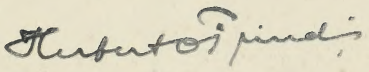

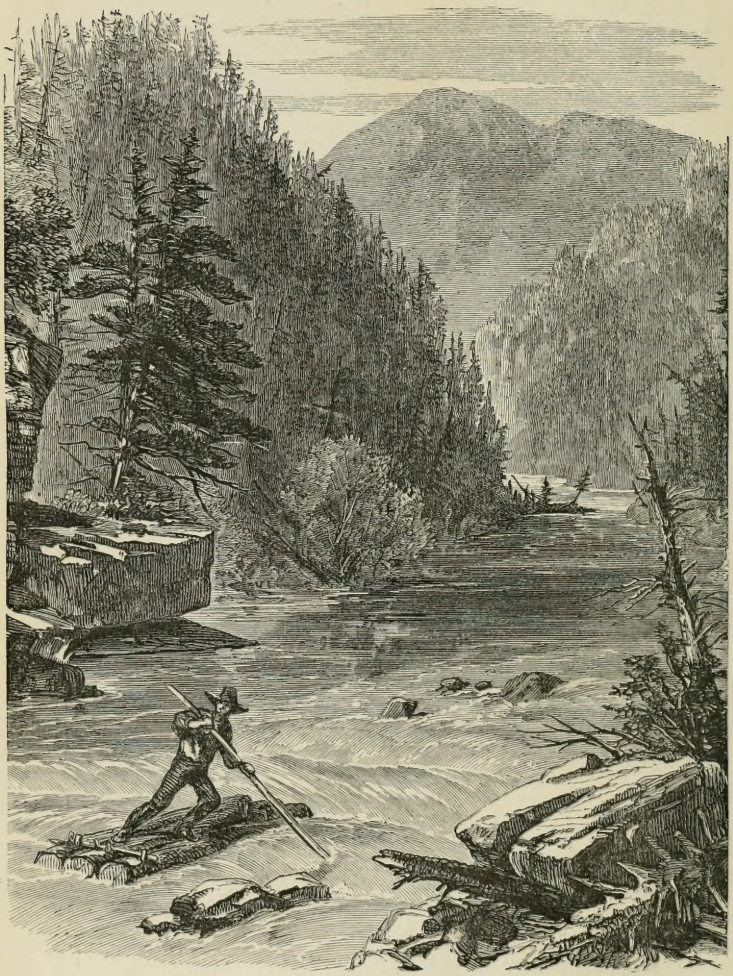

ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

THE

# FISHING TOURIST:

## ANGLER'S GUIDE AND REFERENCE BOOK.

BY

CHARLES HALLOCK,

SECRETARY OF THE "BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION."

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"As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport."—SHAK.

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NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1873.

*To*

*Salmo,*

KING OF GAME-FISH,

*these few lines are respectfully*
*dedicated by an old Retainer.*

# PREFATORY.

I HAVE been frequently requested to collate my various sketches of travel and adventure which have appeared from time to time in Harper's Magazine, and publish them in book form for the information of sportsmen. But, as these cover a period of seventeen years, and much of the material has passed out of date, I have thought it better to issue a work more comprehensive, to serve as a sort of Reference Book for Anglers and Tourists.

This volume presents in a concise form all the information necessary to enable gentlemen to visit successfully every accessible salmon and trout region of America; though of course it has not attempted to specify each neighborhood locality. Observation is confined exclusively to the *Salmo* family, because I regard them as the only fresh-water fish, excepting the black bass, worthy the name of *game-fish*—the earnest pursuit whereof leads where much substantial information can be gathered, with benefit to mind and body.

Since the ancient days of Pliny and Ansonius, the "trout in speckled pride" has been the undying theme of pastoral poets and sentimental anglers; and a fulsome rhapsody here would only pale before the light of their diviner fires. Pedants in piscatory lore have so often classified the *Salmo* family, and described their characteristics and minutest points of difference, that I assume the scientific world is satisfied that nothing remains to be said on that head; hence I offer no supplementary essay. Fly-fishing as a fine art has

been expatiated upon till it has become a worn-out leaf in books. I forbear to delegate myself instructor in a branch of study which can be thoroughly mastered only by diligent and intelligent practice. As for the "beauties of nature" which environ the haunts of the angler and so infallibly inspire the author's pen, are they not painted on the clouds, written on the leaves, and limned in rainbow tints upon the dashing streams? It is evident that any effort of mine in this direction, however ambitious, has been anticipated. Neither will I attempt to rival the retailers of big fish stories. The field is already fallow. My province is simply to write an Angler's Guide without embellishment; to tell where fish are to be caught, and when, and how; to show the sportsman the shortest routes to pleasure, the best means of conveyance, the expense thereof, and the secrets of the commissariat.

With a few notable exceptions, our sporting literature is composed of technical scientific treatises on fish and fish-hooks, which may possibly interest a club of veteran anglers, but which only bore and mystify the general reader; or else the books are mere recitals of personal exploits, supplemented by sentimental apostrophes to nature, and rounded off with high-flown periods. What does it matter to the neophyte, or what does the casual reader care, whether an artificial fly is whipped with the real yellow mohair, or with the rayed feathers of the mallard dyed yellow? What do they know of the mechanism of rods and reels? How can we stir enthusiasm in hearth-rug knights, or instil into their composition a love for field sports by confusing their minds with ichthyological abstractions? Why daze the novice by turning all at once upon his unaccustomed eyes the full effulgence of the Sportsman's Paradise? A service more meritorious and long needed, would be to furnish some plain, wholesome fare of wise instruction, comprehensible to common minds; some healthy and vigorous photographs of real life, which will assert their truthfulness by instantly reviving kindred experiences of days gone by; with a judicious touch of light and shade in the coloring that shall make the profession and

field attractive and not discouraging by a pedantic display of its mysterious paraphernalia.

A taste for out-of-door sports must be nurtured carefully. Its growth cannot be forced. Gradually and completely can we wean our families from the dissipation, late hours, and unhealthy conventionalisms of fashionable watering-places. By degrees we shall teach our wives and daughters to participate in the favorite pastimes of their husbands and sons; for do they not always take a warm interest in anything that affects us? Do they not sympathize with our views and plans, and mould their tastes to ours? Why, then, should not a sporting literature be provided which our women may read with pleasure, and our children with profit? More suitable or healthy light reading could not be put into their hands for perusal in the summer days.

Not vain enough to suppose that the material of these pages meets this requisition, nor intending to write a book upon such a model, I nevertheless indulge the belief that it answers in many essentials the public demand, and that a cordial welcome will be extended to the FISHING TOURIST.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK, *February 1, 1873.*

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HE FISHING TOURIST.

# Salmonidæ.

"*Salmo*, a salmon, probably from *salio*, to leap."—Lexicon.

## I.

AND why not "probably?" Is not the leap the notable characteristic of the whole Salmo family? Is it not the marvelous leap over the countersearp of dashing falls, and that more desperate leap taken at full tension of lengthened line and straining rod, which marks the courage and nervous strength of the salmon? Is it not the leap at eventide, out from the depths of shadowy pools, that baptizes him with showers of glittering spray the embodiment of grace and beauty?

> "For often at night, in a sportive mood,
> He comes to the brim of the moonlit flood,
> And tosses in air a curve aloft,
> Like the silvery bow of the gods, then soft
> He plashes deliciously back in the spray,
> While tremulous circles go spreading away."

Answer thine own heart's impulse, oh, enthusiastic devotee to sports of forest and stream! Does it not quicken the pulse and thrill the nerves, and make thine own heart *leap* too, in magnetic sympathy, to see, aye, even to remember, those magnificent leaps of the wonderful salmon? And

wherever the salmon or the trout disports himself, there Nature likewise lifts up her voice and her hands in joyful harmony and accord. The leaves dance to their own whispered cadences; the cascade leaps to the music of its fall; birds and insects take frequent wing; and the bounding deer snuffs the air, vital and laden with woodland perfumes. Surely it is the leap that designates the salmon. Let us, therefore, accord to him and all his royal family that heraldic device and motto which justly belong to their noble line, and which have ever been recognized where Nature has held her court—*Salmo the Leaper!*

Just here, upon the inspiration of the occasion and the theme, it would be natural to give my pen an impromptu flourish, and describing a graceful parabola over my shoulder, *secundem artem*, drop my line deftly into the swift current of my subject, just where that salmon splashed but now. I forbear only through fear of personal criticism from some old sportsman whose hair is more gray than mine. Yet, assuredly a quarter of a century devoted to study of the gentle art should exempt me from a charge of presumption in attempting to instruct, or of egoism in simply narrating some portion of manifold personal experiences, *quorum pars fui*.

It is now twenty-six years since I cast my first fly among the green hills of Hampshire county, Massachusetts. I was a stripling then, tall and active, with my young blood bounding through every vein, and reveling in the full promise of a hardy manhood. My whole time was passed out of doors. I scorned a bed in the summer months. My home was a tree-embowered shanty apart from the farm-house, and crowning a knoll around whose base wound and tumbled a most delectable trout-brook. Here was the primary school where I learned the first rudiments of a sportsman's education. In time I came to know every woodchuck hole in the township, and almost every red squirrel and chipmunk by sight; every log where an old cock-partridge drummed; every crow's nest, and every hollow tree where a coon hid

away. I heard Bob White whistle to his mate in June, and knew where to find his family when the young brood hatched out. I had pets of all kinds: tame squirrels, and crows, hawks, owls and coons. All the live-stock on the farm were my friends. I rode the cows from pasture, drove a cosset four-in-hand, jumped the donkey off the bridge to the detriment of both our necks, and even trained a heifer so that I could fire my shot-gun at rest between her budding horns. I learned where to gather all the berries, roots, barks, and "yarbs" that grew in the woods; and so unconsciously became a naturalist and an earnest student of botany. As to fishing, it was my passion. There were great lakes that reposed in the solitude of the woods, at whose outlets the hum and buzz of busy saw-mills were heard, and whose waters were filled with pickerel: and, most glorious of all, there were mountain streams, foaming, purling, eddying and rippling with a life and a dash and a joyousness that made our lives merry, and filled our hearts to overflowing with pleasure.

Fly-fishing was in its infancy then. It was an art scarcely known in America and but little practised in England. The progressive school of old Isaak and Kit North had but few graduates with honor. We boys, my cousin and I, had little conception of the curious devices of feathers and tinsel which we afterwards learned to use; and to the angling fraternity the artifices of Thorndyke, Stickler and Bethune were as mysterious as the occult sciences themselves. *We* used simply a wattle and a worm, and whipped the trout out by hundreds: for the streams fairly teemed with them. And it required some little skill to do it, too—much knowledge of the haunts of the speckled beauties, much caution in creeping up to the more exposed pools, where a passing shadow would have dashed our hopes in an instant; and no little dexterity in dropping the bait quietly out of sight under the bank, where we knew a wary trout was lurking. What a thrill there was when the expected tug came! and when we had

him hooked, we pulled him out *vi et armis*. No time for grace or parley. It was purely a test of strength between tackle and gills. We did not understand "playing a trout." And yet we were the best anglers in the village. No boys could hold a candle to us. We caught bigger fish and more of them. We knew every good place in the stream. There was the old log just at the edge of the woods, the big hole where we used to bathe, the bridge that crossed the road, the rocky ledge at the pond where there was a little mill, the crossing-log in the ten-acre pasture, the eddy at the lower falls, and so on from point to point, through devious windings and turnings, away down stream three miles or more to the grist-mill—the same which the old "Mountain Miller" used to "tend" in days gone by.

Ah! those were halcyon days. No railroads disturbed the quiet seclusion of that mountain nook. The scream of the locomotive was not heard within twenty-four miles of it. Twice a week an old-fashioned coach dragged heavily up the hill into the hamlet and halted in front of the house which was at once post-office, tavern, and miscellaneous store—an "*omnium gatherum*," as our friend Ives had it in our college days at Yale. One day it brought a passenger. A well-knit, wiry frame he had, and features stolid and denoting energy and kindred qualities. He carried a leather hand-bag and a handful of rods in a case. The village *quidnuncs* said he was a surveyor. He allowed he was from Troy and had "come to go a-fishing." From that stranger I took my first lesson in fly-fishing.

As he stood upon the tavern-steps he gazed across the barren waste of ground to the meeting-house opposite—the same meeting-house where my revered grandfather ministered with grace for forty years—a meeting-house quaint and ancient, rooster-crowned, with its horse-block and horse-sheds at hand, and its square pews inside, its lofty galleries and pulpit, its deacon-seats and its sounding-board, long since things of the past. He gazed and seemed to meditate, then shook

his head and remarked, "To-morrow will be Sunday. I shall have to wait till the following day. Sonny, can you tell me if there is any trout-fishing about here?" Trout-fishing! to me there was magic in the sound. Of course my Sunday-school lesson lapsed next day. Appetite deserted me—I even refused the golden gingerbread that my aunt supplied at noon from the family lunch-basket. But you should have seen that stranger fish on Monday! It was not that he took so very many fish, but the way in which he did it. In the first place his rod was so constructed in different pieces that he could joint it together, and it was nicely varnished too, and stiffer and more supple than our long hickory poles. I did not see what kind of bait he used—I didn't see him use any—but he gave a flourish of his arm, and tossed his line every time, far, far beyond the most ambitious attempts of ours; and nearly every time a fish took his hook. Big fellows they were, too, I can tell you. We always knew they were out there in that deep water under the alders, for we had seen them break there, often. We never tried to fish there; we could not reach them from this side, and upon the other the bushes were so thick it was useless to attempt it. All day long, while fishing with him, I employed my nicest art. I took only a few big ones—any dozen of his would have outweighed my whole string. It aggravated me awfully. He said I was an excellent *bait* fisher, but thought I would learn to prefer a fly. Before he went away he gave me some instructions and a few flies. Since then I have always used a fly, except in certain contingencies.

## II.

Some gentlemen, by no means pretentious or opinionated, delight to assert that since they became recognized anglers they have never taken a trout or a salmon except with a fly. I doff my hat in reverence to the sentiment; it is the honest utterance of a justifiable pride. It is the spirit

of the *sangre azul*, which dignifies the cultivated sportsman above the mere fisherman; the man of honor above the assassin, the Herod among the small fry, the filler of pots and defier of close seasons. Nevertheless, I cannot admit the implication that the man who habitually uses bait is consequently a creel-stuffer, or deficient in the scientific accomplishments of the craft. Fly-fishing and bait-fishing are co-ordinate branches of the same study, and each must be thoroughly learned to qualify the aspirant to honors for the sublime degree of Master of the Art.

Grant that fly-fishing transcendently illustrates the *poetry* of the gentle calling: is it becoming or wise to despise the sterner *prose*, the metaphysics of the more practical school? The most dazzling accomplishment, that one which most enhances individual charms, is not necessarily of the greatest practical or substantial worth. Each method of fishing has its advantages; one may be made available where the other is wholly impracticable. The deftly-tossed fly, taking wing on the nerve of a masterly cast, will drop gracefully far out in the stream where the heavier gear of the bait rod would never aspire to reach. On the other hand, the bait must supersede the fly on densely overgrown streams, and wherever the locality precludes proper casting-room. Moreover fish do not always prefer the same diet. They have their times to eat and their choice of food, whether red worms, small fry, maggots, or flies. They will take bait when they will not rise to a fly. The red worm is notoriously the most acceptable food of the lordly salmon. The *Salmo* family do not feed upon insects and flies: they make no hearty meal of such. These are merely the souffles and whipped syllabub of their *table d'hôte*—their superficial dessert, which they gracefully rise to accept. Has it become the law of Piscator that professional anglers shall pander to the pampered epicure alone? that they shall never tempt the trout or salmon except when in his most fastidious mood? I might even strain a point in favor of the bait-fisher, and hold that,

inasmuch as fishes, like men, have their five senses, and since in fly-fishing the sense of sight alone is tested, such kind of angling is a mean imposition upon the creatures' credulity, and not fair play at all.

I utter no plea for the bait-fisher who angles stolidly from boat or stump; there is neither sport nor science nor sense in his method. But to the man who can handle his rod properly and with successful result in an impetuous river or tumbling mountain stream (I care not whether he uses fly or bait), I must in justice concede a claim to high rank in the angling fraternity. A thorough knowledge of the habits of the fish is requisite in either case; and without that knowledge which the practiced bait-fisher must acquire of their haunts and breeding-places, their exits and their entrances, their food and times for feeding, and the seasons when they are in condition, no man can be regarded a perfect angler, no matter whether he handle his fly with the skill of Arachne herself. (Joke intended.)

Exhausted with my attempt to legitimate the habitual bait-fisher into the family of sportsmen (for which he will doubtless thank me), I am fain to assert that the acquisition of the artificial fly to the angler's portfolio has measurably increased the charms of his sport. Fly-fishing gives more varied play and greater exercise to the muscles; it bestows a keener excitement; it intensifies the perceptive faculties; it requires nicer judgment than bait-fishing, quicker and more delicate manipulation, and greater promptness in emergencies; it is more humanizing in its influences; it is beautiful in its associations, and poetic in the fancies it begets. Light as a thistle's down the little waif of a fly flits hither and yon, dancing upon the ripples, coursing over the foam, breasting the impetuous current, leaving its tiny trail where the surface is smoothest, but always glancing, gleaming, coquetting like the eye of a maiden, and as fatally ensnaring. It woos no groundlings; it is not "of the earth earthy"; it is all

ethereal, vitalizing, elevating. There is nothing groveling in fly-fishing—nothing gross or demoralizing.

But bait-fishing? Well—it is cruel to impale a minnow or a frog. It is vulgar and revolting to thread a worm. Worms! bah! let them go to the bottom. I drop my line just here. I have gained a temporary vantage for my bait-fishing friend. If he loses the campaign, he deserves to be beaten with his own rod. For myself, I boldly avow an unqualified preference for the fly in all cases where its use is practicable. I have said as much already. Let it be recorded.

## III.

Upon one other point I shall make issue with these anglers *par excellence*—this select coterie of *soi-disant* professionals; not because they are not really the experts they assume to be, but because of the very complacent manner in which they fold their arms upon the tip-top pinnacle of cumulative knowledge, and superciliously look down upon their fellow-crafts below. These eminent gentry affect to despise trout-fishing. "Oh!" they say, "we never trouble such small game. We've got past that sort of thing. All very well for those who have never had a hack at a salmon—very decent sort of sport, you know: but as for *us*, we couldn't look at a trout when salmon are running."

"But, sir, consider—"

"My dear fellow, it's no use talking, you never can have an idea of *real* genuine sport until you get hung of a forty-pound salmon!"

Such positive assurances, coming from such high authority, ought to be convincing and conclusive. Sir Oracle's estimate of sport is evidently as between a half-pound trout and a forty-pound salmon, all other conditions being equal.

Now, in truth, the quality of sport is in the ratio of the delicacy of the tackle to the strength and play of the fish.

A four-pound trout on an 8-oz. rod is equal to a sixteen-pound salmon on a 32-oz. rod. "But," urges the salmon-fisher, "the nobler the game the nobler the sport." Granted, provided the relative conditions are maintained—not otherwise. If forty-pound salmon are to be hauled in hand over hand on a cod line, or if whitling trout are to be whipped out on a twenty-feet salmon rod—if size and weight alone are to determine the quality of the sport, and the value of the captive as a game fish, why, one might as well troll for Mackinaw trout, or drag the East River for dead bodies. I have had more positive, continuous enjoyment with a three-pound trout on a one-handed Andrew Clerke split bamboo (I never drop a fly from any other rod) than I experienced from the biggest salmon I ever took in the Restigouche. It was in the East River, near Chester, Nova Scotia. But especially shall I remember the chase a lively grilse led me on that self-same day. The larger salmon had stopped running for the season, and the chances were so small of taking on my delicate trouting tackle any description of fish other than the trout I angled for, that I felt little risk in casting my line over the waters where salmon would be likely to lie. I had just recuperated from my laborious contest with the big trout; and when the grilse struck the hook smartly, I had reason to believe that I had my trout's big brother in hand. But I was undeceived "in a jiffy." The instant the fellow felt himself hooked, he shot up a rapid with my whole seventy-five feet of line, and when he was snubbed leaped a boulder three feet high, and ran back again to the pool he started from, where he stopped to consider the situation. Doubtless he felt it to be ridiculous. I certainly so regarded my own position. I was standing on a slippery shelf, which I had attained with difficulty in order to get a decent cast, with a dense thicket of alders over my head and an inky pool of unknown depth directly below my feet. I had hooked the fellow just at the foot of the pool beside which I stood. The angler will appreciate the situation. I had

either to break tackle, lose fish, or perchance drown myself. The rapid return of the fish made a frightful sag in my line, and I was "taking in slack" as rapidly as possible, when the extra strain of the line drawing down the current wakened up his ideas; and, giving a short leap clear of the water, he darted down stream like a rocket. How the hook kept fast in his jaws all this time was a mystery. *Zip* went the reel with a velocity that almost struck fire; into the water leaped the rod, following the fish; and after the rod floundered I, still clinging to the but. I did *not* say my prayers, but I had just time to think how much it would cost to repair my Baguelin watch, when my feet touched gravel at the head of the rapid, and *one* risk was canceled. If you had seen me follow that fish down stream, you would have been delighted at my good fortune in circumventing obstacles. The river was full of boulders, and there was great and immediate danger of getting my line fouled. But I presently got control of my game, and gave him the but handsomely—and after that he didn't run faster than I wished. The fellow had me at a disadvantage, and the wonder was how I ever got him at all; but when I emptied the water out of my long boots, I felt glad that I had bagged that fish. But I have always worn low shoes since, when fishing.

Doubtless there is an exultant, pulse-compelling pride in landing a monster salmon of indefinite weight, which does not pertain to ordinary or extraordinary trout-fishing; but as to the comparative merits of the two species, it is a question in my mind which should be voted the nobler game. Their habits, haunts and characteristics are identical in many respects; and excepting in size, one may be justly regarded the peer of the other. This single difference may be adjusted, as I have shown, by a proper adaptation of the tackle employed to capture them. It is certainly rougher work to kill a salmon, and vastly more fatiguing: and at times the sport is positively dangerous. As respects collateral pleasures derived from natural surroundings and associations, it may be remarked that trout

streams are generally more romantic than those localities where salmon are caught; because being tributaries of the larger rivers, they are situated higher up among the mountain sources; they are farther from the salt air of the ocean, and in a rarer and purer atmosphere; they are generally more accessible to civilization; and they traverse regions more hospitable, where game is found in greater variety and abundance, where the forests are denser and teem with bird and insect life. And finally, as regards those ambidextrous experts who affect to regard trout-fishing as the inferior art and beneath their attention, I will simply revenge myself by quoting from Francis Francis, the astute observer, who says: "A good trout-fisher will easily become an expert at salmon-fishing: but a very respectable practitioner with the salmon-rod will often have all his schooling to do afresh, should he descend to trout-fishing, before he can take rank as a master of the art."

## IV.

There are some kinds of fish, comely in appearance, bold biters, and rather successful torturers of fine tackle, which are styled *game-fish* and angled for as such, but which by no means deserve the name and reputation. Such customers may possibly "pass in a crowd," as the shabby genteel frequently do among the masses of human society. But the superior qualities and attributes of the true game-fish are readily detected.

Define me a *gentleman* and I will define you a "game" fish; "which the same" is known by the company he keeps, and recognized by his dress and address, features, habits, intelligence, haunts, food, and manner of eating. The true game-fish, of which the trout and salmon are frequently the types, inhabit the fairest regions of nature's beautiful domain. They drink only from the purest fountains, and subsist upon the choicest food their pellucid streams supply. Not to say

that all fish that inhabit clear and sparkling waters are game-fish: for there are many such, of symmetrical form and delicate flavor, that take neither bait nor fly. But it is self-evident that no fish which inhabit foul or sluggish waters can be "game-fish." It is impossible from the very circumstances of their surroundings and associations. They may flash with tinsel and tawdry attire; they may strike with the brute force of a blacksmith, or exhibit the dexterity of a prize-fighter, but their low breeding and vulgar quality cannot be mistaken. Their haunts, their very food and manner of eating, betray their grossness.

Into the noble Neepigon which rolls its crystal tide into Lake Superior, sluggish creeks debouch at intervals, whose inky waters, where they join the main river, are as distinctly defined as the muddy Missouri is at its confluence with the Mississippi. In the limpid waters of the one the silvery trout disport; among the rushes that line the oozy shores of the other, gaunt pike of huge proportions lie motionless as logs, and wallow in the mud and sunshine. Surely mere instinct should decide our preference between the two species of fish, even if nature had not so plainly drawn her demarcating lines. By the comparison the pike must yield his place in the category of game-fish, even though he be a bold biter and voracious. His habits are offensive, and he feeds not on such food as make fish noble. Trout and salmon cultivate the society of no such "frauds" as he. They mingle voluntarily with none but the select coterie of their own kith and kin, and carefully avoid the contamination of groveling bottom-fish. They will not thrive in confined and muddy waters, but die eventually, crowded out by their brutish companions: or they become altogether demoralized, losing their activity, their brilliancy of color, beauty of form, and delicacy of flavor. On nothing does the flavor and general appearance of a trout or a salmon depend so much as the character of the water in which he lives. There is no flesh of fish so rank and repulsive to the taste as that of a trout

inhabiting a muddy pond where pickerel, bull-heads and slimy eels do congregate, and whose food are the slugs and decaying animal and vegetable deposits on the bottom. Even in waters which flow through cedar and tamarack swamps or boggy meadows, the flavor of the trout is much impaired. No matter in whatsoever locality he may abide, unless it has the gravelly bottom and the clear cold water of the secret spring or dashing stream, the trout will become degenerate, and bear the traits and marks of the evil company he keeps and the unhappy place he calls his home. It is these varying marks of body and tints of flesh, produced by extraneous causes, that so greatly confuse the attempts to determine and classify the apparent varieties of the Salmo family.

## V.

That very cautious and well-informed student, William H. Herbert (Frank Forrester), speaking of the results of careful scientific investigation, covering a period of many years, remarks that "many varieties of Salmonidæ which were formerly supposed to be truly distinct, have been proved to be identical, and many new species discovered. * * * Even in so circumscribed a territory as Great Britain, every water of which has been explored, and, it may be presumed, almost every fish submitted to the examination of scientific men, great doubts yet exist concerning many forms, whether they are absolutely distinct, or merely casual varieties, incapable of reproduction."

Since these words were written, twenty-two years ago, very little additional light has been shed on the subject, and little information gathered, excepting as regards the newly explored territory of our new Northwest and the Pacific coast. In this latter region the number of supposed distinct varieties is astonishing. Vast numbers of fish differing in anatomical peculiarities, species, and color, and changing much with age,

sex, and condition, season of the year, or quality of the water, appal by their number and confuse with their variety, rendering it almost impossible to classify them. Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, writes, November 1872: "I do not think there is any one living who could do this at present, especially in the absence of a series sufficiently extensive to admit of the necessary comparison. I am using every effort to bring together the necessary specimens in order to have this work done. The published literature of the subject is entirely incomplete and unsatisfactory. We have taken for granted certain resemblances that did not actually exist, and we must fall back upon an entirely new investigation, based upon large numbers of specimens from many localities, and represented by individuals of every age and sex."

The elementary principles of comparative anatomy are so simple that a child may understand them. In respect to fish the species are distinguished from each other by the structure of the fins, the shape of the gills, and the system of the teeth. Any permanent or unvarying difference in these, coupled to other varieties of color, form, habit, or the like, which might seem casual, are held sufficient to constitute a distinct species. The teeth of fishes indicate as clearly their habits and mode of feeding as do the teeth of quadrupeds inform the naturalist whether they are carnivorous, graminivorous, or ruminating. In the same family of fishes the difference in the dental system is often very marked; but in the absence of reliable data as to age, sex, and other conditions necessary to a comparison, the naturalist may well despair of making a perfect classification.

Under the great generic divisions known as the *Abdominal malacopterygii*, or those which have their fin-rays soft and flexible, is classed the family of "Salmonidae," which are characterized by an adipose second dorsal fin. "No other family has it" except the *Siluridæ*, or catfish. Of the "Salmonidæ" there are endless varieties and sub-genera—migratory, non-migratory, and anadromous—which include those

designated as the *Salmo*, the *Coregonus*, the *Thymallus* or Grayling, the *Mallotus* or Capelin, and the *Osmerus* or smelt. The genus *Coregonus* includes the Attehawmeg or whitefish, of delicious flavor, which abounds in all the great lakes of the Northwest, and is also found in Seneca and Cayuga lakes; the herring of Lake Huron; the herring salmon, found in Lake Erie, the Niagara River, Seneca Lake, and throughout the great northwest, and generally known as the scisco of commerce; and the misnamed "Otsego Bass." The *Thymallus signifer*, or Arctic Grayling, is spoken of by one or two authorities as a superb game-fish. Its average weight is six pounds. It is found in the Winter River (62d parallel) and the waters that flow from the Great Slave Lake into the Arctic ocean. The whitefish is sometimes taken in Lake Champlain, in the month of August, with what is known as the shad-fly. This curious fly is lead-colored, about an inch in length, and makes its advent in swarms like unto the flies of Egypt. It covers the surface of the lake, and is washed upon the shore in windrows three inches deep. The whitefish, or "shad" as they are called by the local fishermen, take them with great avidity. I have known this fish to take the fly in other localities.

However, of the varieties named none are considered "game-fish," or known to the sporting world as such. Practically they are of no value to the angler. The *Salmo* alone merits his attention; he is an opponent worthy of his mettle, and the angler who would enter the lists with him must prepare to undergo hardships and toil that will test his manhood and powers of physical endurance. His geographical range is included within a belt of thirty degrees width that girts the entire northern hemisphere. It lies between latitudes 40° and 70°, and extends through Russian Asia, the whole of Europe, and across the entire North American continent. He delights in cold water, and will thrive only where the temperature is below 60° Fahrenheit. As has been remarked, the variety of his species is remarkable. Not

to mention other countries, we find no less than nineteen varieties upon our Pacific coast alone. Dr. Suckley, U. S. A., in his official report (1855) on the surveys for the Pacific Railway, gives a list of seventeen, peculiar to the waters of Oregon and Washington, which is appended herewith, with their scientific synonyms, their local or vernacular names, and the season of year when they run up the rivers to spawn:

| Scientific Synonym. | Vernacular. | Time of Running. |
|---|---|---|
| Salmo Quinnat. | Spring Silver Salmon. | April and May. |
| " Paucidens. | Weak-toothed " | May and June. |
| " Tsuppitch. | White " | September. |
| " Argyreus. | | Autumn. |
| " Truncatus. | Square-tailed " | Mid-winter. |
| " Gairdnerii. | Spring " | May and June. |
| " Gibbsii. | Black-spotted Salmon Trout. | Not Anadromous. |
| " Confluentus. | | June. |
| " Scouleri. | Hooked-nose Salmon. | September and October. |
| " Gibber. | Hump-backed " | Sept. and Oct. in alt. years. |
| " Canis. | Dog, or Spotted " | November. |
| " Spectabilis. | Red-spotted Salmon Trout. | Midsummer and Autumn. |
| " Aurora. | | |
| " Clarkii. | Brook Trout. | } |
| " Stellatus. | " " | } Not Anadromous. |
| " Lewisii. | Missouri " | } |
| Thaleichthys Pacificus. | Eulachon. | } |

To the above should be added the *Salar iridea*, or brook-trout, the silver-trout, and the *Ptychocheilus grandis*, salmon-trout—these varieties peculiar to California. Of the so-called varieties of salmon, it is probable that several are identical; nevertheless, the best-approved authorities place the number of distinct species at not less than half-a-dozen. The *Salmo quinnat* is esteemed the finest on the Pacific—often weighs 30 or 40 lbs., and sometimes 75 lbs.; the *Salmo scouleri* will average 30 lbs. Magnificent as these weights are, they have been equaled in eastern waters in years gone by; but of late our fish have greatly diminished in size, both in the average and in individual specimens. When the Northern Pacific Railroad is completed, the rod-fisherman will find this Paradise of the Pacific easily accessible; at present he must confine himself to Canadian waters. There is not a river in the eastern United States that affords

good fly-fishing for salmon, unless it be the Dennys River, in Maine, which heads in Medeybemps Lake, and empties into Passamaquoddy Bay.

Next to the lordly salmon, the common trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) ranks highest in the esteem of anglers. He is so widely known that further specification is unnecessary.

The "land-locked salmon" (*Salmo gloveri*), is a game-fish of great repute, found only in the St. Croix, Schoodic, or Grand Lakes, which divide Maine from New Brunswick; in the Union River, Maine, which lies between the Penobscot and St. Croix; in the northern waters of Maine generally; and in the Upper Saguenay.

Of the thirteen species of Lake Trout given by Dr. Richardson, none are considered game-fish, as they seldom rise to a fly; but they afford good sport for trolling, etc. The best-known varieties are the toag of Lakes Pepin, Moosehead and St. Croix, the tuladi of Temiscouata and waters of northern New Brunswick; the common lake-trout (*Salmo confinis*) of New York and New England; the Ciscovit of Ontario; and the Mackinaw salmon of the great lakes of the west and northwest. The last-named (*Salmo amethystus* or *Salmo naymacush*) is the largest of his race, often attaining a weight of seventy-five pounds; his range extends far into the Arctic regions. The Ciscovit (*Salmo siskowitz*) attains a weight of twenty-five pounds, and with his congeners, the Scisco and Mackinaw salmon, constitutes a very considerable item of Canadian export from the Province of Ontario. None of the lake-trout possess that delicacy of flavor which pertains to most other varieties of the Salmo family.

The Sea Trout or Tide Trout (*Salmo trutta*) is a superb game-fish, and is taken all along the coasts of Labrador, the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the maritime Provinces. Some of the bays of Prince Edward's Island are famous as its resorts. It is generally, though not always, taken in salt water, and near the mouth of rivers.

The Sebago Trout (*Salmo sebago*) is a monster trout with

all the marks and characteristics of the common brook-trout, but much thicker and more "chunky" in proportion to his length, and often attains a weight of ten pounds. It is found in Lake Richardson, Sebago Lake, Moosehead Lake, and in Lakes Umbagog, Rangely, and other feeders of the Kennebec and Androscoggin Rivers in Maine, and is directly allied to the *Salmo confinis*. In the Neepigon River, which empties into Lake Superior, are two distinct varieties of trout, one of which closely resembles the Sebago trout, and the other the ordinary brook-trout. Both are of extraordinary size, and afford superlative sport to the angler.

In Loch Lomond, near St. John, New Brunswick, there is a fish known as the white trout, which differs in many respects from its kindred, and is generally believed to be a distinct variety.

The list herewith given comprises nearly all the known or recognized varieties of Salmonidæ in America.

## VI.

Were the earnest seeker after knowledge to critically examine all the learned disquisitions on SALMON that have been put forth since the days of Pliny by the best recognized authorities, he would utterly despair of ever learning anything. The whole subject—the habits of the salmon, his food, his habitat, even his personal identity—would become as much a mystery as the question of revealed religion, vexed by the theologians of eight hundred sects. "Confusion worse confounded" has always attended the controversies of these learned doctors, who seem inclined to make the subject a mystery, in order that out of its hidden depths they may exhume and unfold to an admiring world the golden results of their own profound investigations. And still the great conundrum, "When is a salmon not a salmon?" lies open for solution!

To ordinary minds, under the light of mere common sense, unaided by bookish wisdom, the salmon appears to be amenable to the same natural laws as other fish. Its species are affected by food, temperature, etc., which govern its migrations, its various seasons for spawning, and the time it takes for the eggs to hatch. The simple student of nature gathers his knowledge from wilderness streams or the artificial breeding-works of the pisciculturist—practical schools where truths are learned, and fallacies set at naught; where dogmas of would-be scientists are overset by ocular demonstration. He recognizes in the salmon a creature, whose existence, like man's, is divided into four periods—infancy, youth, manhood, and ripe old age—and he designates these several stages of fish-life by the names of Parr, Smolt, Grilse, and Salmon. Observation has taught him that one portion of this existence is passed in salt water, and the remainder in fresh; that in salt water he feeds and grows fat, and in the fresh expends his strength and vital forces; that these conditions are the necessary precedent and natural sequence of procreation; that many of his species die in the attempt to reach their spawning-grounds, and many in the act of spawning; and that these are the ordinary phenomena of reproduction throughout the animal creation. It is also evident that salmon must vary in size and general appearance according to their ages; that adults may be as distinctly and as variously marked as the kine on the lea, and still belong to the self-same species. Along the coasts of Nova Scotia old fishermen pretend to distinguish the fish that belong to different rivers—it being a well-known fact in the natural history of the salmon that they almost invariably return to their native streams to spawn.

After they have ascended to their spawning beds, it requires ten or twelve days to fulfill their mission, and they then go back to the sea. It takes the ova three or four months to hatch, according to the temperature, 45° being perhaps the most favorable. In two months after the young

fry leave the egg they have grown to an inch and a quarter in length; in six months to three inches. At the end of fourteen months one half the family have completed their parr or infant stage, and go down to the sea as smolts, much changed in their general appearance. The other half of the family follow at the end of the second year, though a few will remain until the fourth year. The smolt, in the nourishing waters of the briny ocean gains a pound in weight per month, and toward the close of summer returns to his birthplace in the blue and silver livery of a grilse, and very like a salmon in appearance. The grilse tarries in the upper river until the following spring, and then returns again to the sea a full grown salmon—three years being the time required to reach his maturity.

The season of the year at which salmon spawn varies according to geographical locality and temperature of water. For instance, in the Port Medway river, Nova Scotia, salmon are taken with a fly in February when the ice is running, while in the lower St. Lawrence they are not taken until after the middle of June. The time of spawning often varies in the same river, and is determined by the period at which impregnation has taken place. It is a peculiar fact that the salmon propagates its kind before it is adult, the males only, however, attaining sexual maturity. A portion of the "run" therefore, being riper than others, spawn sooner, and having fulfilled their mission, return at once to the sea, while their less fortunate kindred must continue their pilgrimage, perchance to head-waters; for so long as their great work remains unaccomplished, they will press on until stopped by insurmountable obstacles. Where the rivers are short, the salmon return merely emaciated and reduced in weight; but in the Columbia, which, with its tributaries, extends for hundreds of miles, they die by millions, worn out and exhausted by their incredible journey. Such as reach the upper spawning beds arrive in a mutilated condition, with their tails and fins worn off, and their heads crushed

and almost shapeless. Fortunate are those which have vitality enough left to be able to return to the sea. Indeed, so great is the mortality that it has been generally believed that they never return at all.

Salmon do not eat while on their travels; or if perchance they do feed at long intervals (as setting hens do when they come off their nests betimes), they digest so rapidly that nothing has been found in their stomachs in quantity sufficient to determine what constitutes their favorite bill-of-fare. It is only when resting in the occasional pools that they take the angler's lure. At mouths of rivers, however, on the very threshold of their departure for the upper waters, they will take bait and red worms with avidity.

## VII.

Anxiously does the fisherman await the salmon's advent. Twice a day the tide flows in and fills the bed of the river for half-a-mile from its mouth, and when the ebb has followed he carefully scans the water as it flows limpid and fresh from its fountain-head. In the clear depths where the current has worn a channel or hollowed out a trough, close to the bottom he descries an object, motionless and scarcely distinguishable from the oblong stones on which it lies. If he toss a bait in there gently, just above it, ten to one he will hook a salmon! The fish has not yet lost his appetite for substantial food; cast a fly over him, and it is doubtful if he even rises. Pitch a stone at him, and he will quickly change his base, a little surprised—perhaps move a rod further up the channel; but he will not run. He feels somewhat strange; he has just come in from a tour of the Atlantic, and is not yet accustomed to his new quarters. He is unsophisticated—they don't throw stones or skitter flies down in the recesses of the Atlantic. He has never heard of the treasons and stratagems that beset the journey of the river. Well, he will learn betimes. We will give him a lesson to-morrow, further up

stream; or at least we will pay our respects to his comrades, for we perceive that the "run" has fairly commenced. Should there be a heavy rain to-night to raise the river, we can promise fine sport. There is nothing like a freshet to help the salmon on their way. It lifts them over the inequalities of the bottom, and makes their rugged path smooth. It lessens the difficulties of the falls, and conceals their movements from inquisitive enemies. On a bright day like this, with a medium stage of water, it requires some caution and wary approach to insure the angler success.

Let us follow up the stream a mile or two. The river is narrower here, and more broken into alternate pools and rapids; the pools are black as ink, and the rapids run shallow. Pebbly bars, strewn with boulders, make out from the hither shore, and force the greater volume of water into the contracted channel which the current has worn under yon precipitous bank. It runs like a mill-race there. Ha! did you see that salmon shoot up those rapids? No! look—there's another! Ah! I perceive your eye is unaccustomed to the water. One of those Indians we saw down stream could almost count the fish as they run by. Let us walk up to yonder pool; it is not deep, and we may see some big fellows resting above the chute. Cautiously, my friend! our salmon has learned to be sly. There! do you see those three lying there in the middle of the pool, drawn up in line equidistant from each other, heads up stream, with the middle one a little in advance of the others? Whew! off they go like a flash, and half way up the next rapid by this time. Did you ever see such velocity? They say a salmon travels thirty miles a day when ascending a river; but if he always makes as good time as that just now, he ought to do it in an hour.

*En avant!* Above here the river widens into a noble pool which forms a little bay on this side. We used to camp on the bank there, and the grass has covered the old site with a beautiful sward. By Jove! there's a canoe—under those

bushes! Indian Joe's, I vow! Confound the rascal! he's getting ready to set his nets in the pool here. Yes, and there's his buoy out there, just at the edge of the quick water. I had no idea the fish had been running, but you can't beat an Indian at his own game. I shouldn't wonder if the scoundrel was hidden in the brush hereabouts somewhere.

"Halloa! Hal-loo-oo! Come out of that, you Joe! it's no use skulking! Ah! there you are, are you? Come here! I say, Joe, salmon running?"

"Dunno—mebby."

"Tried the river yet?"

"Yes—try um."

"Catch anything?"

"No catch 'em—break 'em fly-rod."

"Where's Sam?"

"Dunno."

"Sam up river?"

"I suppose."

"Dipping?"

"I dunno."

"What you doing here?"

"Mend um canoe—he broke too."

"Here, Joe; try a little whiskey. There! how do you like that? good?"

"Yes—good."

"Now see here, Joe. This gentleman wants to buy a salmon—give plenty good price,—you know?"

"Eh?"

"Sell um salmon—get money—understand?"

"I suppose."

"Now, Joe, there's no use fooling. Tell me—have you got any salmon?"

"Yes—got salmon."

"How many?"

"One."

"Where you got him?"

"Up here."

