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not a horse, in either the old or new town, or a vehicle of any kind, as we found out betimes. The fishing here, as in all other places a-long the coast, is carried on in small, clinker-built boats, sharp at both ends, and carrying two sails. It is marvellous with what dexterity these boats are han? dled; they are out in all weathers, and at all times, night or day, as it happens, and although sometimes loaded to the gun? wale with fish, yet they encounter the roughest gales, and ride out storms in safety, that would be perilous to the lar? gest vessels. "I can carry all sail," said one old fel? low, "when the captain there would have to take in every rag on the schooner." And such, too, was the fact. These boats usually sail a few miles from the shore, rarely beyond twelve; the fish are taken with hand-lines generally, but sometimes a set line with buoys and anchors is used. The fish are cured on flakes, or high plat? forms, raised upon poles from the beach, so that one end of the staging is over the water. The cod are thrown up from the boat to the flake by means of the fish-pugh--a sort of one-pronged, piscatory pitchfork-- and cleaned, salted, and cured there; then spread out to dry on the flake, or on the beach, and packed for market. Nothing can be neater and cleaner than the whole sys' tem of curing the fish! popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. The fisher? men of Louisburgh are a happy, contented, kind, and simple people. Living, as they do, far from the jarring interests of the busy world, having a common revenue, for the ocean supplies each and all alike; pur? suing an occupation which is constant dis? cipline for body and soul; brave, sincere, and hospitable by nature, for all of these virtues are inseparable from their rela? tions to each other; one can scarcely be with them, no matter how brief the visit, without feeling a kindred sympathy; with? out having a vague thought of "sometime I may be only too glad to escape from the world and accept this humble happiness in? stead;" without a dreamy idea of "Perhaps this, after all, is the real Arcadia!" While I was indulging in these reflections, it was amusing to see Picton at work! The heads and entrails of the cod-fish, thrown from the "flakes" into the water, attract thousands of the baser tribes, such as sculpins, flounders, and toad-fish, who feed themselves fat upon the offals, and enjoy a peaceful life under the clear wa? ters of the harbor. As the dingledekooch floated silently over them, they lay per? fectly quiet and unsuspicious of danger, although within a few feet of the fatal fish-pugh, and in an element almost as transparent as air. Lobster, during the storm, had gone off to other grounds; but here were great flat flounders and sculpin, within reach of the indefatigable Picton. Down went the fish-pugh and up came the game! The bottom of the skiff was soon cov? ered with the spearings of the traveller. Great flounders, those sub-marine buck? wheat cakes; sculpins, bloated with rage and wind, like patriots out of office; toad-fish, savage and vindictive as Irish? men in a riot. Down went the fish-pugh! It was rare sport, and no person could have enjoyed it more than Picton--except per? haps some of the veteran fishermen of Lou? isburgh, who were gathered on the beach watching the doings in the dingledekooch. Quite a little crowd of fishermen gathered around us, as the dingledekooch ran bows on the beach, and Picton, warm

with exer? cise and excitement, leaped ashore, flour? ishing his piscatorial javelin with an air R.B. MacNeil Ltd. MERCEDES-BENZ & LADA SALES and SERVICE 36 State St., Sydney, N. S'. BIP 2W4 NOW YOU CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO TAKE A LOOK 564-LADA 5232 Lobster Kettle WhQfftid\* R??tourgnl Steamed Ckuns, Boiled Lobsters, Choy'dei Seafood at Its Best' Road • Louisbourg. Nova Scotia \* Phona 733>2877 Look for us enroute to the Lighthouse! Tfus Beach isyom Backyardl • beautiful sandy beach to explore \* filly equipped housekeeping cottages • t'mpsite and trailer accommodation tenniscourts
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