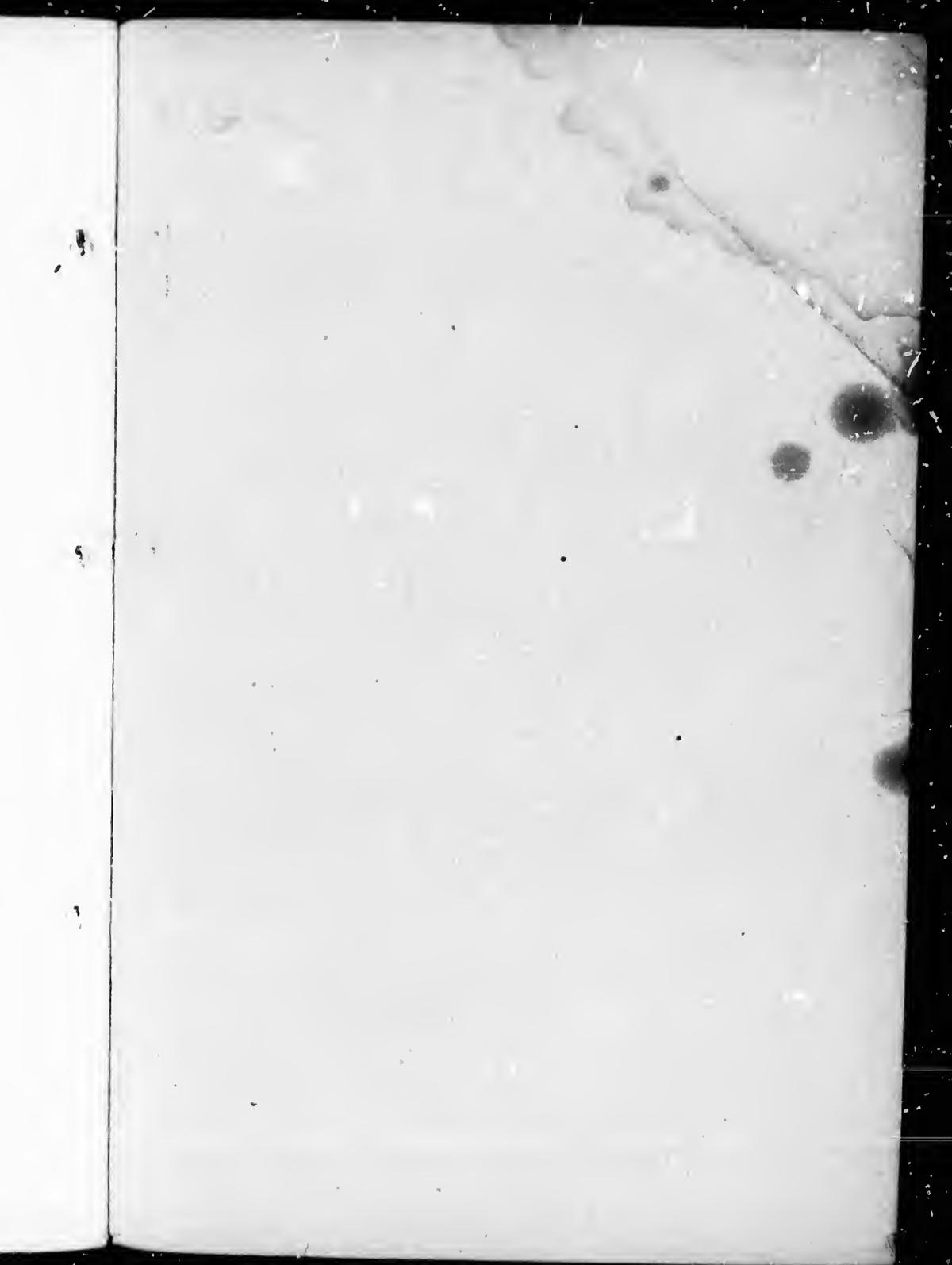












CONDENSED SCHEDULE OF THROUGH PASSENGER TRAINS.

In effect June 28, 1880.

Express.	Express.*	Ms.	STATIONS.	Ms.	Express.*	Express.
8.30 A.M.	7.00 P.M.	0	Lv. Boston	Ar. 726	6.30 P.M.	5.15 P.M.
12.30 P.M.	11.00 P.M.	108	Ar. Portland.	Lv. 618	2.00 A.M.	1.15 P.M.
2.55 P.M.	11.15 P.M.	108	Lv. Portland.	Ar. 618	1.50 A.M.	1.05 P.M.
6.35 P.M.	5.30 A.M.	244	Ar. Bangor.	Lv. 482	8.00 P.M.	7.20 A.M.
	7.17 A.M.	244	Lv. Bangor.	Ar. 482	6.30 P.M.	
	12.35 P.M.	358	Ar. Vanceboro'.	Lv. 368	1.25 P.M.	
	1.20 P.M.	358	Lv. Vanceboro'.	Ar. ...	1.00 P.M.	
	4.00 P.M.	416	Ar. Woodstock.	Lv. ...	10.00 A.M.	
	10.25 A.M.	416	Lv. Woodstock.	Ar. ...	1.35 P.M.	
	478	Lv. Aroostook.	Lv.	
	5.00 P.M.	497	Ar. Caribou.	Lv. ...	8.15 A.M.	
	478	Lv. Aroostook.	Ar.	
	3.00 P.M.	497	Ar. Grand Falls.	Lv. ...	8.15 A.M.	
	7.50 P.M.	536	Ar. Edmundston.	Lv. ...	5.30 A.M.	
	1.05 P.M.	358	Lv. Vanceboro'.	Ar. 368	12.55 P.M.	
		426	Ar. Fredericton.	Lv. ...		
	6.00 P.M.	450	Ar. St. John.	Lv. 276	8.15 A.M.	
7.55 A.M.	10.25 P.M.	450	Lv. St. John.	Ar. 276	6.00 A.M.	7.35 P.M.
12.32 P.M.	555	Ar. Shediac.	Lv.	2.50 P.M.
8.35 P.M.	1.20 P.M.	716	Ar. Picton.	Lv. ...	2.00 P.M.	6.40 A.M.
7.20 P.M.	10.30 A.M.	726	Ar. Halifax.	Lv. 0	6.00 P.M.	8.10 A.M.

Steamers connect at Shediac daily to and from Summerside, thence by Prince Edward Island Railway daily to and from Charlottetown.

Steamer leaves St. John Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8 A.M., for Annapolis, connecting with Windsor and Annapolis Railway, arriving at Halifax 8.25 P.M.; *returning* Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Leave Halifax 7.30 A.M. Arrive St. John 7.30 P.M.

EXCURSION TICKETS to points in Northern Maine and Eastern Provinces on sale at all principal ticket-offices.

* *Runs every night between Boston and Bangor.* All other trains daily, Sundays excepted.