"Let's see him. Ho, ho! So! you rascal, where did you get these good half-dozen? Now, look here, Joe, you can't fool me. Do you see this mark around these fishes' shoulders—and their tails split, too. You've been netting, you scoundrel! There's your stake-buoy out yonder, and your canoe here as sound as a nut, and not a hole in it. I've a notion to bring you before the warden. If I catch you again, I'll do it. Two dollars fine or ten days' jail—do you hear? Now, I'll take one of these salmon along just to keep my tongue quiet. Good day, Joe; look out for yourself."

Plague take these Indians. If they were not watched, they'd destroy the river—stretching their nets across the narrowest places so that not a fish can pass up. Dipping is bad enough, but netting is ten times worse. Up here at "Kill Devil Hole" I'll show you how they dip salmon. I'll wager Sam is there now. Ah! here we come to a long reach of still water—fully a mile. See those salmon leaping—one—two—three! What somersaults they turn! I had no idea they were running up like this. The season is ten days earlier than usual. It's of no use to throw a fly over them. They won't take a fly when they are jumping. There is no more rod-fishing until you get to the next pool above. See! away up the river, where it narrows so? Don't you perceive the foam dashing through the gorge? That's "Kill Devil Hole." I've seen a dozen Indians dipping there at once, and fortunate was the salmon who could pass the gauntlet. There's Sam at it now! You see him standing on the ledge, up to his ankles in the foam, steadily plying that long-handled scoop. He dips it into the water mouth downward, and the force of the current carries it on, and gives it an impetus which enables him to lift it out without much physical exertion. As the passage is narrow, and the mouth of the net wide, the chances of the salmon escaping are very precarious.

Now, if you are not too fatigued, we will pass on to the falls. It is the most romantic point on the river. There is nothing more exciting to the novice than a school of salmon ascending practicable falls, where the waters are churned into foam as they tumble through the narrow gorge. Leaping upward, over, and through the seething current, turning desperate flip-flaps, diving precipitately into the foam, they vanish and reappear, gaining ledge after ledge until the ascent is surmounted. At newly-erected dams, which are so high as to be impassable, they collect in such vast quantities as to be scooped out with nets, each new arrival swelling the numbers already on the ground, and in their turn vainly and repeatedly attempting to leap the cruel obstacle. Where passes or fish-ways are provided, as they now are over all the principal dams of the New Dominion and a few in the United States, the salmon instinctively use them, and go on their way rejoicing.

Should we pass on above the falls to head-waters a few days hence, we can easily observe the process of spawning in all its various stages. We can see the female fish in the rapid current of the mid-stream, holding on with nervous grip to the pebbly bottom with her pectoral fins, and writhing for a few moments in the pangs of parturition; then lying motionless, with muscles all relaxed, and shedding her spawn into the gravel which she has beaten loose with her tail. Then the males pass alongside of her, so near that their bodies touch, and precipitate their milt to impregnate the spawn; and when the great work of nature is completed, the force of the current gently floats the loosened gravel over the mass and covers it. Novices will suppose that the trough, which she has hollowed out with her tail to loosen the gravel, contains the spawn, whereas it is the little mound just below that hides the precious treasure. Henceforward time alone must carry out the work of procreation. The incipient germ gradually develops into a vigorous life, and a new generation of nurslings succeeds to the parrs'

estate, while the latter have passed to the degree of smolt, and now for the first time begin to feel the monitions of that instinct which will presently direct them to the sea. To the naturalist and the angler the habits of the salmon afford a study which never wearies, but which renews itself in brighter colors and more glowing attractions with the advent of each returning spring.

As an article of food and commerce the value of the salmon can hardly be appreciated, though much more now than in those earlier days when they sold for a penny a-piece on the Tay, or in the latter century, when laborers on our own Connecticut were wont to stipulate that their landladies should not give them salmon rations oftener than twice a week! It is only when we enter into investigations of the statistical information on record, that we begin to conceive its magnitude. In the United Kingdom the salmon production is stated to be over 2,000,000 lbs. per year, equal to 400,000 lbs. of mutton. In the Dominion of Canada the production for the year 1871 was nearly four million and a half of pounds, divided between the Provinces as follows: New Brunswick, 1,608,496 lbs.; Nova Scotia, 1,286,979; Quebec, including Labrador, 1,425,200. The salmon fisheries of Newfoundland constitute a very considerable item in the general account. On the Pacific coast the production of salmon for export is a comparatively new branch of industry. The annual yield is enormous, and forms the principal food and support of all the Indian tribes of the coast and the interior bordering the water-courses. With the extension of the Northern Pacific Railroad to Puget's Sound, this quantity will be multiplied many fold, and doubtless legal restrictions will be instituted to protect the fisheries of the entire Pacific region, and prevent the enormous waste that now results from direct and natural causes. The export returns, actual and estimated, for the past year, show a total of 100,000 lbs., and a commercial value of $40,000.

## VIII.

Although trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) are found in all streams frequented by salmon, save in rare exceptional cases, their habits are in some respects so dissimilar as to require brief separate mention. The trout is not anadromous; nevertheless, in streams which flow into the ocean, he is not averse to occasional trips to the brine, where he grows fat and improves in flavor and beauty. This is the case with the trout of Long Island. On the coasts of Nova Scotia and Labrador I have taken the common trout at the mouths of rivers side by side with the sea trout, with identity so positive as not to be confounded with them. In one instance, in Labrador, I found a small stream absolutely deserted by its tenants, and although I plied my rod through all its length to its source, I got no rise except at its mouth; yet I had previously taken, and afterwards took them in quantities above. For the most part, however, the foraging grounds of the trout are in the fresh and limpid waters of his nativity. There he feeds upon whatever the bottom or running stream supplies, or whatever chance may cast upon its surface—feeds often to repletion. Some anglers wonder why a trout will bite at one time and not at another. They expect always to find a well-fed trout at the point of starvation, and eager to swallow the first bait offered, no matter how glaring the fraud. The well-fed trout is not only suspicious of traps, but nice in his diet. Hence the necessity of discrimination in the selection of flies in angling. I have seen a school of trout darkening the bottom of a stream with their numbers, and refusing every description of natural and artificial lure—fly, minnow, grub, worm, and grasshopper in their turn, and finally rise to a light green bud of pennyroyal, trolled athwart their fastidious noses. At the same time the angler, wading cautiously in midstream, might almost stir them with his boots! There seems to be no positive rule for the selection of flies, although the most

infallible lure is an imitation of the natural fly last seen upon the surface. The angler's true expedient is to change his cast until haply he tickles the fancy of the fish he wooes.

One should possess skill enough to tie his own flies in cases of emergency, and judgment to select his patterns; but it is better, as a rule, to leave this branch of the "gentle art" to the delicate manipulations of professional fly-dressers. It is probable that the present method of dressing a fly with the hook entirely exposed to the keen vision and suspicious scrutiny of the fish which it is expected to deceive, will be ultimately superseded. That accomplished scholar and ardent angler, John Mullaly, Esq., of the New York Board of Health and late editor of the "Metropolitan Record," has contrived a plan by which the lure is made to more nearly resemble the natural fly. That monstrous appendage, the *barbed tail*, which exists in no species of fly, or of anything living or dreamed of except the Devil, is hidden from sight and concealed between the wings. At the same time the balance of the hook is perfectly preserved, and the fly kept in its proper and natural position upon the water. If it be that fish are so nice in their discrimination as to detect the slightest difference in the anatomy and color of the artificial or natural fly, as some experts would have us believe, this innovation in tying certainly gives the angler an advantage over his noble opponent which he has not hitherto enjoyed; and the salmon will have to be more liberally handicapped than ever. Clerke & Co., I know, regard this improvement with great favor. I have also a little contrivance of my own which can be used only in very rough water, and was so intended to be used. It is merely a fly dressed in the ordinary way, with a bright metal whirligig or swivel around its neck, which revolves spoon-fashion in the current, and attracts attention. It is very effective in the Grand Lake stream and the rapids of the Upper Saguenay.

Trout are nomadic in their habits. Large fish are not found at the head of a stream. As they grow in size, they constantly

shift their places, moving down stream from time to time, and leaving their old habitats to the smaller fry; just as generation after generation of men pass away, and yield their places to posterity. They have always their favorite holes and haunts. Catch them all out of this hole to-day and others will supply their places to-morrow. Colder water in this spot, or a mineral spring of agreeable properties in that, may decide their preferences; or the chemicals held in solution may have the opposite effect, and repel fish from holes which to the angler seem unexceptionable.

There is little to be said of fish and fishing that has not been repeatedly told in books. It is vain to attempt a new variation upon the old tune. Still, a few hints gathered from long experience may assist in the selection of a proper outfit for a holiday cruise.

Setting aside all the minutiæ of flies, fly-books, creels and tackle, I cannot refrain from expressing an opinion as to what a *rod* should be—a perfect rod—which is the first requisite and great desideratum of the accomplished angler. So many improvements have been made of late years in the construction of rods that old stand-bys are laid on the shelf, while rod-makers who long stood pre-eminent, are compelled to yield a modicum of their prestige. I can reverence the old sportsman who still swears by his Martin Kelly or Chevalier, or the superb implement of Bowness & Bowness, of London. Doubtless they are the best rods made in Great Britain. Possibly they are superior to those made in this country. Dingey Scribner, of St. John, New Brunswick, makes a greenheart rod which is held in high repute by Canadians. The Michell Conroy and Terhune rods, manufactured in New York, are famous, and have long been deservedly esteemed. Robert Welch used to make an excellent rod. Probably the best Conroy is as perfect an implement as can be constructed by the old-time materials of ash and lance-wood. But of late years new materials have come into use. The mahoe-wood or "blue mahogany" of Cuba, has

been found to combine all the qualities of toughness, strength, and elasticity in a remarkable degree. Of it the springs of *volantes* are constructed. But the material *par excellence* is the bamboo sawed longitudinally, with the separate strips so nicely adjusted and fitted together as to form an apparently solid piece. A "split bamboo" rod, such as is manfactured by Andrew Clerke, of New York, possesses equal power with any other rod, and is from thirty-three to fifty per cent lighter.

Now, the creation of a perfect arch is the true philosophy of rod manufacture, just as the management of this arch in motion is the essence of scientific angling. The elastic properties of a rod should be evenly distributed and maintained throughout its length from tip to but, so that when the rod is bent, no variation from a perfect arch can be detected. Metal ferrules, being stiff and unyielding, interfere with the proper formation and play of the arch; hence manufacturers have sought to obviate the difficulty by making their rods of three or even two joints, instead of four, as formerly. Some have connected the middle joint and tip by a splice, while others dispense with the ferrule altogether. The Scribner rod is made with a screw ferrule for the but and a splice for the tip. The screw device renders loop-ties unnecessary, while the ferrule prevents the joints from becoming shaky by wear. Uniform elasticity being secured, the second requisite is stiffness—that peculiar power or force which, combined with the elastic properties of the wood, produces a certain *yielding resistance* which prevents the fish from exerting his full strength on the hook, the leader, or the line; for from the moment a fish is hooked until he is landed, the arch of the rod, either longer or shorter, should be persistently maintained; the fish should be killed on the *rod*, not on the *line*. A horse cannot exert his strength to advantage with elastic traces; neither can a salmon overcome that mysterious force which, ever yielding, never breaks. The third requisite of a perfect rod is lightness. In this respect, all other things

being equal, the Andrew Clerke split bamboo of six splices asserts and proves its superiority; for, while an ash or greenheart rod of the ordinary length of seventeen or eighteen feet will weigh 2 lbs. 12 oz., a bamboo of equal length will weigh but 1 lb. 8 oz. This is no trifling advantage to the angler who has a whole day's work before him. As every veteran knows, each additional ounce tells painfully in the long run. That the merits of the Clerke rod are reasonably appreciated is shown by written testimonials from English professionals, including the veteran Frank Buckland, of "Land and Water," who have laid their prejudices on the shelf, and now regard the split bamboo as a *sine qua non*. For myself, I have used no other material for fly-rods for five years past; and I have had the satisfaction of hearing the best Canadian authorities assert that my salmon-rod is the finest they ever saw. Single-handed trout-rods of split bamboo measure 11½ feet, and weigh from 6 to 8 oz. So light and delicate are they that one would think them hardly capable of lifting a minnow, and yet I have seen them kill a four-pound grilse! These rods, it may be remarked, are expensive; but so are first-class guns, for which sportsmen are willing to pay as high as eighty or one hundred guineas. Best ash and lancewood or greenheart rods can be had for $20 to $25, while a bamboo trout-rod costs $40, and a salmon-rod not less than $75. Scribner, of St. John, sells his salmon-rods for $12. Salmon-rods of 21 feet are ponderous affairs, and now almost obsolete; a man can do all necessary execution with a 17-foot rod. The only advantage of extra length is, when a fish is *hors du combat*, to lift the line more easily over rocks and boulders. I have seen a Clerke rod throw a measured seventy-six feet. Ordinarily forty-five feet of line is enough for any cast. It is of great service, when making an unusually long cast, to count the time for your back-line, as singers do their rests in music, before bringing the rod forward. One comes to do it instinctively at last. It prevents tangling of the line or snapping off the flies. In raising a

long line from the water, especially in a quick current, it is of the greatest importance to first bring a gentle draft upon it, to start it, and then withdraw it for the cast. It prevents the rod from breaking. Another hint to beginners—invariably look out for your back line. See that you have sufficient casting-room before you raise your rod; it will save you the trouble of climbing trees, and lessen your premium for Accident Insurance. Always have an extra cast around your hat, ready for use. Don't forget your whiskey-flask; it keeps out the cold.

## IX.

In making up an Outfit for a summer campaign, I have found the articles named in the list annexed very useful, and most of them quite indispensable:

Rods, reels, lines, flies, bait-hooks, trolling-tackle, gaffs, *landing-net, *bait-box, *floats.

Woolen and rubber overcoats, felt hat, extra pants, socks and flannels, old shoes for wading, rubber leggings, extra boots, *slippers or moccasins.

Hatchet, knife, pistol and cartridges, screw-driver, awl, pliers, *gimlet, *emery, whetstone, twine, *wire, *rope, *leather straps, *tacks.

Needles, pins, thread, wax, *scissors, *paper, *pencil, *rubber.

Compass, matches in a bottle, *fuse, *candles, *spring balance, *corkscrew, *pocket-pistol, *field-glass.

Soap, towel, comb, *sponge, *looking-glass, *goggles, *linen and flannel rags and raw cotton, to be used for cuts, wounds, cleaning guns, mending, &c.

Pipes and tobacco, *cards, *maps.

Diarrhœa mixture, cathartic pills, *salve, court-plaster, *ammonia, sweet oil, *fly and insect preventive.

Wire gridiron, coffee-pot, frying-pan, tin cup, salt and pepper box, tin plate.

An india-rubber bag to hold the "kit" is a desirable addition to an outfit, as it makes a portable package, and keeps its contents always dry. In summer a canvas camp-stretcher, three feet by six, with hems on each side for inserting poles, to rest on logs or crotches at any required height from the ground, makes a bed preferable to hemlock boughs. It is cooler, gives better circulation of air, and is a protection against creeping insects. Moreover, it can be used as a wrapper for the rubber bag, to prevent its being torn.

Now, here are some eighty different articles, conducing greatly to the comfort of camp life, which can be packed up in small compass and carried on the back. Of course the sportsman will be governed in his selection by the length of his campaign. If he desire to travel as light as possible, and has knowledge of woodcraft available, he can dispense with those marked with an asterisk (*). He can even forego the luxury of cooking and table utensils, saving the frying-pan and coffee-pot. Birch-bark will supply him with fresh, clean plates and cups at every meal, with no trouble to wash them; he can broil his meat on a stick, and bake his fish and bread in the ashes. Cedar-roots will furnish him with twine and rope; he can tear up his shirt for towels and handkerchiefs, and use his coat-skirts to make seats for his trowsers. He might even forego soap, and leave his hair unkempt till civilization dawned again upon his semi-savage mood. But knife, compass, matches and his pipe—these are wholly indispensable. Upon them his existence, comfort, and happiness depend.

What! forego the luxury of a pipe? *Not much.* Would you ask the sportsman, after he has dragged himself into camp, fatigued by an all-day tramp, drenched by soaking rain, a-hungered, and thirsting for something hot to drink, sitting alone in the sombre fastnesses of a pitch-pine solitude, with ardent longings for the blazing hearth of home, and vain regrets that he had ever wandered—would you, could you ask him to forego the luxury of a pipe? Would

you dare, then and there, taking him in his ascetic mood, read him a homily on the noxious properties of tobacco and the vice of smoking, and urge him to put out his pipe forever? Ah! there is something in a pipe that provides a solace for miscellaneous woes, and smooths the path of daily discontent.

> My briar-wood pipe is my warmest of friends,
> Its heart is aglow and its excellence lends
> A solace and joy to my innermost soul,
> As the incense floats off from the ash-cinctured bowl.

In the smoke-wreaths circling upward little waifs of philosophy hover with shadowy form, and smiling benignantly down, bid us be patient, and help us to endure.

In the selection of provisions one must be governed by circumstances. Tea or coffee, flour, ham, salt pork, soda powder, salt and pepper, in quantities required, are all that is absolutely necessary. Potatoes and onions or pickles are an excellent relish; and a city-bred man can hardly do without butter. It is well to avoid overloading, even when traveling on horseback or with a canoe. Much time and inconvenience are thereby saved, especially where portages or "carries" have to be made. Rubber boots are a nuisance, and should be left at home. Experience will convince the angler that hob-nail shoes are far more serviceable, if either must be carried. For myself I prefer my cast-off shoes for wading and for general use, if supplemented by a stout pair of tight cowhide boots with broad soles. I also prefer warm cast-off clothing to fancy suits of velveteen, corduroy, or frieze. One has this advantage, that he can throw them away when he has done with them, or give them to his Indians or *voyageurs*, and thus go home light, with little to carry beside his kit and the suit on his back. The expense of a cruise will seldom be less than three dollars per day. Indians demand from a dollar to two dollars a day and found. Their services include the canoe. Canadian wages

are higher, and the cost of a "shallop" varies according to the conscience of the owner. It is cheaper to buy a horse and sell him again than to hire one, that is, if you wish to use him several weeks. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick wagons can be hired at $1.50 per day. Adirondack guides demand $2.50 per day and upwards.

The best preventive against black flies and other noxious insects is a mixture of sweet oil and tar in proportions of four to one. It is perfectly effectual and not unpleasant or nasty, as many persons imagine. Ammonia alleviates pain, and removes the poison of insect bites.

Camp-sites should be selected for their access to wood and water, and immunity from insects. Sandy beaches or gravelly points are liable to swarm with midges or punkies, and the thicker woods with musquitoes. Points where a breeze draws up or down the river are the most desirable. Black flies do not molest between sunset and sunrise. The camp-ground being chosen, duties should be as equally divided as possible, and assigned. The first duties are to fix the shelter, cut wood, and "get the kettle boiling." The person who cooks should never be required to cut the wood.

Tents are a great comfort when they can be conveniently carried, or when the camp is to be frequently changed without making long stages; as, for instance, when fishing the successive pools of a salmon stream. However, a good artist, with hatchet and knife, will put up in one day a permanent camp that will be storm-proof. As for temporary makeshifts they can be made of birch or hemlock bark (when it will peel) or brush, laid on crotch poles; or, for the matter of a night, a screen of spruce boughs to windward, or the canoe turned over to protect the chest and shoulders from dew and morning fogs. The lee of a projecting ledge, with a brush screen, is a dry and comfortable camp, even in cold weather. I prefer it when I can get it; otherwise, the canoe, or a half-tent made of my rubber blanket. I have slept out three months at a time, and have never used a canvas tent

in my life. One who knows how can always make himself comfortable in the woods even in mid-winter.

In traveling through unfamiliar districts, it is important to turn frequently and survey the ground behind, especially if one expects to retrace his steps. A locality looks entirely different according to the direction traveled. It is also prudent to "blaze" the route by occasionally scoring a tree or breaking a bush or twig. In following a blind trail, the eye should always run casually in advance. If it is cast down directly in front, the sign is lost; if raised, the trail becomes as plain as the milky-way in the heavens. There is scarcely anything visible in the woods until one *learns to see*. Stand still for a moment in the silence and apparent solitude, and presently a chipmunk will start up from almost every leaf, and woodpeckers peer cautiously from behind each tree.

One never should be without a compass. In some persons, animal magnetism is so strong that they determine the cardinal points instinctively. Indeed there are individuals who cannot sleep with their heads to the south, but instantly detect a bed so situated. Backwoodsmen acquire by practice and careful observation, a certain craft in reading signs which is almost infallible. As a rule, but not always, moss grows more densely on the north side of trees, nature providing against the cold that comes from that quarter. But a more reliable sign is the limbs of trees, which grow longest on the south side, those on the north side being exposed to the wintry blasts which twist and scathe and stunt them. A laurel swamp is the worst conceivable place in which to get lost, and having once got into a scrape the surest method of escape is immediately to follow the back-track out. In all cases, when a man discovers himself lost, he should stop short, and carefully consider the situation—the position of the sun, direction of the wind, character of adjacent prominent objects, &c., and then retrace his steps as nearly as possible. As a general thing, he has never gone far before he

discovers his mistake. A quarter of a mile in a jungle or strange forest seems a great distance. Rivers and streams are certain highways to deliverance provided a person has previously some idea of the general "lay of the land." There is an advantage in traveling alone, though gentlemen socially inclined will prefer a companion. As two Indians or *voyageurs* are required with a canoe, this makes a large enough party; and in most other circumstances, one's guide is sufficent company. A single person can usually get a "lift" by the way, a seat at a backwoodsman's table, or a corner to sleep in, when two or more would be refused. There is always room for "one more," but not for a crowd.

## X.

It becomes the second nature of a thorough sportsman to note carefully all that transpires around him. His pursuits and associations make him a close student of natural history. By personal contact and observation he becomes thoroughly conversant with the habits and peculiarities of the creatures he pursues. He familiarizes himself with their haunts. He gathers knowledge from every leaf, finds instructive sermons in stones, secrets in the babbling brooks, and practical lessons of wisdom in everything. To him the Book of Nature is an open revelation. From the crude materials which the wilderness supplies, he learns to draw comfort for the body and aliment for the mind. Torrid heat and Arctic cold have no formidable terrors for him whose manhood has been toughened by the hardships of out-of-door sports. He snaps his fingers at vicissitudes which would appal those hearth-rug knights whose inherent vitality has been quickened by simple toast and tea. His enthusiastic love of adventure leads him far away from the beaten paths of civilization to the utmost confines of the habitable globe. Oftentimes he finds himself the pioneer explorer of regions previously considered *terras incognitas*. It would not be difficult to prove that a

moiety of the geographical and scientific researches and discoveries of the globe are due to sportsmen—sportsmen in the truest acceptation of the word—heroes who have defied the scathing heats of Africa, bored into the penetralia of the frigid zone, cruised on the Stygian waters of the Colorado, or climbed the dividing ridge of a great continent, and from its summit viewed two oceans. Of such stern stuff was Audubon, the hunter naturalist, who assumed habits as hardy and simple as those of the wild creatures themselves, that he might mingle with them and read them in their freedom. Of such was Lord Dufferin, who left his couch of luxurious ease and in his own yacht penetrated far into the hyperborean realm, defying the elements, and enduring the pitiless breath of an Arctic atmosphere.

Conned over in the privacy of one's inner thoughts, the chequered experiences of the sportsman's life oft take shape in words which, transformed to paper by aid of press and ink, do make a book. Recorded in the simple language of truth, these homely annals of the wilderness constitute a staple of manly literature which need not shame the authors. Where shall be found such speaking photographs of forest life as are delineated in the stupendous and magnificent works of Audubon? or such a combination of the æsthetic and beautiful as appears in Bethune's Walton? The experiences of Humboldt, Kane, Herbert, Lord Dufferin, Mungo Park, Ross Brown, Agassiz, Cummings, Gerard, Baker, Livingstone, Prime, Trollope, Cozzens, and hosts of others, are they not written in living characters that do honor to the name of sportsman? These furnish a mental pabulum far more entertaining and instructive than the scrannel notes of so-called literature upon which modern fashionable society gorges itself.

Sportsmen become authors almost perforce of circumstances which they themselves create. Chock-full of information obtained by personal research, and glorying in new discoveries by land or sea, it is as natural for them to publish to the

world in books the story of their experiences and investigations, as to recount their marvelous adventures and hair-breadth escapes to eager listeners within the magic circle of the camp-fire. If egoism is a prominent trait or blemish in the sportsman's character, I crave for him the indulgence of a pardon freely given.

Though his avowed pursuits be slaughter, and the taint of blood be on his clothes, the sportsman is never cruel. He hunts not for the mere enjoyment of taking innocent life, nor to multiply trophies; his impulses are those of calm and clear intellection. With him the joy of free roving, of battle with the elements, of pure air, of sunshine and of storm, of penetrating the secrets of nature, and of successfully circumventing nature's cunning by artful counter-wiles—these are the nobler purposes. He never feeds his passion to satiety; he is rather the conservator of the creatures he pursues. Self-interest makes him their champion and preserver. He has learned that he must not only protect them, but assist the natural processes of reproduction if he would secure a continuance of his favorite pastime. He recognizes their true value in the respective spheres they fill. He rigidly discriminates between those that are noxious and those that are harmless. Vermin he slaughters; but he lays no violent hand on the songsters and those other creatures which familiar intercourse and study have taught him render invaluable service as scavengers and as aids to the husbandman, even though some of them take liberal toll from the farmers' crops. He makes the laws of nature his rule of conduct, and subordinates his desires thereto; he holds stated seasons sacred to the work of propagation. He captures and kills only after prescribed modes, and scrupulously spares the young. He regards the offender against these reasonable and judicious ordinances as his enemy, and is not merciful in passing judgment upon him.

It is only within a few years that the true character and good offices of sportsmen have begun to be properly appre-

ciated in this country. They have been confounded with the ignoble band of prowlers, poachers and pot-hunters, who are most potent in scouring the country of everything that flies, leaps, or swims. Let us hereafter do him justice, acknowledge his worth, and accord to him that position he deserves. We will esteem him for his æsthetic tastes, and his selection of a pastime which invigorates, humanizes, educates, and ennobles—which hardens the muscles and stimulates the brain.

"'Tis not from books alone Thought's pleasures flow—
They are but aqueducts which serve to bring
The stream direct (meandering else but slow,)
As fresh it wells from Pierian spring;
But who would taste it pure at times must fling
His books aside, and turn to Nature's page,
Open alike to peasant, prince, and king—
To man untaught as well as learned sage,
And mid its lessons deep his ardent thoughts engage."

# PART II.

# LONG ISLAND.

THE waters of Long Island are familiar to few beside the anglers of New York and vicinity, and although extolled by them, would hardly be appreciated, I fear, by the brotherhood at large. The most expert disciple of Izaak Walton may have wet his line in many a mountain lake and stream, or purling meadow-brook, and still have much to learn if he has never thrown a fly where the saline breezes blow over the salt marshes of the famed "South Side," or attended the roysterous opening of the season on the 15th of March. For thus early, while interior streams are bound by Winter's fetters, and snow-drifts mount the fences, the waters of Long Island have been released by a more southern sun and the tempering breezes of ocean. The ebb and flow of tide have purged them of snow-water, and the eager trout, after his long Lenten season, is glorious game for the sportsman.

Long Island is said to resemble a fish in shape—a remarkable delineation of its physical character. Gotham experts deem it the finest trouting region in the world for scientific anglers, because none but skillful rods can take the fish of its creeks and streams. Worthy members of the brotherhood who are wont to steal a march upon the Culex family in their annual trips to the north, may have taken at times their fifty pounds of trout per diem in Adirondack or Cana-

dian waters; but how can such cheaply earned success compare for *sport* with the capture of a good half-dozen fish in waters where a tyro could not, perchance, provoke a single rise? For, be it known, Long Island trout are *educated.* They are not only connoisseurs in taste and epicures in diet, but quick to detect a fraud; they have been taught in the metropolitan school which "cuts eye-teeth." The marshy brinks of their brackish realm are as bare of cover as a floor, affording no screen for stealthy approach. The most delicate tackle, a long line deftly cast, with flies that drop as snow-flakes on the unbroken surface—these are the sole conditions of success. The application of my remarks is to creek-fishing only—to the outlets of streams which head in limpid ponds, whence, tumbling over artificial dams, and purling under spreading willows, they wind through sinuous channels to the Sound or Ocean. Of course the tide ebbs and flows in them, and the water is salt; but the trout are nevertheless the genuine speckled beauties of the mountains, in full livery of blue and crimson, and much improved in flavor by their access to the sea. They run in and out with the tide, and it is said that specimens have been taken in nets in the bays, three or four miles from shore. In these creeks one may angle without let or hindrance, though full baskets cannot be expected. To no others have I the right to invite the indiscriminate public. But there are magnificent preserves and private ponds, where full-fed monster trout can be caught by the score from boat or bank by inexperts, provided they have access thereto by proprietary indulgence, or the "open sesame" of personal acquaintance.

Notwithstanding the insular position of Long Island, and the sandy character of its soil, which extends in areas of barren plain over thousands of acres, its entire surface is diversified by ponds and extensive swamps, which send forth copious streams, clear, cold, and sparkling. There are no less than seventy of these streams. Most of them afford abundant mill privileges, and some have been used as mill-sites

for two hundred years. The Peconic River is the longest, measuring fifteen miles. These take their rise not only in the central dividing ridge, but all along both shores above and below the line of high water-mark, though they are most numerous upon the south side. Nearly all abound in trout. The most celebrated are Success Pond, Ronkonkoma, Coram, Great Pond, Fort Pond, Killis Pond, and the considerable bodies of water at Smithtown, Carman's, Islip, Patchogue, and Oyster Bay. Great Pond is two miles long, and Ronkonkoma a mile and a half.

The unusual facilities and attractions which these waters afford to sportsmen were recognized a century ago. The best localities were quickly appropriated by private individuals, who improved and stocked them at considerable expense, and leased fishing privileges to city sportsmen at a fixed rate per diem, or $1 per pound for all fish taken. Several were subsequently secured by clubs, who laid out ornamental grounds, built spacious club-houses, and added largely to the original stock of fish. The principal of these is the South Side Club, near Islip, which comprises a hundred or more members. But there is a coterie of fifteen gentlemen, who enjoy at Smithtown the use of angling privileges equal to those of a majority of the private preserves. They have four ponds, of which the chief are Phillips' Pond and Stump Pond. The former is noted for its big fish. Their domain is an old-fashioned farm, which literally flows with milk and honey. There are orchards that bend with fruit in its season, and with congregated turkeys always in the still watches of the night. Great willow trees environ the house, and through their loosely swaying branches the silvery moon may be seen glistening on the ponds. Through a wicket-gate and under overarching grape-vines a path leads to the "Lodge," within whose smoke-grimed precincts none but the elect may come. Its walls are hung with coats and old felt hats, and suits of water-proof, with creels and rods, and all the paraphernalia and complex gear of a sportsman's reper-

toire. Cosy lounges invite the weary; there are pipes and glasses for those who wish them; and in the centre of the room a huge square stove emits a radiant glow. In the cool of April evenings, when the negro boy has crammed it full of wood, and the smoke from reeking pipes ascends in clouds, this room resounds with song and story, and many a stirring experience of camp and field. No striplings gather here. Some who stretch their legs around that stove are battle-scarred. Others have grown gray since they learned the rudiments of the "gentle art." Might I with propriety mention names I could introduce a royal party. To-morrow they will whip the ponds, and wade the connecting streams; and when their brief campaign is ended, you will see them wending cityward with hampers filled with trout nicely packed in ice and moss.

Of private ponds the most famous and richly stocked are Maitland's Pond, near Islip, and the Massapiqua Pond at Oyster Bay. Nearly all the ponds throughout the island lie along the main highways, in many cases separated from the road only by a fragile fence, but jealously guarded by trespass notices, dogs, and keepers; and it has not infrequently happened that some neophyte uninitiated into the mysteries and prerogatives of Long Island fishing, has innocently climbed the fence, and tossed his fly into the forbidden waters—whereby and in consequence hang tales of "withered hopes," not to be repeated except on chilly evenings in the ruddy glow of a blazing wood-fire, and then *sotto voce*.

In those earlier days of undeveloped locomotion, when the Long Island Railroad was the grand highway between New York and Boston, the only means of access to either side was by occasional cart-paths that traversed the intervening plains. Over these barren wastes hearse-like vehicles made quotidian trips from the railroad stations. From Farmingdale to Riverhead, throughout an area forty miles by six in extent, scarcely a house or cultivated patch was seen. The only growth was scrub oak and stunted pine, through which devastating fires

ran periodically. Into the yielding sand the wheels cut deeply, and the journey, short as the distance was, seemed slow and tedious. Those who now gain easy access to either side by the railroad facilities provided, have small conception of the discomforts of the olden time. It is difficult to realize the magnitude of the improvements made. Once across the line that circumscribes these wastes, and the scene changes, as if by magic, to one of thrift and plenty. Bursting barns, capacious farm-houses, and smiling fields attest the exuberance of the soil. City merchants and gentlemen retired from business have seized upon the choicest spots within a distance of fifty miles from town, and made them attractive with every modern innovation and appliance. Even portions of the barren wastes, which were regarded of trifling value, have been reclaimed, and now "bloom and blossom as the rose." On every hand are stately mansions, back from whose well-kept lawns and embowering shrubbery stretch acres of farm, garden and nursery, all under highest cultivation. There are conservatories filled with rarest plants. Graperies blushing in their fulness of purple and crimson, expose their crystal façades to the southern sun. There are trout ponds, whose cost to form was by no means insignificant, with arbors and kiosks dotting their grassy banks, wild-fowl disporting along their margins, and pleasure-boats floating listlessly at their moorings. There are princely barns and carriage-houses, and stables filled with imported stock. Suburban mansions of the city have been set down quietly among the antiquated houses, quaint mills, shops, and country stores of the primitive inhabitants. New ideas and modes of dress and living have been sown among the simple-minded, yet there seems no jealousy or clash of interests. The thrifty housewife in cap and gown and guileless of hoops, looks out from beneath the yellow ears of corn and strings of dried apples hung on her tenter-hooks, to the modern improvements of her neighbor, and sighs not for his flesh-pots or his finery. Her "old man," in rustic garb and cowhides,

"talks horse" with the fast young men who drive down in sulkies, and listens with some show of respectful attention to the "chaff" of sportsmen in the tavern bar-rooms. He hears the respective merits of rival rods and guns tenaciously extolled, and politely nods assent when appealed to by the earnest disputants; but he seldom puts his "oar" in. These little technicalities do not concern him much.

Has not the city-bred reader, while æstivating in some inland farm-house, often longed for the little delicacies and conveniences of the city which were lacking there, desiring that delectable combination of *urbs in rure* which would make perfection—a dash of champagne and oysters with his fresh eggs and milk, for instance? Well, if it be possible to find that rare union anywhere, it is on the famed "South Side." There are fresh veal cutlets, hog and hominy, beef, biscuit, butter, eggs, milk, all raised or made upon the place and unpolluted by huckster or market-man; luscious trout fresh from their element, with fried eggs, shad and flounders; broad-bill ducks, snipes and plover; sponge-cake, doughnuts and sparkling cider of the best selected apples. And the rarest luxuries of the New York market are within easy reach! The table cutlery is unexceptionable, and the china innocent of the omnipresent country blue. An attentive black boy serves you. The guests are of the class, in fact often the same persons, one meets at the Clarendon or Fifth Avenue, and there is no smell of the barnyard or musty boots beneath the mahogany. And yet the room, the furniture, the house and its appointments, are all of the primitive country style. It is the same quaint old structure of seventy years ago with its hugh fire-place where the great back-log flames and smoulders. There are the same diminutive window panes, the low ceiling, and elaborate wainscoting; the labyrinth of passages, staircases, and pantries; the tall Dutch clock in the corner, the stiff-backed chairs and the mantel ornaments of stuffed birds and marine curiosities. Over the bar-room door, beneath the porch, is the head and antlers

of a Long Island deer—one of the tribe of which a few are still left to roam the scrubby waste lands of the Plains. This is a simple pen-picture of the sportsman's rendezvous on this "sea-girt isle."

Starting out betimes, when the tide serves right, we anglers follow a narrow lane that leads to the marshes beyond, and leaping an old rail-fence stride forth upon the flats. Before us stretches a wide expanse sere and brown, bounded in the distance by the blue ocean on which a single white sail is making an offing. There is nothing else to break the dreary monotony save the distant masts of a couple of large fishing-smacks which are high and dry upon the banks of the creek in which we are to fish. The cold wind blows in our faces sharply, and whistles through our delicate fishing-tackle now rigged and ready for use, and each heavy tramp falls with a squelch and a splash on the marsh, and the short, crisp, salt grass whisks up the blue ooze high on our boots. Is this the *poetry* of the gentle art?

Ah! here is the creek at last. Whew! how the wind drives through its broad, deep channel, and throws up the waves against its muddy banks with a cold goblin chuckle! What a cast of the fly! Away it whisks, clear over the creek, and lodges upon the opposite bank. Foot by foot we cover the creek as we make our frequent casts, but yet no rise. At length we take one trout at the bend—a small one; after a while another; anon another, a little larger than the rest. But, bless me if I like this sport! This is not the trout fishing I fancy. In my mind this pastime and the dark forest, the whirling eddy, and the tumbling torrent are ever inseparable. I would cautiously toss my fly under yon moss-covered stump that throws its shadow over that pool, and with drawn breath await the magnetic thrill which I know will stir my nerves. I would trail it lightly across that circling eddy just below the sparkling foam, or cast it under that rocky arch where the water is black and still. I would pause betimes, that the eye might measure the lofty columns

of those towering hemlocks, or penetrate into the leafy recesses of the darksome forest. I would watch the sun-flecks on the water, or the tremulous leaves of overarching trees reflected on the crystal pool. My feet would fain press the silky grass that thrives in shade and spray, where the cascade tumbles into the ravine. Here I listen in vain for the woodpecker's tap or the harsh voice of the bluejay. There is no hum of bees or rasp of "saw-cuts" at work in the decaying log. All is dead, and cold, and drear. The effluvium floats up from the salt marsh, and two wild ducks are winging their way to the ponds beyond.

Ah well! this is a raw April day, and perchance its chilly breath has penetrated my soul. Very different is Long Island pond-fishing in June, when the air is warm and balmy. But it is the fashion among the experts of Gotham to take the early fishing here, and one had "better be dead than out of the fashion." I have heard it told of ambitious anglers who ventured to inaugurate the season on the 1st of March, and found the streams all closed by ice, that they did devote much time to games of brag, and loo, and other such devices of the devil, whereby they did little profit themselves, finding also much cause to complain of headaches in the morning. I cannot vouch for my authority, though I deem the charges not improbable, judging from certain manifestations not to be misconstrued on several special occasions.

Taken all in all, I much doubt if there is any locality where the angler may enjoy his favorite pastime with the same luxurious ease as on Long Island. Very different is the roughing it in the bush, with all its hard vicissitudes. If any stranger desires to test or taste the quality of the fishing here, let him first try the Cedar Swamp and New Bridge creeks at Oyster Bay; then, if time and inclination serve, go on to Patchogue and put up at Austin Roe's hotel, where he will receive the attentions of a landlord of a thousand acres, who owns rights in nearly all the trout ponds and creeks in the neighborhood. There he can fish *ad libitum*,

and free of charge, and take home with him all the fish his luck or skill may bring to his creel. There is no more pleasant or profitable way of spending a two weeks' vacation than to take a horse and wagon, fill it with provender and equipments, and make a round trip of the entire Island, stopping at the various fishing-grounds by the way. The roads are for the most part good; and when the tourist has passed through Babylon, Jerusalem, and Jericho, and left the western half of the island behind him, he will find himself among a community living in primitive simplicity, who have possessed the land for nearly two centuries and a half,—upright, God-serving, well-to-do farmers, who go barefoot and eat with silver spoons—men who have seldom traveled beyond the limits of the townships in which they were born, whom cares of state do not perplex, and whose ancestors were the original purchasers of the land from the aboriginal owners, with whom they always lived in peace.* There he will find a remnant of the Indian tribes themselves, and discover traces of their ancient burial grounds and fortifications. He will discover a nomenclature new and strange, and curious geological freaks; ponds with no visible outlets that rise and fall with the tides; sand-hills one hundred feet high that shift with every gale that blows; fantastic cliffs and singular tongues of land; groups of islands, between which the ocean currents set like a mile-race; skeletons of wrecks imbedded in the beach; graveyards with one hundred head-stones sacred to entire ships' crews who perished on the strand.

A peculiar and fortune-favored people are the Long Islanders, who know how to enjoy life in a quiet way, and do have an unusual variety of its good gifts convenient to their hands. The railroads now bring them the daily papers from

* The genealogical records of the author's family show that his paternal ancestor bought at Southold, in 1640, the first piece of land ever obtained from the Indians on the eastern end of Long Island. He originally belonged to the New Haven colony.

the city, and whatever luxuries the great emporium affords. The intervening plains furnish an occasional saddle of venison and a great variety of feathered game. The fertile belt of land which girts the island yields of its abundance—its grain-fields, its gardens, its orchards, and its live-stock. Water-fowl and fresh-water fish throng its ponds and streams, and the broad salt marshes afford an excellent shooting-ground for sportsmen. Beyond them the ocean rolls up its surf on the outer beach, while within the sheltered bays the most delicious fish and shell-fish are found in profusion. The long, level roads offer the rarest opportunities for driving and trotting, and the bays for bathing, boating, and yachting.

The James Slip Ferry connects with the Long Island Railroad at Hunter's Point, and the Grand and Roosevelt Ferries with the South Side Railroad. The entire journey to Greenport is made in about four hours.

# THE ADIRONDACKS.*

PAST summer the New York *Times* published an article deprecating the "ruinous publicity" given by Rev. W. H. H. Murray to the sporting attractions of the Adirondacks, and lamenting that this exceptional region should have "fallen from that estate of fish and solitude for which it was originally celebrated." Railroads, stages, telegraphs and hotels, it says, "have followed in the train of the throng who rushed for the wilderness. The desert has blossomed with parasols, and the waste places are filled with picnic parties, reveling in lemonade and sardines. The piano has banished the deer from the entire region, and seldom is any one of the countless multitude of sportsmen fortunate enough to meet with even the track of a deer." The writer rejoices, and with reason, that Canadian forests are yet undesecrated, and are likely to remain so, "unless some malevolent person writes a book upon the subject, giving to the indiscriminate public the secrets that should be reserved for the true sportsman and the reverent lover of nature."

It is not without a careful consideration of the question in all its aspects, that I have ventured to publish my Reference Book. Jealous as I am, in common with all sportsmen, of

* See Harper's Magazine, Vol. XLI., page 321.

sportsmen's secrets, and restrained withal by the instincts of self-interest, I should hesitate to reveal them, were it not that concealment is no longer a virtue. The considerations that permit publicity are these:

In the first place, the several great railway routes that have been recently completed or are now in progress—the Intercolonial, the European and North American, and the various Pacific roads—are opening up to tourists and sportsmen regions hitherto inaccessible. Civilization and its concomitants inevitably follow in their train, and hidden places become open as the day. What would the negative force of silence avail to hinder or prevent?

