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The Great Falls on Indian Brook, 1890 Smelt fishing at the Indian Brook Bridge, 1973. I crossed the meadow, and followed the road of broad and deep pools of brownish water through the spruces and over the rapids alternating with rapids. Sometimes one bank bridge above Indian Brook. A narrow foot- path was of rock, and the other of gravel; some- path led from the farther end of the stream times both shores, although steep, were bridge up the northern bank of the stream, wooded almost to the edge of the current. Now it passed through groves so dark and silent that night seemed still supreme; Looking upstream, I saw that the scenery then it came out into twilight at the edge above me was even more striking than that of the bank above the water, and showed me below. The river came from between abrupt that, little by little, it was climbing rocky walls. Its waters were deep, slow and above the pools and rapids as it followed foam-flecked. They came out of a vale of the channel back into the mountains. After walking for half an hour, I came to a sharp bend in the river, which had previously been flowing east, but which here came from the north, emerging from between steep cliffs to roar and foam over a sloping bed of broken rock. Above the music of the rapids I could hear the splash of a cascade, and by peering thru the trees I could see the white form of a waterfall, half concealed by the foliage on the other bank, A tributary stream approached Indian Brook at this point, and fell from a hilltop into a mossy basin among the large trees on the western shore, (This would be the fall on Eel Brook) To gain a nearer view of its beauty, I climbed and slid down the high, steep bank, to the brow of which the path had brought me. On reaching the level of the water, I realized more fully the nature of the place, I had felt the spell of the wilderness I was in. High forest-clad hills rose on every side, enclosing the river, so that the beauty, purity, persistent force; all its only method of escape was through deepening or working without man's knowledge or rifts cut into their slopes. The part of approval. I thought how many weary souls the stream which I had followed consisted there were in great cities who would love shadows, and I knew, on the word of an Ingonish fisherman, that somewhere within those shadows there was a waterfall, singularly beautiful, though unknown save to a few. Directly in front of me, the story of the river seemed to be told on a small scale. Far up against the sky was a dip or notch in the mountain wall. Through it came the brook which joined the river at my feet. To reach this lower level the dancing waters must fall as many yards as they advanced. Their last leap made the cascade whose splashing filled the glen with music, I forded the icy river and entered the chamber in the side of the western bank which held the cascade, and its screen of trees, ferns and mosses. Since leaving the open meadow by the sea and entering the dark Cape Breton's Magazine/22 (for over- Local circulation by virtual-AodkesToMX) voice/ of a look