There is not much danger of the musquito swamps and inaccessible fastnesses of the Adirondacks being invaded by "good society." The crowd comes only where the way is made easy, and because it is easy. It follows the natural water-courses and avoids the tedious "carries." It halts where the sporting-houses invite, and selects those which provide the most abundant creature comforts.

Murray's book attracted its crowds, not because a legion of uninitiated sportsmen and ambitious Amazons stood waiting for the gates of some new Paradise to open, but because it presented the wilderness in new aspects and fascinating colors. It showed how its charms could be made enjoyable even for ladies. It was a simple narrative of personal experience and impressions, written *con amore*, with a vigor and freshness that touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of its readers. It aroused a latent impulse and provided a new sensation for those who had become surfeited by the weary round of watering-place festivities. And it has accomplished much good by encouraging a taste for field sports and that health-giving exercise which shall restore the bloom to faded cheeks and vigor to attenuated valetudinarians.

What though the door-posts of Adirondack hostelries be penciled o'er with names of those who fain would seek re-

nown among the list of mighty Nimrods; what though the wilderness blooms with radiant parasols, and pianos thrum throughout the realm; there yet is ample room for the sportsman, and solitude sufficient for the most sentimental lover of nature. The very contour of the land makes roads impracticable. It is everywhere broken up into mountain ranges, groups, and isolated peaks, interspersed with innumerable basins and water-courses, nearly all connecting. These are the heads and feeders of numerous rivers that flow to every point of the compass, and after tumbling down the lofty water-shed in a series of rapids, fall into the lakes or ocean. These are the sources of the Hudson, the Oswagatchie, Black River, Raquette, St. Regis, Ausable, and Saranac. It is only where a valuable iron deposit makes it pay to surmount the natural obstacles, that some solitary tramway penetrates into the heart of the mountains. The few fertile districts and tillable spots are likely to remain unoccupied forever for lack of highways to a market, unless, perchance, the growth of succeeding centuries drives an overflowing population to the very crags of this American Switzerland.

It has been proposed to make a national park of this grand domain, and dedicate it forever to sports of forest, lake, and field. Why not? Here is a territory of three millions and a half of acres, or five thousand square miles—larger than the state of Connecticut. Let the disciples of the rod and gun go up and possess the land. Let the girls romp. Let the pianos thrum. Let the wild-wood ring with the merry laughter of healthy women—real flesh and blood women who will make wives too good for the sour ascetics who would fain frown them out. Precious indeed in these cloudy times of irksome servitude are the holiday hours we snatch, sparkling with dew and sunshine, from the beatitude of the better day. And what more genial warmth can the sportsman find than the female welcome

that greets him from the long piazza when he returns from his exile in the woods!

The borders of the Adirondack Wilderness are accessible at various points by tolerable roads which branch off from the main thoroughfares of travel. Dr. Ely's Map, published by Colton, 172 William St., New York, gives minutest information as to distances, interior routes, "carries," hotel and stage accommodation, etc., and no tourist should be without one. I have found it remarkably accurate in all its details, though slight corrections are sometimes necessary. For immediate reference, however, the subjoined directions will prove useful and reliable:

From the southwest the approach is *via* Boonville, on the Utica and Black River R. R. A wagon-road (so called) leads directly to the Fulton chain of lakes, in the very heart of what is known as "John Brown's Tract"; but it is practicable for wheels only for about fourteen miles, or a little beyond Moose River. Thence to Arnold's old sporting-house, eight miles, the success of the journey must depend upon one's ingenuity in surmounting obstacles. The difficulties of the way are graphically portrayed by the pen and pencil of T. B. Thorpe, in the 19th volume of Harper's Magazine; though the road has been considerably improved since the article was published. Some few boulders have sunk into the mud, and trunks of trees that then crossed the road have rotted away, so that it is no longer necessary to go around them. Consequently the distance is somewhat shortened, and the road made more level. From Arnold's there is a navigable water-course all the way to Raquette Lake, a distance of thirty miles, broken by three portages or "carries," whose aggregate length is two and three-quarters miles. Indeed there is a continuous water-course by way of Raquette Lake, as will presently be shown, all the way to the northernmost limit of the Adirondack region. This "John Brown's Tract" is about twenty miles square and contains 210,000 acres. As is well known, it was once the seat of very consid-

erable iron-works which afterward failed in the fulfillment of a promise of lucrative profit, and were abandoned. Arnold's house is a relic of those ancient improvements. It is one of the finest fishing and hunting grounds in the whole section, though here, as elsewhere, the sportsman must turn a little aside from the main thoroughfare if he would find reward commensurate with his endeavors. The adjacent country is hilly, though not strictly mountainous; but there is an isolated peak called "Bald Mountain," which is everywhere the most prominent feature of the landscape. From its summit there is a panorama of magnificent extent. Fourth Lake with its green islands occupies the central position, stretching away for six miles through an unbroken forest whose farthest limit is a blue mountain range delicately limned upon the horizon. There is a comfortable house near the foot of the mountain where parties proposing to ascend can find an abiding-place.

From the west there are entrances to the Wilderness *via* Lowville and Carthage, stations on the Black River Railroad, by tolerable wagon roads which converge at Lake Francis, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles; thence by road and stream twenty-two miles to Beach's Lake, and thence nine miles to Raquette Lake. This route is not much traveled, and the sport will not pay for the hardships of the journey. Booneville is the better starting-point.

From Potsdam, on the north, there is a very good winter road all the way to "Grave's Lodge" on Big Tupper Lake, whence all parts of the Wilderness are accessible by boat. The summer route is from Potsdam to Colton, ten miles by stage; thence by good wagon road twelve miles to McEwen's, on the Raquette River; thence six miles to Haw's, with a very short portage; thence six miles and a half by road to the "Moosehead still water"; and thence fifteen miles by water to the foot of Raquette Pond, from which there is water communication with Big Tupper and all other points north and south. From McEwen's to Raquette Pond the

river is broken by a succession of rapids and falls, around which boats must be carried. Notwithstanding the frequency of the portages, and the vexatious changes from wagon to stream, this is a favorite route for sportsmen, for the adjacent country abounds in fish and game. Visitors to this section do not, however, generally go through, but camp at eligible points, or put up at Pelsue's, Haw's, Ferry's, and other houses below the Piercefield Falls. On the other hand, visitors from above seldom descend as far as Piercefield.

Entering from the north at Malone on the Ogdensburg and Northern Railroad, after a fortnight spent at Chazy and Chateaugay Lakes, the route is by the east branch of St. Regis River to Meacham Pond, famous for its trout and its beautiful beach, and thence by stream through Osgood's Pond, with a half-mile carry to Paul Smith's, on the lower St Regis Lake, the preferred and best-known starting-point for the interior Wilderness for all visitors from the east. It is the easiest and shortest route, and affords fine fishing the whole distance. There is also an excellent wagon road from Malone to Martin's, a favorite hotel on the Lower Saranac—distance fifty miles.

From the north-east there is a railroad twenty miles long from Plattsburg to Point of Rocks, Ausable Station, on the Ausable River, whence lines of Concord stages run daily over excellent roads to Paul Smith's and Martin's, diverging at Bloomingdale, the post-office nearest to either point. The distance by stage is about forty miles. The same stages also run from Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, through Keeseville to the railroad terminus at Point of Rocks, a trip of thirteen miles. By this route a great deal is saved in distance; but thirteen miles of staging are added, and nothing is gained in time, as the stages all connect with the railroad trains. Whether the tourist leaves the steamer at Port Kent or continues to Plattsburg, he will have to remain at a hotel over night. The Wetherill House, and Fouquet's Hotel, at Plattsburg, afford the traveler every luxury, and at the Ausable

House, Keeseville, there is excellent accommodation. Both places are reached by steamer from Whitehall and Burlington, and also by railroad from Montreal. Tourists often take the Keeseville route in order to visit the celebrated chasm of the Ausable River, a magnificent mountain gorge of most romantic effects and picturesque scenery. There is also a route to Saranac Lake from this point, which passes through Wilmington Notch and skirts the base of "Whiteface Mountain," and thence continues on through North Elba, where may be seen the tomb of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry renown. There is a road to the top of "Whiteface," whence can be had an illimitable view of the Wilderness. This route altogether affords the most remarkable and varied scenery to be found in the Adirondacks; and a visit will well repay those lovers of nature who have never yet "wet a line" or "drawn a bead on a deer."

By the other route there is a romantic bit of scenery at the Franklin Falls of the Saranac; but its natural charms are disfigured by one of those utilitarian improvements, a saw-mill. Here is the "half-way house" where passengers for Smith's and Martin's dine. Two seasons ago, while indulging in a post-prandial cigar, I took the trouble to count the names on the little hotel register, and found that they numbered fifteen hundred! and the season was only half over. These, however, included those going out as well as those going in. (When a man is headed for the Wilderness, he is said to be "going in.")

There are two other routes from the east, namely, from Westport, and from Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. Both of these take the visitor into the heart of the mountains, the birth-place of winds and the nursery of snow-fed river-sources. Here old "Boreas Mountain" dwells; here is Boreas Lake, the fountain-head of Boreas River. Here also are Lakes Sanford, Henderson, and Delia, which are often resorted to by pertinacious sportsmen; but as these are more accessible from the south by the old Fort Edward stage-route, or the

Adirondack Railroad, which is now extended to North Creek Station, sixty miles from Saratoga, the above-named routes are seldom used.

The Fort Edward road leaves the Saratoga and Whitehall railway at the station of that name, and extends to Long Lake, a distance of seventy-five miles, touching Lake George at Caldwell, Schroon Lake at Potterville, and passing within easy access of Lakes Delia, Sanford, Henderson, Harris, and Catlin.

From the south, access is had to Round Lake and Lakes Pleasant and Piseco—the well-stocked waters of the famed "Piseco Club"—by a good wagon road which leaves Little Falls or Herkimer on the New York Central Railroad. The distance from Herkimer to the head of Piseco Lake is fifty-two miles.

The foregoing make up a list complete of all the highways into the Adirondack Wilderness, with two exceptions. One is a road to "Joe's Lake" in the lower part of Herkimer county, which leaves the town of Prospect, on the Black River Railroad; and the other a boat route from Clarksboro, on the Grasse River, to Massawepie Pond at its head. Clarksboro is an iron region at the terminus of a branch of the Watertown and Potsdam Railroad. Massawepie Pond is within striking distance of the Raquette River, near Piercefield Falls, and is visited by old hunters who mean business, and are not afraid to camp out or follow a blind trail through the woods. There are plenty of deer and trout there for those who will hunt them in their season. Massawepie is accessible also by the old Potsdam wagon-road to Tupper's Lake.

The "circumbendibus" route generally taken by ladies and gentlemen who purpose "doing" the Adirondacks thoroughly, is from the foot of the Upper Saranac Lake, three miles over the "Sweeny carry" to the Raquette River; thence through Big Tupper Lake and stream, *via* Round Pond, to Little Tupper Lake; thence through a series of little ponds and connecting streams, with one three-mile

carry, to Forked Lake; thence carry a mile and a half to Raquette Lake, the southernmost point of the tour. From Raquette Lake into Long Lake, with three short "carries," thence through Raquette River, Stony Creek, and Stony Creek Pond, with a mile "carry," back to Upper Saranac Lake. From thence visitors for Martin's carry over at Bartlett's through Round Lake to the Lower Saranac; for Paul Smith's, they continue through the Upper Saranac to Big Clear Pond, with a forty rod "carry"; thence carry a mile and a half to the Upper St. Regis Lake, and thence through Spitfire Pond to headquarters on the Lower St. Regis.

There are several routes that diverge from the main route at various points, those most in favor being from Raquette Lake fourteen miles to Blue Mountain Lake, the most beautiful of all the Adirondack waters; from Big Tupper Lake, with a three-mile carry from Grave's Lodge to Horseshoe Pond, Hitchins' Pond, and a labyrinth of lakes and ponds of greater or less extent; and from the Upper Saranac through Fish River to Big Square Pond; thence, with a half mile carry, through a series of small lakes to Big and Little Wolf Ponds, Raquette Pond, and Big Tupper; and thence return by Raquette River to Upper Saranac. The two last-named regions are equal for game and fish to any in the country, and the Hitchins Pond district is perhaps the best.

Boats from Paul Smith's can traverse 160 miles of lake and stream.

Paul Smith's has been very appropriately styled the "St. James of the Wilderness." It has all the "modern improvements" except gas. A telegraph wire connects it with the outer world. It has commodious lodgings for nearly one hundred guests, and in the height of the season will accommodate many more than it will hold. Sofas and tables are occupied, tents are pitched upon the lawn in front, and blankets are spread on the floor of the immense Guide House, itself capable of lodging some sixty or more guides. And

each guide has his boat. Beautiful crafts they are, weighing from sixty to eighty pounds, and drawing but three inches of water. Most of them carry two persons, some of them three. A guide will sling one of them upon his back and carry it mile after mile as easily as a tortoise carries his shell. When the carries are long, wagons and sleds are in readiness to haul them from landing to landing; but few are the guides that will refuse to back them over for the price of the carriage.

Great is the stir at these caravansaries on the long summer evenings—ribbons fluttering on the piazzas; silks rustling in dress promenade; ladies in short mountain suits, fresh from an afternoon picnic; embryo sportsmen in velveteen and corduroys of approved cut, descanting learnedly of backwoods experience; excursion parties returning, laden with trophies of trout and pond lilies; stages arriving top-heavy with trunks, rifle-cases, and hampers; guides intermingling, proffering services, or arranging trips for the morrow; pistols shooting at random; dogs on the *qui vive;* invalids, bundled in blankets, propped up in chairs; old gents distracted, vainly perusing their papers; fond lovers strolling; dowagers scheming; mosquitoes devouring; the supper-bell ringing, and general commotion confusing mine host. Anon some millionnaire Nimrod or piscator of marked renown drags in from a weary day with a basket of unusual weight, or perchance a fawn cut down before its time. Fulsome are the congratulations given, manifold the acknowledgments of his prowess. He receives his honors with that becoming dignity which reticence impresses, and magnificently tips a twenty-dollar note to his trusty guide. The crowd look on in admiration, and vow to emulate the hero. After supper there is a generous flow of champagne to a selected few upon the western piazza, and the exploits of the day are recounted and compared. The parlors grow noisy with music and dancing; silence and smoke prevail in the card-room. This is the daily evening routine.

At early dawn of morning camping parties are astir.

With much careful stowage and trimming of ship, the *impedimenta* of the voyage are placed in the boats. Tents, blankets, cooking utensils, provision hampers, rods, guns, demijohns, satchels, and overcoats are piled up amidships. A backboard is nicely adjusted in the stern for the tourist, who takes his seat and hoists his umbrella. The guide deftly ships his oars, cuts a fresh piece of tobacco, and awaits orders to start. Singly, and by twos or threes, the boats get away; cambric adieus are waved by the few receding friends on shore, and the household of St. James is left to finish its slumbers till summoned to breakfast at 8 o'clock. Delicious and vivifying is the pure morning air; grateful as a mother's lullaby the long sweep of the oars; enchanting the shifting scenery and ever-changing outline of shore. In a dreamland of listless and "sweet do-nothing" the hours lapse away. Cigar after cigar melts into smoke. Lunch is leisurely eaten meanwhile. Through the outlet of one lake into the next, winding through many a tortuous stream, gliding past many an islet, with one boat ahead and another astern, and the mechanical oars dripping diamonds of spray that flash in the sun—what can be more deliciously pleasant—what freedom from anxiety and business cares so complete!

"Hallo, guide, what's that? Struck something? Good gracious, you aint going to stop here in this sedge-grass! Why, the pesky mosquitoes are thicker than lightning. Whew! I can't stand this! They'll eat us alive."

"Got to carry over here, mister. It's only a mile and a half!"

A mile and a half to tramp through woods, mud and mosquitoes! . . .

Ah! the lake once more! This is bliss! What a relief to get on the water again, and away from the mosquitoes! How clear it is! What beautiful shores! Anon into the noble Raquette, with trees overarching, current sluggishly flowing, still waters running deep. Just here the current is swifter. Toss your fly in, where it breaks over

that rock. A trout! Play him well—a large fellow, too. Well landed—no time to stop long—we'll pick them out as we proceed. The trout always lie among the rocks, in the quick water, at this season. A fortnight later they will be at the mouth of the cold brooks that flow into the main stream. Look! boats coming up—So-and-so's party—been camping down at Long Lake. What luck? Report us, please. Ah! whose house is that? Stetson's. We'll stop when we return. The Saranac at last! What a magnificent sheet of water! What beautiful islands! See those tents. Why, I can count a dozen along the shore. I had no idea so many were camping out. Bartlett's, at last! We tarry here to-night. What a place for trout! Two years ago, just in there, above the dam, where you see that rock in mid-stream, I hooked a lake-trout on the tail-fly of an extraordinary long cast; they say a lake-trout won't rise to a fly. *He* did, though, and took it handsomely. I never had better sport in my life. He amused me for half an hour, and when I had him landed, he weighed four pounds and a half. I was proud to kill that fish on my eight-ounce bamboo.

Pleasant is the voyage around the route. Each day's experience differs from the last. New scenery constantly opens to view. Friendly parties and familiar faces are constantly met. And one need not camp out at all, if indisposed. The guide will arrange to stop at a hotel each night. And what rousing fun there is in these wayside hostelries when parties meet! What blazing fires, what steaming venison, what pungent odor of fried pork and bacon, what friendly aroma of hot coffee!

Here I would fain indulge my wayward pen, and in fancy go over the ground once more. Perhaps, however, it is better to leave something to the anticipation of those who may seek a new experience in this enchanting region. For the benefit of such I will say briefly that the best fishing is in May. The ice breaks up about the 25th of April, and the fish are then scattered over the lakes and streams. The

monster lake-trout, which often weighs sixteen to twenty pounds, can be taken by surface trolling with a "gang" or "spoon," and sometimes with a fly. The season, however, is cold, and lacks the attractions of leafy June; but there are no flies or mosquitoes to annoy. In June the trout lie in the quick water of the streams where boulders make an eddy or divide the current. Later they are found at the mouths of cold brooks, preparatory to spawning.

The necessary expenses of the tourist are about $3 per day, whether he stops at a hotel, camps, or takes a guide. The charge for boat and guide is $2.50 per diem; hotel fares from $1.50 to $2.50.

# THE ALLEGHANIES.

THE Alleghanies are a continuation of that mountain-chain or dividing ridge, which begins in the Canadian district of Gaspé, in latitude 49°, forms the natural boundary between Maine and Canada on the west, and is continued through the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Adirondack chain and water-sheds of New York and Pennsylvania to Virginia. Here joining the Blue Ridge and Cumberland range, they form a triple chain which extends in parallel lines through North Carolina, Tennessee, Northern Georgia and Alabama, to Mississippi, in latitude 33°.

Throughout all this mountain region the speckled trout inhabit, and the great lake trout dwell.

Halcyon days have I passed at Lake George. What tongue has ever failed to sing the praises of its azure mountains and crystal depths? What artist has not transferred to canvas bits of its enchanting scenery—the islets that gem the Narrows, the lovely seclusion of the Hague, or the sharply-cut outlines of "Elephant Mountain"? Has he not even essayed to paint the hallowed stillness of Sabbath Day Point? Is not their name legion, and are not their cosy, vine-draped summer homes scattered along its romantic shores? Do they not nestle in its glens and shady nooks? And the artists, are they not seen daily on sultry mornings, sitting under

capacious umbrellas, whose amplitude of shade protects their darling easels from the sun—sitting sketching from Nature with assiduous eye and hand, as though the reputation of Nature depended upon the sketch.

Many are the pounds of fish I have taken from Lake George; many the "laker" I have raised with my trolling-spoon from the buoys where old Moses "chummed" his fish. It was a sort of confidence-game on the fish at the expense of Moses; but I always gave the old man what I caught. I did, honor bright! Around the three hundred islands of the Narrows, and the peninsula of Tongue Mountain, I have trolled for black bass with rich success, and taken them time and again with my rod and an ibis-fly from the rocks at the north end of Fourteen-mile Island. And nearly all the trout-streams in the neighborhood have paid shining tribute to my creel. Many a happy hour have I whiled away upon the lawn at Bolton, now studying anatomy and physiology, while the unconscious subjects played croquet, and anon reading my favorite book, or watching the little steamer that plied to and fro. In the quietness of my rural seclusion I envy not the artificial attractions of the grand hotel at Caldwell—its hops, its billiards, its brass band, its bar, its fast horses, its entremets, its flare and its flummery. I enjoy only things natural, and it is not without reluctance that I turn my back upon them when the hour for adieu comes. All the eloquence of the "Colonel's" historical apostrophes to Ticonderoga and the American flag, with a sight of the bleached old ruins themselves, will not utterly banish my feelings of regret.

All the great lakes of New York are celebrated as summer-resorts, and in them the angler will always find good sport, for the kinds of fish are various, though not all of the Salmo family. It is needless to specify them here, for the piscatory dish I dole is epicurean. It is the delicate and delicious flesh of trout and salmon, pink and flaky, served with *sauce piquante.*

All through that portion of Western New York accessible by the Erie Railroad, both in lake and stream, and in the tributaries of the Delaware, trout are to be found in great abundance. Greenwood Lake, twelve miles from Turner's, is a favorite rendezvous. In Pike county, Pennsylvania, there is fine fishing, of which I shall speak particularly in a subsequent chapter. The valley of the Juniata in Pennsylvania, and the Cheat River in Western Virginia, are famous for the number and size of their trout.

The Cheat River country extends through Randolph and Preston counties, and comprises one of the most savage portions of the Alleghany range. The river and its tributaries, the Blackwater, Seneca Creek, the Laurel, Gode Fork, all abound in trout, and run through a labyrinth of mountains, roaring down ledges, leaping precipices, winding through dismal gorges, and everywhere dashing and scintillating with foam and bubbles. Perpendicular walls run up to the sky. Great pines cling to their crevices, and threaten to fall before the first windy gust that whisks down the ravine. Such a combination of tangled wilderness and rugged grandeur is seldom seen. The White Mountains are tame in comparison, and Tuckerman's Ravine becomes a mere rift in the rock beside these mighty chasms from whose misty depths rise confused sounds of rushing waters and mutterings of unseen agents. Near the source of the Dry Fork are the "Sinks," where the river rushes into the side of the mountains and disappears for a time, then suddenly emerges to view and continues its course in the sunlight. The Cheat derives its name from the fact that its waters are so clear, and at the same time so dark as to deceive the stranger in regard to its depths when crossing its fording-places. It is reached by the Parkersburg branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Away up among the mountains of the north-east corner of North Carolina, where the boundaries of four states join, are the sources of many trout-streams which form the tribu-

taries of larger rivers. The Toe River, Cranberry Creek, Elk River, Linville River, and all the tributaries of the Watauga, contain trout. New River, in Watauga county, with its three forks, and all the streams that run into it, abound in trout. Near here are the highest peaks to be found east of the Rocky Mountains; the Black Mountain and Roan Mountain, each seven thousand feet high, and a brotherhood of lesser lights, of which Mount Pisgah, Table Mountain, its face a sheer precipice several thousand feet deep, Smoky Mountain, Bald Mountain, and Cold Mountain, are the chief. Here are finest grazing lands for cattle, even on the very summits of some. Farms are scattered here and there at frequent intervals, and among the humble cabins of the poorer whites are houses of some pretension, whose wealthy owners are agriculturists, graziers, and hunters combined. Indeed, every native resident is a born hunter, for the country is filled with game. Old Burnet, the mighty hunter of Black Mountain and for years its sole inhabitant, could count his bear scalps by the hundred, not to mention panthers, wild cats, and other varmints thrown in. Every man keeps his hound, and many a pack. This district is reached by way of Johnson City, on the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad.

This mountain region extends into East Tennessee. The Swananoah River, and the Sweetwater branch of the Little Tennessee afford excellent trout-fishing; the latter is reached by way of Franklin. But none of these localities are often visited by Northern people, few of whom, I suppose, are even aware of their existence. For the sake of the novelty alone, it would be well to pay them a visit.

Next to the Cheat River country, the counties of Potter and Elk, in Northern Pennsylvania, offer the greatest inducements to the sportsman to be found in any part of the Alleghany range. Like other localities in the older and densely populated portions of the United States, such as the Adirondacks and Cheat River tract, which have been left unsettled by reason of their unfitness for agriculture, or from other

causes, this section remains in its primitive state. Its only habitations are the cabins of hunters and a few venturesome pioneers. It abounds in trout and game of all kinds.

In Kettle Creek, Powder River, Young-woman's Creek, and all the tributaries of the Sinamahoning River—the latter a branch of the Susquehanna—the angler may cast his line with the assurance of quick and full returns.

When my first visit was made to this region, many years ago, it was no trifle of an adventure to penetrate into its jungle; but now there are increased facilities, either by the Erie Railroad to Genesee, or the Philadelphia and Erie to Emporium, and thence by stage to Condersport and wagon road to Young-woman's Town.

That this wilderness is not wholly without inducements to immigration and settlement, is evidenced by the attempt of the celebrated "Ole Bull," twenty-five years ago, to establish a Norwegian colony here. Right in the depths of the forest, overgrown with brambles and brush, and inhabited only by hedgehogs and owls, stands the castellated structure which the sanguine violinist fondly hoped would be the nucleus of a flourishing settlement. Graded carriage-roads, over which no carriages ever rumble, sweep up to the door of the mansion. Splendidly built log-cabins surround it at circumscribed and deferential distances, like the old-time negro quarter of a Southern plantation; but decay is consuming them gradually, and desolation sits within their doors. Great trees have grown from their foundations, and saplings protrude through their roofs. On every side are evidences of lavish expenditure and misapplied energy, just as there are in the wilderness of "John Brown's Tract," where the old man's son attempted, years ago, to establish iron works that should multiply his fortune and supply the world. Both efforts failed by reason of their inaccessible distance from a market. So completely overgrown and hidden from view is this hamlet of Ole Bull's, that one might pass within a few rods without perceiving it. Here and there a Norwegian family still

lingers in the region, but the country is mainly restored to its original possessors, the wolves, the bears, and the deer.

Here in the vicinity once resided a sturdy old hunter and trapper, one Hubbard Starkweather, with Pritchard, his "chum." Starkweather left the country in 1855, and I afterwards accidentally encountered him in the "Big Woods" of Wisconsin; he was seventy years old then, and I doubt not is now "gathered to his fathers."

Many are the pelts of varmints and saddles of venison he has "packed" out to Coudersport in the dead of winter; many the traps he has set for mink, marten, and otter; many the panthers he has laid out "cold" in the woods. There were two fresh cat-skins stretched out on the side of his shanty the first time I pushed my way through the underbrush up to his door. Of royal blood was Starkweather, the son of Bernard Starkweather, of Revolutionary fame—Morgan's crack rifleman, who carried on foot the despatch which resulted in the capture and surrender of Gen. Burgoyne; streaking it through the woods, dodging the British scouts, and making over *fifty miles* between sundown and sunrise!

Pritchard, his chum, was a queer old "coon," whose lips and tongue had long been hermetically and continently closed upon all social intercourse whatever by a misadventure in love. For weeks at a time he never uttered a word. Little was the provocation he gave for quarrel in those days; little the profit old Starkweather derived from his companionship, save the acquisition and compulsory observance of that cardinal virtue, silence. It was the same old story—a clear case of heart-break for love. Pretty sweet-heart, when he was young, ran off with another man. Oh, the inconstancy of woman! Ah, the devotion of man! And so the sturdy hunter's congenial springs froze up! Long it took to dissolve the icy ring around his heart; rigors of weather and hardships of life gradually seamed his features, and his hair grew white with the frosts of winter. At length it happened in this wise: he "took the rheumatics," and had a

sort of "warning attack" of partial paralysis. Bodily pain and nervous anxiety cut loose the knot that tied up his tongue. A little warmth of the old blood returned—an inner consciousness, an agreeable sense of a shadowy something which loomed out of the misty past, a yearning for that delicious sympathy and gentle touch of woman which an old man so much appreciates when his steps grow feeble and pains tingle through his bones.

Said he to Starkweather, one day, when he was dubbing a green pelt in the shanty—said he: "Pardner, I'm treed!"

A hound raised his nose from his paws and whined at the unusual voice, but Starkweather showed no sign of surprise.

"Let it out, old hoss," he rejoined; and went on with his graining.

"Hubbard, I'm afeard I'll have to give in. I aint no account any more. I've had this first warning attack, and they say the third is a settler. One of these times when you're off with the traps, or out to the settlements, you'll come back and find me stiff. 'Twould be kinder hard to drop off alone, old hoss!"

"Pshaw!"

"Hubbard, you must get me a woman to take care of me! I don't care what sort she is, much; only mind, Hubbard, she *musn't be pretty.*"

"I'll do it, old chum. I'll do it, if it cost me a fortin. Take another snooze, pard, and call the thing settled."

So the conversation terminated, and early the next morning Starkweather struck into the woods. The "woman" he brought, in course of time, to the sylvan altar, was a "she-Norwegian" and a widow, who couldn't speak a word of English. That she was plain, there can be no doubt. It was so named in the contract. That she made a good wife, is equally certain; for the hunter's cabin soon assumed a vastly improved appearance, as did the "old case" himself. He was as good as new.

In the course of time there was a wedding at Pritchard's.

All the denizens of Potter and Elk were invited. The girl was spliced. The stalwart backwoodsmen, in brand new suits of homespun and shirts of gaudy calico, smacked the blushing bride in due and proper form, and drank the health of the happy pair in bumpers full. Then the fiddler was hoisted upon a chest; and when old Pritchard himself flung his sturdy arm around his step-daughter's plump waist, and "clar'd the floor" for a dance which he called "French fours," he seemed to mean that as much dancing as four ordinary persons could do in the same time should be done then and there in a style as far from French as possible.

And it *was* done, you may depend. Modern dancers couldn't shine in that crowd. Long were the festivities protracted; and when the catgut ceased to scrape at last, and the final bumper was swallowed, it is not denied that some who sought their homes in the trackless gloom of the woods, awoke in the morning with only a blue sky for a canopy.

Mention should not be omitted of one other resort—the Catskills. If they cannot be recommended as first-class fishing-ground, they ought, nevertheless, to be reverently regarded, for their history is made classic by association with such proud names as Cooper, Irving, Bryant, and Cole. Once the waters of the Kauterskill and the Plauterskill abounded with trout, and doubtless years ago yielded frequent tribute to the cunning hand of the veritable Rip Van Winkle himself. Certain it is that they were the favorite resort of anglers of no mean standing in their profession—men whom a love of nature in its purity led apart from the noise and stir of the busy metropolis below, to worship in these mountain cloves. In the Esopus, too, and in Sweetwater Brook, Shews' Lake, Schoharie Creek, and Roaring Kill, the tiny splash of the trout was heard at early dawn, and anglers, who tried their luck at favorable seasons, returned to town with strings that numbered hundreds. But these streams have been sadly depleted since; and although they afford fair sport for summer guests of the great moun-

tain hotels, the ambitious angler looketh elsewhere for his trophies. Many are the rambles I've enjoyed among these mountain nooks.

> "Pleasant have been such hours, and though the wise
> Have said that I was indolent, and they
> Who taught me have reproved me that I played
> The truant in the leafy month of June,
> I deem it true philosophy in him
> Whose path leads to the rude and busy world,
> To loiter with these wayside comforters."

# NEW ENGLAND AND THE AROOSTOOK.*

WHEN I was a mere lad travelers took stage or steamboat from New York for New Haven, the railroad to Hartford, a "stern-wheeler" up the Connecticut River to Springfield, stage to Northampton, and any available conveyance to indefinite regions beyond. I remember making the entire journey in an old rumbling parallelogram buttoned in hermetically by close glazed curtains, with a water-bucket slung under the axle behind. Those were comparatively primitive times. Manufactories had not utilized every cubic foot of running water, and each wayside stream afforded sport for the angler. Only twenty-three years ago it was considered a wonderful stride in the march of improvement when the Connecticut River was dammed at Holyoke and the foundations of a brick city were laid; but it was death to salmon and shad. Civilization and trout, it is said, cannot exist together; and likewise salmon. Where now are the speckled beauties that once swarmed and multiplied in every brook and rivulet? Where are the salmon that skulled their way to the headwaters of the noble Connecticut, the Merrimack, the Penobscot, the Kennebec, Aroostook, and the other rivers of Maine?

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* See Harper's Magazine, Vol. XXVII., page 688.

Time was when the Green and White Mountains were the Arcadia of the angler. When a lad I could catch trout *ad libitum* among the Hampshire and Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, and a basket of a hundred and fifty per day was nothing remarkable; but those streams are sadly depleted now. Nevertheless there are numerous localities throughout New England, setting Maine aside, which even now yield a fair reward to the patient and dexterous angler.

There are the Yantic and the Quinnebaug, tributaries of the Thames in Connecticut, easily accessible from New London and Norwich, and flowing through a richly cultivated farming country, with comparatively few factories to destroy their natural attractions.

On the Marshpee and other streams of the Cape Cod peninsula fair trouting can be found. This and the Marshfield district are much favored by Bostonians who seek a day's fishing near home.

The Blackberry River and the Konkopot, tributaries of the Housatonic, are easily reached by the Housatonic Railroad from Bridgeport, Ct. They flow through one of the most charming sections of the Berkshire hills, and within view of "Greylock" Mountain. Sheffield, on the Connecticut State line, is a good starting-point for the angler, who will meet with success commensurate with his efforts. Indeed, in nearly all the more sparsely-settled districts of Connecticut and Massachusetts some remnants of the aboriginal *Salmo fontinalis* can be found.

And what shall be said of the mountain region of Vermont or the grand old White Hills of New Hampshire? Are they not annually the resort of thousands of tourists and anglers, to whom each river, brook and stream is as a familiar face and household word? Very different in their general features are the White Mountains from the Adirondacks. The latter impress by the immensity of their huge proportions and the grandeur of their outlines. They convey to the beholder an idea of illimitable extent. From almost any

standpoint of man's ordinary level can be seen an amphitheatre of Titanic proportions—vast valleys sweeping away into indefinite space; sky-splitting peaks of every conceivable size and shape standing solitary in the solitude; blue ranges of mountains trending in double and triple phalanx to the farthest limit of vision; great lakes diminished by distance to globules that gleam in their emerald settings like the light of reflected stars. Among the White Mountains the view is always more contracted, unless one mounts to the highest summits, and from Mount Adams or Washington takes in at a glance that marvelous photograph of inconceivable immensity which is defined over an area of two hundred and fifty miles. That view, indeed, to mortal eyes is like a glimpse of eternity. Ordinarily, however, the tourist who picks his way along the roads and by-paths that skirt the bases of this labyrinth of peaks, sees little more than the vista directly before him and the cumulose forests and crags that climb to the clouds. Down at the bottoms of these defiles, the prevailing sense is one of shadow and gloom. The scenery here is Alpine in its features—mountains of granite piled together, broken by gorges, slashed by ravines, yawning with chasms, and dashed by torrents and cascades that tumble from hidden places and presently vanish into gloom. All the year round the snow lies in the nethermost rifts, and the water that drains from its melting in summer cools the streamlets to a temperature delicious for trout. No sawdust or tanbark from mills will ever pollute their purity or curtail their God-given privileges. The forest will remain primeval always, and trout will probably be found wherever the angler's perseverance or curiosity may lead him. There is no more favorite region for the summer rambler, be he sportsman or merely refugee from business cares. Last year was completed a grand tour by which all the hotels and localities of interest can be successively visited. Therefore it matters little whether the tourist who wishes to "do" the White Mountains takes the Grand Trunk Railway to Gorham,

the Connecticut Valley Road to Littleton and Whitefield, the Portsmouth and Great Falls Railroad to Conway, or the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad to North Conway—of which the two latter, not yet finished, will be completed this summer.

Not to mention categorically those lakes, like Magog, Sebago, and Winnipiseogee, which lie in the path of summer travel, and are resorts for loungers rather than for anglers, I proceed to regions more congenial.

MAINE! There is no region in the United States (I speak advisedly) equal to it. As to fishing, who that has ever wet his line in these waters could thereafter be content to angle elsewhere, unless it be in the more distant waters of the Canadian Dominion? The orthodox sportsman may here roam from stream to stream, and cast his fly with a certainty of success and liberal reward which might well excite the envy of many a trans-Atlantic angler. Let the rambler make his camp on whatever lake or stream he will, it is all the same, whether it be in the St. Croix country, the region of Moosehead Lake, or the more northern waters of the Aroostook; whether along some one of the dozen romantic tributaries of the Penobscot, the Kennebec, and St. John, or on the margin of the magnificent lakes in which they invariably have their sources—lakes with euphonious names and unpronounceable names—lakes called Wassataquoik, Chesuncook, Mooseluckmaguntic, Bamedumphok, Pangokwahem, Umsaskis, Madongamook, Raumchemingamook! Maine is emphatically a country of lakes and streams. There are no mountain ranges in Maine. But isolated and cloud-capped peaks stand out in solitary grandeur from the comparatively level tracts surrounding, inviting wonder and admiration. Of these the number is large, the most prominent being the Sugar Loaf, Katahdin, Abraham, Chase's, and Mount Blue.

Moosehead Lake, long a sequestered haunt of the ambitious sportsman, and the grand centre of a vast wilderness region, has experienced the fate of the Adirondacks, and

been "thrown open to the public." Its natural outlet, the Kennebec, was long the highway for the lumberman. Down its rushing tide millions of logs were borne on spring freshets to the mills and seaboard below; and when the logging business grew to gigantic proportions, and the ravages of the axe had stripped the nearest accessible forests of their wealth of timber, steam-tugs were employed to haul great rafts of logs from the head of the lake to its outlet. This was the entering wedge that rived its portals. Soon an excursion steamboat was placed upon the lake, and hotels were built at eligible points. The Kennebec Railroad extended its iron highway from the Atlantic and Androscoggin Railroad to Carritunk Falls; and from that point stages now run to the lake. This splendid fishing-ground is accessible by an easy journey from Portland. Hither the ladies come in the summer days with their "pianos and parasols," and share with the rougher sex the pleasures of the wilderness. Tents dot the islands and shores, fishing-boats traverse its tranquil waters, and music floats sweetly at eventide over its waves. Its whole extent from north to south is about forty miles, and varies in width from one to eight. It is very irregular in shape, deeply indented with bays and coves, and diversified with numerous islands. Many of these are mere ledges of rock, covered with a scanty growth of cedar and fir, with shores that drop perpendicularly into the water to a depth of eighty or ninety feet. On the eastern side of the lake, opposite the mouth of Moose River, Mount Kinneo rises abruptly from the water like a huge artificial wall to the height of six hundred feet, and close to its sombre sides the largest ship might float. This lake abounds in "tuladi" or salmon trout, and its tributaries with speckled trout that weigh from one to three pounds.

The Umbagog chain of lakes includes the Rangely, Oquossoc, and Mollychunkamunk, and are famous for their monster trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), which have been taken weighing as high as twelve pounds! These lakes are the

grand reservoirs of the Androscoggin River; they are surrounded by lofty mountains, and present more attractions to the lovers of the picturesque than any similar scenery in New England. They have long been the Utopia of hunters and anglers. Though little visited by the general public, they are much resorted to by members of the "Oquossoc Club," who own a house, boats, and several hundred acres of land at Rangely. The club comprises some seventy or eighty gentlemen, chiefly from the vicinity of New York, who also control the Sandy River Ponds adjacent. These are the sources of the Sandy River, a tributary of the Kennebec. There is another club-house at Middle Dam Camp, which is at the foot of Mollychunkemunk, and at the head of Rapid River.

The Umbagog lakes are most easily reached from Bethel, on the Grand Trunk Railway, by stages to Upton. They are accessible also from Farmington, on the Androscoggin Railroad, and thence by stage to Rangely *via* the town of Phillips; but the journey is long and tedious.

The Sebec chain of lakes in Piscataquis county abound in the far-famed landlocked salmon, as do other lakes to the northward. They can be caught all the year round, even in mid-winter through the ice; but they spawn in November, and the fishing season *par excellence* is from June to September inclusive. These lakes are reached from Sebec station on the Piscataquis Railroad, and thence by stage five miles to the fishing-grounds. The main lake is twelve miles long. There are hotels both at the upper and lower ends, and the little steamer "Rippling Wave" plies between in the summer months, for the convenience of tourists and anglers. Such bold biters are these fish, that the boys capture them by hundreds with merely a piece of pork for bait.

The Megalloway is one of the tributaries of the Androscoggin, which it joins a few miles below its outlet from Umbagog Lake. It is nearly a hundred miles long, and for a considerable distance is the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire. It rises in the Canadian highlands, and

flows with most devious windings through mountain gorges of the wildest character, which rise in places to the height of a thousand feet. It is liable to sudden freshets; for in rainy weather every rocky seam and channel contributes a rivulet or torrent to swell its volume, and when in full, impetuous career, it empties itself into the Androscoggin with a flood that raises its waters so that they set back into Umbagog Lake for a distance of two miles, having the appearance of a river running up stream, back to its source.

The trout of the Megalloway are very abundant, and average two or three pounds weight. Anglers usually leave the Grand Trunk Railway at Stratford, take stage to Colebrook, wagon from there to Errol Falls on the Androscoggin, then a batteau up the river to Durkee's Landing on the Megalloway, and thence up stream a two days journey to Parmachene Falls and Lake. The wagon road from Colebrook follows up the valley of a small stream called the Mohawk, through a gap in the mountain ridge, only less famous than the White Mountain Notch because more remote from traveled route; thence down the opposite slope through the celebrated "Dixville Notch," along a path hewn into the side of the chasm, and just wide enough for one wagon track; with crags towering perpendicularly above, and the gloomy gulf yawning below, on to the valley of the Androscoggin and the basin of Lake Umbagog. There is very comfortable tavern accommodation at the several stages of the journey to Durkee's.

I come now to regions untainted by the odor of lavender or cologne, where "parasols" never venture, and the atmosphere is freighted with the fragrance of the resinous balsam and pine. Even the axe of the pioneer lumberman is stilled in the summer days, and the birchen canoe, gliding stealthily into the silence and solitude of unfrequented places, frightens a scream of terror from the blue crane that flaps up from the marsh.

At Mattawamkeag, on the European and North American Railway, fifty-eight miles from Bangor, where the river of

that name joins the west branch of the Penobscot, canoes and Indians can be hired for a voyage up the last-mentioned stream to Ambijejis, Chesuncook, Millinoket, Bamedumpcook, and other lakes which constitute its head-waters. The scenery in some sections of this wilderness territory is grand in the extreme. Its numerous waterfalls, its swelling hills, and in some instances towering mountains, from whose tops may be counted an almost endless number of lakes, and the vast groves of towering pines scattered at intervals over millions of acres of forest land, make it altogether one of the wildest and most romantic regions imaginable. The Penobscot River flows within striking distance of Mount Katahdin—one of the most conspicuous and celebrated of the mountains of Maine—an isolated peak, five thousand three hundred feet high, growing out of the vast expanse of forest. From a distance, looking westward, its upper outline resembles the entire face, figure, and form of a recumbent giant, stretched at full length. Its ascent has frequently been made, though not without great personal risk. A description of a mountain so rarely visited and so little known will not be amiss in these pages; it is taken from Springer's "Forest Life and Forest Trees." The ascent was made in the early part of September.

"A 'slide' serves as a path to the top of the southeastern ridge, which is above all timber growth, and about two-thirds of the whole perpendicular height. From the head of the slide we ascended to the most eastern peak. It is perhaps the most favorable spot for viewing the whole structure. From thence the primeval peaks are in a curved line, going southwest, then west and northwest. The second peak, called the 'Chimney,' is nearly square in form, and separated from the first by a sharp cut, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet deep. Ascending the Chimney we went from one hummock to another, making on the whole a gradual ascent till we reached the middle of the principal peaks, a distance of nearly half-a-mile. Here we found a monument that had

been erected by some former visitor, but overgrown with moss. While sitting on the south side of the monument at twelve o'clock, we put the thermometer in a favorable place, and it went up to 84°. At the same time, on the north side, six feet from us, water was freezing and the snow dry and crusty.

"From the eastern peak a spur makes out eastward a distance of one mile. Half-a-mile down, however, it divides, and a branch runs to the northeast the same distance. On the southwest, across the cut, is the 'Chimney.' From this the line of peaks and hummocks curves to the west till it reaches the middle and highest peak. From one hummock to the other there are in all thirty rods of narrow passes; some of them are so narrow that a man could drop a stone from either hand, and it would go to unknown depths below. In some places the only possible way is over the top, and only one foot wide. For a great part of the time the wind blows across these passes so violently that the stones themselves have to be firmly fixed to keep their places. All these peaks and spurs inclose a deep basin, with walls almost perpendicular, and in some places apparently two thousand feet high. It contains perhaps two hundred acres, covered with large square blocks of granite that seem to have come from the surrounding walls. There are in it six lakes and ponds, varying in size from two to ten acres. It is easy to see the origin of those fears which the Indians are said to have respecting the mountain as the residence of Pamolah, or Big Devil. Clouds form in the basin, and are seen whirling out in all directions. Tradition tells of a handsome squaw among the Penobscots, who once did a great business in slaying her thousands among the young chiefs of her nation, but was finally taken by Pamolah to Katahdin, where he now protects himself and his prize from approaching Indians with all his artillery of thunder and hail. Whether this be true or not, the basin is the birthplace of storms, and I myself have heard the roar of its winds for several miles. The

mountain around this basin is in the form of a horseshoe, opening to the northeast. From the peak on the northern wing there is another deep gorge, partly encircled with a curving ridge, which some would call another basin, which opens to the southeast: these two basins, from some points of view, seem to be one. The structure of the mountain is an immense curiosity. From its summit very few populous places are visible, so extensive is the intervening wilderness. Not far from two hundred lakes can be seen dotting the landscape; in one of these we can count one hundred islands."

From Mattawamkeag there is an all-rail route to St. Croix station at the foot of the eastern Schoodic or Grand Lake, and thence by the St. Andrews Railroad to Houlton; thence stage to Presque Isle on the Aroostook River. In the vicinity of both these places is good trout-fishing, and at the latter place, in 1859, I took a salmon from the bridge on the edge of the village. In that year I made a tour of the entire Aroostook country by stage and wagon, covering a period of several weeks, and the information I am now able to give is obtained chiefly from personal experience and observation then made. From Presque Isle there is a good road due north, which strikes the Acadian settlement of Madawaska, on the upper St. John, near the middle chapel. A most excellent road follows up the St. John to Fort Kent on the Fish River, traversed daily by that portion of its six thousand inhabitants who occupy the American side. Fish River is the outlet of numerous lakes which connect with each other, and thereby render a canoe voyage easy and agreeable. Several of these lakes are merely wide expanses of Fish River, and a good road follows its course for thirty miles, and then continues on down through the Aroostook, back to Mattawamkeag, in a line parallel to and twenty miles distant from the old military road that passes through Houlton. There are four or five small villages on its route. The intervening belt of country is an uninhabited wilder-

ness, crossed laterally by roads at only two points in a distance of ninety-five miles.

The Allagash and Walloostook are the most northern and western rivers of Maine, and head in a region of numerous lakes. All these waters abound in trout, but none which debouch above the Grand Falls of the St. John contain salmon. The Falls are seventy-five feet high, and *no salmon could make that leap.*

# THE SCHOODICS.

THE Schoodic or St. Croix River is the first link in the dividing line that separates the State of Maine from the Province of New Brunswick. It has two branches, each heading in a chain of large and small lakes called Schoodics, though they are more generally recognized as the Eastern and Western "Grand Lakes," and the St. Croix River itself, at these points, as the "Grand Lake Stream." Again, the largest body of water in each group is known individually and distinctively as Grand Lake. On some maps the eastern group is designated as the Chepetnacooks, and the western as the Schoodics; the first named are reached from Bangor by the European and North American Railway, which crosses the river at a station called St. Croix; or by the Calais and Houlton stage road, which touches Grand Lake at a village named Weston. Here boats and canoes are furnished. The other chain is reached by steamer from Portland to Eastport and Calais, and thence by the Calais and Lewy's Island Railroad to Princeton, where a miniature steamer is in readiness to take parties up and down the lakes.

In the Indian vernacular, Schoodic, or Mschoodiac, signifies "open space" or "wide prospect waters," referring either to the wide expanse of the lakes themselves, or to the immense fields of meadow-land which abound in the whole region.

The Schoodics are the home of the "Land-locked salmon." If it be that this peculiar species of delicious and gamey fish exists in other waters, it is nevertheless identified always with the charming lakes and streams designated as above. There has been much controversy among ichthyologists in determining its status in the Salmo family. It so nearly resembles the *Salmo salar* in its appearance and habits that it is difficult to decide whether they are a distinct species of fish, or merely their degenerated progeny, by some means imprisoned in the lakes and debarred from access to the ocean. In size and general external appearance it resembles the grilse more completely than the mature salmon. The scales of both are ellipsoid. As respects the skeleton, the texture and color of the flesh, the location and number of the fins, and the number of fin-rays, they are identical, varying only in the number of anal and dorsal fin-rays, to which ichthyologists pay little or no attention, as they are found not to be constant in the true salmon. There is, however, a certain golden sheen that illumines the land-locked salmon when first caught, which does not characterize his congener. Both species spawn about the same time in the shallows of fresh-water streams. The period of incubation is the same. The color of the fry is about the same, that of the true salmon being perhaps a trifle darker. The chief difference is in size, and it is not unreasonable to attribute this to difference in feeding-grounds, those of the sea affording more abundant nourishing food. Agassiz at first decided that it was a degenerated salmon, but afterwards saw reason to change his opinion, in consequence of inspecting the "Loch Lomond" trout of New Brunswick, which are the exact counterparts of the St. Croix salmon in size and general external appearance. William H. Venning, Esq., inspector of fisheries for the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—a gentleman exceedingly well versed in the natural history of the salmon, and selected for his official position by reason of his thorough qualifications—has

published his opinion that they are a distinct species. He writes:

"They are called 'Land-locked salmon.' But from the position and general features of this extensive chain of lakes, I cannot understand the possibility of the fish ever having been land-locked, which they certainly are not at present. On the supposition that they are degenerated salmon, they must have had, previous to their becoming degenerated, free access to and from the sea, or else there could have been no salmon to become land-locked. The head of water occasioned by shutting the gates of the dam for only twenty-four hours [there is a dam at the outlet of Grand Lake and at Princeton, and others below], shows that some outlet must always have existed. Were this outlet to become stopped by any sudden change in the level of the country, through volcanic or aqueous agency, so immense a body of water, augmented by the melting snows of winter and the copious rains of summer, which pour into it from the hills on every side, would soon have found another; and it is hard to conceive that so active a fish as a salmon could ever have been land-locked in this chain of lakes. The instinct of the salmon to reach salt-water is so strong that it is difficult to believe that the fish would ever entirely lose it; while it is not yet settled beyond a doubt that the salmon will live and propagate if deprived of periodical visits to the sea. The land-locked salmon of Sweden are now believed to be distinct from the *Salmo salar*.

"That some fish occasionally stray down the stream, and even get below the dams, is natural enough; but it by no means favors the idea that the instinct of the fish urges it to seek the sea. Were this the case, the lakes and streams would soon be deserted; for, while there is no obstacle to their descent, their return is impossible in consequence of the dams. As we know that the St. Croix throughout its whole length was a fine salmon stream previous to the erection of the dams at Milltown, we should have to admit that

the perfect salmon and the degenerated salmon frequented the same stream, and that, under precisely similar conditions, they had very dissimilar habits. This, I think, would constitute a distinct species."

The Loch Lomond trout, already alluded to, inhabit a restricted range of three lakes near St. John, and have never been found elsewhere, so far as known, although there are several smaller lakes emptying into the chain. It has never been debarred from the sea; but, as far as has been ascertained, it never goes to salt water. Although exactly resembling the St. Croix salmon externally, their flesh is *white*, coarse, and comparatively unpalatable, while the latter is pink and delicious in flavor. Hence, it has been contended that these again are a distinct species, and I have so located them in my classification of Salmonidæ given in Part I. of this book. Mr. Venning states that the land-locked salmon were formerly taken in Lake Sebago, sometimes as heavy as three or four pounds; but since the erection of a dam at the foot of the lake they have become rare and have almost disappeared. What makes the question more interesting is the fact that the fish, confined to the river since the erection of the dam, have diminished in size, and their flesh has become white. Mr. Venning writes:

"I had no difficulty in identifying it with the trout of Loch Lomond. It corresponded in every respect with that fish; even to the trial of the flesh. I took some trouble to get information on the subject, and one piece of information I ferreted out rather supports the theory that the fish is, in some way, descended from the true salmon. In the course of my inquiries, I was informed by Mr. Thomas Trafton—a hale, vigorous old gentleman of seventy-nine years, who still retains his fondness for angling, and a distinct recollection of the time when the fish was *not* a denizen of Loch Lomond—that, previous to the erection of the dam at the mouth of Mispeck River, which empties the waters of Loch Lomond into the Bay of Fundy, salmon used to frequent the stream

to spawn. At that time, he is positive that the fish I speak of was not known in our waters; soon after the dam was built, which effectually prevented the ascent of the salmon, these *white trout* made their appearance in the lower lakes of the chain, and, as in the case with the St. Croix trout or salmon, they congregated in large numbers at the foot of the lake on the breaking up of the ice in the spring. They were then very large, often reaching four or five pounds, and a small one was seldom seen; but now the large fish have become rare, while the whole chain of lakes abounds in vast numbers of smaller fish of the same species, seldom exceeding a pound in weight, and often caught as small as a half or even a quarter of a pound. They have increased just in proportion as the speckled trout have decreased, until, at present, the latter are becoming very scarce, where formerly they abounded in great numbers.

"The supposition of hybridity scarcely offers a probable solution of these enigmas; for, in both these fish the only possible solution is that they are hybrids between the salmon and the trout. Now, we know that trout will devour salmon ova, and salmon devour trout ova. But suppose this difficulty overcome, and that, by some perversion of instinct, a hybrid were produced by a female salmon and a male trout, or by a male salmon and a female trout; as both these fish visit the sea, it is hard to suppose their mixed progeny would be averse to it. If specimens of the Sebago and St. Croix trout were compared together and with the true salmon, I think a naturalist would be enabled to arrive at a decided opinion."

Since the foregoing was written, Mr. Venning, with the assistance of Mr. C. G. Atkins, Fishery Commissioner of Maine, has succeeded in opening the dams on the St. Croix River, and providing fish-ways, over which fish, including the true salmon, have passed up stream in great numbers. This intricate problem of the land-locked salmon is therefore likely to be satisfactorily solved at no distant day.

The land-locked salmon average about two pounds and a half in weight, and are taken from early spring, when the ice breaks up, until late in the autumn. They are perhaps more numerous in the spring than during the summer and autumn, but their average size is less, and they are more scattered about the stream; neither are they so strong or so active. At this season they seldom exceed a pound in weight. Nevertheless, many anglers prefer the early fishing, on account of the immunity from black flies, which swarm here in the months of June and July to that extent that angling becomes a penance and a misery. In the autumn the small fish appear to have attained a uniform size of about two pounds, while frequent capture is made of those weighing from two and a half to three pounds, and occasionally of a four-pounder. The most killing flies are the yellow May-fly, the silver-gray, with black head, the orange-brown hackle, with black head and gray wing, and the yellow May-fly, with turkey wing, all dressed on No. 0 hooks. These flies can be obtained from Andrew Clerke, Maiden Lane, New York, and from Dingee Scribner, St. John, N. B.

The angler who has taken the Intercolonial steamer from Boston *via* Portland, will find the river steamboat "Queen" awaiting his arrival in Eastport, to convey him to Calais. Boats of this line leave Boston for St. John twice a week, on Monday and Thursday, at 8 o'clock, A.M., until July; after which there are three boats a week until October. From Calais there is a two hours' ride by rail to Princeton, before mentioned, where, if the angler be accustomed to a birch canoe, he should secure one for his fishing-cruise. There is a village of Passamaquoddy Indians at Point Pleasant, near by, where he can make his selection of guide and conveyance. These Indians are a tan-colored satire upon the aboriginal red man. They have adopted enough of the white man's habits and small vices to readily pass for white men. They are much addicted to the use of "fire water," though there are a few sober ones among them.

Such it is usually necessary to determine by lot. Their time is mainly divided between loafing and doing nothing, and consequently they are quite harmless. Some, however, have been known to murder the Queen's English while under the influence of whiskey. No capital penalty attaches to this crime, because the Government desires to preserve the red man from total extinction. Of those most temperate and trustworthy, Sabattis is chief. Sabattis is a good Indian—"got good canoe—good paddle—all good. Sabattis not drink whiskey—no—for Injun not good—*no whiskey*."

If we can engage Sabattis, we are all right.

But stay. Can you keep yourself *in* a birch canoe? It requires some tact not to tumble out; and the canoes of the Passamaquoddies are by no means stiff, like those of many tribes. The equipoise which an expert maintains unconsciously is acquired only by long experience, and unless the novice is confident he can balance himself on a tight-rope the first time trying, he had better go in the steamboat. Never a white man learned to "paddle his own canoe" who did not attain the acquisition through baptism by immersion.

There is an exhilaration in canoe-voyaging which pertains to no other kind of locomotion enjoyed by man. In the calm of a summer's day, with sky and clouds reflected in watery vacuity, whose depth seems illimitable as the sky itself, one floats dreamily in space on bird-wings. He dwells among enchanted isles of air, with duplicated and inverted shores. Trees of living green spring up from nothing below, and grow tops downward. Gorgeous hues of summer coloring are multiplied and intensified. Everywhere the waves are peopled with shadowy things that wear the semblance of reality. You can strike with your paddle the image of the crow that is crossing overhead, and shiver it into countless fractions of crows. A clumsy fly drones past your nose and drops heavily on the water, and lo! from the concussion spring *two* flies; and as one gathers up his wings for a flight and

sails away, his counterpart drops into distance afar down out of sight. Anon a leaf falls on the surface and spins: should an inquisitive perch happen to come up from the bottom, face towards us, to look at it, behold! his two eyes expand into full moons, and his open mouth threatens to engulf canoe and all. There is our paddle-blade, thirty inches long, regulation length; thrust it into the water point down, and directly it will reach out to the shore thirty yards away! And if we but look over the sides of the canoe, there we shall find ourselves instantly reproduced; and although we know that no other human beings are on the lake or in the lake, yet here are creatures like ourselves, but of a new creation—creatures with every lineament photographically defined, which the slightest zephyr will annihilate. What of a breath omnipotent that could in like fashion annihilate a world?

A strange new life is this we live in our birch canoe, floating gently, drifting listlessly, beguiled by pleasant fancies—a phantom existence, aimless and without purpose! Oh! this is ecstacy unalloyed! care broods not here.

But just beyond the plane of this calm repose is a tumult of fierce moods. Here is a field for action! Bestir yourself and *feel* the ecstasy of latent nerve-power roused. Man was made for noble efforts and deeds of high emprise. Would he experience the keenest exhilaration of which sense is capable—would he enjoy the dangers he dares, and feel the buoyancy of the bark on which he floats—let him take his place in the canoe, and with each nerve tautened to fullest tension and every faculty alert and active, run the rapids that form the outlet of the lake! Here are rocks projecting, precipices over-hanging, fir-trees clinging to perpendicular heights, huge boulders piled in mid-stream, walls contracting into gorges and ravines; and through its tortuous channel the river chafes and roars, piling its crested waves in a turbulence of foam, leaping cascades, and shivering itself in showers of spray. Upon the tide of its impetuous career a

frail canoe might shoot for an instant like a meteor in its flight, and then vanish forever. A bubble would break as easily. But with sturdy arms to guide, and eyes keen and true to foresee danger, the peril becomes a joy; and the little craft leaps and dances over the feathery waves, until at last the precipitous banks melt into grassy strands, and the dashing stream spreads into broad shallows that laugh and ripple over pebbly bottoms.

This is the famous Grand Lake Stream, among whose rocks and eddies the land-locked salmon delight to dwell, and whose alternate reaches of rapid water and quiet pools, wooded banks and sandy shores, delight the angler. It is three miles long and connects Grand Lake with Big Lake below. Here, at the height of the fishing season, selected spots are occupied by dozens of cosy tents of anglers in full-blown costumes of latest cut and fabric—for there are fashions among sportsmen as well as beaux. Here are bifurcations of velveteen and corduroy set in capacious leather boots and thatched above with hats of enormous brims, from whose crowns dangle flies of every hue and size. There are some with coats slashed with multitudinous pockets, and others with plain woolen overshirts; some with veils of gauze protecting face and shoulders, and others with blue goggles gleaming like saucers beneath their shaggy brows. The shores are dotted with knots of fishermen adjusting tackle, and the stream is lively with boats and waders, and the play of assiduous rods and whizzing reels. Here are parties returning laden with trophies, and others sauntering off to resorts less desirable but more retired. Far up the chain of lakes occasional boats are trolling for twelve-pound toag, and here and there at isolated spots on Ox Brook or Sisladobsis are camps of old-fashioned anglers who scorn the luxuries of tent life.

As has been stated, this chain of lakes is very extensive. The piscatory tourist can pass through Grand Lake to Compass Lake, and thence to Sisladobsis, where there is a "carry"

to Machias Lake, the head-waters of the Machias River. Or he may cross Compass Lake to Junior Lake and thence to Chain Lake; or from Junior Lake into Scraggby Lake and on through Pleasant Lake to Duck Lake, where there is a settlement from which land conveyance may be had to Bangor, a journey of fifty miles.

The eastern chain of lakes, though less frequented, afford even better sport. The Grand Lake itself is twenty-five miles long, diversified by numerous islands, and far-reaching points of land abundantly wooded. The shores are for the most part bold, though there are beautiful sandy beaches at intervals, which slope gradually to deep water and afford luxurious bathing facilities. The stream which connects this lake with Chepetnacook below is similar in its characteristics to the one just described. It was long a favorite resort of Rev. Dr. Bethune. Chepetnacook is thirty miles in length, but narrow, resembling a deep, massive river. A range of elevated ridges, thickly wooded, rises abruptly from its western shore, "Spruce Mountain" the highest of them all; and when the sun has passed the zenith it casts an inky shadow upon the lake which oppresses with its impenetrable gloom, and makes the depth seem fathomless. (It is said to be eight hundred feet.) Once, when paddling my canoe along the shore, I ventured a swim in this Cimmerian bath-tub! I suffered such a depressing effect that I did not recover from it for hours, and do not think of it to-day without a shudder. I was smothered by that shadow; the weight of the gloom pressed me under, and a hundred clammy tentacles seemed reaching up from below to drag me down. Very pleasant was it to escape into the sunlight of the mid-stream —the sun never shone more gorgeously for me. How I plied my paddle, so as not to lose sight of his golden face again! It was a race against sunset. Like an arrow, and as noiselessly, the little bark skimmed over the surface in the direction of my camp; the only sounds that broke the stillness were the gentle dip of the blade and the ripple that chuckled

merrily under the stem. On the dead top of a tall pine that leaned over the eastern shore, a great eagle sat surveying himself complacently in the crimsoned surface below. Anon a couple of ducks got up from a cove and flapped out toward the middle, leaving parallel wakes as they flew. A kingfisher scolded sharply as he mounted the scraggy limb of a hemlock, and the hoarse voice of a crane came clear and full from the farthest shore. As I drove my prow at last into the alders of a sloping shore, a red squirrel ran down to the end of a limb, and, flirting his tail, eyed me curiously with unwinking eyes. Then I quietly laid the paddles under the bars, and, hauling the tiny craft high and dry out of the water, bade adieu to Chepetnacook and Grand Lake for the time.

But I have been there since, and could relate some pleasing tales of camp-life on their pleasant shores; but this is not a book of narratives—only a simple guide for anglers.

There are few regions more attractive to the general sportsman than the two chains of Schoodic Lakes. Salmon, speckled trout, toag, or great lake-trout, perch and pickerel, abound in one or other of the series, and the angler has only to secure his guide, pay his money and take his choice.

# NOVA SCOTIA.

SINCE the summer of 1872 Nova Scotia has been connected with New York by rail; so that the journey can now be made in thirty-six hours, *via* Bangor and St. John.

From St. John as a starting-point, the tourist can make a round trip by rail and steamboat through considerable portions of the three Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island, for the insignificant sum of $13. As this is the main thoroughfare of travel, from which lines less recent and less expeditious diverge to points which I shall specify, a few explicit directions will be valuable to strangers.

The round trip, as usually chosen, is by steamboat from St. John across the Bay of Fundy to Digby, Nova Scotia, thirty-five miles, thence ten miles to Annapolis, a point of historical interest, and thence by rail to Halifax *via* Windsor. A route more desirable for sight-seekers is by steamboat from St. John up the entire length of the Bay of Fundy to Windsor, and thence to Halifax—starting upon the mighty wave of an inflowing tide, which rises at Windsor to the height of sixty feet, passing the beetling promontories of Capes Sharp and Split, whose bases are lashed by the foam of the eddying currents, and thence through the beautiful Basin of Minas into the Avon River and the pastoral country of

"Evangeline." Within six hours after their arrival at Windsor the vast volume of water will have rolled back to the sea, leaving an immense hollow basin as empty as the crater of a volcano, and a trickling rivulet, the only trace of its expended forces. From Halifax there is communication by railway to Truro and Pictou, one hundred and thirteen miles; from Pictou by steamer to Charlottetown and Summerside, Prince Edward's Island, and thence by same conveyance to Shediac, and by rail one hundred and eight miles back to St. John. At Truro, delightfully located on an extensive plateau of meadow-land encircled by an amphitheatre of hills, can be traced the dykes thrown up by the Acadians one hundred years ago, to reclaim the fertile bottoms and keep the encroaching tides from the uplands. There are gigantic willows, planted by the progenitors of Longfellow's heroine, and a nearly obliterated burial-ground in which the bones of many of them rest. Pictou is the depot of the great coal region. Charlottetown is the capital of a pastoral island noted for its fertility and agricultural products, and is surrounded by elegant villas and gardens of retired English gentlemen, with every hot-house luxury and landscape embellishment to be found in climes considered more genial. Here on Saturdays the market-square is filled with a heterogeneous collection of queer people, antique vehicles, and scrubby ponies, from the neighboring settlements; and then there is a jargon of Indian, Scotch, and Acadian dialects, a commingling of quaint costumes, and a confusion of signs and sounds, that would delight a factory operative accustomed to the whirr and buzz of a mill. Inordinate quantities of garden-truck are sold for miscellaneous coins from mints long since defunct, and of no current value whatever. Anything that looks like money is much preferred to the best of paper currency. The proverbial button would pass, provided it had no eye. There are no better, longer, straighter, or more level roads anywhere than on Prince Edward's Island. Summerside is a thriving town that has grown

great within a period incredibly short for Provincial rates of progress. Shediac is noted for its oysters, and is a calling-point for the Gulf Port steamers that ply between Pictou and Quebec. The most desirable hotels at these several places are the "Victoria" at St. John, the "Clifton" at Windsor, the "Halifax" at Halifax, the "Prince of Wales" at Truro, kept by a hale old Scotchman by the name of McKenzie, who knows all the fishing-grounds in that region, "Robson's" at Pictou, "Johnson's" at Charlottetown, and the "Weldon" at Shediac.

Nova Scotia is also reached by weekly ocean steamer (Thursdays) from Boston to Halifax; by weekly steamer from Portland to Yarmouth, on Thursdays; and by the "International" steamers from Boston to St. John, as before mentioned.

Twelve or thirteen years ago the author of "Sparrowgrass Papers" wrote an entertaining sketch of Halifax and a part of Nova Scotia as it then was, or rather, as he saw it—as fair and truthful a sketch, perhaps, as the fog and the limit of a month's observation permitted. Nevertheless, he evidently closed but one eye upon his native prejudices. It was impossible to divest his mind entirely of the popular notion that Halifax, notwithstanding its fogs and dampness, was but the correlative term for a place unmentionable and infernally hot—a "mouldy old town," with dingy gables, predestined to dilapidation. And the country: the other eye failed to discover in it much that was attractive, civil, or indicative of thrift and civilization—very little inducement for a progressive Yankee to immigrate. Since then, we of the United States have been led by circumstances to look more kindly, not to say covetously, upon this "Bluenose" capital and realm. The possibility that this wealthy province may some day constitute a valuable slice of the great American domain, invests it with vastly increased interest. Besides, time and "the inexorable logic of events" have erased many of the defects of Halifax, and multiplied its attractions. Two great

fires swept over it and wiped out the "dingy hovels," its old-fogyism, and its apathy. The American war gave it a substantial lift. Confederation emptied the barracks of the garrison. And the influx, sagacious investment, and judicious distribution of Yankee and Canadian capital have planted thriving settlements and enterprises from one end of the Province to the other.

Herewith I enter the lists as the champion of Nova Scotia. Once upon a time I resided there for a considerable period. Within the past thirteen years I have traversed it from one extremity to the other; much of it by private conveyance. I have become enamored of its natural beauties and unusual resources. Were I to give a first-class certificate of its general character, I would affirm that it yields a greater variety of products for export than any territory on the globe of the same superficial area. This is saying a great deal. Let us see: she has ice, lumber, ships, salt fish, salmon and lobsters, coal, iron, gold, antimony, copper, plaster, slate, grindstones, fat cattle, wool, potatoes, apples, large game, and furs. But, as this volume is not a commercial compendium, I shall regard the attractions of the Province from a sportsman's standpoint only.

As a game country it is unsurpassed. Large portions are still a primitive wilderness, and in the least accessible forests the moose and cariboo are scarcely molested by the hunter. Nearly every stream abounds in trout, and although civilization, with its dams and its mills, had nearly exterminated the salmon at one time, the efforts of the Canadian Government since 1868 have so far restored the streams that this royal fish may also be taken in nearly all its old haunts. When the process of re-stocking shall have been fully completed, and the dams all opened for the passage of the salmon to their spawning grounds, these rivers will be leased to anglers. At present they are the only ones in the New Dominion not so leased. Such as they are, they are free to all comers. In some respects they offer inducements not to be found in other

salmon districts. Most of them are short, running in parallel lines to the sea, only a few miles apart. The fishing-ground seldom extends more than ten miles from their mouths, and they are so accessible to settlements, that the angler can surfeit himself with sport by day, and sleep in a comfortable inn or farm-house at night—a juxtaposition of advantages seldom to be found in America. There is no necessity for camping out.

The time for salmon fishing in Nova Scotia begins much earlier than in the other provinces. In the Shelburne district, at the western end, the run commences in February and ends by the 1st of July, and the season is progressively later as you follow the Atlantic coast to the eastward. In the Cobequid district, on the Bay of Fundy side, it begins in early June, and continues until September. The average weight of the fish is about twelve pounds, though a few are taken larger.

Sea-trout or tide-trout commence to run up the rivers at the end of June, and the sport to be enjoyed in the estuaries at that season is of the most exciting character. The fish average about three pounds in weight, and when well hooked, will test the dexterity of the angler and the strength of his tackle to the utmost. They are the most shapely and beautiful of the Salmo family, and equal to any of his congeners for delicacy of flavor. By the middle of August the run is over, and if caught at all after that time, they are far up stream. While some anglers insist that the sea-trout and brook-trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) are identical, others declare that the sea-trout never leaves salt water. I have frequently taken them in Gold River, Nova Scotia, as far up the stream as Beech Hill, which is several miles above its mouth, with two series of considerable falls intervening. In the same river I have taken on the same day, the 1st of July, a salmon, a grilse, a sea-trout, and a speckled or brook-trout, *without changing my casting stand.* Lay them side by side, and there is no difficulty in establishing the identity

of each. I stood just above the second falls, where the river expands into a large lake with flat shores of meadow. A little cold brook flows in just there, and you can wade out knee-deep two rods from shore, and cast over a sunken ledge which descends abruptly and perpendicularly to a depth of twenty feet. The river channel flows under your feet, and a single step will drop you from shoal water into a gulf. It is a marvelous casting stand.

Although trout can be caught in all parts of Nova Scotia, as before stated, there are three grand angling centres or divisions of superior excellence; and these I designate, for convenience, as follows:

*First*, the Parrsboro or Cobequid district, which includes the counties of Cumberland and Colchester. The rivers of this district head in the Cobequid Mountains, and flow north and east into the Northumberland Strait of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and south and west into the Basin of Minas, which is an arm of the Bay of Fundy. They are extremely clear and cold, and generally find their sources in lakes into which the salmon go to spawn. On the Bay side they include the Macan, Herbert, Apple, Stewiacke, Great Bass, Portapique, and Folly Rivers. Apple River and the Portapique are the best of the number, but the former runs through a dense wilderness its whole length, and is accessible only from the sea. Most of the others can be reached from Truro or Parrsboro by a wagon road, which follows the shore of Minas Basin. The St. John steamer touches at Parrsboro, *en route* to Windsor. By this route several streams can be fished successively, and lodgings can be obtained at intervals at farm-houses along the road. The true way, however, of enjoying a visit to this section is to hire a boat at Truro, or Amherst, and go around the peninsula—the voyage occupying some four or five weeks. On the Gulf side the two best streams are the Wallace River and the River Phillip. The latter is a noble stream, and has been well protected from illegal fishing for a number of years, and provided with passes

over the dams. Its trout have always been noted for their large size. It is most easily reached by the Intercolonial Railway from Truro to Amherst. Most excellent accommodations for anglers can be secured at Purdy's hotel, on the old stage road. It will probably be the first river offered for lease in this part of the Province. By the same route, and stopping at the same hotel, the angler can visit the famous Westchester Lakes, where he can catch trout by the bushel, often of large size, though the average weight is not perhaps half a pound. There is a farm-house, and only one, near by, where lodgings can be obtained. Vividly do I recall a brief visit passed with this hospitable family—a God-serving family who never omitted morning and evening devotions. By the farmer and his wife I was kindly enough received when I tumbled my luggage at a venture from the coach, and solicited entertainment for a few days. But there was a paternal ancestor living there and then, though now gathered to his defunct fathers, a patriarch of eighty years, to whose venerable hairs I doffed my hat in reverence, as became my youth and early education. Ah! it were better had I saved the obeisance for an occasion more auspicious—for a person more appreciative. Said he, with whelming brows, and tremulous voice, and hand repellent:

"Young man, it is forbidden! Never dare to lift your hat to me."

Astounded, I drew back and queried. In withering tones he answered:

"Is it not written, '*Thou shalt not bow down to the likeness of anything?*'"

In consternation, I confessed my crime, and promised never to transgress again. In vain, I made no friend of him. He refused all compromise, but solemnly enjoined upon my attention the threat that came from Sinai, with its cumulative penalty to be visited "upon the children of the third and fourth generation." I was so taken aback, as sailors say, with the enormity of the offence and the prospective punish-

ment, that I caught no fish that day. Trout wouldn't bite in such an east wind as that! It was only when I learned from the family at bed-time that the old man was a religious monomaniac, who had long since gone crazy on that particular point, and all others in general, that I could conscientiously compose my thoughts, and turn my attention to sublunary things. I turned inverted commas over the incident, and herewith mark it original.

A more satisfactory mode of fishing Westchester Lakes would be to put up at Purdy's, and drive down from there in a wagon. Purdy's is on the summit of the Cobequid Mountains. From near his house a marvelous view can be had of trackless forests dotted with lakes, and traversed by silvery streams that meander to the waters of the Bay and Gulf in the distance, which are spread out in cerulean expanse, and flecked by white sails of vessels that gleam in the noonday sun. Fountain Lake, six miles from the hotel, is a crystal sheet of water filled with trout. There is scarcely a locality in the Province that I could so earnestly recommend to a stranger. It is wild as nature itself, without being barbarous; beautiful, without being difficult of access; and it combines salmon and trout fishing with all the creature comforts. Captivating elysium!

The whole of Cumberland county comprises one of the finest moose-hunting grounds in the world. The sportsman should take steamer to Parrsboro, where he can secure guides and whatever additional outfit his circumstances may require.

Pleasant Parrsboro! with its green hills, neat cottages, and sloping shores laved by the sea when the tide is full, but wearing quite a different aspect when the tide goes out; for then it is left perched thirty feet high upon a red clay bluff, and the fishing-boats which were afloat before are careened on their beam ends, high and dry out of water. The long massive pier at which the steamboat lately landed, lifts up its naked bulk of tree-nailed logs, reeking with green

ooze and seaweed; and a high conical island which constitutes the chief feature of the landscape is transformed into a bold promontory, connected with the mainland by a huge ridge of brick-red clay. These are peculiarities of the Bay of Fundy throughout its length. Its coast-dwellers assuredly cannot complain of monotony, when the landscape is so completely metamorphosed twice in every twenty-four hours.

The second district to which the angler's attention is invited, I designate as the Middle district, for lack of a better term. It includes nearly all of Halifax county, and parts of the counties of Guysboro and Pictou. Too much cannot be said in praise of this entire district. Its general features are mountainous, and similar to those of the other two districts specially spoken of. There are innumerable streams, into which salmon have been running the past two years, over unobstructed passes and artificial fish-ways, in number that cause both rod and net fishermen to leap for joy. So many have not been seen for decades; and the quantity netted in the estuaries demonstrates that the system of protecting fish on their breeding-beds is telling in favor of the coast-fishing. John, Middle, and East Rivers in Pictou county, are accessible from Pictou, the railway terminus; the east and west branches of St. Mary's River, as well as the main stream, running through Guysboro into Pictou, afford fine salmon-fishing; and the North, Middle, and Tangier Rivers in Halifax county, are also good, though hitherto interfered with by lumbering operations. These are all reached by vessel or stage-road from Halifax, at distances ranging from forty to sixty miles from the city. They are not much visited by anglers. Indeed, I might say the same of nearly all the rivers of Nova Scotia, with the exception of those in the vicinity of Halifax. I have never yet met an angler from the United States on any Nova Scotia stream, and I never yet counted a dozen rods, all qualities and degrees included (officers, ordinary white folks, and Indians), on any given stream in any one season. If the cause be ignorance

of localities and means of access, the excuse need not be plead in future.

I make little mention of trout because they abound everywhere, not only in the tributaries of rivers named, but in other rivers where there are no salmon, though the Musquodoboit and Shubenacadie are much fished.

Within a radius of twenty miles around Halifax, trout and salmon fishing can be enjoyed in every phase which the gentle art is capable of assuming. Some of the conditions are so incongruous as to be startling in their effect. For instance, who ever thought of putting salmon and negroes in juxtaposition? One would as soon think of associating sugar-cane and Esquimaux. Yet if the angler will make up his little party of Haligonian friends, stow his tackle and hampers in the tail of a dog-cart, and drive out twenty miles to Pockwock Lake, he will not only be rewarded with a full basket of trout, but he will pass, for fully one-half the distance, through a settlement of negroes as decidedly African as the West Indian ancestors from whom they are descended. This settlement is called Hammond Plains, and there are two others like unto it in Nova Scotia; for be it known that this Province has its colonies of negroes as well as of English, French, Germans, Scotch, Irish, and Indians, each of which preserves its characteristic identity in a remarkable degree. Each is clannish, keeping aloof from the others, except as the intercourse of trade compels, and retaining some national and distinctive peculiarities of dress, customs, and manner of living. On market-days in Halifax, representatives of each can be seen mingling together, offering for sale their representative wares, but still gathered in isolated groups of their own kith and kind. At the Pockwock Lake negro boatmen are at hand to render their services, and when the day's sport is over, the angler can bestow himself in comfortable lodgings especially provided for members of the craft.

At the Dartmouth Lakes, six miles from Halifax, are trout,

and Indian villages of primitive bark; and there are numerous other lakes and streams in the vicinity of various degrees of excellence as fishing-grounds. The angler can go forth arrayed in the full panoply of the aristocratic sportsman's livery, and cast his line in pleasant places, where he can have the most assiduous attention of well-instructed servants at table and in the field, with mine host to titillate his fastidious palate with all the tidbits of the season; or he can attire himself in ordinary service suits and take civilized pot-luck at wayside farm houses; or he can eschew all comforts and rough it in the bush, regaling himself on hard tack, fish, and frizzled pork. Army officers especially have a penchant for "a day's fishing." Some of them are no commonplace manipulators of fine tackle; and when they can secure a short furlough from the commanding officer of the garrison, they summon their retinue of servants, and with a wagon-load of tents, tackle, relishes, and fine wines, sally forth to favorite haunts on Indian River and other neighboring salmon-streams that empty into Margaret's Bay, some twenty miles from Halifax. Here are famous sporting-houses—the "Alma," the "Inkerman," and "Mason's," where, if report be true, there is more flirting done than fishing. For mine hosts have pretty daughters, whom a proximity to town has initiated into the mysteries of the toilet and the heart—more attractive to Her Majesty's susceptible defenders than all the allurements of leafy woods and sylvan streams. Nevertheless, there are a few devotees to rod and reel who heed not the wooings of the sirens, but extend their journey to that other region of superior sport, the third, which now remains to be noticed.

This district, which I shall call the Shelburne district, embraces nearly the whole of Shelburne, Queens, and Lunenburg counties, the same being the southern half of a wilderness tract some sixty miles by ninety in extent. It is emphatically the lake region of Nova Scotia. All that it lacks is the grand old mountains to make it physically as attractive

as the Adirondacks, while as for game and fish it is in every way infinitely superior. Its rivers are short, but they flow with full volume to the sea, and yield abundantly of salmon, trout and sea-trout. Its lakes swarm with trout, and into many of them the salmon ascend to spawn, and are dipped and speared by the Indians in large numbers. As for the forest country that lies to the north, and extends from Yarmouth, through Digby and Annapolis, into Kings, you can travel a hundred miles in a north-easterly course and cross but three roads. There is little angling in this tract, but moose roam unmolested through it, unless perchance some hardy hunter goes in winter on snow-shoes and kills them in their "yards" by the score for the paltry price their hides will bring.

Civilization and settlements, following the coast-line and geographical boundaries, have completely encircled this wilderness. It is easy to reach the salmon rivers of the south side by the Portland steamer to Yarmouth, and thence by a little steamboat that runs at intervals to Halifax, touching at the intermediate seaports. Or the journey may be made from Annapolis by railroad through the Annapolis valley one hundred and twenty-nine miles to Halifax, and thence by daily stage along the coast for one hundred and seventy-five miles or more to the Jordan, Roseway and Clyde Rivers, the latter being the uttermost of the series and of little account as a salmon stream. The Jordan is highly spoken of, though I cannot recommend it from personal trial.

Once upon a time, say three years ago, intent upon adventure, I determined to take a short cut from Annapolis across the forest, the distance from coast to coast being about seventy-six miles. Obtaining a stout wagon, into which I tossed my valise, I started off upon the only highway that traverses this dreary wilderness. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, and though the days were the longest of summer, I could not hope to reach a resting-place till after dark, and did not until a twinkle in a hospitable window welcomed me

at nine. After the first two miles of the journey were passed we commenced the ascent of the South Mountain, and from that time passed but one solitary house in mid-wilderness.

The woods were drear and sombre, vast masses of spruce and hemlock, whose monotony was varied only by an occasional lake around which fires had run, and from whose swampy bottoms burnt trunks of trees projected stark and stiff. The road was filled with rocks that threatened to dislocate the wagon and leave us afoot among the bears, which the driver said were "thick" thereabouts. But "nary" bear was seen, or other evidence of game-life. Only when the shades of evening fell, an owl which had been drowsing all day long, shook out his plumage and hooted. Not to be made game of in this fashion, I roused the echoes with my pistol, and the imp of darkness flapped away from a tree near by, and presently settled down again on another, further off. Then the dark grew denser and we jogged. It was downhill now. We were over the mountain, and the road improved. At Maitland (two houses), where the light shone, the candle had been snuffed for the last time, but we got supper nevertheless—strawberries and cream, bread and butter, and sweet cakes—and the horse got hay.

We were up at four o'clock, took breakfast at Caledonia at eight—forty miles made since starting—and at noon reached a fork, of which one branch turned toward Greenfield, on the Port Medway River, and the other to Ponhook Lake, the headquarters of the Micmacs and of all the salmon of Liverpool River. This lake is the southernmost of a magnificent chain of lakes, of which Lake Rosignol is the largest, the latter being twelve miles long by eight wide, and studded with innumerable islands. If the sportsman who has been contented with Adirondack or White Mountain experience, would enjoy a summer vacation which shall eclipse all others in its novelty, variety, and pleasure, let him employ two Indians and a canoe at Ponhook and begin his voyage. He can pass without portages into a dozen lakes and ponds by

their connecting streams, and when his last camp is made among the delightful islands of "Fairy Lakes," he can paddle his canoe up stream to Maitland, pay off his men and send them back, and mount his wagon for other parts. He will always remember his trip as one of the rainbow-tinted experiences of his life.

Having surfeited myself with fishing at Ponhook, and mentally anathematized the Indians for dipping such quantities of this valued fish, I returned to the forks, where, by the way, is a very neat and comfortable house for wayfarers. I then drove off to Greenfield, a little mill town on the Port Medway, where a canoe was to meet me, so that I could fish down stream.

Did you never hear of Saul the Indian? He is the king of fly-fishermen in this region, as well as the chief of his tribe. He can tie a fly as neatly as our friend Michael at Andrew Clerke's; and as for the number of salmon he has in a single season killed, on a beautiful rod of his own manufacture, I dare not trust my memory to tell. How many miles we have tramped together! how often have we been wet to the skin! We used to start from Mill Village, near the mouth of the Port Medway River, walk our six miles to the third falls, fish all day, and tramp back with the weight of two salmon over our shoulders. If we caught more than we could carry, we sent a wagon for them. But now, with our canoe, it was all luxurious ease. A noble stream is the Port Medway, where we launched our bark below the dam at Greenfield, seventeen miles above salt water. Rapidly and with somewhat turbulent current it tumbles on its winding course for a few miles, sometimes under water-willows that overarch, and anon under the glare of the full sunlight; and when no drive of logs is running, the angler can pick out a salmon here and there from occasional pools. But the best fishing is below, where the river flows for the most part with a deep, still volume one hundred yards wide, and at intervals is broken by the most glorious falls that salmon ever leaped.

At the second falls there is a large island, which the river has cut off from the shore by a shallow stream; and here is the place to catch big trout. With a canoe the angler can "do" the Port Medway in a day, and take stage for Bridgewater on the Lahave, a dismal journey of twenty-eight miles through the woods, relieved only by a glass of poor gin sold on the sly at a shanty—for they have the Maine liquor law in the two counties of Lunenburg and Queens. Bibulous individuals must go thirsty till they reach Halifax county, unless specially provided for, or compassionated by wayside taverners.

The Lahave River and the Petite Rivière, a few miles further east, had been almost ruined for fishing by dams and drives of logs, but have been replenished within two years by the efforts of the fishery officers. From Lahave to Indian River the stage route passes along the coast through a district of the most picturesque description, and full of novelty to the tourist. Civilization now begins, and the road is excellent. Rattling out of the active little town of Bridgewater, over the bridge that spans the river and along the river's bank for two or three miles, we pass huge saw-mills, with great lumber-ships alongside receiving cargo, and coasting-vessels beating up stream; then cross a stretch of farming country and arrive at Lunenburg town, a place of considerable wealth and industry. Thence skirting the shore of Mahone Bay, we pass a succession of hamlets and fishing-stations. From land far out to sea the bay is filled with islands, some clad with greenest verdure, others merely huge white cliffs of rocks that gleam like beacons in the sun. Brooks cross the road and tumble into the brine. Inshore are lakes and ponds, into some of which the ocean dashes its spray when storms excite it. Frequently the stage-road crosses a natural causeway so narrow that an angler might cast his line, first into the fresh water on the left and then into the salt upon the right. Here is the Mushamush River, another salmon stream, from which the fish, until lately, had

been long excluded by artificial obstacles. Here is Martin's Cove, where a storm drove in two years ago, and played havoc with the fishing houses and smacks, shivering them to atoms and sweeping them out to sea. When the day is fine the scenery along this route is most enchanting; but not unfrequently fogs roll in and beset the traveler, shutting out the view for hours. Then as suddenly they roll away, and the landscape gleams forth again, transplendent with tenfold beauty in the welcome sunlight. And now we come to Chester Basin, island-gemmed and indented with many a little cove; and far out to sea, looming up in solitary grandeur, is Aspotogon, a mountain headland said to be the highest land in Nova Scotia. The road follows the shore for many a mile, and then turns abruptly up the beautiful valley of Gold River, the finest of all the salmon streams of this grand locality. In it there are eleven glorious pools, all within two miles of each other, and others for several miles above at longer intervals. Above the first series a canoe should be used. The lower stream affords a succession of unobstructed casts such as I have never seen for elbow-room and sweep of line on any other stream. We halt for a moment where the stage-road crosses the bridge, and look wistfully into the vista above, where the black waters come whirling down, cool and delicious, flecked with foam. Just below us there is a splendid pool, and we can see Indian John and his boys beside a boulder at the tail of it, dipping. Upon the grassy bank behind are four dilapidated wigwams of hemlock bark, with quilts suspended across the entrances, serving for doors. It is evident the salmon are running lively, or the Indians would not be here. Fain would we tarry; but we must wait for the morrow, and dream of its joys to-night in Chester. So, leaving word for Johnny and Joe to expect us in the morning, we drive to Charley Lovett's hospitable inn, six miles farther. There we shall enjoy the full fruition of the angler's hopes, without one drawback or vexation to mar its ripe perfection. "There'll be no sorrow there." Private parlor and bedroom

with gossamer curtains; sheets snowy white; bouquets of wild flowers, renewed every day; boots blacked in the morning; a rising bell, or a little maid's tap at the door; breakfast under hot covers—broiled salmon, baked trout with cream, omelettes, toast, *broiled* beefsteak, (everybody else fries it down there,) coffee, eggs, milk, wild honey, and "all that sort of thing *ad libitum*, *ad infinitum*." At seven o'clock, *sharp*, every morning, the wagon is brought to the door and loaded. In the hinder part we stow a hamper of biscuit and cheese, sandwiches, cold ham, sardines, sometimes a boiled lobster (they catch them here by the thousand and can them for market), hard-boiled eggs, bottles of claret and Bass's beer, a big chunk of ice, a couple of lemons, salt, pepper, and sugar, with all table utensils necessary; also pickles. This is for luncheon. We never carry pie; it squashes. Under the seats we place our waterproofs, wading trousers, and extra boots and socks; then we light pipes or cigars and mount to our seats; Charley hands us our rods, which we nurse tenderly, and giving the word "go," we rattle off under the respectful but admiring gaze of a dozen lobster-crackers going to work in the factory, and of all the early risers in the village. For, be it known, this diurnal departure and the arrival of the stage at noon, are the great events of the passing days.

At sundown the wagon will be sent to the river to bring us back with our trophies. It is a great satisfaction to be able to exhibit the trophies of one's skill or endeavor. The two greatest rewards of effort are the accomplishment of something to be done, and the praise which follows success. Indeed, they are the only substantial pleasures of life. Poor satisfaction is it to catch fish when you cannot bring them home; indifferent reward to contemplate by one's self a hard-won conquest after days of travel and nights of toil, with only a wilderness stream to reflect the image of his disgust and discontent. Chester is one of the very few places where the luxury of fishing can be enjoyed without this alloy.

And there is not only one river, but *three*, within six miles of your home. You can drive half way to Gold River, and fish the Middle River, a tolerable stream, or take the opposite direction to the East River, a glorious runway for salmon, with splendid falls and cold brooks tumbling into it at intervals, at the mouth of which large trout can be caught two at a time, if the angler be skilful enough to land them when they are hooked. If one chooses, he can put up at Mrs. Frails's, upon the very bank of this stream, and take his morning and evening fishing, with a noon siesta and a quiet cigar and book; and it is not improbable that he will meet some officers from Halifax, now thirty-nine miles away by the stage route. Between this and Indian River, before mentioned, there is no good fishing.

Three pleasant seasons have I spent at Chester. I idolize its very name. Just below my window a lawn slopes down to a little bay with a jetty, where an occasional sloop lands some stores. There is a large tree, under which I have placed some seats; and off the end of the pier the ladies can catch flounders, tomcods, and cunners, in any quantity. There are beautiful drives in the vicinity, and innumerable islands in the bay, where one can bathe and picnic to hearts' content. There are sailing-boats for lobster-spearing and deep-sea fishing, and row-boats too. From the top of a neighboring hill is a wonderful panorama of forest, stream, and cultivated shore, of bays and distant sea, filled with islands of every size and shape. Near by is a marsh where I flushed fourteen brace of English snipe one day in July. And if one will go to Gold River, he may perchance see, as I have done, cariboo quietly feeding on the natural meadows along the upper stream. Beyond Beech Hill is a trackless forest filled with moose, with which two old hunters living near oft hold familiar intercourse. They trapped a wild-cat last summer, and his stuffed skin is at Chester now.

Very much should I like to go over the ground again with the reader, or take him, in imagination at least, to the in-

viting pools of Gold River; but this chapter must draw to a close. Two miles up the stream, a friend has a camp where once stood an Indian wigwam, whose tenants enjoyed a happy honeymoon of vagrant life and salmon dipping; but disaster fell upon them one day, and the incidents thereof are herewith portrayed in rhyme:

There's a little conical camp,
Contrived of a framework of spruce,
With splits newly riven of hemlock,
Exuding an odorous juice.
A lawn from the door gently sloping,
To lave in the river's bright gleam;
A pathway by feet daily trodden
Quite smooth to the edge of the stream.

In front of the wigwam an eddy,
Beyond a precipitous shore,
Where the foam dashes down with madness,
And whirls with monotonous roar:
And bubbles, formed in the seething,
Are tossed by the waves to the shore—
Then, floating awhile in the eddy,
Come up and break at the door.

At eve, through the dusk of the gloaming,
Leonta, with love's yearning soul,
Awaiteth her husband's returning
From his nets at "Kill Devil Hole."
And often and often she looketh,
Where sunset reddens the west,
For glimpse of his bark-boat careering
Far up on the stream's foaming crest.

(For danger lurks there in the chasm;
Elf-goblins make it their home;
The phantoms that flit there and flutter,
Are winding-sheets wrought of the foam!)

In vain! and with tearful misgivings,
Till darkness settles at last!
Eyes strained, and swelled with long weeping!
A messenger cometh at last—

A waif, drifting slow in the eddy,
A form through the dusk dimly seen—
Drifting slow, with a chuckle and ripple,
Like cadences soft of Undine.

With motion so strange and uncertain,
It seems both to come and retreat;
Till finally, fears all confirming,
A corpse floateth up to her feet.
Heaven rest the agonized watcher!
Forefend her from pain evermore!
Poor heart! now stilled by its breaking,
Like the bubbles that broke by her door!

The wind sweepeth by with a flurry,
And swiftly the wild waters roll;
But neither winds nor waves shall efface,
The legend of "Kill Devil Hole."

# CAPE BRETON.

WITH the exception of the Margarie River, which is one of the most romantic and best-stocked salmon-rivers in the world, and occasionally visited by an ambitious or adventurous angler from other parts, little is known by outsiders of the waters of Cape Breton. There are other fishing localities so much more accessible, and attainable with less hardship and expense, that they are generally preferred; while, if a party be found to extend their researches to ultimate regions, they are apt to go to the Lower St. Lawrence, whither the tide of inclination now tends. Nevertheless, the journey to Cape Breton is shorter in time, cheaper, and in all respects more comfortable than to the Lower St. Lawrence; for its remotest parts can be easily reached by shallop from Port Hood on the one side, and Sydney on the other, with each of which places there is communication by steamboat; while, for the voyage down the St. Lawrence one must procure a shallop at Quebec, and sail along shore for hundreds of miles.

A steamboat runs daily from Pictou to Port Hood, and thence there is a stage journey of twenty-eight miles to Whykokomah, on Bras d'Or Lake, the Mediterranean of this land of wonderful conformation. This is the only staging on the whole route between New York and Sydney! Whykokomah, like some village of Switzerland, is situated at the head of a beautiful bay in the bosom of an amphitheatre of

frowning hills, which rise to a vast eminence. From this village an interior steamboat traverses Bras d'Or Lake to Sydney, touching at two or three places on the trip. A steamboat also runs from Halifax to Hawksbury in the Strait of Canso, and there connects with a steamboat for Port Hood. From Sydney there is a daily line of stages to Pictou, by which access is had to the few salmon-streams of Richmond county. This drive of one hundred and fifty miles, long though it seems, is of the most enjoyable character, and is well worth the while. For the first fourth of the distance it skirts the base of a mountain-chain that crowds down to the very shore of one of the arms of Lake Bras d'Or; then traversing a country of constantly varying scenery it crosses the Strait of Canso, with its bold highlands and deep channels constantly crowded with vessels when the wind is light; then skirts the base of the Tracadie Mountains, and touches the water again at Antigonish; then traverses the valley of the Antigonish Mountain range, and on to the coal-mines of New Glasgow, and thence quickly to Pictou. For a fortnight's summer cruise, none can be more novel than one from New York or Boston which includes this round trip from Pictou to Sydney by stage, and return by steamboat.

The geographical features of Cape Breton are mountain and lake. Place the open hand palm downward upon an area six times its size, and you have nearly the outline of Lake Bras d'Or—the fingers representing the several bodies of water known as the East Bay, the Little Bras d'Or, the Great Bras d'Or, and St. Patrick's Channel, which extends into the Bedeque River, and the thumb a large bay that reaches almost to the Great Bay of St. Peter's on the east. All these several vast sheets of water are indented by innumerable coves, inlets, and inflowing streams. The whole western shore bordering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a succession of highlands that almost attain the dignity of a mountain range, slashed at long intervals by gorges through which rivers like the Margarie flow to the Gulf. Some of

the slopes are cultivated, but the greater part is a wilderness. Mountain ranges everywhere traverse the interior. They circumscribe the entire peninsula which embraces the two counties of Inverness and Victoria, and inclose a *terra incognita*, known only to the Indians and moose-hunters. Nearly all the rivers of Inverness are frequented by salmon and large sea-trout, while Victoria possesses the noble Margarie with its several branches, and the magnificent mountain lake from which its volume is supplied.

This lake is easily reached by wagon from Whykokomah. The angler who has once driven through Ainslie Glen to its shores, launched his canoe upon its broad waters, and entered its swiftly running stream, will never be content to return until he has fished its successive pools to its very mouth. And when the next summer comes with its season of pleasure, he will long to live his experience over again.

# NEW BRUNSWICK.

NEW BRUNSWICK is a region of magnificent distances—an area of remarkable diversity, whose central portion is a wilderness two hundred miles in diameter, interspersed with mountains and lakes. Great rivers penetrate its interior in every direction, sending out branches and tributaries as numerous and intricate as the ramifications of a tree, each one containing salmon, or trout, or both together, and hundreds of which have never been fished by white men at all! Often the sources of the main streams are so contiguous that a portage of only a mile or two is necessary to pass from one to the other. These are the sole thoroughfares through the wilderness for traveler and sportsman; and the angler who elects to spend a vacation there need not establish himself in a permanent camp at one pool alone, crowded for elbow-room, but he has the entire range of the water-courses. Travel—progress—becomes the *business*, and fishing at best pools only the mere *incidents* of his voyage. The great Restigouche is two hundred miles long; the Nepissiguit one hundred; the Tobique one hundred and fifty; the Upsalquitch, a tributary of the Restigouche, ninety miles; and the Miramichi over two hundred and thirty miles from its mouth to North Branch Lake, which is the source of the North Branch, which is a branch of the South-west Miramichi, which is a branch of

the main river. Then there is a little South-west Miramichi, and the South Branch of it, and the Little South Branch of that, the Little North Branch, and the Upper North Branch. Then there is the North-west Miramichi with its East Branch, its South Branch, and so on, divisibly and indefinitely. If a friend tells you he has fished the *Miramichi* River, never dare to doubt his word. If he has ever visited that part of New Brunswick, it is doubtful if he has fished "anything else."

There is a portage from the North-west Miramichi into the Nepissiguit, and from the Nepissiguit into the Tobique, and from the South-west Miramichi into the Nashwaak. The Nashwaak empties into the St. John midway between Woodstock and Grand Falls. There are also portages from the Nepissiguit into the Upsalquitch; from the Richibucto into Salmon River; and from the Upper Restigouche to Grand River, which empties into the St. John above the Grand Falls. Although these river routes cannot be recommended for invalids and the general public, they are nevertheless very short cuts from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the State of Maine.

The Richibucto, Miramichi, Nepissiguit, and Restigouche Rivers are reached from Shediac by the Gulf Port steamers weekly, and by the North Shore Line of steamers which leave Shediac every Thursday, connecting with the railway from St. John. The Nashwaak, Tobique, and Grand Rivers are accessible from St. John by daily steamer or stage; and the two last-named can be reached from Calais, Maine, by the New Brunswick and Canada railway to Woodstock, and thence by coach. During a high stage of water little steamers run the whole distance from the city of St. John to the Grand Falls. An excursion steamer also runs from St. John to Salmon River through the Grand Lake. This river is of no account to the angler; and as for the Richibucto, it is more noted for its lumber-mills and ship-yards than its salmon.

There is fair trout fishing in the vicinity of St. John, at Loch Lomond, the Mispeck River, and Spruce Lake; also

up the line of the E. & N. A. Railway, through Sussex Vale, especially in Pollet River, which is reached by wagon from Anagance Station. At this point is the source of the Peticodiac River, the only river at the head of the Bay of Fundy to which salmon resort to spawn. Twenty-eight miles further on, at Moncton, is the great bend of the Peticodiac, where can be seen the phenomena of the great "bore" or tidal wave of the Bay of Fundy and the highest tides in the world, which here rise seventy-six feet! The tide flows in at the rate of seven miles an hour, and the "bore" in spring is sometimes six feet high. The rushing of this overwhelming wave is accompanied by a noise like distant thunder. There is an excellent hotel at Moncton, which affords a pleasant summer boarding-place for tourists. The shops of the Intercolonial Railway Company are located here.

A few salmon are caught with fly, in the rivers to the eastward of St. John, and a few in the tributaries of the St. John River; but there is very little opportunity for satisfactory and successful angling south of the latitude of Fredericton, although salmon are caught by thousands in nets at the mouths of rivers and all along shore, and constitute a very considerable item of revenue to the Province. Indeed, the whole Province has been a sort of close corporation since the Government took the fisheries under its fostering protection and control. In Kings county all the principal rivers have been set apart for natural propagation. In Victoria, all the salmon rivers, including the noble Tobique and its tributaries, are reserved for like purposes. And all the streams of any account whatever, not thus appropriated, are leased to private parties and guarded by chamberlains and wardens to warn off trespassers and arrest poachers. In the good old days a man could cast his line right and left *ad libitum* in every river and stream, regardless of times and seasons. Indians could spear in the spawning-beds, and dip where dams and falls obstructed the passage of the fish, maiming and destroying thousands of fish and countless mil-

lions of undeveloped spawn; mercenary white men, with an eye to present emolument only, might stretch their nets across every channel so as to capture all the salmon that attempted to run up. Those were glorious days of freedom, when every one could do as he pleased, and liberty was fullest license to cut off one's own and his neighbor's future supply of fish-food. But now, the oppressed and law-beleaguered angler has no show at all unless he leases a river himself or can manage "to get a rod in" through the acquaintance or courtesy of a friend and lessee. To be sure, the favored few who lease the rivers can count the trophies of their summer's fishing by the hundred or thousand, and find their privileges becoming more valuable year by year, as the stock of fish increases by protected propagation; but then it seems hardly fair that those who purchase monopolies or exclusive rights should enjoy them alone. They ought at least to divide with the outside public. Besides, since the dawn of the era of leases and protection a new impulse has been given to fly-fishing. Every pin-hook fisherman is suddenly seized with a yearning to catch salmon. No other kind of fish will satisfy them. There are no restrictions upon trout-rods in any of the streams; but trout are too small game. What sweetness grows in fruit that is forbidden!

Just imagine a hundred tyros on a single stream, wielding rods as cumbrous as the pine-tree top with which Polyphemus bobbed for whales, and threshing the air with a *swis-s-sh* that imitates a small tornado passing! What chances for a "glorious rise" when their entomological devices drop into the water with a splash, or their lines fall flat with many an inextricable coil and snarl! What fortunes small boys might make by climbing trees for the flies, gut-lengths, and leaders which the neophytes have tangled in the overarching limbs while fishing! By all means, Messrs. Fish Commissioners, open the rivers to the indiscriminate public, so that all may have a chance.

At Fredericton we tread the threshold of the "Salmo"

kingdom. Continuing on to the Tobique River, we will prepare for a canoe voyage to the Nepissiguit, albeit we are secluded from fishing for salmon. When we have crossed the heights of land by the portage, and descended to the Great Falls of Nepissiguit, we shall doubtless receive an invitation from some of the lessees in camp there to "wet a line." Years ago, it was a glorious sight, at the mouth of the Tobique, to see the Indians spearing salmon by torchlight. At a distance, in the night, the torches looked like fire-flies flitting. There is an Indian village here, and often there were not less than fifty men spearing at once. Right glorious pastime is it to the novice to sit in the middle of the canoe, when so fortunate as to receive such a privilege, and watch the birch-bark torches glinting and flashing over the surface of the stream, and casting their lurid glare into the darksome depths. With a motion that is wholly noiseless, and never lifting his paddle from the water, the Indian in the stern slowly and cautiously propels the little craft across the dark pools where the salmon rest. Under the streaming smoke and showering sparks of the torch in the bow, the spearman kneels motionless as a statue, with spear at poise. And although the midges, or minute sand-flies, swarm so thickly as to cast a sort of halo about the torch, stinging his face and hands like nettles or red-hot pepper, not a muscle moves. Down at the bottom, twenty feet below, we can see every pebble. There are salmon lying there too, but too deep down to strike, for the spear-handle is no more than twelve feet in length. Once in a while a big fish sculls slowly along nearer the surface. Ha! what's that? A subaqueous shadow shot by like a rocket! Larry had raised his spear, but the fish was too quick for him. Slower and more cautiously we move. The progress is scarcely perceptible. More motionless than ever the statue in the bow appears. No salmon yet. Now we are at the head of the "reach," and turning ever so silently, glide down stream with the current. The paddle in the

stern is totally at rest now. A zephyr could not pass more noiselessly. Looking steadily over the side, all the pebbles on the bottom seem to be running up stream like lightning. Now a huge boulder, and anon a straggling limb of a sunken tree, shoots by like a flash. One would hardly think it possible to strike even one of those boulders, so swiftly do we pass. Yet we are only drifting with the current. Whew! how the midges bite! "Bite-em-no-see-em," the Indians call them. No matter—we must suffer and endure. Yet 'tis almost unbearable. Oh! for relief! Great heavens! what has happened! Larry overboard! No! he has struck a salmon. Do you say so? I declare I didn't see him strike, and I was looking just there all the time! The first I knew the canoe nearly capsized, and I thought Larry was overboard! Now he lifts the fish into the canoe. What a whopper it is, and what a splash he gives as he breaks the surface! A twenty-pounder, I declare! Do you observe how he is struck—perpendicularly amidships, with the iron tine of the spear driven into his back, and the two elastic hickory jaws grasping him firmly on either side. A fish struck so squarely can never get away. If they are mutilated at all, it is generally in the fleshy part of the tail, where the spear catches them when they dart away. Gracious! this salmon will flop out of the canoe! No—a quietus on the head with the paddle! Now let us go ashore. It is wonderfully exciting, I admit; but then these sand-flies! We start in the morning, I believe.

At early dawn the prows of the canoes are discerned peering above the bank on the little point of land that juts out opposite the Indian village, just where the Tobique joins the St. John. Four stalwart Indians are stretched upon the ground near by, and a little fire is blazing at their feet.

"Halloa! Are you the men who are to take us up river?"

"I suppose."

"Canoes all tight and dry, eh?"

"Yes; canoe dry."

"How far is it to the portage?"
"Portage—yes."
"How far—how many miles?"
"Dunno."
"Fifty miles, you think?"
"I suppose."
"Sixty miles?"
"Yes."
"Thirty?"
"Yes—suppose thirty."
"Five hundred?"
"Yes."
"Plenty salmon up there?"
"Yes—plenty."
"Any moose?"
"Yes—moose too?"
"*Moose climb a tree?*"
"Yes."

When an Indian is a total stranger to you he answers "yes" to all questions. Whether it be for reasons diplomatic, or to avoid all occasion for differences of opinion, the noble chocolate-colored red man is invariably non-committal. It cannot be said that he ever leads the conversation.

"I say, what's your name—you with the pipe? Are you John?"

"Yes."

"Well, John, let us put out. The sun is getting up and the day will be hot. Come, men, stir yourselves."

In half an hour the canoes are loaded and ready for a start. The passenger sits on the bottom, facing up stream, with his back against the middle bar, over which coats or blankets have been thrown to make him comfortable. All the boxes, sacks, and hampers have been stowed amidships, just behind. The two canoe-men take their places in the bow and stern, and with long setting-poles, deftly wielded, gently push the frail craft into the current. There, holding

her for an instant firmly, with poles set squarely on the bottom, they give way with simultaneous effort and send her a full length forward. The two hundred mile voyage has now commenced.

Poling up stream is as much like descending with the current as dragging a sled up hill is like sliding down. Two miles an hour is good average speed, and twenty miles a fair day's journey. It is marvelous with what untiring energy and pertinacious effort the Indians mount the long and wearisome rapids. Never pausing, seldom speaking, pushing steadily with simultaneous stroke, the monotonous click of their iron-shod poles upon the bottom seems to mark the time. Now they pick up inch by inch in the quickest current, where to miss a stroke is to lose a rod, the stern-man seconding with electric quickness each effort of the bow-man. Anon they swing over to the other side, to take advantage of an easier passage, meanwhile borne downward by the tide and dancing like a feather. Here they run up on an eddy to the face of a protruding boulder with the white foam dashing by on either side, and, gathering up their strength, push into the rushing tide and up the steep ascent. Sometimes they climb actual falls, driving the prow inch by inch to the base of the cascade, where, holding on an instant firmly to gain a little purchase, they force the canoe by amazing dexterity up the pitch until it poises on the very curve at an angle of forty-five. Here the stern-man holds hard, the bow-man with the quickness of a flash gathers up his pole and holds, the stern-man follows suit, and then both together, by one desperate, vigorous shoot, force her into smooth water. During this process the passenger clutches the sides of the canoe like grim death, and when all is safely over breathes a wonderful sigh of relief. But the first effort of the canoe-men does not always succeed. Sometimes the current forces the canoe back in spite of every resistance, and then she drops down stream swiftly, though safely, stern foremost, guided by the ever-ready expedients of the voya-

geurs. A second attempt must then be made. Occasionally the labor is varied by a spurt with the paddles over a long reach of still water, or the water runs over a bar so shoal that all hands have to get out and wade, to lift the canoe over.

All this experience is very exciting and interesting for the first few miles. The sportsman is delighted with the freshness of the novelty; with the vivid green of the foliage sparkling with morning dew; with the rush of the cool and limpid waters, and the lullaby motion of the craft; with the towering hills and leafy woods that hallow his seclusion; and the gentle breeze that wafts the smoke of his cigar astern. But when it comes to a matter of two or three hundred miles, with a journey of twenty days duration, the romance wears off. In its more practical bearings the voyage resolves itself into a period of sheer dogged effort—an obstinate overcoming of mechanical forces by insufficient leverage; a test of temper and physical endurance; and a slow match against time. Sitting in the comfort of one's slippers and cigar, with the blaze of a winter's fire kindling old reminiscences, one is apt to forget the miseries of camp-life. Of the cloud in the back-ground he sees only the silver lining. Like the wrecked and gasping sailor who swears never to go to sea again, with the restoration that follows rescue, he remembers only the fascinations of his ocean life, and ships with the first fair wind.

Let not the reader forget that he who would enjoy the charms and freedom of forest life, must also put up with its drawbacks and discomforts. When the first flush of the morning exhilaration is over, and the day grows sultry; when the Indians begin to reek and perspire with their exertions; when the limbs become cramped and ache from their confined position; when the black flies swarm and attack with persistent venom; when all the birds and beasts have retired to umbrageous cover,—then the voyage becomes painfully monotonous; the everlasting click of the setting-poles grates sharply upon the nerves; the woods are painfully still; the river gurgles in doleful monotones over the rocks; a given

object in the channel above seems to keep in sight for hours; body and limbs are sweltering; joints twinge with aching; the mouth and tongue grow parched with thirst, and mouthfuls of warm river-water, hastily gulped, are as quickly spewed out again. How grateful then is a copious draught from an ice-cold brook which comes tumbling into the river from its mountain source! How delicious the shade of the cool ledge under which we take our nooning! Precious then is a bottle of Bass's ale, set in the brook to cool, and drank with our frugal meal.

Very romantic is the scenery of the Tobique for the first eleven miles. One mile above the mouth commence the rapids of the "Narrows." The river at this place passes through a chasm of an average width of only one hundred and fifty feet, with perpendicular cliffs from fifty to one hundred feet high. Through this contracted channel, too narrow to give free vent to the waters above, the river surges and rushes with great impetuosity, and the projecting crags of rock form violent whirlpools which render the passage impossible for canoes in time of freshets. The "Narrows" continue for a mile, and then give place to a long reach of smooth but rapid water. In the next ten miles there are two more rapids, and above an unbroken stretch of clear, deep water for seventy miles, with settlements along the banks at intervals. Twenty-one miles above the upper rapids, the Wapskanegan flows in from the east, and thirteen miles further on the Agulquac. Between these two tributaries the Tobique is filled with beautiful islands, with extensive fertile intervales on both its banks. Still proceeding northward, the character of the river, with its intervales and islands, remains unchanged, and its beauty is increased by the lofty hills seen in the distance. Eighty miles from its mouth are the "Forks," where four branches of the Tobique come together; and from this point the country becomes broken and very mountainous, and the river narrow.

Cedar Brook is usually the last camping-ground for

anglers before reaching the portage. It is not a first-rate place, for the brush is thick and the flies insatiable; but there is a delicious rushing brook, with a patriarchal cedar overhanging its margin. Weary with the long day's journey, we will hastily construct a camp after the approved Indian fashion, by hauling the canoes on shore, turning them half-way over, and supporting them by the paddles. Such a shelter will cover head and shoulders, and in a fine night, with a good fire blazing at the feet and the lower limbs covered with a blanket to keep off the morning dew, is all that one can desire. After supper and pipes the eyes grow drowsy, the eyelids close, and the senses are hushed to slumber by the rippling lullaby of the ever-gurgling brook that flows noisily by. Rising with the dawn, and refreshed by breakfast and a bath before the inevitable black flies make their appearance, the canoes are slid into the water, the poles commence their pegging programme, and the voyage is continued through a channel that is narrow and winding, and obstructed by jams of logs and fallen trees which often have to be cut away to effect a passage. But presently we emerge into a pretty pool, and then mount a rapid overarched by trees which spring from picturesque ledges of rock; thence, traversing a shallow lake, we pass through a difficult channel of almost dead water among sombre pines, and suddenly emerge into the magnificent basin of Nictor Lake, the head-waters of this remarkable river.

The transition from the close confinement of the forest and the narrow river into this broad and beautiful expanse of gleaming water is most exhilarating. Mountains, variegated with the vivid foliage of the birch interspersed with darker shades of evergreen, enclose it on every side; and close to its southern edge "Bald Mountain" lifts its massive bulk to the height of nearly three thousand feet, wooded to its summit, except where it crops out in precipices of granite, or long, gray, shingly slopes. And in the lake itself, in the shadow of the mountain, is a little, enchanting islet. This is

the highest land in New Brunswick, and from the summit of Bald Mountain is a wondrous view. Millions of acres of forest, interspersed with lakes, and rivers that gleam in the sunshine like silver threads, are spread out like a map beneath, while Katahdin and Mars Hill in Maine, Tracadiegash in Gaspé, the Squaw's Cap on the Restigouche, and Green Mountain in Victoria county, are all distinctly visible in the distance. What a Paradise for a fortnight's sojourn!

From Nictor Lake the route is up a little stream, winding through a hardwood forest directly under the shoulder of the great mountain, into another lake about four miles long, and thence up a little reedy inlet to the portage. Here, the canoes and camp-stuff are carried two miles to the Nepissiguit Lakes, the head of the Nepissiguit River; and thence the journey is all down-hill to the sea. No more arduous poling—no more struggling up rapids! How easy it is to drift with the current!

At these beautiful lakes, among this mountain scenery, it were well to tarry for a few days. Beavers build their dams across the streams; deer abound in the woods, and trout in every brook.

The descent of the Nepissiguit is somewhat monotonous, though the river runs swiftly throughout its whole course, and is broken by frequent falls and rapids. Its upper part winds its way between perpendicular cliffs, and through a mountainous wilderness. Some thirty miles above its mouth are the "Narrows," a series of formidable rapids hemmed in by precipices of slate rocks. Ten miles further down are the Great Falls. But of these, and the river below, I shall speak in the chapter assigned to the salmon-rivers of the Bay Chaleur. No salmon are taken in the Nepissiguit above the Great Falls.

The Miramichi is a salmon-river much in favor with the angling fraternity. The favorite fishing-grounds begin at a point nearly one hundred miles from its mouth, and are reached by stage from Newcastle to Boiestown, a distance of

some sixty miles. The intermediate country is settled and cultivated, and there are straggling houses and clearings beyond Boiestown. The stage-road continues through the wilderness from Boiestown, cutting off an immense bend of the Miramichi, and strikes the Nashwaak River at Stanley Post Office, and Cross Creek Settlement. Thence it continues to the River St. John and Fredericton. Sportsmen, however, who are seeking wild adventure, will prefer to take canoes at Boiestown, and ascend to the Miramichi Lakes; then portage over to the Nashwaak, and descend that river. The principal salmon-pools of all the rivers are generally near the mouths of brooks and larger tributaries. So, in the Miramichi, we find the favorite fishing-stands are at Salmon Brook, Rocky Brook, Clearwater Brook, and Burnt Hill Brook, successively as we ascend. These are about ten miles apart. At Grassy Island, near Burnt Hill Brook, the river runs swiftly through a narrow gorge, and is broken into numberless eddies as it strikes the rocks that are scattered through the channel. Here there are some famous casts, and upon a sunken ledge the angler can wade out to the very edge of the deep waters, and cover the entire channel with his line from his feet to the other side.

After passing the portage into the Nashwaak River, the course lies through an undulating forest for thirty miles, and then strikes the settlements which line both sides of the river to its confluence with the St. John. A few minutes suffice to cross the ferry to Fredericton, and then with mine host of the Barker House all the comforts of civilization are attainable, and all the more relished after a fortnight's roughing it in the woods.

Other principal salmon and trout rivers of the Province are the Kouchibouquac and Kouchibouquasis (the terminal "sis" in the Indian vernacular signifying "little"), the Tabusintac, the Tracadie, the Pockmouche, the Caraquette, and the Upsalquitch. With the exception of the first two and the last-named, these rivers lie between the Miramichi

and the Nepissiguit. The Upsalquitch is generally fished by Restigouche anglers, and properly belongs to the Bay Chaleur division. A stage-road runs from Chatham on the Miramichi to Bathurst, at the mouth of the Nepissiguit. The distance is forty-five miles; nearly all through a wilderness almost uninhabited, and crossed by many an excellent trout-stream. But the chief of all the streams, and perhaps absolutely the best in the world for trout, if such a comparison can be fairly made, is the Tabusintac. Here trout can be caught by the barrel-full, of which I guarantee none will weigh less than ten ounces, and the largest as much as five or six pounds.

After a ride of twenty-two miles from Chatham to the Tabusintac, we cheerfully leave the coach on the hill at Harris's, and bestow ourselves in the comfortable apartments of his snug little hostelry. There is ample opportunity before sunset to prepare for the sport to-morrow, and time for a leisure stroll along the river, and about the premises; and when that luxurious pipe which follows a Christian supper has been twice replenished and emptied, we are ready to retire for an early start in the morning. When daylight dawns, there succeeds an experience not read of in books. While we are hastily munching our last mouthful of breakfast, Harris politely informs us that the "horse-boat" is ready. Horse-boat! what horse-boat? I thought we were going in a birch-canoe! What have horses to do with trout-fishing? *N'importe*, we shall see. Arrived at the river, we find an immense pirogue, "dug-out," or wooden canoe, alongside the bank, in the stern of which we are told to sit. Having adjusted ourselves to the satisfaction of everybody, a pair of heavy horses is attached to the vehicle, the word is given, and off we go down the river at a tearing pace, slashing the water in every direction, and ploughing up a swell that swashes against the banks, runs spitefully up on shore, and then trickles down in rivulets of mud. Life on the

"raging canawl" is nothing to it! Such quick time was never made in the Erie ditch.

The best angling grounds are some eight or ten miles down, but the horses are occasionally halted at a good hole, from which a few pound-trout are taken. Then they are cracked up again, and away they gallop through brambles and hazel brush, and under arching branches which droop so low as to sweep off the deck-load clean and leave loose hats floating twenty rods astern. The river is rather narrow and in some places shallow, but so transparent that in the deepest holes we can see the great trout swimming in schools that darken the bottom. At the "Big Hole," however, is *the* place to fish. There the horses are tied up, and the sport begins. No use putting on more than one fly here! You are certain to take as many trout as there are hooks, every time; and it is no ordinary angler who can land two heavy fish from the same cast. Here one can bring his barrel of salt and take home his three barrels of fish dressed and split, at the end of a week. There are splendid camping places all along the banks, which invite the angler to tarry long; but a week of slaughter will be found sufficient. One tires of excess, even in trout-fishing. To those who cast their lines in ordinary streams, these may seem fishermen's stories; but truth it is that four hundred and forty fish have been taken in one day from the Tabusintac on a single heavy bait-rod!

Very few salmon visit these waters from year to year; but under the new regime and efforts of the Fishery Inspectors, it is believed that they will presently become abundant.

We take the stage in the morning for Bathurst, on the Bay Chaleur.

# BAIE DES CHALEURS.*

THE great Bay Chaleur or "Bay of Heats" divides the Canadian district of Gaspé from the northern counties of New Brunswick. It extends for more than sixty miles from its entrance to the mouth of the River Restigouche. At that point it is three miles wide, and receives the waters of not less than sixty rivers and streams! Nearly all of these abound in sea-trout, brook-trout or salmon, or all three together. From the early period of its discovery and settlement, when, in 1578, no less than 330 fishing vessels found remunerative fares within its teeming waters, until the present day, the Bay Chaleur has been a resort for fishermen. It was always noted for the large size of its salmon; and only as recently as thirty years ago, they averaged eleven to the barrel of two hundred pounds. Even now an occasional fish is caught weighing as much as forty pounds. Although both quantity and size of fish had greatly diminished previously to 1868 (at which time the New Dominion Fishery Inspection was established), the export continued large in fresh fish packed in ice and in cans, and smoked. Since the rivers have been protected, the stock of fish has rapidly increased, and the principal streams are regaining their old prestige.

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* See Harper's Magazine, Vol. XXXVI., page 424.

The Gulf Port steamers which ply weekly between Quebec and Pictou, touch at Dalhousie and Campbelltown; and the North Shore steamers touch also at Bathurst at the mouth of the Nepissiguit. The sportsman who has time for a summer cruise should continue his coach journey from the Tabusintac to Bathurst, and putting up at John Ferguson's hotel, examine the attractive little town with its shipyards, its lumber-mills, its fish-canning establishments, its church spires, court-house, handsome private residences, and adjacent farms. It is one of the most beautiful spots in the Province. It is located upon two elevated points of land connected by a bridge, and commands a picturesque view of Bathurst Bay and its islands. Four rivers run together and form a magnificent basin, along whose undulating shores are scattered pretty cottages and farms. This town is supposed to have been occupied by colonists of M. Jean Jacques Enaud, as early as 1638.

The season for fly-fishing in the Bay commences as late as the 20th of June, and continues until the 20th of August; but the harvest-time is from the 20th of July until the 10th of August. By the 1st of August the black flies have completed the period of their ranging to and fro upon the face of the earth, and the millennium commences. Here at Bathurst the angler can take his carriage or wagon and drive to the "Narrows," or to "Pabineau Falls," spend the day in fishing, and then, encasing his scaly trophies in envelopes of spruce boughs, tied neatly with cedar roots, stem, stern, and amidships (to speak in sailor lingo), lay them lovingly in the bottom of his vehicle, and drive home elated by his good fortune and the trophies of his skill.

The reader must constantly bear in mind that all these delectable rivers are leased, and that these unusual privileges are obtainable only by purchase or favor. The universal panacea for one's envy in these cases is an application to the Fisheries Department at Ottawa and a deposit of two hundred dollars or so for a lease.

All the salmon-fishing of the Nepissiguit is included between its mouth and the "Great Falls." At the last locality the river is very much contracted, and the banks are rocky and perpendicular. The total height of the Falls is one hundred and forty feet. There are four separate leaps, but only the two lowest are visible from below. At the foot of each are deep basins, and below them for about a mile a number of gloomy pools and rapids, which seethe with perpetual foam and chafe with deafening roar. And the constantly rising spray keeps ever fresh with a vivid green the foliage that crowns the impinging cliffs. Birds congregate here in the summer heats, and luxuriate in the coolness of the spray and verdure. Here in the spring, when drives of logs come bowling down on the surge of the freshets, they shoot the precipice with a terrific leap, and diving into the projecting angles and ledges of rock end foremost, are often splintered or shattered to pieces. It is a grand sight to see the logs careering on the tumbling billows toward the chasm—an ever-shifting, pitching, surging mass—and then, charging in close phalanx, or singly, and by twos and threes, leap the frightful brink. Now one strikes its end upon a hidden ledge, and plunges into the abyss with a desperate somerset. Anon a veteran stick, some seventy feet long and straight as an arrow, floats majestically down, scarcely moved by the commotion, and with a stately dignity and tremendous impetus clears the verge at a bound. For an instant its vast length hangs in air, then turning quickly it strikes the pool with a perpendicular fall on end, and directly vanishes from sight. For one long and anxious moment it is lost in the black and unknown depths; then suddenly it shoots up from the surface like a great rocket, forcing three-fourths of its length out of the water, totters for an instant, and falling with a mighty splash, hurries down stream to mingle with its fellows. I suppose that for wild commotion and weird effects these falls are unsurpassed by

any; and the passage of the logs add materially to their fantastic features.

After escaping from the gorge below, the Nepissiguit pursues a quiet course between low banks for a little more than three miles, and then tumbles over a succession of ridges called the "Chain of Rocks." Three or four miles further down is another charming spot known as the Middle Landing. Just below this spot is a splendid pool with a pretty rocky island in it, called Betaboc, or "Rock Island in the Long Pool." A pleasanter camping-ground can hardly be imagined. The scenery of these several localities is by no means imposing, but it is full of interest to those who love the wayward and fantastic play of the purest waters, and all those indescribable charms peculiar to the lone wilderness. Still farther down the river, and seven miles from Bathurst, are the Pabineau or Cranberry Falls, which consist of a series of chutes and small falls, declining, perhaps, within the space of half a mile, at an angle of thirty degrees. The rocks, which are a gray granite, frequently present the appearance of massive masonry, so square and regular are they in form, while some isolated blocks look as if they had just been prepared for the corner-stones of a stupendous edifice. Although located in a dense forest, the rocks slope so gently and conveniently, and yet so boldly, to the very margin of the rapids and pools, that one can enjoy the various prospects, both up and down the river, with the greatest ease and comfort. Midway between the Pabineau Falls and the mouth of the Nepissiguit, there is a long reach of the river known as the Rough Waters, where a number of huge rocky barriers have been thrown across the stream by a convulsion of Nature; the effect of this strange scenery would be gloomy and depressing, were it not for the superb pools of deep and dark water which take the fancy captive and magnetize the nerves of the angler.

This river is leased by Nicholson of St. John, and three other gentlemen.

The next salmon river of importance up the Bay is the River Jacquet, a rapid stream scarcely navigable for canoes, leased a year ago by Dr. J. G. Wood, of Poughkeepsie. Then comes the River Charlo, with its two branches, a stream much resorted to by the anglers of Dalhousie. A few miles further is Eel River, which, although not a salmon stream, affords fair trout-fishing, and a good run of sea-trout (*Salmo trutta*), in their season. Across the mouth of this river, the sea has thrown a natural sand-bar a mile in length, and formed a large shallow basin, surrounded by low swampy ground, which in the fall of the year actually swarms with wild fowl of every variety. Here they stop to feed on their migrations to the south—wild geese, brant, ducks, curlew, snipe, sheldrakes, and the entire family of web-footed, yellow-legged, and long-billed water birds. Next comes the majestic Restigouche, which forms the boundary line for seventy miles between New Brunswick and Canada; and on the opposite side of the Bay are the several salmon streams of Gaspé—the Great and Little Nouvelle Rivers, the Caspapediac, the Escuminac, Bonaventure, and Port Daniel. The Caspapediac is leased by Mr. Sheddon, of Montreal.

The Gaspé district is scantily wooded, and its shores are occupied chiefly by fishing stations. Carleton is a pretty town, to which a little steamer sometimes runs from Dalhousie, rendering the salmon streams in the vicinity quite accessible. When the sun shines, its white cottages, nestling at the foot of the majestic Tracadiegash Mountain, glisten like snow-flakes against the sombre background, and gleam out in lovely contrast with the clouds that cap the summit of this outpost sentinel of the Alleghany range. Dalhousie is situated on a headland, and with Maguasha Point guards the entrance of the Restigouche, which is here three miles wide. To a person approaching by steamer from the sea, is presented one of the most superb and fascinating panoramic views in Canada. The whole region is mountainous, and almost precipitous enough to be Alpine; but its gran-

deur is derived less from cliffs, chasms, and peaks, than from far-reaching sweeps of outline, and continually rising domes that mingle with the clouds. On the Gaspé side precipitous cliffs of brick-red sandstone flank the shore, so lofty that they seem to cast their gloomy shadows half way across the Bay, and yawning with rifts and gullies, through which fretful torrents tumble into the sea. Behind them the mountains rise and fall in long undulations of ultra-marine, and, towering above them all, is the famous peak of Tracadigash flashing in the sunlight like a pale blue amethyst. On the New Brunswick side the snowy cottages of Dalhousie climb a hill that rises in three successive ridges, backed by a range of fantastic knobs and wooded hills that roll off to the limit of vision. Passing up the river, now placid and without a ripple, two wooded islands seem floating upon its surface. On the Gaspé side are successive points of lands, once guarded by French batteries, but now overgrown with trees; and opposite is "Athol House," for eighty years the residence of the Ferguson family, and the most pretentious mansion in this section. Sixteen miles up is Campbelltown, at the head of navigation, with the round knob of "Sugar Loaf" Mountain just in its rear. Opposite, and reached by a ferry, is the Micmac Mission Station, with its little chapel and two hundred huts; and eight miles further the old Metis or Kempt Road, which crosses the Gaspé Mountains to the St. Lawrence, one hundred miles over. Still passing up stream the scenery becomes yet more picturesque. The river is filled with wooded and grassy islands, upon which herds of cattle feed; and where the river occasionally runs over a rapid, or eddies around a point, a salmon may be taken with a fly. In the foreground the mountains impinge closely upon the stream, and between two high knobs the Matapedia rushes down and joins the Restigouche. Just here, at the junction of the two rivers, is the aristocratic mansion of Daniel Fraser, Esq., the lord of a regal realm of a thousand acres, who always extends a welcome hand and hearth to anglers.

Here is an unfinished section of the Intercolonial Railway, over which trains will presently run, and turning a curve around an angle of a mountain spur, whisk their way up the Metapedia Valley. Here are a store and telegraph station; and here the sportsman, upon the eve of his departure for the inner wilderness, may telegraph an adieu to his friends at home, and fit out with canoes, guides, and provisions for his voyage. The railroad follows a mail route up the Metapedia, over which a wagon runs at present to St. Flavie, on the St. Lawrence, whence coaches run to the present railway terminus at Rivière du Loup, a hundred and forty miles. The Metapedia is an excellent salmon stream, and heads in the Metapedia Lakes sixty miles up.

From Fraser's to the Patapedia, a distance of twenty-one miles, the Restigouche runs between two lofty mountain ranges, which occasionally recede from the shore. A few miles up is the Upsalquitch, famous for its trout and salmon. At intervals cold brooks tumble into the river, and islands fill the channel where it widens. There are occasional houses for the first ten miles, and a wagon road follows the left bank. At the mouth of the Patapedia is a splendid salmon pool and fine trout-fishing. Then more precipitous mountains succeed. There are alternate pools and rapids, more islands, and more cold brooks dashing down. In some localities there are delicious white-fish similar to the *Coregonous albus*, which the Indians spear in considerable quantities, and a species of large lake-trout called "tuladi," which grows to a weight of fifteen or twenty pounds. Twenty miles above the Patapedia, and sixty miles from Fraser's, is the Quahtahwahtomkedgewick River, called Tom Kedgewick for convenience—a large tributary, sixty miles long, from the head of which is a portage to the sources of the Rimouski, which empties into the St. Lawrence a few miles below the Trois Pistoles. Six miles from its mouth is Falls Brook, so named from a pretty waterfall a quarter of a mile up stream, which tumbles over splintered ledges of rock into a green pool

which swarms with salmon. Four miles further up the Tom Kedgewick is Clearwater Brook, where there is another splendid salmon pool. This river and its tributaries were last year set apart by the Canadian Government for natural and artificial fish-breeding. A short distance below, where the Tom Kedgewick joins the Restigouche, there are romantic cliffs of naked granite, which descend perpendicularly into an inky pool which the Indians say has no bottom; and they also say that a patriarchal salmon resides in its unknown depths, "as big as one canoe," which has evaded all attempts at capture for generations past. Near by is a deserted cabin that once belonged to a hermit by the name of Cheyne, who was drowned some years since. At the confluence of the Kedgewick and the Restigouche is a level tract of meadow-land with a house inhabited—the only dwelling between the portage and the Patapedia. From hence the route is through an unbroken forest, and a district no longer mountainous; but the grade is steep and the current rapid. At the mouths of many of the brooks four-pound trout can be caught with anything that looks like bait. Beavers abound. Beaver "cuttings" and trees that they have felled with their teeth are seen at frequent intervals. The wilderness is filled with moose and cariboo, lynx, and various kinds of fur-bearing animals. Hither trappers come in winter, and return in spring laden with galore of pelts.

The portage to the Grand River is some thirty miles above the Tom Kedgewick. Into a thicket of densest alders which disclose no opening, the canoe turns abruptly and passes into a sluggish creek. This creek is deep and shallow by turns, scarcely wide enough for the canoe to pass, and as crooked as a double letter S. Nowhere does it follow a straight course for a dozen rods together, and it is so overgrown with bushes that frequent use of the hatchet is required to force a passage. This continues for two miles, and then the canoes are hauled out, and, with the luggage, carried a mile and a half to another similar creek of half the length. This leads into the

Grand River, a crooked but wide and deeply-flowing stream —and thence the journey to St. John is all down hill and easy. The nasty little creeks that make this portage so intensely disagreeable are called the Waagan and Waagansis respectively. Emigrants sometimes travel this route with a pirogue, and attaching horses to the craft, pull through with comparative ease.

The journey down the Grand River, fourteen miles, is run in about two hours, and brings us to the Acadian settlement of Madawaska, on the St. John. A mile above its month it is crossed by a bridge, over which passes the mail route from Grand Falls to Rivière du Loup. Just at the bridge is the house of one Violet, a hospitable Frenchman, who has entertained many a sportsman, to say nothing of scores of lumbermen and emigrants, who never solicited assistance in vain. The Royal Mail Route, a most excellent road, was the regular winter route of travel between the Lower Provinces and Quebec until the completion of the railway between St. John and Bangor last year. During the late war it was much used by the Confederates, who passed from Canada to Halifax, and thence by sea through the blockade into the seceded States. It runs through the Madawaska settlement for twenty miles, skirting the St. John River, and then turns off and follows the valley of the Madawaska River to Temiscouata Lake. Upon the opposite side of the St. John is the State of Maine. The entire Madawaska settlement extends sixty miles, and the population is about 6,000. One-half are English and the other half Yankees; yet all are *Frenchmen*, and speak no English! And the little fenced-off farms, of uniform frontage but running back indefinitely, the hayricks and well-tilled fields, the sleek cattle, the clumsy wains and rude cabriolets, the houses of squared logs, painted in Indian red, with doors of gaudy colors, the quaint little chapels and the windmills, are all of Normandy. Then the interior of each house—the large, open, uncarpeted rooms,

with their polished floors, the antique, wood-bottomed chairs, the low settles, the bedsteads set in niches, the loom and the spinning-wheel, the rude little crucifixes and the pictures of the Virgin and saints that ornament the walls—do they not perpetuate a history purely Acadian? And the impassive *maitre de maison* in his blue homespun blouse and capote, madame in kirtle and snowy cap, the lasses with plaited hair and blue woolen petticoats, and the group of reserved and passive children—are they not the reproductions of the pen that sketched Evangeline? It is a beautiful web of fancy and fact that Longfellow wove, and truthful in all its colors, lights, and shades; but who that pays his addresses to the charming maiden, can dissipate the pungent odor of garlic and melted fat that constantly pervades the homely kitchen? Who will dare confide the custody of his epicurean palate to a sylph-like creature whose daily diet is black buckwheat bread and hard-fried eggs minced with pork scraps? and who will dare trust himself, with this knowledge, to gaze into the jet of her lustrous eyes, or taste the peach bloom of her cheeks, or listen to the Æolian of her musical voice?

Why should the poets tantalize us thus?

To continue: At Temiscouata Lake the angler can stop over at Fournier's, known by all travelers and stage-drivers for many years, and fish for "tuladi." In the broad waters of this lake, and in the neighboring chains of lakes, this remarkable species of the Salmo family, the great gray trout, may be found. And when he has surfeited himself with sport, he may resume his journey, and by pleasure of kind Providence reach his destination at the railway terminus at Rivière du Loup. Thence to Point Levi, opposite Quebec, it is 114 miles through the Catholic country of the pious *habitans*. Here every parish has its chapel, and every chapel its patron saint. And there are saints enough to exhaust the calendar. Of twenty-five stations on the railroad, seventeen are designated by the names of saints. The

people are a pastoral people, identical with those of Madawaska, and presenting intact and unadulterated their ancient customs, dress, and peculiarities. There are materials here for many thousand Evangelines; and they are increasing at the rate of five per cent. per annum, according to the census statistics.

# THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

THERE is a railroad from Montreal to Quebec; but one of the splendid steamers of the "Richelieu" line, the finest in the New Dominion, is the preferable conveyance—fare, three dollars. Leaving Montreal in the afternoon, we approach Quebec at 6 o'clock in the morning, and passing within view of the beautiful Chaudière Falls, round Cape Diamond under the frowning citadel, and glide into a berth at the Lower Town.* Here on the wharf is a jam of vehicles of every ancient and modern pattern, from the old French *calèche* to the pretentious metropolitan hackney-coach. Heterogeneous drivers thrust their importunate whips into one's face and confuse the ear by a jargon of bad English, execrable *patois*, and rough Milesian. Groups of *habitans* and emigrants get mixed up with the crowd, and vainly endeavor to

* Quebec has been dismantled! They say its ramparts are to be thrown down, and its grim walls obliterated, that no traces of the ancient fortifications may remain. Only the everlasting cliffs will stand —the cliffs which omnipotent hands erected, and which none but omnipotent power can overthrow. Ah, well! Now let us destroy St. Augustine and the Castle of St. Mark, and then we shall have wiped out the only interesting relics of the ancient days which we of this new country possess. This is too practical an age to permit these obstacles to bar the progress of innovation. Let relic hunters henceforward go to the Rhine, to Egypt, and the Campagna!

pick their way through the strange places. Solicitous priests in long black cassocks assist the bewildered sheep. Trucks trundle furiously up the gangway plank with trunks. Soldiers in undress-scarlet elbow through the mass. And "blarsted" Englishmen in frieze suits and Scotch caps stand immovable in everybody's way, and complacently survey the tumult with their glasses. Leaving our friends to get into the long omnibus of the St. Louis Hotel, we mount a *cabriolet* for novelty's sake, and touching up our scrub of a pony, rattle off through two or three narrow streets of the Lower Town. Then we ascend by a circuitous road to the old "Prescott Gate," with its nail-studded oaken doors and mediæval masonry, and passing its dingy portals, drive into the Upper Town—drive past the "Durham Terrace" and catch a glimpse of the beautiful champaign country across the river below: past the Catholic Seminary and the little public square with its fountain and flowers; and then along a range of law-offices, up to the entrance of an immense modern hotel, six stories high, kept by the Brothers Russell, who are Americans, and welcome Americans with the cordiality of kin and countrymen. Directly opposite is the house where Montgomery's corpse was laid after his futile attempt to scale the heights. It is now used for a barber-shop. Ten rods off is the market-place and the two cathedrals, the club-house and the convents. In fifteen minutes one can see the whole of that part of Quebec included within the walls, though hackmen will contrive to eke an hour's drive out of it at a charge of a pound or so—to strangers. After you have been in town a fortnight and begin to be known, they will put the job at "we'll say five shillings."

If you wish to angle in the vicinity or make a five weeks' trip down the St. Lawrence, the Messrs. Russell will cheerfully put you in the way of obtaining all requisite information, and assist in selecting your outfit; for these gentlemen are thorough sportsmen, and one of them (I crave his pardon) has the longest two-jointed spliced salmon-rod I ever

saw! The salmon that ever snaps that rod deserves to be drawn, split, quartered, sliced, and buttered, and his remains served up at the St. Louis Hotel to a table of famished sportsmen as a warning to all salmon for generations to come.

Within a few hours' drive of the city are numerous beautiful lakes—Lake Beauport, St. Charles, St. Joseph, *Lac à la Truite*, *Lac Blanc*, *Lac Vincent*, and a dozen others, which the guide-books say abound in trout. In Lake Beauport I once caught *three* after a couple of hours persistent fishing; but then the water was smooth as a mirror, and the rower a blunderhead boy who frightened all the fish. In other lakes I have had little better success. Still there are trout in them, and withal they are very pleasant places of summer resort, where one may find abundant refreshment for man and beast, and drink champagne or ale under the shade of spreading trees.

The salmon river nearest Quebec of any importance is the Jacques Cartier, once famous for the number of its fish, but now somewhat depleted. Its waters, however, abound in magnificent trout. A drive of twenty-five miles from town will carry you beyond the settlements and set you down beside its banks about forty miles above its mouth. Here we have a birch-canoe of our own. Taking with us a well-tried voyageur we will complete our outfit and enjoy a few days cruise up and down the river. In a hamper that holds two bushels or more, we place our provisions, utensils and camp-stuff, and, loading the canoe, launch forth upon the tide. We smatter some French, and Pierre bad English. There is an old camp a few miles up stream with excellent trout-fishing in the vicinity. We propose to pass a couple of nights there, and then go down the river for salmon.

"Pierre?"

"Messieu."

"Jusqu'on a le camp a haut?"

"No understand."

"I say, how far—O pshaw!—quelle distance a le camp?"

"Me tink about four mile mebby."

"Comme longtemps pensez vous, a faire le voyage?"

"Comment?"

"No comprenez?"

"Non, Monsieur."

"Pshaw! these Frenchmen can't speak their own language. You see they only speak a sort of *patois*. Let me see: Combien de temps—that's it—how long—a faire le voyage? How much time—go up—eh?"

"Oh, two hour, I suppose."

"Ah well, then we shall have time to stop and catch a few fish for supper. This looks like a good place. I say, Pierre, bon place a pechè, ici?—a prendre poisson?"

"Oui—poisson—good place—catch fish."

"Then let's hold on—Arret—la! voila le roche—l'autre cote—there—tenez."

Pierre holds the canoe in mid-stream and we cast our flies in the eddies and around the rocks with gratifying results. The fish are voracious and bite freely. Soon we have a dozen. Then the biting begins to slacken, and it is evident the fish have been all taken, or have become wary.

"Pierre! eh bien! montez—no—go down stream—go—confound it—comment l'appelez—*descendez*."

"Oui, Monsieur—all right."

"Look out there—prenez garde! plague take it—sacre—you've crossed my line. I say, Pierre, clear that line, will you? tirez-vous mon ligne, s'il vous plait—there—*bon*. We'll try it here awhile."

The Jacques Cartier is not a very violent stream, though it is broken by frequent rough water and an occasional strong rapid; and sometimes it widens into little bays where there are good pools. By the time we reach the camp it is near sunset, and our string of trout has increased to several dozen. Here there is a winter shanty made of birch bark, which has been occupied by beaver trappers, we know; for there are several frames near by which they used for stretch-

ing their pelts on. It is located on a knoll, just at the edge of the forest, with an open grassy space in front and a path leading to the river's edge. In the foreground is a point of land made by a brook flowing in. As soon as a landing is effected, Pierre makes a "smudge" to keep off the black flies, and then goes for wood and hemlock boughs. He gathers enough wood to last all night, and places the boughs in rows on the floor of the shanty, covering the buts of the first row with the soft branches of the second, and the second row with the third, and so on, in order that the sharp ends may not hurt us when we lie down. Then he cuts two logs of dry spruce about eight feet long, and placing them side by side three feet apart, with skids underneath, so as to make a draft, fills the space between them with proper fuel, and lights the fire. Meanwhile crotches have been cut and set in the ground and the kettle filled with water, which we now sling upon a pole over the fire. The fish are next dressed, and with a few slices of pork are laid in the frying-pan; the tea is emptied into the now boiling water, the bread and butter and sugar come forth, and when the repast is prepared, we fall to with a will, quite ready to retire to rest as soon as the dishes are rinsed and wiped. Nothing makes sleep so refreshing as the fatigues of a sportsman's daily routine. He goes to bed at dusk and rises with the first break of day. In midsummer the first portion of the night is often sweltering hot. By two o'clock in the morning the air becomes chilled and the dew falls heavily, rendering a fire not only extremely comfortable, but absolutely necessary.

Now it happens that Pierre, who lies near the fire in the open air, has slept too soundly and let the fire go out; and we inside the hut, having thrown off our blankets in the early part of the night, wake up at three o'clock benumbed and shivering. Our limbs are so stiff that we can scarcely move. All is darkness, within and without. No cheerful flicker sheds forth its light and warmth. The Frenchman is snoring vigorously.

"Halloa there, you Frenchman! Reveillez vous. Pourquoi permittez vous le feu sortir? Wake up there, and make a fire! This is not the thing at all."

"Ah! sacre mon Dieu! pardon, gentlemen. Le feu il a mort! I shall make one leetle blaze tout de suite. C'est vrai, it ees not de ting."

While the Frenchman replenishes the fire, one shivering comrade shuffles down to the river for water, and the other succeeds in finding a bottle of brandy and the sugar. With those ingredients, when the water has come to a boil, a revivifying draught is concocted. The aching limbs are limbered out by the now glowing flames. Pipes are filled and smoked, half drowsing, while the shadows dance *al fresco* upon the forest background. Yet the night is so cold, that when we withdraw again to the shelter of the camp, we venture to build a fire inside, Indian fashion; for the hut is large. Then, once more we compose ourselves, and sweet sleep quickly brings oblivion. Doubtless the increasing heat of the apartment and the warmth-diffusing liquor combine to make that slumber intensely sound. Certain, it is not until a crackling noise and stifling sensation arouse us, that we wake to find the shanty all aflame, and its birch-bark cover curling and shriveling in the heat and smoke! With a quickness in emergency which experience begets, we seize the poles of the hut and by main force pull the framework to pieces, and drag the burning mass asunder, yet not in time to save the entire contents. Only a portion of our effects are saved. But, for these and our lives we are grateful.

Such was one little episode of our trip to the Jacques Cartier.

Hastily dispatching breakfast, we moralized upon the vicissitudes of forest-life, and regarding with some feelings of loneliness our now desolate camp-ground, we turned our backs upon the smouldering ruins and quickly paddled down the river.

When we returned to the St. Louis Hotel, after a week's absence, we carried home the hamper filled with large and luscious trout.

From Quebec to the Saguenay there are few salmon rivers worth mentioning. At Murray Bay, 78 miles from Quebec, and at Cacouna, 110 miles, both of them fashionable summer resorts for the Canadian *élite*, a few salmon are caught, and the trout-fishing is pretty good. Thus far, the southern shore of the St. Lawrence is lined by the little farms and cottages of the *habitans;* the northern shore, after leaving the vicinity of Quebec, is rocky, desolate, and dotted at intervals by fishing-stations and hamlets. The river is interspersed with islands of various sizes. From the Saguenay to Belle Isle Strait in the Labrador division, no less than sixty salmon rivers empty into the St. Lawrence. The distance is six hundred miles. The whole coast is rock-bound, in many parts walled by precipitous cliffs several hundred feet high, over which cascades tumble from the plateaus above. At intervals the hill-ranges recede from the shore, or wide gaps open into the granite; and through these the salmon rivers flow with a volume vast and deep like the Moisie, or with rapid and dashing current like the impetuous St. John and Natashquan. There is a little steamboat belonging to the Molsons, of Montreal, which runs once a week from Quebec to their iron-works at the mouth of the Moisie, 364 miles. The iron is manufactured from black magnetic sand, which is found along shore in vast deposits. If one can get passage by favor in this steamer, it is easy to visit any of the intermediate salmon rivers. The only means of access to other parts of the Lower St. Lawrence and the Labrador is by private vessel, or by passage on some fishing craft, with an uncertain chance of return. Small vessels or schooners can be chartered at Quebec, with crews and pilots who are familiar with the coast. The warmest kind of clothing should be taken in abundance, for though in midsummer the noonday heat is sometimes in-

tense, yet the nights are always cold, penetrating fogs envelop for days together, and sudden extreme changes of temperature occur.

Herewith is appended a list of all the fair salmon rivers on the St. Lawrence, below the Saguenay River, with the distances from Quebec of the principal ones. Those designated in small capitals are superior for rod-fishing:

SOUTH SHORE OF ST. LAWRENCE.

*Rimouski*—Sylvain, lessee; average size of fish, 13 lbs.

*Grand Metis.*

*Matâne.*

*Ste. Anne des Monts*—Angled in 1871 for the first time, with fair success.

*Mont Louis.*

*Madeleine.*

*Dartmouth*—Assigned to transient rods. Permits to fish $1.75, to be obtained from Joseph Eden, overseer.

YORK—Thos. Reynolds, of Quebec, lessee; average weight of fish in 1870, 31 lbs.; in 1871, 21 lbs.

*St. John du Sud*—Fred. Curtis, of Boston, lessee.

*Grand*—W. F. Clerke, New York, lessee.

*Grand Pabos.*

NORTH SHORE OF ST. LAWRENCE.

*The Bergeronnes*—Two rivers, leased to Browning and Blood, of Montreal, for use of guests of Tadousac Hotel; 132 miles from Quebec.

*Escoumain.*

*Portneuf*—146 miles from Quebec.

*Bersamis.*

LA VAL—Hon. D. Price, of Quebec, lessee; 180 miles from Quebec.

*Blanche,*
*Plover,*
*Columbia,*
} Indifferent streams.

*Betsiamite.*

*Outarde.*

*Manicouagan*—Has high falls three miles from its mouth; 220 miles from Quebec.

*Mistassini*—Falls 120 feet high, nine miles from its mouth.

GODBOUT—Gilmore and Law, of Quebec, lessees; average weight of fish, 12 lbs.

TRINITY—276 miles from Quebec.

*Little Trinity.*

*Calumet.*

ST. MARGARET—340 miles from Quebec.

MOISIE—Ogilvie, of Montreal, and Brown and Turner, of Hamilton, lessees; average weight of fish, 18 lbs.; 364 miles from Quebec.

*Trout River.*

*Sheldrake.*

MAGPIE.

ST. JOHN DU NORD—Boundary line between Canada and Labrador; average weight of fish, 12 lbs.; 454 miles from Quebec.

MINGAN—Leased by a director of Grand Trunk Railway; 465 miles from Quebec.

*Romaine*—Mr. Lord, U. S., lessee.

*Watsheeshoo.*

*Pashasheboo.*

*Nabesipi.*

AGWANUS.

GRAND NATASHQUAN—Not leased; 202 salmon killed on four rods in seven days, in 1872; 571 miles from Quebec.

*Kegashka*—Falls near mouth.

MUSQUARRO.

*Napitippi.*

*Washecootai.*

*Olomanosheebo.*

*Coacoaco.*

Etamanu.
*Netagamu.*
Mecattina.
*Ha Ha.*
St. Augustine.
Esquimaux—720 miles from Quebec.

Leases are generally executed for nine years. They may be drawn so as to include the estuaries for netting, or merely to cover the privilege of rod-fishing. Some of the scores made by rod-fishermen are very handsome. Last year, Messrs. Havemeyer, Harriott, and three friends of New York City, killed 148 salmon in the St. John (*Du Nord*), between the 18th day of June and the 13th July. Four Canadian officials, comprising the Governor-General and party, killed 202 salmon in seven days in the Grand Natashquan. The lessees of the Moisie killed 325 fish in two weeks; average weight, 18 lbs. In the Godbout, 509 fish were killed between June 15th and July 15th. As there are two or three indifferent anglers in every party, the "heft" of the score should be credited as a rule to two rods, when the party comprises four or five persons.

# THE SAGUENAY.

FROM Quebec to the Saguenay the distance is one hundred and thirty miles. Opposite the mouth of this gloomy river is a sand-bar, and here a vessel may ride at anchor in shallow water. But let her move but a dozen rods up stream, and she will find no bottom! Soundings show a depth of one hundred and twenty fathoms. The line of this mighty submarine precipice is as distinctly defined where the inky waters that flow out of the river join the St. Lawrence, as the blue Gulf Stream is defined in the milky waters of the ocean main. Yet further up the river, the depth is a thousand feet, and where Capes Trinity and Eternity drop their stupendous crags perpendicularly into the Stygian waves, it has been fathomed almost a mile without reaching bottom! And all this immensity of water rolls out with a volume and tide whose influence should be seriously and disastrously felt. Yet its effect is not as perceptible as the tides that ebb in the Bay of Fundy. Where then is the vast receptable of this overwhelming discharge? Where the outlet into the ocean? It is said, and with palpable verification, that the waters of Montmorenci Falls find their way into the body of the St. Lawrence River by a subaqueous and subterranean outlet. Then, surely, the volume of the Saguenay must discharge itself through some similar passage into the Gulf. And who

shall say that the mysterious eddies and currents that environ and constantly beset the Island of Anticosti and make its circumnavigation as dangerous as Scylla and Charibdis, are not occasioned by this unseen agent?

Three centuries ago Jacques Cartier, the bold investigator, sent a boat's crew to explore the penetralia of this mighty chasm, and they were never heard of afterward. What wonder then that for subsequent decades of years it should have been invested with a weird and supernatural character? that tales should have been believed of its unnavigable current, immeasurable depths, terrible hurricanes, dangerous rocks and destructive whirlpools? Even to-day it is not without some feeling of awe that sailors pass within the iron-bound naked headlands that guard its savage portals. Mists continually envelop it and fill its Titanic gorges. Winds, keen as November blasts, whirl through its channel walls, at times, in midsummer. Whales and porpoises disport in its inky waves, and seals innumerable play upon its surface. A description by a London *Times* correspondent who accompanied the Prince of Wales to this river on the occasion of his visit to America, is the most graphic ever printed, and though often read, will bear insertion here. He writes:

"Gloomy black clouds rested on the mountains, and seemed to double their height, pouring over the rugged cliffs in a stream of mist till, lifting suddenly with the hoarse gusts of wind, they allowed short glimpses into what may almost be called the terrors of the Saguenay scenery. It is on such a day, above all others, that the savage wildness and gloom of this extraordinary river is seen to the greatest advantage. Sunlight and clear sky are out of place over its black waters. Anything which recalls the life and smile of nature is not in unison with the huge naked cliffs, raw, cold, and silent as the tombs. An Italian spring could effect no change in the deadly, rugged aspect; nor does winter add one iota to its mournful desolation. It is with a sense of relief that the tourist emerges from its sullen gloom, and looks

back upon it as a kind of vault—nature's sarcophagus, where life or sound seems never to have entered. Compared to it the Dead Sea is blooming, and the wildest ravines look cosy and smiling. It is wild without the least variety, and grand apparently in spite of itself; while so utter is the solitude, so dreary and monotonous the frown of its great black walls of rock, that the tourist is sure to get impatient with its sullen dead reverse, till he feels almost an antipathy to its very name. The Saguenay seems to want painting, blowing up, or draining—anything, in short, to alter its morose, eternal, quiet awe. Talk of Lethe or the Styx, they must have been purling brooks compared with this savage river, and a picnic on the banks of either would be preferable to one on the Saguenay.

"The wild scenery of the river culminates at a little inlet on the right bank between Capes Trinity and Eternity. Than these two dreadful headlands nothing can be imagined more grand or impressive. For one brief moment the rugged character of the river is partly softened, and looking back into the deep valley between the capes, the land has an aspect of life and mild luxuriance which, though not rich, at least seems so in comparison with the grievous awful barrenness. Cape Trinity on this side towards the landward opening is pretty thickly clothed with fir and birch mingled together in a color contrast which is beautiful enough, especially where the rocks show out among them, with their little cascades and waterfalls like strips of silver shining in the sun. But Cape Eternity well becomes its name, and is the reverse of all this. It seems to frown in gloomy indignation on its brother cape for the weakness it betrays in allowing anything like life or verdure to shield its wild, uncouth deformity of strength. Cape Eternity certainly shows no sign of relaxing in this respect from its deep savage grandeur. It is one tremendous cliff of limestone, more than 1500 feet high, and inclining forward more than two hundred feet, brow-beating all beneath it, and seeming as if at any

moment it would fall and overwhelm the deep black stream which flows so cold, so deep and motionless down below. High up, on its rough gray brows, a few stunted pines show like bristles their scathed white arms, giving an awful weird aspect to the mass, blanched here and there by the tempests of ages, stained and discolored by little waterfalls in blotchy and decaying spots. Unlike Niagara, and all other of God's great works in nature, one does not wish for silence or solitude here. Companionship becomes doubly necessary in an awful solitude like this, and though you involuntarily talk in subdued tones, still talk you must, if only to relieve your mind of the feeling of loneliness and desolation which seems to weigh on all who venture up this stern, grim, watery chasm.

"The 'Flying Fish' passed under this cape with her yards almost touching the rock, though with more than a thousand feet of water under her. In a minute after, one of the largest 68-pounders was cast loose and trained aft to face the cliff. From under its overhanging mass the 'Flying Fish' was moved with care lest any loose crag should be sufficiently disturbed by the concussion to come down bodily upon her decks. A safe distance thus gained, the gun was fired! For the space of half a minute or so after the discharge there was a dead silence, and then, as if the report and concussion were hurled back upon the decks, the echoes came down crash upon crash. It seemed as if the rocks and crags had all sprung into life under the tremendous din, and as if each was firing 68-pounders full upon us, in sharp, crushing volleys, till at last they grew hoarser and hoarser in their anger, and retreated bellowing slowly, carrying the tale of invaded solitude from hill to hill, till all the distant mountains seemed to roar and groan at the intrusion.

"A few miles further on is Statue Point, where, at about 1000 feet above the water, a huge, rough, Gothic arch gives entrance to a cave in which, as yet, the foot of man has never trodden. Before the entrance to this black aperture a gigantic rock, like the statue of some dead Titan, once stood. A few

years ago, during the winter, it gave way, and the monstrous figure came crashing down through the ice of the Saguenay, and left bare to view the entrance to the cavern it had guarded perhaps for ages. Beyond this again, is the Tableau Rock, a sheet of dark-colored limestone, some 600 feet high by 300 wide, as straight and almost as smooth as a mirror!"

The steamers "Magnet" and "Union" leave Quebec four times a week, touching at the summer resorts of Murray Bay and Cacouna, and are timed to ascend and descend the Saguenay by daylight. At the entrance of the river are the little villages of Tadousac and L'Anse à L'Eau. The latter is a steamboat landing. Tadousac is most romantically situated among the hills, with a little trout brook tumbling through a ravine on the outskirts. Recently a large and fashionable hotel has been erected by some Montreal gentlemen, and is well filled during the two hottest months of summer. It stands on the site of the old Hudson's Bay Company's Station, which occupied here for one hundred and fifty years. Upon a gently sloping lawn between its piazza and the bay, the old buildings still stand, with the veritable flag-staff and iron four-pounder guns which did duty under the old regime. Here also is the ancient chapel of Father Marquette, said to be one of the oldest in Canada, with its quaint architecture, and its curious paintings, and interior appointments. Upon the crest of a precipitous alluvial terrace near at hand are the modern summer residences of several gentlemen of Canada and the United States, of whom Robert H. Powell, Esq., of Philadelphia, was the pioneer. All along shore, near Tadousac, sea-trout are caught in great abundance.

Fifteen miles up the Saguenay is the River Ste. Marguerite with its two branches, leased by David Price, of Quebec, and Mr. Powell. Some distance above, is the Little Saguenay, and at a distance of twenty-seven miles the St. John flows into a bay, two miles long by three wide, enclosed by mountains. At both these rivers are lumber-mills and

fishing-stations. Other salmon rivers are the Eternity river, the Descente des Femmes, the Ha Ha, and the A Mars. The latter is the best-stocked river in the Saguenay district. The fish have multiplied wonderfully within the last three years. All along the river numerous cascades tumble over the perpendicular cliffs, flowing from lakes and ponds on their inaccessible summits. In the vicinity of these rivers, near the middle of the Saguenay, is St. Louis Island, with precipitous sides that descend abruptly to the depth of 1200 feet. Here great quantities of the finest salmon-trout are caught. Passing up stream the scenery is somewhat diversified by an occasional island or a sweeping bend in the river. Still there is a sense of all-pervading gloom, and with the exceptions noted, no trace of civilization, and scarcely any of vegetation, can be seen.

When the steamer reaches Cape Eternity, it invariably runs close under the shadow of the tremendous cliff; steam is shut off and an opportunity is given the passengers to indulge in sensations of awe and outbursts of sentiment. When all have gazed aloft at the impending crags and sufficiently shuddered, a whistle is blown or a gun fired to wake the echoes, and the steamer continues her voyage. Once only in the course of four several trips up the river, have I known the spell of sublimity to be broken by any sacrilegious attempt at the ridiculous. All hands were gathered on the forward deck, and breathless. All was still as the grave. Not even a whisper was heard for the moment, when commotion was suddenly excited by a voice which said in accents firm and deliberately uttered, "What a splendid rock to advertise Plantation Bitters!"

Sixty miles above the mouth of the Saguenay the gloomy cliffs recede, the river expands into a magnificent bay, and to the northwest, thirty miles distant, the blue outlines of the St. Margaret mountain range are seen. This range commences at Lake St. John, and extends through Labrador to Hudson's Bay. Its highest peaks are estimated to be three thousand feet above the waters of Lake St. John. Ha Ha

Bay is the terminus of the steamboat route. Here two little villages, Bagot and Bagotville, each with its chapel-spire, cluster upon the undulating shores. They are about three miles apart, and are located each upon a river which furnishes water-power for saw-mills belonging to the Prices, of Quebec, gentlemen who are said to own no less than thirty-six lumber establishments upon the Saguenay, St. Lawrence, and other rivers of Canada. At one of these villages a long pier juts out, and here the steamer lands her passengers for a two-hours' frolic on shore. Around the bend of the bay there is a very fair drive of three miles between the two villages, and it is considered "quite the correct thing" to charter one of the many French calèches which cluster on the pier, and scurry off at a rattling pace. Occasionally parties of ladies and gentlemen stop by the wayside to taste the native red wine at a primitive Acadian inn, where, as advertised in black and gamboge letters, they sell "*liqueurs en detail.*" It is quite interesting to notice how gracefully they patronize the modest *maitre d'hotel*, and how they smirk, and titter, and blush at the seeming little breach of propriety, just as "quality folks" used to do when they first ventured into Fulton Market for bivalves such as they could get nowhere else. And these unsophisticated Acadians are not so simple as not to know on "which side their bread is buttered." Four steamers a week during two months of summer, crowded with passengers whose purses are plethoric with money, and whose business is pleasure, afford an opportunity not to be innocently thrown aside. Hence, all the young men of the village not employed in offices equally remunerative, borrow money enough to pay for a five-pound horse and wagon, and become extemporized cab-drivers. And that improvised Jehu who cannot clear the price of his outfit, with a margin sufficient to pay for his annual church dues, his marriage fees to the priest, and the pension of himself and "femme" till next season, is no business-man at all.

The hyperborean hack-drivers of Ha Ha Bay do not im-

portune fares; intelligible words are wanting to express their inducements and demands. But, blocking up the pier with a jam of mute appeals as practically effective as a Broadway blockade, they have no difficulty in securing a load. Then the Frenchman finds ready use for his native politeness, which he exercises in holding the horse while the ladies tumble over the thills and dashboard into the vehicle. They haven't an instant to contemplate the novelty of the situation, or calculate the strength of the calèche or the chances of the road; nay, not even to give a little preliminary shriek of apprehension; for, quick as a monkey, the driver has sprung to his seat on the edge of the dashboard, and is off like a shot, with the pony's tail in his lap! He hasn't time even to gather up the reins or set his feet squarely upon the whiffle-tree bar—"which the same" is important. You have seen an old-fashioned country chaise go over a "thank-you-ma'am"? A "thank-you-ma'am" is a little ridge made across the road to turn off the rain-fall. Well, the springs of the calèche are stiff, and the uniformity of the Ha Ha road is interrupted by occasional stones, ridges, and little gullies. At the first start the calèche strikes a stone; in a jiffy the right wheel dips into a rut; then the left jumps a hummock; then both together surge into a puddle. Nevertheless the speed increases, the jolts multiply, and the mud flies. The driver is used to it, and raises himself at each jerk on his wire-spring legs like a circus-rider. But imagine the effect behind! At the very start the ladies are jerked out of their seats like skipjacks; the next instant they are all in a heap on the bottom, and helpless. Faster goes the nag! Dexter could hardly beat such time. It is useless for the ladies to shriek—the driver wouldn't believe there was anything serious the matter until he saw them spilled out and mangled. He only turns and laughs simply. It is rather an encouraging smile he wears, as if he thought they were merely having a little fun of their own, and he actually mistakes their hysterics for downright jollity! On they go, passing all

the calèches on the road, the ladies hanging on like grim death to the seat, the dashboard, the driver, and each other, their hats jammed over their eyes, their frills and furbelows generally shaken up and crushed, and their pompadours and hairpins scattered along the road. In vain do they plead:

"Oh driver! please—do—stop—oh—oh—help—stop—mercy—stop—oh—I—shall—die—my—hair—my—oh!"

The last "oh" is stifled by a leap over a gully. Appreciating the dilemma at a glance, we hurry on after, and hail, with many a gesture:

"Hold on there, you stupid idiot! stop, I say! what are you about—don't you see the ladies are killed? stop! *arretla!*".

That omnipotent French word did the business; the nincompoop hadn't understood a word before. "Arret-la" means *stop*—and he did—like the snap of a trap! In a jiffy the ladies were over the dashboard! When they had recovered and found themselves on *terra firma* at last, they shook out their ruffled plumage and exchanged their vehicle for ours, which had a slower horse and a less reckless driver. We were just in the spirit of humoring that Frenchman—we had ridden hundreds of miles in calèches. We determined to take the starch out of his animal, and we did! we got our money's worth! Away we went through the quaint little settlement like a streak of greased lightning, I on the back seat, the Frenchman on the dashboard, sitting sideways; and at each jolt we shot upwards like a jack-in-the-box, first the Frenchman, then the passenger, raising ourselves clear of the seat by the spring of the legs. It was equal to Dan Rice's circus. Then the Frenchman laughed, and the horse perspired and reeked; and on we sped with a swiftness that made the passing objects scurry by like phantasmagoria—party-colored houses—curious clay ovens standing in the open air by themselves, and little bridges that crossed the brooks—"*une maison, un four, un petit pont—une maison, un four, un petit pont,*" and so forth successively, with a skip, a

jerk, and a jump, until at last we rattled down upon the pier amid the plaudits of admiring cabbies congregated there. We paid that man a Yankee silver half-dollar; it was all he asked, but not half what he earned. The next summer, when we happened at Ha Ha Bay again, that Frenchman knew us—you bet! Ha! ha!

Although the steamboat excursion ends here, the angler's journey has only begun. His field of adventure is at the Chicoutimi Falls, thirty miles or more above, and his game the splendid wininnish, as the Indians call them—a fish very nearly allied to the land-locked salmon, though I notice slight points of difference between the two. The dorsal fin of the wininnish is longer, and at those seasons of the year when he visits the rapids, he carries it erect and projecting above the surface like a shark's. The spots on the wininnish are irregular quadrilaterals, while those of the land-locked salmon are rounder; and he lacks that golden lustre which glows from the scales of the latter, when fresh from his element. In general color and appearance he more nearly resembles the grilse. In the early part of the season his scales are of the most lustrous silvery-white, and his back a glowing steel-color; but, as the season advances, his hue becomes dark and cloudy. He is not the same handsome fish then, by any means. Both of these varieties have a tail quite forked; seventeen rays in the first dorsal fin; the generic adipose second dorsal; the characteristic lateral line of the salmon; the same number of spots on the gill-covers, and the same pinkish-yellow color of the flesh. I do not remember the vomers, or the number of rays in the caudal-fin. The wininnish seems more active than either the land-locked salmon or grilse, often making three successive leaps with great rapidity, and without appearing to touch the water except with his tail. I have never seen grilse do this, and their reputation for activity is such that the Indians always speak of them as "jumpers."

In the winter they are scattered through the deep water

of Lake St. John, and in June they descend to the series of rapids below, to spawn. This is the season *par excellence*, and these the places for capturing this remarkable game-fish. With an Abbey-fly, or yellow May-fly with black wings and head, the sport can be prolonged until the passion cloys, and both basket and satiety cry "Hold, enough!" The Frenchmen in the vicinity "chum" them with bait cut up and thrown where they most frequent; then catch them with pork or common bait of any kind.

Six miles above Ha Ha Bay is the little village of Chicoutimi, where there are saw-mills belonging to the Hon. Dave Price, a little chapel, and a couple of small taverns where one may tarry *à la Canuck*. A little steam-tug runs up to the mills betimes, and tows ships to load with lumber. Securing passage by favor, we arrive at Chicoutimi village, and obtaining canoes, ascend the river nine miles to the foot of the first or lower rapids, and then cross. These rapids extend three miles; then there are three miles of smooth water; then a second rapids of terrific strength; then ten miles of still water; then two miles of rapids; then three-quarters of a mile of still water. Finally, there succeed the mighty rush and uproar of the "Grand Discharge" mingling with the foam and tumult of the "Petit Discharge." These empty the waters of the Great St. John Lake, and sweeping around a rugged island with terrific and unnatural force, unite, and rage, contend, and finally melt and settle down into the quiet mood of the still water below. At the head of the third rapids, and within sight of the "Grand Discharge," we shall pitch our camp. But first let us call at Savard's, six miles above the first rapids. There are an old man and his three sons, Louis, Pierre, and Gustave, all excellent boatmen and assistants in camp. We can see the house now, perched on a hill of curious geological structure. Indeed, from the moment we reach the lower rapids, we are conscious of entering a region of extraordinary geological marvels. We tread among the wrecks and debris of a previous creation.

All the way to Savard's, the road runs on the verge of a volcanic ridge, with curious sand-bluffs of undulating outline thrown up at intervals; and the scenery becomes constantly more rugged, and the contour of the land more broken with dry ravines filled with sand formations, and with others constituting the channel-ways of impetuous rivers. No less than twelve large streams empty into this upper Saguenay, between Ha Ha Bay and Lake St. John. All these bear rich tribute of lumber to the booms and mills below. And at Lake St. John begins the Ste. Marguerite mountain range, which extends through Labrador to Hudson's Bay. Throughout its whole extent it bears evidence of having been once subjected to fearful convulsions, violent heat, and volcanic action. According to the assertion of intelligent Hudson's Bay Company's officers, the interior country is one vast bed of granite, syenite, and schist, upheaved in successive billows of rock, as though the entire mass had been poured over the earth in a deluge of liquefaction, and suddenly cooled before the great waves had subsided. And there are extinct volcanoes which the Indians say were active once; and hollow mountains that reverberate with a cavernous sound under merely a heavy footfall. Vegetation in most parts is very scant, and chiefly composed of stunted spruce.

All through the country great bodies of water are situated upon elevated plateaus, some like Lake St. John, full forty miles long. From these, cascades tumble over lofty precipices into deep chasms. In some places mountains have been uplifted; in others they have sunk into subterranean depths. Great seams and rifts yawn where rocks have been cleft asunder. Detached masses and fragments of rock have been burst by explosions and hurled at random over land and sea. With these data it is easy to account for the phenomena of the Saguenay. There is no doubt that its immeasurable channel was cleft into rock that was once a solid mass; for each projecting promontory is offset by its

corresponding indentation. And is it not probable that the same volcanic agency which reft this chasm, split off Anticosti and Newfoundland from the main continent, upheaved the interior mountains, changed the beds of rivers, and sent detached masses of rock flying into the sea, scattering them in a belt nine miles wide along the coast of Labrador? The Abbé Clavigero informs us that in Canada, in the year 1663, an earthquake began on the 5th of February, and continued at intervals for the space of six months, causing the most dreadful agitation in the earth, the rivers, and the coasts of the ocean over the extent of nine hundred miles from east to west, and four hundred and fifty from south to north, and actually overwhelmed a chain of freestone mountains more than three hundred miles long, changing this immense tract into a plain. The River St. Lawrence underwent remarkable changes with respect to its banks and some parts of its course, so that new islands were formed, and others were considerably changed. Have we not in this record the date of the epoch which has so singularly illustrated the geological history of the Saguenay from its mouth to Lake St. John?

Only half the curiosities of this mighty river have been seen when the tourist has reached Ha Ha Bay. And to the angler and explorer nothing can be more delightful or easy than this trip, which includes no hardships or wearisome journey by stage or wagon, but carries them at once into a region teeming with fish, and brimful of freaks of nature.

From the little camp at the head of the third rapids of Chicoutimi there is a stretch of still water for three-quarters of a mile, with a circumvallation of rocks and pines. Sitting here in the cool of the long summer evenings, one can see the rough waters of the "Grand Discharge" glistening like a snowbank in the evening sunlight, and listen to their sullen roar, which is more deafening than the rush of the Niagara speeding to its mighty leap.

*Louis—allons a coucher!*

# ANTICOSTI.

ALL along the coast of Labrador the ocean sets into the land by numerous estuaries, creeks, and inlets, which intersecting, form a chain of islands of every conceivable size and shape. Most of them are merely barren rocks that hug the main land. Others are isolated hummocks away out in the ocean where the surf never ceases to thunder, covered at all times with uncouth wild-fowl and screaming gulls, while the air above is filled with myriads constantly hovering. On some islands there is a thin deposit of earth and moss into which the puffins and parokeets burrow, while others are relieved by a scanty growth of juniper bushes, among which the eider-ducks build their nests, lining them with silky down whose market value is five dollars per pound. In the breeding season all these islands are literally paved with eggs—eggs of coots, puffins, razor-billed auks, bottle-nosed ducks, shell-drakes, shags, sea-ducks, gannets, hagden, murre, sea-pigeons, gulls, tinkers, *et id omne genus*. At the Smithsonian Institute they have a record of 169 varieties of land and sea birds known to inhabit Labrador and its coast. The air above and around the islands is filled with myriads constantly hovering, and the whirr of their rapid circling flight is like the noise of a factory. To and from their feeding-grounds in the far-off sea, foraging parties are constantly winging

their way; keen-eyed sentries patrol their topmost crags, and scouting parties and videttes ever on the alert wheel and hover when vessels approach. On every tier and ledge of the shelving rocks thousands sit demurely, each on its individual egg, setting. When the month of June arrives, "eggers" from Quebec and Halifax go out to these islands in sloops and shallops, and effecting a landing in the calmest days, proceed to break all the eggs they find, and waiting over night for new deposits from the parent birds, secure a cargo of those fresh-laid. There is a heavy legal penalty attaching to this practice, for it is destructive of millions of embryo birds. Nevertheless, "eggers" pursue it "on the sly," and their precious cargoes are eagerly purchased whenever brought to port. And the birds do not seem to diminish in the aggregate, though they frequently disappear from long-established breeding-grounds after repeated inroads.

Many of these islands are bare, perpendicular cliffs, inaccessible even by boats, except in unusual weather, on account of the ocean swell which prevents a landing. A year or two ago, three eggers, who had succeeded in landing, found themselves rock-bound by the rising winds, and for two months they remained on those desolate rocks with no other shelter than the rifts and chasms, and no other food than the birds and their eggs, or water than the rain which collected in the hollows! Every effort was made to get them off, even by Government vessels, employing every imaginable appliance and contrivance, but in vain. At last they were rescued, nearly dead with famine and exposure, just as the chilling winds of September began to blow.

The Island of Anticosti, long known and much dreaded by mariners, has remained uninhabited until this day, by reason of its inaccessible coast, its lack of any harbor accommodation whatever for vessels of large size, and the dangerous currents that beset it on every hand. Its north-eastern coast is a wall of white cliffs four hundred feet high, which glisten like snow in the sun, whenever the sun shines, for

sometimes fogs and clouds prevail throughout the months of August and September to that degree that the fishermen cannot properly dry their fish! On the south and south-west the shore is much broken; there are two or three harbors large enough for shallops, and one is known as Shallop Harbor. Several small salmon rivers empty into the sea, of which the principal are the Dauphine and Jupiter rivers. These have been resorted to for several years by net fishermen, and have yielded from fifteen to thirty barrels of salmon each, the catch varying with the season. Only recently an occasional angler, lured principally by a fondness for exploring out-of-the-way places, has ventured to test the waters with a fly. That fly-fishing is good, and that there are sufficient other attractions to the sportsman to induce him to tarry long, is proved by the fact that a British naval officer on furlough passed five weeks there last summer, landing upon the island about the middle of July.

Hunters and trappers have resorted to Anticosti for many years, and been content to pass the long and tedious winters there, rewarded for hardships endured by a plentiful return of furs; for the island fairly swarms with bears and fur-bearing animals, which are protected from the inclement weather by the dense growth of evergreens with which the island is covered.

Codfish appear very early on the banks of Anticosti, and many fishermen resort there in the spring to secure a fare before the fish "strike in" at places which they visit later in the season. As many as one hundred boats have been engaged at once. The most frequented spots are South-west Point, Ellis Bay, Belle Bay, English Bay, and McDonald's Cove. There are light-houses at Southwest Point, South Point, West Point, and Heath Point, with wrecking stations and apparatus; and there are provision depots for wrecked mariners at Heath Point, South Point, Ellis Bay, and Shallop Creek. There is a steam fog-whistle at South Point, which sounds once a minute in foul weather. It can be

heard fifteen miles in a dead calm; with the wind fair, twenty miles; and in stormy weather from three to eight miles. At West Point station a cannon is fired every hour during fogs and snow-storms. All these humane provisions have been established since 1831.

If Anticosti had good harbors, where schooners could find a safe shelter during stormy weather, there is no doubt that it would be visited every spring by a large fleet, the fish always being abundant in May; but its shores are fraught with dangers, especially at this season of the year, and fishermen prefer to keep away from them.

Not only is Anticosti rich in its natural fisheries of salmon, cod, and herring, in its furs, and in its forests, but it has valuable mineral products of economic importance, such as marble, limestone for building and other purposes, grindstones, peat bogs, salt springs, and extensive agricultural capabilities. Nevertheless it remained without an inhabitant until the year 1828, at which time the steamer "Granicus," from Liverpool for Quebec, was lost, and those of its passengers who escaped to the land all perished from cold and starvation. After the discovery of this melancholy disaster in the spring succeeding this wreck—which took place in November, just at the close of navigation—the British Government induced a family to take up an abode there by the payment of a liberal pension. Then, in 1831, followed the construction of the first light-house, and afterwards the several improvements that have since been made. From time to time fishermen have built permanent cabins and settled, induced by the remunerative fisheries, so that there is now a considerable hamlet on the southwesterly end.

It was in the early spring of 1829, somewhere about the end of April, that a few seal fishermen from Quebec ventured to brave the rigors of the season and run down to Anticosti for the spring fishing. Picking their way, one still morning, among the debris of rocks that underlaid the cliffs of the north side, they chanced to spy a rope depending from the

projecting verge overhead. This was a sight to make the superstitious quake with fear. It was well known that the island had no inhabitants at that season of the year—that no human beings but themselves were there. And the rope in that strange situation too! It was marvelous indeed! At length one ventured to pull the rope, to ascertain whether it was fast above, or whether it had merely caught in the rocks while falling. Mystery! it tolled a bell. Shuddering, the hardy sealers stood aghast, regarding each other with faces pallid and eyes that betrayed their fear. Then they looked upward toward the crag. All was still—nothing visible but the dark brown rock, the snow, and desolation. Then with trembling hands they pulled the rope again. Sharply the peal of the bell rang out upon the frosty air! Again—and then again! There was mystery up above. And as the notes prolonged, and reverberated from point to point, it seemed as though they had summoned creatures into being and waked the surrounding wastes to populous civilization. Convinced that no other agency but their own produced the tones,—for it was only when they pulled that the bell tolled,—the sealers picked their way around the coast until they found a place to ascend to the plateau above. Over the rocks from which the snow had melted, and through thickets of spruce and pine, they followed the windings of the cliff until they reached the point desired. Then amazement filled their senses. A camp deserted—tents half buried in the drifts, charred and blackened brands from which no welcome smoke ascended! And the tents were made of old sails, light spars, and cordage. On the edge of the cliff swung a ship's bell. One of the tents was more carefully constructed than the others, and seemed to have been barricaded around its base by logs and pieces of timber. Pushing the canvas aside from the entrance, a horrid sight was revealed. In the center of the apartment was a kind of pit in which lay a shriveled human trunk, minus the head, legs, and arms, with the ashes of a fire underneath! This apartment had evi-

dently been occupied by women, for there was a lady's traveling trunk inside and some remnants of female apparel. There were abundant traces here of a fearful wreck and horrible suffering. The victims had certainly been reduced to the necessity of eating human flesh, and one at least had died; but where were the rest? There were no clues to be found anywhere—no diary, no memorandum—nothing but a simple tally-stick, upon which had been scored the days of the month of February. This was something. One person had at least survived until March, provided all were dead now. The sealers commenced a search. At last they discovered in Fox Bay the wreck of the steamer "*Granicus*." She had evidently been cut in two by the ice and run ashore. Here was the key of the whole horrible problem. The "Granicus" had been reported missing since the 1st of November, at which time she was due. It was about that time, then, that the wreck occurred. Her crew and passengers were all originally saved, and constructed the camp now standing. For four long months—November, December, January, February—had they endured the rigors of a Canadian winter upon that desolate, uninhabited island. No use to look for relief at that time of the year. Landward, seaward, nothing but ice-floes and pack-ice drifting.

Without guns, or else ammunition exhausted, there were no means of obtaining provisions, even though game was abundant. And so, one by one, the ill-fated castaways perished miserably; and when the survivors had become too weak or indifferent to guard their bodies, they were dragged off into the woods by wild beasts and devoured. Poor pickings they must have had from these shriveled and emaciated corpses! And the lady (it was afterwards ascertained from the ship's passenger list that there was but one lady aboard), was carefully protected to the last—barricaded in her tent against the attacks of famished wild animals that scented the unnatural food. And when the last of the unfortunates, save one, had eked out their miserable existence upon the lean

flesh of their comrades—the only food at hand—the lady in her turn yielded up her life to the man who notched the weary days upon his tally-stick. He must have been a butcher by trade so artistically did he dismember the body! Morsel by morsel, piece by piece, limb by limb, sparingly, the ghoul drew upon his larder. And then the trunk alone remained. Too weak to cut it up he dragged it bodily upon the coals; and then the fire got low—the fuel was exhausted. Feebly, with one final effort, he dragged himself outside the tent to gather more, and the wild-beasts in waiting carried him unresisting to their lairs in the woods—and there the frightful record ended! No wonder the British Government hastened to provide against the recurrence of another such tragedy, by placing upon the island means of rescue.

Anticosti now is stripped of half its terrors, though the unseen dangers of its mysterious currents remain. Friendly beacons show far out at sea, and there are havens of rest for the storm-tossed and stranded. It is now proposed to colonize the island and thereby develop its valuable resources. The "Anticosti Company," a number of leading capitalists of Canada, have purchased it from the proprietors, and this year they will set about their task. It is 120 miles in length by 30 wide, in the broadest part, and contains an area of two millions and a quarter of acres. The only means of visiting it is by chartering a boat or shallop, or securing passage at Quebec upon some of the fishing vessels which go down in May. Sometimes there is an opportunity by the Government vessels in the light-house service, which make periodical visits to the several stations along the coast. However, there is more generally a disposition to keep a safe distance from the island than to seek it.

# LABRADOR AND NEWFOUNDLAND.*

MY notes of a "Summer Cruise to Labrador" were first printed in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and subsequently took shape in the extended article in Harper's Magazine, to which reference is here made. Though now twelve years published, it remains the most comprehensive sketch of Labrador extant, little having ever been written of that portion of its sterile land which lies to the northward of the Belle Isle Strait.

As far back as the fifteenth century, Labrador was frequented by Spaniards and Frenchmen who had large fishing-establishments on the coast, some of which still remain and retain the names given them by their former occupants. Of others only vestiges of ancient buildings and fortifications are traced. At the Moisie, St. John, and Natashquan Rivers, and at Mutton Bay, Bradore, and Blanc Sablon, there are considerable villages where a large amount of remunerative business is transacted in summer-time. Large quantities of codfish and salmon are prepared for export. Holliday's establishment alone, at the mouth of the St. John, puts up some 20,000 pounds of salmon in cans an-

* See Harper's Magazine, vol. xxii, pages 577, 743.

nually. All along the north shore, from Belle Isle to latitude 57°, are fishing-stations busy with men and women during the fishing season, who come from Canada, Newfoundland, and the United States. At hundreds of rocky islets are fish-stages for dressing fish; and "flakes" of poles or brush strew every level rock, covered with codfish drying in the sun.

All along the northern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and through Belle Isle Strait to Cape Charles, the coast is for the most part walled with precipitous cliffs over which cascades tumble at intervals, and through whose occasional gaps rivers flow into the sea. But from Cape Charles northward, the highlands recede, and a belt of islands varying in width from nine to eleven miles, girts the coast. The passages between these islands are denominated "tickles," and during the fishing season swarm with vessels at anchor, or passing through; for, be it known, the outside passage is by no means safe or easy. Even in most propitious weather, gales and sea-fogs arise without warning, and, at all times, vessels must run under the lee of the land at night for anchorage and shelter. Until the month of August, icebergs come drifting down, rendering navigation extremely dangerous. Currents, created by the undertow of these vast moving bodies which float two-thirds under water, always set toward the bergs. Often the bergs, worn by the waves, and melted by the increasing temperature as they move southward, become top-heavy and "turn fluke," or they burst asunder, and strew the surface of the ocean with acres upon acres of their fragments.

Although several of the rivers of Northern Labrador afford good rod-fishing, yet a trip to this inhospitable region can hardly be recommended, unless, indeed, the angler be enthusiastic enough to volunteer for a Polar Expedition. Still, a voyage in a steam-yacht has more than once been made by parties of gentlemen with satisfactory reward of novelty and strange experiences; and the cruise has even

been accomplished in sailing vessels with enjoyable results. There is much pleasure in noting the brilliant colors and fantastic shapes of icebergs; in watching the gambols of whales and grampuses; in visiting the isolated bird rocks, which swarm with wild fowl innumerable, and are strewn with their eggs in countless numbers. In this latitude is the home of the seal and sea-lion, and the trysting-place of eider-ducks, whose down brings fancy prices in the markets of the world. And as one goes northward, the Aurora Borealis scintillates and blazes in its full hyperborean splendor; sundogs and parhelia light up the sky with rainbow tints; the days are long, and twilight lingers nearly into midnight. But the coast is bleak and desolate, enlivened by no vegetation, save mosses and scanty grass. Two days out of three are cold and foggy, and unless one's spirit of adventure leads him to make frequent excursions into the main-land, his experience becomes in time a tiresome monotony.

Upon the main-land there is in places a considerable growth of spruce, and though the cod-fishermen seldom visit here, the tourist may see occasionally the seal-skin "toupiks" of Esquimaux families who have come from their winter quarters in the interior down to the coast to catch their year's supply of fish. There is good bird-shooting always, both of land and sea fowl.

At Henley Harbor, near the eastern entrance of Belle Isle Strait, the curlews swarm in August, and there is a stream that affords good trout-fishing. At Snug Harbor are large trout. In the four rivers that empty into Sandwich Bay, lat. 54°, there is excellent salmon-fishing; also at Byron's Bay, two degrees farther north. But the *ultima thule* of the angler's aspirations is in the waters of the great Esquimaux Bay or Invucktoke Inlet, lat. 55°, which penetrates one hundred and twenty miles into the interior. Fifteen miles above its mouth is Flatwater River. Here, about the middle of the flood-tide, one may take his stand upon a long sand-bar, then uncovered, and catch sea-trout by the score,

with little risk of losing his fish when hooked. The game is active, but there are no obstructions of rocks or brush, and the angler has merely to take a run of the sand-bar, and follow his fish until a victory brings reward. Sixty miles up is Rigolet, a Hudson's Bay Company's post, where salmon-fishing may be enjoyed in the "Narrows," through which the tide ebbs and flows with turbulent velocity. The scenery along this bay is romantic, the shores quite densely wooded with spruce, with two or three peaks of high elevation to diversify the landscape. But the musquitoes are ravenous and swarm in clouds. Labrador musquitoes are larger and more savage than those of Florida, and most industriously do they improve the short shining hours of their summer probation.

At the Narrows the hills on either side tower to the height of eight hundred feet, and continue for a mile. They then trend to the southwest and merge into the mountain range which divides the waters of the Atlantic coast from those that flow into Hudson's Bay. Above the Narrows the Esquimaux Bay widens into a lake thirty miles long by eight in width. Into this lake flow the Northwest, Tomliscom and Hamilton Rivers. The latter is at the head of the lake, and is its principal inlet. The Indians say it has falls 1200 feet high! At Northwest River is another Hudson's Bay trading-post, and here is the finest salmon-fishing in this region. Following this river over a series of rapids, portages, and falls, is a trail that leads to another post on Ungava Bay, which is an indentation of the great Hudson's Bay.

Certainly, the Labrador comes within the scope of the angler's research; but its range is so immense, and its field so far beyond the reach of ordinary ambition, that any reference to its waters might reasonably be omitted in this work except that some mention is requisite to make my Angler's Guide complete.

Of the fluvial geography of Newfoundland comparatively little is known. It was only as recently as 1825 that the

first roads were made from St. Johns, the capital, to the neighboring settlements! and yet the island was the earliest discovered land in America. Biorn, an Icelandic sea-king, sailed into its Harbor Grace in year 1001; and John Cabot, the Venetian explorer, discovered Bonavista in 1497. And within seven years from the latter date until now, it has been noted for its fisheries of cod and salmon, and frequented by vessels innumerable of many nations—French, Portuguese, Spaniards, English, and Americans. Its rivers have always been fished without restriction, and without regard to the consequences of wholesale slaughter, even to the "barring" of the streams in the spawning season. Obstructions were so placed as to prevent the ascent of the salmon, and they were speared and netted with wanton waste. Nevertheless so much of the country is even to this day unexplored, and the resources seem so inexhaustible, that unsurpassed fishing is afforded in many rivers. These, however, are scarcely accessible except to the most persistent angler. From St. Johns, to which there is fortnightly communication by steamer from Halifax, the only means of access is by coastwise vessels. Of the several rivers the chief are as follows:

The River of Exploits, on the east side of the island, connects the Bay of that name with Red Indian Lake. This stream is seventy miles long, with long still reaches, beautiful cascades, and one great waterfall eighty feet high. Its current is very rapid. The shores are level, with rank grass growing down to the water's edge, affording the most unlimited play for fly-fishing. These shores recede to various distances, from five hundred yards to several miles, to the foot of hills wooded with tall and stately pines and spruces. It is navigable for canoes ninety miles from its mouth.

The Gander River, ten miles to the southward, flows into Gander Bay.

Still further south, are rivers that flow into Catalina Bay.

On the extreme south, the rivers that empty into Placentia and Little Bays.

Fortune Bay, on the south, receives several good fishing rivers that head in inland lakes.

St. George's Bay, on the southwest, receives several rivers that flow from interior lakes.

Into the Bay of Islands, on the west, three rivers empty. One of them, the Humber, has been explored for one hundred and fourteen miles. It runs northwest, and heads in a large lake. It is asserted by those who have tested it, that its salmon will not rise to a fly; but there are enormous trout (not sea-trout, *Salmo trutta*), weighing often twelve pounds, which take the fly greedily, and can be caught in great numbers.

Castor's River flows into St. John's Bay on the northwest, and is a capital salmon stream.

The interior of Newfoundland is diversified with lakes, a few mountains, marshes, and plains filled with rocks and termed "barrens." These afford good ptarmigan and cariboo shooting. There are two varieties of the cariboo. The ptarmigan is the ruffed-grouse of the States, but in Newfoundland and Labrador changes its plumage with the recurring seasons, being nearly a pure white in winter and a reddish-brown in summer, with gradations for spring and autumn.

The angling season of Labrador is restricted to about seven weeks, beginning July 1st and ending August 20th. In Newfoundland it is a little longer. Pilots for the coast can be obtained at St. John, Harbor Grace, or anywhere along shore, for that matter.

# THE OTTAWA DISTRICT.

THE Ottawa River divides the Province of Quebec from the Province of Ontario. The Ottawa district properly includes all the lakes and rivers tributary to the Ottawa River, though it is generally understood to embrace only the two immense counties of Pontiac and Ottawa, in the Province of Quebec. This district is easily reached by railway from Ogdensburg, and from Brockville, on the Great Western Railway, to Annprior, on the Ottawa River. It is one of the most abundant game and fish countries in America. By reason of its accessibility, it has long been exposed to the ravages of wanton and indiscriminate pot-hunters. Only as recently as a year ago, a Dominion officer reported that no less than four hundred moose and one hundred deer had been slaughtered for their hides in the single district of Coulogne, and their carcasses left a prey for wolves. Until 1870 its waters had been most wastefully and persistently fished in the interests of dealers who contracted for the fish to be delivered to them for sale in the United States markets, where they bring large prices with a constant demand. Of late, however, the Dominion Government requires parties going to fish as a business, to take out licenses, which insures much protection to the fisheries; for those holding licenses naturally look with a jealous eye upon those who have none, and either prevent them from fishing illegally, or report the delinquents to the

overseer. Many of the lakes can be reached only when the snow sets in, so as to make the woods passable. The Gatineau Lakes, in Ottawa county, teem with fine trout, some of a very large size, and with whitefish (*Corregonus albus*), some of which weigh as high as thirteen pounds. So plentiful are they that it is asserted that 2,000 lbs. weight could be supplied for market weekly. Pemachonga, one of the chain of lakes, contains speckled and gray trout (*tuladi*), maskinonge, and pike. In Thirty-one Mile Lake, black bass abound near the small islands. At Whitefish Lake, two years ago, whitefish were so plentiful that for miles along the shore the water seemed alive with them. In the townships of Wakefield, Portland, and others, in the neighborhood of the city of Ottawa, the streams have been set apart for natural propagation and well protected. They literally teem with speckled trout, and being easy of access, are a source of great enjoyment to anglers. Last winter not less than three tons of trout were brought to the Ottawa market, and about half a ton of pickerel.

Anglers who propose to visit this utter wilderness, will be able to get information and guides at Ottawa. Those who go must expect to rough it. There is no other alternative.

# SUPERIOR.

HOW many vacation tourists have feasted their wondering eyes upon the strange phenomena and marvelous scenery of Lake Superior! Thinly settled as its shores and adjacent waters are, most persons are familiar with their varied points of interest. Who has not heard, at least, of the "Pictured Rocks" and shifting sands of its Michigan shore; of the beetling cliffs, rifted and seamed and honeycombed with caves which the waves have worn, that girt its northern coast from Gros Cap to St. Louis River; of the boulders and debris of shattered rocks piled up and strewn all along their bases; of the terrific gales and sudden gusts that vex and harrow its surface even in its most placid summer moods? Here half-civilized Indians swarm in crowds, making its fastnesses their home. In its cold deep waters the great *namaycush* or Mackinaw salmon loves to dwell; and in all bays where the bottom is rocky and the water no more than one hundred feet deep, he can be caught readily with the hook. All the rivers on the north shore, from Point aux Pines to Pigeon River, teem with trout to that degree that their numbers become a nuisance to the angler. The whole coast is but one grand trout preserve! And there are fish of grosser and plebeian stock—the maskinonge, pike, and sturgeon, and others of less degree. A bold biter is that namaycush

(*Salmo amethystus*), and a dead weight on the line that holds him by the lip. He resigns himself to his fate as soon as caught, and makes no fight for life; the only resistance he offers is the *vis inertiæ* of his seventy-five pound bulk. An ignoble slander upon the noble name of salmon, he is as phlegmatic as a beery Dutchman, suffering himself to be reeled in slowly until he is safe alongside of the canoe. Then the gaff is used, and when his great carcass is hoisted over the side, he gives a convulsive gasp or two, and splutters out his last "ach Gott" on the bottom.

Besides these fish there are the cisco and whitefish, the last especially of delicious flavor; but neither are game for the angler.

The author of "Superior Fishing" has written so voluminously of this remarkable region and its finny inhabitants, that in indicating some choice selection of its angling waters, I can do little more than gracefully refer my readers to his book. I recapitulate briefly that Garden River, near Sault Ste. Marie, is a fine trout stream, but difficult to ascend. The Yellow Dog, Dead, and Salmon Trout Rivers, sixty miles west of Marquette, afford good fishing. Brulé River and Lake, and all the rivers and waters in the vicinity of Bayfield and Apostle Islands, will delight the angler. The Harmony, Agawa, and Batchawaung on the north shore, with some two or three other rivers that empty into Batchawaung Bay—a day's sail from the Sault, are not only noted for the size and number of their trout, but for the romantic beauty of their scenery. However, they are liable to become heated in midsummer, and then the fish retreat to the colder waters of the great lake.

Yet there is one river and district which has never been described in books. It so greatly excels all others of the Superior region, and all known trouting waters of America, that those who read thereof may well wonder and reflect. I refer to the Neepigon and the head-waters of the great St. Lawrence chain of lakes. If perchance some credulous

anglers shall be allured by inducements herein given to undertake the trip thereto, let them provide a good outfit of warm clothing, and plenty of oil of tar (one part tar and four of sweet oil) to keep off the flies, take their trouting-tackle, and go to Collingwood, *via* the Northern Railroad from Toronto. There take the steamer through Georgian Bay to the Sault Ste. Marie, steaming meanwhile for one whole day among innumerable islands, great and small, and touching at many little points upon the route, all chock-full of novelty and interest unabating. At the Sault, if previously arranged as I shall hereafter direct, guides and canoes for the anticipated excursion may be put on board. Thence, passing through the magnificent canal by its two great locks, catching frequent glimpses of the rushing tide which discharges from Lake Superior, we enter the broad expanse of that great lake and continue our voyage to "Red Rock" landing, on the great Neepigon Bay. Before we reach this, our place of destination, we shall touch at the Michipicoton River, on the east side of the lake, where there is excellent trout-fishing, though its heavy portages are much of a drawback to the angler. But as we have a promise of something better than this, we journey on, casting one lingering look behind. Arriving at Red Rock, we find a comfortable frame-house and store, which belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, in the palmy days of its reign, located on a grassy plateau, with a bright red-sandstone bluff in the foreground, and a range of wooded hills behind. Here we are received with an old-fashioned Scotch welcome by Robert Crawford, Esq., recently the agent, and his "gude wife," who spreads before us an entertainment that might propitiate the gods—I mean such heathen gods as depend upon their appetite and diet to shape the ends of their divinity. Here may be obtained everything needful for a protracted voyage, such as tents, canoes, guides, clothing, shoes, blankets, and provisions, in great variety—everything but fishing-tackle; this, of course, the angler will provide for himself. Parties intend-

ing to visit the Neepigon should write Mr. Crawford sufficiently in advance of their arrival to secure canoes and Indians; as it may be necessary to send to the Sault for them, where a number are always to be had. Or a letter may be addressed to J. G. H. Carlton, Esq., Lock-master, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, who will arrange to have guides and canoes ready at any time to go aboard the steamboat with the excursion party.

Having enjoyed a night of refreshing slumber at Crawford's, we are ready in the morning for a start up stream. Our outfit is completed, the canoe laden with all essentials, and we only await the arrival of Pooray, our Indian guide, from his wigwam up the river. With commendable punctuality he presently puts in an appearance, bringing with him a specimen-trout from the regions above, which causes our eyes to dilate and our nerves to thrill with pleasurable anticipation. In size it resembles a good-sized shad; but its native characteristics are perfect, with every mark and line and color of the genuine *Salmo fontinalis* gleaming in royal splendor. It weighs $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, but we are quietly informed that "this is a common size here!"

The river Neepigon is a noble stream, with water cold and clear as crystal, flowing with a volume six hundred feet wide into a magnificent bay of great extent. This bay is surrounded by long, undulating ranges of hills, rugged precipices, huge bluffs, and lofty mountains, more or less wooded with evergreens interspersed with deciduous trees, and filled with islands of all sizes and every variety of outline. It is at once one of the safest and most beautiful harbors on Lake Superior. The first rapids occur about one-quarter of a mile above the station, and are a mile in length. They can be surmounted by canoes, but we prefer an easier method; our loaded canoe is placed on an ox-cart and portaged over. With a crack of the whip the team gets under way, and, bidding adieu to the hospitable station, we trundle off, with our traps, guns, rods, and provisions well stowed, and a little

cocker spaniel mounted on the top of the load—a dog that earned his weight in currency during our absence by putting up rabbits, partridges, etc., which added delicious variety to the larder.

At the head of the rapids the river expands into a sheet of water six miles long by one mile wide, called Lake Helen, which is surrounded by scenery so enchanting that we are already in love with Neepigon, and feel amply repaid for sacrifices or hardships undergone thus far. Twelve miles above the first rapids is a portage three miles in length, the longest on the river, and known as "Long Portage." Thence, to the head of the river, which is forty-five miles distant from its mouth, there are alternate rapids and stretches of still water which frequently widen into lakes. There are fifteen rapids in all, and at each there is the best of trout-fishing. Some of the lakes are two or three miles in length, and are known as Duck Lake, Pike Lake, Lake of the Five Islands, Lake Emma, etc. The shoaler ones abound in large pike. Occasionally brooks flow into the river over ledges of rock. One of the portages traverses a beautiful pine grove; another cuts off a bend of the river which is studded with islands. Three miles below the head of the river are the Virgin Falls, twenty-five feet high. Altogether the scenery is the most diversified imaginable, and constantly presents changes of the most enchanting character. This is not one of those wildernesses that "howl." Though civilization dwells not here, and though the forest is primeval, this water-course has been a thoroughfare for trappers and voyageurs for sixty years. At considerable intervals, all along, are grassy spots where the hardy sons of toil have made their frequent camps. There are no windfalls to surmount, and no inextricable and intricate masses of undergrowth to cut through with axe and knife. From the falls the river widens gradually, enclosing within its area dozens of small islands variegated with evergreens, birch, poplar, larch, tamarack, etc., and then expands into a vast inland sea whose shores

gradually recede beyond the limit of vision. In the far-distant horizon sky and water meet, and the waves roll up on shore with a volume and dash as turbulent in storms as those of Erie or Superior. Its bays are numerous and vast. Some of them are very deep, and extend inland for twenty miles, teeming with trout, lake-trout, pike, and pickerel. Into it flow large rivers, that have their sources in the Heights of Land which constitute the watershed that divides the waters of the St. Lawrence chain from those of Hudson's Bay and the Arctic zone.

This is Neepigon Lake, seldom even indicated on maps, and scarcely known except to the Indians and the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, who have long used this route as a highway to their more northern posts. The heights of land alluded to are twenty miles beyond its northern boundary. And there are other routes from Lake Superior to ultimate regions. One through Pigeon River, Sturgeon Lake, and Rainy River into the Lake of the Woods (which is only ninety miles from the Red River or Selkirk Settlement), and thence to Hudson's Bay, has served to locate the boundary between the United States and British possessions. Another through Brulé River leads to the rivers that empty into the Pacific Ocean. This was the thoroughfare that connected the Hudson's Bay Company's outposts of the Rocky Mountains and Pacific with the grand entrepôt at Montreal. The route now being surveyed for the Canadian Pacific Railroad follows this long-established highway for the greater part of the distance. The surveyors find no easier grades. By-and-by this iron railroad will transport to Canada the wealth that flows from the gold mines of Fraser River, the coal fields of Vancouver, the inexhaustible fisheries of British Columbia, and the fertile plains of the Saskatchewan, the Red River, and the Assiniboine—waters which, communicating by means of portages, lead all the way to the immediate neighborhood of Lake Superior.

If we are to believe the assertions of those whose veracity is unquestionable, this Neepigon Lake is as large as Ontario, with a greater water area. It is the first of the series of six great lakes which comprise the St. Lawrence chain. What a marvelous inland water-course is this, extending continuously through Neepigon Lake and River, through Lake Superior, the Sault Ste. Marie, Lake Huron, the Detroit River, Erie, the Niagara River, Ontario, and the River St. Lawrence—nearly 4000 miles in all! And if to this be added the route just traced above, we have a water-course that spans the continent, broken only by a few portages comparatively short.

And now with a concluding word as to the size and number of the trout in Neepigon, we leave this region to the exploration and research of future anglers and investigators.

At the first rapids and within sight of the steamboat landing, one may tarry and fish to repletion of desire and basket, without going further. Passengers, while waiting for the departure of the steamer, have caught within an hour or so from off the dock, trout ranging from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 lbs. each. Of one hundred and fifty fish which we have caught, the average, by actual test, was a little above $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The score runs thus, on exceptional occasions: 5 fish, $18\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.; 5 fish, 20 lbs.; 5 fish, 23 lbs.; 6 fish, $22\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. And this is about as they run in the river. There are some small fish, but they are very scarce. Up in the Lake they have been caught weighing as heavy as 12 lbs. In short, one may hook and land on stout gear as many trout as he has flies on his line. I have known four to be landed at once weighing in the aggregate nearly 14 lbs. Of course, the true essence of sport is in using a single fly, so that the angler may have the full benefit of his captive's vigorous play. For activity and endurance the Neepigon trout have no superiors. Small salmon-flies are the best for use—gaudy flies for the lake, and red or brown hackles for the river; and the tackle should be somewhat stronger than that employed in ordinary rivers.

Imitation minnows, or even a spoon, are killing bait, but these a true sportsman will scorn to use.

Black flies, mosquitoes, and sand-flies are more numerous and venomous here than in New Brunswick, and fairly rival the Labrador varieties. The best season for fishing is throughout the months of July and August.

# THE MICHIGAN PENINSULA.

IN many of the rivers of Michigan lying north of Bay City, but in none south of it, is found the Grayling (*Thymallus tricolor*), a superb game-fish, not hitherto recognized as a native of this country. It has now, however, been fully identified by experts, by comparison of specimens obtained in winter, with the famous Grayling of England. Every minute spot, lateral line, scale, and fin-ray that exists in the foreign variety is reproduced in those caught here. It varies in size from eight to fourteen inches, and much resembles the Scisco. Its back is of a dark-grey color, and its sides are covered with fine whitish silvery scales running in well-defined lateral lines, and dotted with shining diminutive black spots a half-inch or so apart, especially about the shoulders. It has a very large square first dorsal fin with eighteen rays, which divide into two branches one-third their length from the top. Its second dorsal is adipose, its caudal fin as much forked as that of a grilse, and with twenty-one rays. It has no teeth upon either jaws or tongue; but a minutely serrated edge upon the jaws might be taken for teeth. Its mouth, when open, is nearly square. It has a peculiar odor, not unpleasant for a "fish-like smell," hence *thymallus*. A grayling two years old has the black spots, but not the well-defined distinctive lateral lines of the adult fish. At three years old it weighs

a half pound, and adds one quarter of a pound per annum to its weight until it attains a weight of three or four pounds. In England it spawns in April and May, and the angling season commences about the middle of July and continues through October. In this country it is in season from May to October. It begins to spawn in February, and continues throughout the months of March and April. It thrives best in rivers flowing with gentle current, whose beds are composed in part or wholly of sandy gravel or loam. It feeds on minnows, but takes the fly or artificial grasshopper with avidity.

Although abundant in many parts of England, its *habitat* is local, just as it is in Michigan. It is caught in only four rivers of Wales, and in Scotland only in the Clyde, where it was introduced twelve years ago. In Michigan it is caught in the Muskigon River, which is as far south as they are caught in any stream that empties into Lake Michigan; in the Manistee and all the streams to the northward as far up as Mackinaw; in Indian River, a stream connecting two lakes and emptying into Traverse Bay; in the Au Sable and the Au Gres rivers, on the eastern shore of the State; and in the River Hersey, a tributary of the Muskigon. The latter is the most accessible of any of the streams—eleven hours from Detroit by the Flint and Marquette Railroad, with a good hotel a quarter of a mile from the depot, kept by A. D. Wood, who is himself a thorough sportsman and well-posted. One mile from the hotel, fishing begins and extends along a mile and a half of cleared bank, which gives a genuine sportsman a fair cast. The country affords no worms; therefore the mere bait-fisher will have a poor show. It is a beautiful stream of clear spring water, about twenty rods wide. There are no other fish in it but suckers. The best time for angling is as soon as the spring freshets subside, from the middle to the last of May. The Au Sable is the next most accessible stream, and is reached from Bay City by the Mackinaw Railroad, which runs due north to the

Strait. This road passes within eight miles of the east end of Houghton Lake and strikes the sources of many streams which abound in trout. The country is virgin and "desecrated" only by prospecters and lumbermen who have a few camps within the wilderness.

The grayling is not quite equal in activity and pluck to the trout; nevertheless, he is a superb game-fish and a great acquisition to the angler's somewhat limited category. It is quite as shy as the trout, fully as critical in his selection of flies, and "contrary" about taking hold at times, although the fish may be rising all around the vicinity. The average weight in the Hersey is about half a pound.

As to the trout streams of Michigan, all those running north into Traverse Bay and all around the shore to Presque Isle on Lake Huron, contain the beauties; but they are found in but few of the peninsula streams, if any, that empty into Lake Huron to the south of Thunder Bay, or in Lake Michigan south of Grand Haven Bay.

NOTE.—As a letter from Prof. Agassiz has appeared in the New York *Times*, acknowledging the receipt of specimens of this grayling for the Museum at Cambridge, I am disposed to give a brief history of its discovery, the credit of which properly belongs to D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., of Bay City, to whose attention it was brought some three years ago. Mr. Fitzhugh is an ardent sportsman, and student of natural history. Recognizing at once the value of the discovery, and anxious to establish its identity, he immediately sent specimens to Dr. Thaddeus Norris, of Philadelphia, and Andrew Clerke, of New York, for examination. The former pronounced it the "English Grayling," about the existence of which in this country, he and the Hon. Bob Roosevelt had quite a discussion. Mr. Clerke's specimen never reached him; but, last year, some more specimens were sent to him, and submitted to a coterie of experts, which included Dr. Clerke, Genio C. Scott, Jos. Hart, Messrs. Abbey, Hyde, and others. The fish were so decomposed, however, that the investigation proved quite unsatisfactory.

Here the question rested until last January, no conclusion having been arrived at in the meantime. About the middle of the month, the author of this book, feeling the importance of making it wholly reli-

able as a sporting authority, determined to settle the question finally and beyond cavil. Accordingly, he wrote to Mr. Fitzhugh, and succeeded in procuring five specimens. These were speared by Indians through the ice in Hersey Creek, some hundred miles distant from Bay City. They were received at the rooms of the "Blooming Grove Park Association," and were duly submitted to several English gentlemen, who were familiar with the fish in the old country. They were brought also to the notice of such experts as Clerke, Abbey, McMartin, and others, who united in the opinion that they were the true Grayling. Afterwards they were exhibited on a platter at the restaurant and dining-room of which Mr. J. Sutherland is proprietor. Two were then selected, a male and female, which Mr. S. kindly packed in ice, and forwarded to Prof. Agassiz.

The satisfaction of those who had so long labored to solve the problem may be conceived, when the following letter was shown them, corroborating their opinions, and defining the status of the fish among the family of Graylings:

MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Feb. 1, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR: I was greatly rejoiced, yesterday, to receive the two fishes you were kind enough to send me. They are most interesting, and a great acquisition to our museum. Thus far, this species has only been seen by one American naturalist, Prof. COPE, of Philadelphia, who described it under the name of Thymallus tricolor (*Thymallus tricolor.*) It is a species of Grayling. Before Prof. COPE'S discovery, this genus of fish was only known on the American continent from the Arctic regions, about Mackenzie River, where it had been discovered by Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. You may judge by this how valuable a contribution your fish is to our collection.

Yours, very truly, L. AGASSIZ.

J. SUTHERLAND, Esq., No. 64 Liberty Street, New-York.

This letter was very naturally addressed to the gentleman who forwarded the fish, though the Professor greatly erred in attributing the credit of the discovery where it did not in the remotest degree belong.

Other specimens of the same fish have been forwarded to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and to the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia.

# THE "BIG WOODS."

THE "Big Woods" comprise a belt of Pine forest thirty miles wide, which extends for three hundred miles from Lake Superior through Wisconsin into Iowa. Considerable portions of this immense pinery are owned by the Fox River Improvement and Black River Log Companies, and a wealth of lumber has already been taken from it. Nevertheless, there are sections where the axe of the pioneer has never entered, and where the hunter alone intrudes upon the haunts of the bear, the wolf, and the deer. Its principal water-courses are the St. Croix, Chippewa, and Black Rivers, with their almost countless tributaries, which ramify in every direction and penetrate where even surveyors have seldom trod. All of these flow into the Mississippi River, and are remarkable for the purity and coldness of their water and the abundance of brook-trout which they contain. In these upper streams these speckled beauties alone dwell, uncontaminated by contact with less aristocratic species of fish, and lamentably ignorant of the wiles and devices of the angler. As a rule they are not of surprising size, seldom exceeding two pounds in weight; but in some streams they run uniformly at about one-half a pound, which is a pleasant weight for a light rod and finest tackle. Of the tributaries of the St. Croix, the Apple River, Eau Claire, Tortogalic and Namekagon are

the best. The first named is easily accessible from the village of New Richmond, which is on a branch of the West Wisconsin Railroad that diverges from Hudson on the St. Croix River. The Black River has many nameless tributaries, all stocked with trout, which are reached by wagon from Black River Falls, on the West Wisconsin Railroad. Of the tributaries of the Chippewa I have fished very many, starting from Prescott on the Mississippi, taking a wagon road across an intervening prairie to the "Big Woods," and then following the logging roads that traverse the wilderness in all directions. Many others are more easily reached from Menominee on the West Wisconsin Railroad. At present this is the only railroad that crosses any part of this region. The Eau Galle, Menominee, and Vermillion Rivers, afford rare sport. The scenery of the former is very grand in some parts. The river winds through deep gorges, whose precipitous sides are one hundred feet high. On their tops tower a forest of pines, whose roots are far above the tops of other pines that grow from the crevices in the cliff beneath. Here and there a blasted trunk, riven by lightning or thrown down by the tempest, hangs by its shattered fibres, and threatens to drop momentarily into the chasm below. Other splendid trout streams are the Kinnikinnik, Willow Creek, Big River, and Rush River, all situated in Pierce and St. Croix counties, and emptying into the Mississippi in the vicinity of Lake Pepin.

Our camp on the Eau Galle is about sixty miles east of the Mississippi, and our route hither runs for the first twenty-five miles through a fertile undulating tract, dotted with thrifty farms. Then it crosses some twenty miles of rolling prairie brilliant with flowers of countless hues, dotted here and there with little groves or perchance a single tree standing alone in its solitude, threaded with sparkling streamlets whose courses, however distant, are defined by the willows and elders that fringe their borders, and diversified by an occasional log-cabin surrounded by numerous barns and hay-

stacks. Then we leave the open country and the outposts of civilization, and strike into the forest, thick, tangled, dark, and sombre. In the course of our journey we have passed numerous jagged cliff mounds, which constitute an interesting feature of this section. One might imagine that Wisconsin was most abundantly fortified, and that a redoubt was perched on every hill, so striking is the resemblance that most of these bear to works of art and military defences. These cliffs are composed of a stratum of limestone underlaid with stratified sand-rock of the purest whiteness, and crop out from the hillside with singular regularity, a little below the top and generally on the southern or eastern side. The strata, crossed by transverse seams, give the whole the resemblance of walls of hewn stone, while the mound itself, being destitute of trees and apparently smooth as a terrace, renders the illusion still more complete. The most singular of these is "Monument Rock," a huge pillar fifty feet high, which stands alone in the prairie, the earth around it having been washed away.

As may be imagined, the "Big Woods" is the paradise of hunters. Here and there through the forest, the old "coons" have their shanties, and large are the packs of pelts which they often carry out to the settlements at the close of the winter's hunt. Even now one of the craft is seen to emerge stealthily from concealing brush, with a saddle of venison slung on his shoulders, and approach the camp. He says his shanty is miles away, and begs to tarry for the night. With permission granted, he heaves his burden upon the grass, and squats comfortably beside the fire, seeking the thickest of the smoke that rolls from a zone of "smudges" which have been made to keep off the diabolical flies and ever-to-be-intensely-anathametized musquitoes. We are just upon the eve of a repast. All around us our stores, provisions, utensils, etc., lie scattered, and convenient for use; wet clothes and musty boots hang on sticks to dry; camp-stuff is strewn promiscuously about. Upon the coals, old Tick, a veteran, is frying

venison, trout and ham; Jim is plucking the feathers from a partridge; Sam, with wettest side turned toward the fire, is recounting his day's experience; the dog sits on his haunches, whining his impatience; while the hunter-guest is by this time stretched full length upon the ground, puffing huge clouds of tobacco-smoke that vie with the "smudges" for density. From one corner of his half-closed eyelids he silently, yet quizzically, regards the plucking process. Once or twice he moves nervously, as though about to rise; but it is not until he has seen the last pin-feather singed from the bare body of the bird, that his modesty permits him to express his feelings.

"Look yere now—what's the sort of use o' spilin' good vittles that-away? Can't you see the bird aint no account after it's been burnt to a cinder in the fire? Go yonder to the creek and bring me a peck of clay from the bank, and I'll show yer how to cook a bird."

While Jim obeys orders, though not without some sensations of injured dignity and incredulity combined, the old hunter takes another partridge and whips off the legs and wings at the second joints. Then he raises the body-feathers with his fingers, and having inlaid them with an abundance of salt and pepper, gently strokes them back again. When the clay is brought, he kneads it with water to the consistency of stiff paste, and then plasters it all over the bird thickly until it resembles a huge dumpling. Four others he treats in the same manner. These preliminaries concluded, he selects the hottest bed of coals, and raking out a hollow, puts the dumplings in and covers them carefully.

"There, I reckon that'll take the shine off country cookin'. Now, sling your vittles smartly, for I'm right near the starving point, I'll just allow. When we've put away this deer meat and pork fixins, you'll find them air birds wont turn your stomicks much. You kin jist reckon on that."

Not much persuasion does it require to bring the company to their diet. For although the food is not over clean, or

nicely cooked, hunger is a sauce that Soyer or Blot could never invent a substitute for. When the edge of their appetite is taken off, the coals are lifted. The dumplings, now hardened to the semblance of stones, are carefully broken open, when lo! the birds appear divested of every particle of skin and feather, smoking hot, with their delicate white flesh fairly reeking with the rich juices which had been confined by their unbroken skins while encased in their clay matrices; but which trickle out as soon as the shells are broken. The investigation of the cooking did not belie the old hunter's assurances of its excellence. Never were more delicious morsels eaten. Epicures would have gone wild over such a new discovery in the cuisine. The *bonne bouches* were pronounced incomparable. The stomach and intestines were shriveled to a hard ball, and were as easily removed as the kernel of a nut. So far from impairing the flavor of the meat, it was adjudged that their retention imparted an additional relish to it. When all had finished their birds and thrown the bones to the dog, they expressed themselves satisfied, and each wiped his well-used knife upon his sleeve, and returned it to its case. Then pipe devotions followed. I suppose there is no gratification more exquisite to smokers than a good smoke after a full meal, all the conditions of weather, bodily comfort, and temperament being favorable. But especially is it grateful in the stillness of a forest-camp, with the fire blazing brightly and throwing its warmth and ruddy light full into one's face, the stars twinkling in the blue canopy above, and sleep resting drowsily upon the senses. It begets that positive repose which nature demands for relaxed muscles and tried nerves. One can endure the attacks of mosquitoes and flies complacently then, for he realizes that in gratifying himself he is embarrassing the movements of the enemy.

Ah! this pest, this inevitable pest of the sportsman and detractor from his happiness! We hear all about the *poetry* of trout-fishing, but very little of its stern actualities. We

read of pleasant pools, refreshing shade, and tumbling foam, but who has courage to tell us all the truth of these blood-thirsty little fiends, the flies and mosquitoes? Who has ever dared to paint the picture in its true colors? Is it that men are ashamed to make the confession, or because they fear some future retribution from the malignant foes they can neither avoid nor kill? Or do they expect to purchase lasting immunity by silence? Certain it is, these insects sadly mar the charms of angling. Here we actually breathe them. They rise in clouds at every step. They haunt us perpetually. It is impossible to live without protection for the body. Horses will stand in the smoke for relief. They will stand to their necks in sloughs. We cover our faces with finest gauze; we protect our hands with buckskin gloves; we tie our trousers tightly, and thrust them into our cowhide boots. In vain! In the excitement of our pastime we may be unconscious for the time being of suffering or infliction, but presently the pain and irritation come, the irremediable heat and the swelling, the useless scratching and the trickling of blood from tender spots. The hands puff up like bladders; eyes close; neck and ears swell to deformity. We find the pests inside our boots, all round our wrists, and even in our smarting eyes. All day long the black flies torture and torment, and when night comes the mosquitoes are doubly savage. All through the long and feverish evening, and through the small hours of night, our tired bodies seek for rest and sweet repose; and our unceasing lullaby is the droning and everlasting hum of the remorseless myriads—swarms that dim and becloud the light of the stars which would otherwise shine pleasantly in our eyes, as recumbent and meditating we gaze upward into the blue canopy above us. There is only one preventive of tribulation. As I have already repeatedly enjoined—take plenty of tar and oil. It will be efficacious, I guarantee.

The routine of camp-life, its incidents and vexations, form so large a part of the angler's experience that it is impos-

sible to eliminate them, and write of angling pure and simple. I might go on and enumerate each individual brook and rivulet that I have fished in these "Big Woods," and photograph its minutest features: tell where this still water tumbles into a ravine, or where that rapid deepens and widens into a pool. I might even presume to offer an opinion as to the kinds of flies that different streams and varying seasons require to insure a plenitude of rich success. But all these minutiæ would only tend to confuse the reader. I have told him where some of the best streams are; and now I prefer that he would imagine himself in camp with me on the limpid Eau Galle, along whose channel-bed we have been leaping rocks all day, and wading till our limbs were numb. With warm clothes substituted for our wet ones, and our legs thawed out once more, we will quietly toss a fresh log on the fire, and make a royal blaze. While our comrades are unconscious in the arms of Morpheus, we will revel in its warmth for a brief half hour. Let us set the kettle a boiling, and with sugar, nutmeg, and a spoon concoct a soothing sling. Now drink it slowly. Remark how gradually its genial, vivifying warmth courses through the veins, lulling the senses, closing the eyelids slowly, repressing thoughts and consciousness, composing to rest. There! now gather the glowing embers together, draw your rubber blanket snugly to your chin, pull down the rim of your soft felt-hat closely around your face and ears, commend yourself to Him whose love protects, and then—sleep! In the solitude of these silent, sheltering woods is absolute security. The midnight stars are keeping watch; a doleful cricket chirps betimes; and out of the distant gloom come the hollow melancholy ululations of an owl.

Thus we measure out one little span of life in these "Big Woods."

# THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

FROM Lake Superior to the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, there is a belt of territory about three hundred miles wide, extending through Minnesota and Dacotah, and westward, which seems to have been segregated to the black bass (*Gristes nigricans*). Few trout are caught between the Minnesota or St. Peter's River, and the northern boundary of the United States; but the country abounds in lakes which swarm with bass. This glorious game-fish exists here in its full perfection of size, beauty and activity. It is taken with the troll or fly. Within a radius of twenty-five miles around the new town of Brainard, Minnesota, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, are numerous lakes, easily accessible from Duluth, which afford the very best of sport, though waters equally well stocked are found all through the country.

The Rocky Mountains are traversed everywhere by trout streams; and the overland tourist who is inclined to spend the months of July and August among their peaks and defiles and magnificent upland parks, can hardly cast his line amiss in any of them. In the vicinity of Sherman, on the line of the Union Pacific Railway, 550 miles west of Omaha, the trout-fishing is equal to any on the road. Dale Creek, a tributary of the Cache-à-la-Poudre River, and other streams in the immediate neighborhood, abound in trout of

the finest quality, and weighing from a quarter of a pound to two pounds each; their flesh is as hard and white as that of the mountain-trout of Vermont. Even the tiniest rivulets swarm with them. Fifteen miles beyond Sherman, at Virginia Dale, the Dale Creek traverses a cañon whose walls are 600 feet high, and the adjacent scenery is wonderfully diversified by grottoes, gorges, dells, cañons, precipices, towering-peaks, and rugged recesses. Antelope, elk, black-tailed deer, bears, sage-hens, and grouse, abound in the hills and on the plateaus. There is excellent hotel accommodation for the sportsman. Within a radius of twenty-five miles from Sherman are many natural curiosities and points of interest, including Old Fort Laramie, which render a sojourn here very attractive; and doubtless this locality will soon become a favorite summer resort for tourists and anglers. The Black Hills flank the valley on one side, and the Rocky Mountain ranges upon the other. Lake Como and the Medicine Bow River, seventy-five miles farther west, abound in trout. At Fort Bridger, a few miles from Carter Station, there is a good hotel, kept by Judge Carter, good fishing, and guides at service. Bear River and Bear Lake, in Utah, are reached by stage from Corinne or Ogden Stations. A small steamer plies on the river and lake, taking passengers and excursion parties to various points. Echo Creek, Chalk Creek, Silver Creek, and Weber River, are accessible from Echo City, and combine rare fishing and hunting with the grand scenery of the Echo and Weber Cañons. Maggie's Creek, and many other tributaries of the Humboldt River, abound in trout, and may be easily reached from Carlin and neighboring stations. But, to specify names or localities to any great extent, would require a knowledge of the country possessed only by some old "mountain man" or geological surveyor. It will consume many weeks to exhaust the novelty and attractions of the few already named herewith, and they are the very best on the line of the road.

Very different to-day is the journey to California from the

old-time wagon travel of twenty years ago. The Overland Coaches were not running then, and it was as much as a man's "hair" was worth to run the gauntlet of the predatory Indians.* A few days' ride in a Pullman car, with every luxury at command, will take one across the "Divide" to the Pacific slope. Luxuriating there in an arcadia of boundless extent, with a climate of wonderful salubrity, the angler can unfold a revelation of new experiences startling in their magnitude and sublimity. The scenery of California has formed the inexhaustible theme of every person who has traveled that way; and if it be that the tourist is impelled by an angler's impulses, as well as by an innate love of nature, he will find his way to virgin lakes and streams where artificial fly has never trailed, and whose silvery trout have no suspicion of wiles or stratagems. Of those waters adjacent to and accessible from the railroad, may be mentioned Truckee Lake and River, with their five-pound black-trout; the Ogden River, three miles from Ogden city, with its black-trout, and its silver-trout, that sometimes weigh twenty pounds apiece; Donner Lake, two miles and a half from Truckee Lake, a beautiful bottomless lake, three miles long by one mile wide, with black and silver trout; Lake Tahoe, nine miles from Truckee, black and silver trout again; with the grand preserve of the Comer Company, stocked with its 2,500 black-trout, weighing from two to twelve pounds apiece; and so on, almost *ad nauseam*, so abundant and large are the fish. But the game is sluggish, and not like the lithe, active denizens of the Neepigon or the Tabusintac; and one's desire soon cloys. Then there is the Russian River, near Healdsburg, that has a variety of more vigorous trout, much like the speckled trout of the Atlantic, and doubtless identical with it; and the Merced River, in the Yosemite Valley, with a very peculiar chubby-trout, marked with curious spots, and a coral lateral line from gill

* See Harper's Magazine, Vol. XV., page 638.

to tail. Most of these waters are much frequented by residents of San Francisco, Sacramento, and other sea-board towns, as well as by travelers. Their superabundant fish afford an inexhaustible fund of food to numerous Digger Indians, unkempt and squalid, who lure them by disgusting tricks and low-bred subterfuges. A favorite mode of fishing is to "chum" them by blowing mouthsful of bait into the water, and when numbers have been attracted to the spot, catch them with rude tackle baited with worms or cut-up-fish. At night they often set an old stump ablaze by the water-side to allure their victims, and then the scene is picturesque indeed, with the lurid glare lighting up the darkness, and casting fantastic shadows upon the background.

California has a sea-coast line of nearly eight hundred miles. From the Coast Range of mountains, which adjoins the coast line for the greater part of this distance, nearly one hundred rivers and streams empty into the Pacific Ocean. These streams and rivers vary from twenty to sixty miles in length. The drainage of the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, through seven degrees of latitude, forms several hundred streams, whose united waters make the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers—the first navigable for a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, and the last navigable one hundred miles from the ocean. The waters from the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada flow into brackish and salt lakes in the State of Nevada, and have no outlet into the ocean. Pyramid Lake, the largest of these, receiving the waters of the Truckee River, is forty miles long and twenty miles wide. The inland bays and fresh-water lakes of California cover more than six hundred and fifty square miles—an area half as large as the State of Rhode Island.

Salmon are abundant in the Sacramento and the Joaquin, and were formerly plenty in the Feather, Yuba, and American Rivers. In the first two they have materially decreased of late years, while in the others they have ceased to run

altogether, having probably been driven out by the poisonous drainage from the mines along their borders. Trout are found in nearly all the streams that discharge into the Pacific Ocean from the Coast Range of mountains, and in the greater number of the mountain streams of the Sierra Nevada. They vary greatly in size and appearance in different waters, and at different seasons; but so far no variety is exactly similar to any of the brook-trout of the New England States. The large brown and silver trout of Lake Tahoe and the Truckee River are pronounced by Mr. Seth Green not to be trout, but species of the land-locked salmon. These fish make annual migrations from Lake Tahoe to the brackish waters of Pyramid Lake. Many of the fishermen of Tahoe insist that the so-called silver-trout does not leave the lake; but, as they are occasionally caught in the river, it is probable they also migrate, but perhaps at an earlier or later season. In the streams of the Coast Range of mountains the trout spawn in November and December; in the streams of the Sierra Nevada in March and April. There are no trout in the mountain streams above large falls. If there ever were trout above the falls, they have passed below them in their migrations down stream, and are debarred from returning.

Of good trout streams on the coast may be mentioned the Gobethey Creek, two miles below Spanishtown; Lobetis Creek, four miles below; the San Gregoria, which is frequented by salmon also; Pompona Creek, four miles from San Gregoria; and the Pescadero, a confluent of the Butena River, the latter abounding in salmon (so-called), in such quantities that, from October to March, wagon-loads of fish weighing from two to thirty pounds are taken daily and sold at the high price of seventy-five cents per pound.

Great complaint is made of the depletion of lakes and streams by the erection of dams and the refuse of factories which poison the water: the same old story of the Eastern States repeated. Waters which formerly swarmed with fish

are now wholly impoverished. Since the creation of a Fishery Commission by the State, its officers have not ceased in their efforts to stay the destruction. They have restocked some of the streams with native and imported fish, established breeding works, and caused some passes to be made over dams. Although California is a new State, the work has not been begun one moment too soon, and much time will be required to repair the losses already incurred.

Of the waters of the North Pacific, tales are told that would seem incredible, were they not confirmed by repeated and most reliable assurances. There the salmon swarm in countless numbers. They spawn all the year round; and at certain periods they fill the rivers of the Arctic Ocean, the rivers of Alaska, the Gulf of Georgia, of British Columbia, Puget's Sound, and all the tributaries of the Columbia whose falls are not insurmountable. In the cañons and contracted channels, during March and April, they so crowd the rivers as absolutely to impede the passage of canoes. Indians, armed with long poles fitted with a cross-piece, through which long nails are driven, resembling rakes, hang over the rocks that confine the river, and with an upward jerk impale as many fish as there are nails. It is said that Seepays, the Colville Indian salmon-chief, who has a monopoly of the fishing at the Chaudière, or Kettle Falls of the Columbia, catches 1,700 per day, weighing an average of thirty pounds apiece. At this distance of 700 or 800 miles from the sea, they have become so exhausted that, in their efforts to leap the falls, they batter themselves against the rocks, so that they fall back stunned, and often dead; they then float down the river some six miles, where they are picked up by another camp of Indians who do not belong to the salmon-chief's jurisdiction. In the fall, the run is even greater, and the river is filled with such numbers of the dead floating or cast up along shore, that they poison the atmosphere, and cause the river to stink for miles! In the head-waters, horses and pack-mules fording are made to jump and plunge

with fright by the fish flapping against their legs! Up and down a distance of two and a half degrees of latitude, the Indians spear and net them in immense quantities. The Hudson's Bay Company long exported them largely, smoked, dried, and pickled. Salted salmon they sold at $10 per barrel, for shipment to China, the Sandwich Islands, and the South American coast.

Of speckled trout in the cold streams that flow into Puget's Sound, there is no end—even of eight-pounders. Not only can they be netted by the wagon-load, but caught by the hand by wading out into the stream.

It has been generally believed that the salmon of the Pacific never rise to a fly, and repeated tests by expert anglers have failed to controvert the opinion. Nevertheless, had the experiments been made in the autumn, instead of the summer months corresponding to the fishing season on the Atlantic coast, this opinion would readily have been found to be erroneous. The fact is, the Pacific salmon can be caught with the fly at any time *after the fall rains commence.*

When the great railway routes now reaching toward the Northwest—the Canadian Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Oregon and Idaho branch of the Union Pacific, and the California and Oregon, from Sacramento to Portland—when these are completed, the great Columbia River and the rivers of Puget's Sound will be brought within easy access. At present the overland journey to San Francisco and thence by steamer to Portland and Victoria, Vancouver's Island, is not tedious or difficult.

# BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

IT has been ascertained to an almost mathematical nicety that it will cost the metropolitan angler *one dollar* for every pound of trout he takes, no matter where or under what circumstances he fishes. If he go to trout preserves in the vicinity of the cities, he will be charged a dollar per pound for all the fish he catches, or several dollars per day for fish that he may, but does not catch. Should he select the streams or ponds within one hundred miles or so of town, he will find them depleted by much fishing; and the expenses of his journey and contingencies will bring the cost of the few fish he takes up to the inevitable dollar per pound. Or should he prefer remote localities where trout can not only be had for the catching, but swarm in such abundance as absolutely to embarrass the angler, the measure of his expenses will still be a dollar per pound. At the same time, he will be unable to enjoy the pleasure of bringing his fish home, or even of eating more than a few of them on the spot. The same conditions are relatively true of salmon, or any other description of genuine game-animals or game-fish. If the angler hire a river in Labrador or Canada, it is quite probable that he may catch a thousand pounds of salmon in the course of a month's fishing; but the price of his lease and his expenses for traveling, guides, boat, provisions, outfit, and *et ceteras*, to say nothing of time consumed, will foot up a dollar per pound. Or, if he go

down to Long Island for a couple of days, and capture a dozen pounds of trout at the regulation price demanded for the privilege of fishing, his expenses will be found to reach $12.

This is the high tariff at present imposed upon the sportsman's indulgence. The only way to cheapen his amusement is to "encourage home industry," and make fish abundant in all neighborhood localities. Pisciculturists have accomplished much toward re-stocking exhausted and depleted waters, but their efforts have not yet been productive of important economic results. The work of propagation has not been sufficiently diffused over the country to reduce the market price of trout, or place good fishing-grounds within easy and inexpensive access of the public.

The "Blooming Grove Park Association," so far as its own territory is concerned, has fulfilled both of these conditions. It has a domain of more than 12,000 acres within a few hours' ride of New York city by the Erie Railroad, where its members may not only fish, but hunt, *ad libitum*, free of charge. The sportsman may leave New York, or any other adjacent city, and in twenty-four hours return with a saddle of venison, a bag of birds, or a basket of trout. To active business men whose time is precious, this is an advantage worthy of consideration. Every year, there are many gentlemen of sporting proclivities, with but a week to spare, who are compelled to forego their favorite pastime, because the ordinary hunting resorts are so distant that they have no sooner reached the ground and got fairly to work, than they are compelled to pack up and return. Recognizing these disabilities, and appreciating the necessity of more accessible sporting-grounds, two gentlemen of New York, well known to sportsmen and the public generally, FAYETTE S. GILES, Esq., and GENIO C. SCOTT, Esq., some three years ago conceived the idea of providing a grand park or inclosure within a reasonable distance of New York, where game might be bred and protected as it is in Europe in the grand forests of Fontaine-

bleau and the Grand Duchy of Baden. Both gentlemen had the necessary knowledge and experience to guide them in their undertaking, Mr. Giles having been a resident of France for six years, and engaged actively in field sports, both in the forests of Fontainebleau and in Germany, while Mr. Scott has always been regarded good authority in matters piscatorial, and is well known as the author of "Fishing in American Waters."

Great difficulty was experienced in finding a sufficiently large tract of land anywhere near New York that contained the necessary requisites of stream, lake, upland, lowland, and forest; but at last a spot was found perfectly suited to the purpose in Pike county, in the extreme north-eastern portion of the State of Pennsylvania. Here fine streams were found running through pleasant valleys, eight beautiful lakes were within easy walking distance of each other, and a range of high wooded hills crossed the southern end of the tract. To add to the advantages and attractions of the country, deer were already found in the woods in great numbers, and woodcock, ruffed-grouse and wild pigeons were met with at every turn. The streams were already stocked with splendid trout, and the tract seemed really a sportsman's paradise. One of its greatest advantages was its proximity to New York, being distant from the city only four and a half hours by the Erie Railroad; and the sportsmen who had conceived the idea of establishing an American Fontainebleau, saw at once that they had found the proper location for it. About twelve thousand acres of land were purchased, and in such a form as to include all the finest of the lakes, the mountainous country, and the best of the streams, the entire property being located in the townships of Blooming Grove, Porter, and Greene. It was at once decided to form a club of gentlemen fond of sporting for the purpose of improving, stocking, and enclosing the tract. The result was the incorporation, in March, 1871, of the "Blooming Grove Park Association."

This Association now includes about one hundred members from a dozen different States, principally married men with families. It has a large new club-house or hotel, romantically located upon the borders of one of the larger lakes, a boat-house and boats, Indian canoes, etc., croquet lawns and other recreation for the ladies, summer-houses, a natural history and zoological department, with several live specimens, bathing-grounds, etc. In short, the "park" is a summer resort of the most classical and high-toned character, combining all the ordinary attractions of watering-places with the main objects for which the Association was instituted. Members pay the almost nominal sum of $1.25 per day for board, and the whole economy of the park is so contrived as to secure the greatest amount of gratification and profit at the least possible expense. Cottages may be erected and occupied by those who prefer not to board at the hotel.

The primary objects of this Association are the importing, acclimating, propagating, and preserving of all game animals, fur-bearing animals, birds, and fishes adapted to the climate; the affording of facilities for hunting, shooting, fishing and boating to members on their own grounds; the establishment of minkeries, otteries, aviaries, etc.; the supplying of the spawn of fish, young fish, game animals, or birds, to other associations or to individuals; the cultivation of forests; and the selling of timber and surplus game of all kinds; in a word, to give a fuller development to field, aquatic and turf sports, and to compensate in some degree for the frightful waste which is annually devastating our forests and exterminating our game.

There is no personal liability on the part of any member or officer of the Association for the debts or liabilities of the Association, but the property of the corporation is liable for its debts, in the same manner as the property of individuals under the laws of the State. The capital stock is $225,000, consisting of 500 shares of $450 per share; each share constituting full membership, with all club privileges, and

carrying *pro rata* ownership in the property and all its improvements. The capital may be increased to $500,000, by increasing the land held in fee, and the Association is empowered to acquire, by gift or otherwise, and hold lands in Pike and Monroe counties in Pennsylvania, not to exceed thirty thousand acres, and may lease, hire and use neighboring lands to the extent of twenty thousand acres, making the right to control fifty thousand. And the Association may issue bonds, sell, convey, mortgage or lease any or all its property, real or personal, from time to time. The corporation makes its own game laws. The penalties for poaching are defined in the charter, and are very severe. For instance, for taking fish, the fines are $2 for every fish, and $5 per pound in addition; elk or moose, $300; deer, $40 each, etc.; so, also, for setting fire or damaging any property of the Association. The gamekeepers or wardens are made deputy-sheriffs and constables, with power to arrest poachers or any person infringing the laws of the corporation.

A great amount of work has been done by the Association during the two years of its existence. In addition to the erection of a most attractive club-house, eighty feet long and three and a half stories high, with an extension, it has put up a large boat-house; built a dam to raise a lake five feet; enclosed 700 acres of forest with a deer-proof wire fence eight feet high, and stocked it with deer; built a commodious game-keeper's and refreshment house therein; stocked three of the large lakes with black bass from Lake Erie; commenced trout works; introduced a few land-locked salmon; erected rustic gateways and summer-houses; built roads, laid out avenues, paths, and a croquet lawn; created a fleet of boats and canoes; and imported a kennel of dogs of best stock and approved varieties. Altogether, it is a vast enterprise for this continent, and its present condition reflects great credit upon the sagacity of Fayette S. Giles, Esq., its President, in perceiving that the people of America were prepared to foster such a scheme, as well as upon his energy and

perseverance in carrying it to a successful consummation. It has received unusually favorable endorsement from the newspaper press, and seems to meet with the greater favor from the fact that it holds out inducements to ladies to participate in the sports and schemes of their husbands. Here will be one asylum, at least, where the enervated belles of New York can spend a season, and in the sports of the field regain ten years of youth as capital for future campaigns at Saratoga or Long Branch. There is no reason why a lady should not learn to cast a fly and ensnare the wily trout as skillfully as the most expert male angler, and with a light rifle they would soon learn to enjoy a wait upon a run-way for a final crack at the spotted deer. No more sensible, healthful, or rational enjoyment could be proposed than a month's out-door sport in a locality so well stocked with game, and it is to be hoped that such a pastime may find more favor in the future with people who usually spend their summer vacation idly making a tour of the watering-places and fashionable resorts, and from which they generally return to town more weary and languid than at the outset.

The "Blooming Grove Park" is entitled to a prominent place among the sporting resorts of America.

# NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION.

ENGLAND and the older countries of Europe long ago found it necessary to adopt means to preserve their wild game and fish from total extinction. The rapid increase of population and the spread of settlements not only depopulated the forests and streams, but denuded the land of its timber, so that eventually plans for restocking and reproduction became objects of most serious consideration and earnest practical application on the part of scientific and thoughtful men. Judicious legislation, combined with the active coöperation of landed proprietors and sportsmen, have secured results exceeding the anticipations of the most sanguine, results remarkable for the ease with which they were accomplished, and remunerative in every instance. At present nearly every kingdom, state, and province has its game. Zoological gardens, acclimating societies, public and private parks, fish works, and all manner of associations for breeding and preserving game and fish, are found all over the Continent. Indeed, the whole subject has attained so great importance that statistics bearing thereupon are eagerly sought and collected by the British Foreign Office, through its legations, wherever they exist. Considered in its length and breadth, it involves the prosperity of communities to a degree that is not dreamed of

now, but will be recognized and appreciated in years to come. It stands in the same relation to mankind as the early attempts to domesticate and breed cattle and sheep; and just as, at the present day, no branch of industry is deemed more praiseworthy than the improving the breed of our domestic animals and aiding their increase, so eventually will be the preserving and propagating of game animals, birds, and fish. If we would live, we must produce the food that nourishes and sustains life.

Our own country, though comparatively new, and originally teeming with fish, has already suffered so much from reckless and indiscriminate slaughter, that measures, equally stringent with those of Europe, have become necessary to prevent their total extinction here. We have seen how nearly the noble salmon came to annihilation in all the rivers of our Eastern and Middle States. We have heard the oft-told story of his early history. We know that there are men now living who dipped salmon with nets below the Saranac dam at Plattsburg; we know that they were abundant in the Hudson, and that the Connecticut teemed with them; that nearly every river in Maine yielded rich annual tribute to the fishermen; that the Merrimac was a famous river; that they ascended all the rivers that empty into Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence; and that they were even taken in the Delaware. We have read of their wanton slaughter, in season and out of season, and noted the rapid process of their exclusion from these rivers, one after another, by the construction of dams that barred their ascent to their spawning grounds. And the beautiful trout—they, too, disappeared. Once they inhabited every brook and stream; but tan-bark, saw-dust, and pot-hunters utterly wiped them out from most of their old haunts. Had it not been for the establishment of the Fish Commissions and their timely interpositions some six years ago, nothing would have long remained of these delicious fish but the record of their former abundance. Even at the inception of the great work of

propagation and replenishing in 1866, when that sturdy pioneer of pisciculture, Seth Green, received from France a gratuitous consignment of vivified ova for restocking our streams, our Government was so indifferent or unconscious of our extremity that they actually detained them in the Custom House until they died!

Nevertheless, pluck and perseverance, combined with fortuitous circumstances, saved our streams from total depopulation. The subject was kept in agitation by gentlemen who were awake to the value of these material interests. It was constantly pressed upon the attention of the authorities of several States. Then, one after another, the States appointed Fish Commissioners, delegated powers to them, and made appropriations. New England took the lead; New York and New Jersey followed; and now we have Commissions, not only in those States, but in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Alabama, and California. Meanwhile, private individuals, impatient of delays, had established Fish Farms: Seth Green, at Mumford, N. Y.; Stephen H. Ainsworth, inventor of Ainsworth's Spawning Sluice at West Bloomfield, N. Y.; and Dr. J. H. Slack, at Bloomsbury, taking the lead. Canada also took hold of the matter in sober earnest, and appointed a Fishery Commission which has proved wonderfully efficient in working out the most gratifying and important results. While our States were dallying, or impeded in obtaining means of replenishing our rivers, which they did not possess within themselves, Canada, with superior natural facilities, made rapid progress in the work of recuperation. Though most of her rivers were sadly impoverished, some still teemed with salmon, and readily supplied the seed which has multiplied into rich and abundant harvests. All were at once placed under Government protection and control. Some were set apart for natural propagation, and jealously guarded by competent overseers and wardens. Fish-ways were ordered to be built over or around all dams which obstructed the ascent of the fish to their spawning-

beds. Hatch-houses and fish-farms were established at Newcastle, Ontario, at the Miramichi River, and at other places. The most remarkable success attended the first-named from the outset. It was located on Wilmot's Creek, under the supervision of S. Wilmot, Esq. In the fall of 1866, he commenced with half a dozen salmon, the only remnant of those that escaped extermination in the creek. From this slender stock he obtained about 1,500 ova, which he placed in his hatching-house. The fry obtained were nurtured a proper time, and placed in the stream. He repeated annually the operation of securing all the ova he could get from returning salmon. In 1870 the number had increased, so that 300 salmon and grilse could be seen at one view in his reception-house. It was filled literally to overflowing. Over and above the fish in the building, it was believed by many that there was a still greater number in the stream below. In 1870, one hundred and fifty thousand young fry were let loose from this establishment. Upwards of three hundred thousand ova were hatched in the winter of 1871. Mr. Wilmot claims these salmon to be the "giants of their race," and he says ninety-six salmon were in the reception-house at one time, and seventy-nine of them measured between thirty-five and forty inches in length. In good condition they would have weighed between thirty and forty pounds each.

The Canadian Government extended its labors from time to time, as the system developed. Additional breeding apparatus was placed at Trout Creek, Moisie River, on the Lower St. Lawrence. Seven different salmon-farms were located at rivers of Lake Ontario in 1870, and salmon have been netted in that lake near Wilmot's Creek in considerable numbers the past year (1872). There are also four trout establishments on Lake Ontario. Several rivers in New Brunswick have been set apart for natural and artificial propagation, and will soon teem with salmon as of yore. The valuable waters of the Schoodics have been opened

to the passage of salmon by the erection of fish-ways. Over three hundred dams have been provided with fish-passes throughout the New Dominion. There was, of course, much opposition at first from mill-owners and fishermen at the requirements and penalties of the new régime; but Canadians are naturally tractable and law-abiding, and they not only soon desisted from all interference, but, perceiving the beneficial effects of protection, became ardent co-operators with the Fishery officers. The results have justified the most sanguine expectations. All through Canada, throughout the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, which includes Cape Breton, the most gratifying increase in the numbers of trout and salmon is reported by the district overseers. They have multiplied vastly in impoverished streams, and reappeared in rivers from which they had been for many years excluded.

In the United States our piscicultural experiments have been attended with gratifying results, though the process of restoration has been much retarded by various causes, one of which was the very high price charged by the Canadians for their ova and young fry, upon which we had almost wholly to depend for restocking our rivers. The cost of eggs from the hatch-house at Newcastle was forty dollars per thousand in gold, making the spawn of a single fish cost several hundred dollars! After having submitted to this exaction for several years, the energetic Fish Commissioner of Maine, C. G. Atkins, Esq., determined to endeavor to raise spawn of his own; and having induced the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut to bear equal shares of the expense, commenced a series of experiments in ponds and streams near Bucksport, Maine. Live salmon-breeders were bought and placed in these waters, where they were carefully nurtured. After a series of partial failures from deaths caused by ignorant treatment, and losses from freshets, they succeeded in 1870 in obtaining 72,000 eggs. These were divided among the three States pecuniarily interested, and

of them ninety-six per cent hatched. The cost of production was only $18.09 per thousand, and it is believed they can be furnished hereafter at $8.00.

With a fair start once gained, progress is rapid. In Vermont, between 30,000 and 40,000 salmon-eggs have been put into West River, the Winooski, and Williams River. In New Hampshire, salmon-ova were placed in the Merrimac by Dr. Fletcher as long ago as 1867, and should be heard from soon, if alive. Land-locked salmon have been put into Newfound Lake. In Maine, 28,000 salmon-spawn have been put into the Androscoggin River, and fish-ways have been opened over the dams at the Grand Lakes so that salmon can now ascend. The first effort to stock the Connecticut River with salmon was made in 1868, and large quantities of spawn have been since put into it; also into the Pequonnock, Housatonic, Shetauket, and Farmington Rivers, and tributaries of the Quinnebaug. Land-locked salmon have been placed in nine ponds or rivers of seven counties of Connecticut. Shad have multiplied rapidly in the Connecticut under protection and cultivation. The catch of 1871 was three times as large as that of the previous year. In New York, a State hatch-house has been established at Rochester, whose operations have been wholly successful. Several thousands of spawn have been disposed of to applicants. Salmon have been placed in the Hudson, Genesee, and Delaware Rivers, and trout and salmon-trout in many waters that were barren before. A hatch-house has also been located at Central Park, New York city. In New Jersey and Pennsylvania, salmon-fry have been placed in the Delaware River, and salmon-trout fry in the Susquehanna. California is not slack in her efforts to preserve the fish of her valuable rivers from extinction. She has commenced her work in season, and by compelling thus opportunely the erection of fish-ways, wherever needed, will keep up her stock of fish to its natural quota. Some 10,000 Eastern trout have been acclimated in the waters of California, and are thriving. The trout species

of that State are quite different from those of the Eastern States. Altogether, much has been accomplished within the past two years, though not without much remonstrance and serious opposition. In some instances, a vigorous war has been waged against the dam-constructors and other depredators. They have been expecially incensed against the Indians and a Rev. Mr. Balcome, the Missionary Baptist Agent, on account of their having built a dam across the Truckee River, between Wadsworth and Pyramid Lakes, which prevented the trout from ascending the river. Last April they undertook to remove the obstruction. They raised $100 by subscription, which they gave to a man to go down and blow up the dam with giant powder. The charge of powder was sunk on the upper side of the dam, and when the explosion took place a column of mud and water was thrown up to the height of nearly a hundred feet. Long pine trees that had floated down the river and lodged against the dam, were lifted several feet into the air and rained down everywhere. The man who fired the charge had screened himself behind a big cotton-wood tree, and down among the limbs of this tree came crashing a rock of fifty-pounds weight, causing him to do some lively dodging. The dam was totally destroyed, and doubtless great numbers of fish, but the man who bossed the "blow-up" did not stop to look for fish. He traveled from that vicinity at a lively pace, as he expected the Indians to take his trail as soon as they discovered what he had done. The blowing up of the dam gave free passage up the river to the trout. The residents in the vicinity declare they will keep the dam open if it takes fifty men to do it.

Altogether, the work of propagation and restoration throughout the entire country during the last three years, especially in New England, has been very considerable; still it is hardly time to look for astounding results. It is one thing to stock a stream from which salmon have been excluded for many years, and quite another to merely remove

obstructions which bar the passage of thousands eager and waiting to ascend, as in Canada. It will be many years before we can expect to reach the enviable position even now enjoyed by our neighbors.

Private enterprise has accomplished full as much, perhaps, as our State authorities. Besides the fish-farms of Green, Ainsworth, and Slack, which are operated for pecuniary profit, we have those of Rev. William Clift in Connecticut; of Livingston Stone, at Charlestown, New Hampshire; of W. H. Furman, at Maspeth, L. I.; a hatch-house at Farm River, North Branford, Ct.; works at Little River, Middletown, Ct., and near Saratoga, New York; Seiler and McConkey's preserve at Harrisburg, Pa.; and Christie's, near the same locality. There are a large number of strictly private trout preserves and farms of the most expensive character scattered over the country, like Massapiqua and Maitlands, Long Island, and the extensive establishment of John Magee, Esq., at Watkins, in Central New York. The public in general have become interested in the work, and regard with no ordinary concern its successful progress; albeit the opposition of fishermen and manufacturers has been more bitter and persistent here than in Canada. Wealthy and intelligent corporations, like the mill-owners on the Merrimac, the Holyoke Water-Power Company on the Connecticut, and the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, have resisted by every device the legal requirement to build fish-ways over their dams. At last the Lawrence dam has been made passable, and salmon ascend the Merrimac, but the owners of the other two still hold out against the repeated decisions of the courts against them. When these bars are removed, our fish-food will increase and cheapen in the markets. It is not the wanton destruction of fish-life by improper means in season and out of season that exterminates, but the dams that prevent the natural increase by excluding the breeders from their spawning-grounds at the head-waters of rivers. The fecundity of salmon, shad, and trout is mar-

velous. The former produces from 30,000 to 50,000 eggs; the shad from 50,000 to 100,000; and the trout from 1,000 to 8,000; according to their ages. It is apparent that by judicious, skillful, and intelligent culture the increase must be enormous and the pecuniary profits correspondingly large, allowing liberally for casualties. It is said that an acre of good water can be made to produce twice as much food as an acre of good land. The calculation has been made upon actual data, that a trout farm whose cost and expenses will reach an aggregate of $47,000 in four years, will yield a net profit at the end of that period of $421,000! These figures are given, not as an inducement for everybody to embark in fish-culture, but to show what proportionate results may be expected from our protected rivers and streams when they shall have become fully replenished.

In the establishment of Andrew Clerke, Esq., New York, is a hatching apparatus in full operation, where one can watch the process through all its various stages. Last January the small-fry began to burst their envelopes and emerge into fish-life. Among the rest was a double fish, or rather two perfect fishes united just below the dorsal fin. From the junction, tailward, there was a single body, like that of any ordinary fish, with its second dorsal, anal, and caudal fins. With a microscope it was quite easy to trace the anatomical structure through the transparent flesh. There were two separate and perfectly distinct systems, with a vent common to both. The nondescript seemed in perfect health and remarkably active. At last accounts it was alive and doing well. There are many monstrosities in the piscatory kingdom, and those who roam will often find them out; but seldom does a like phenomenon come under the notice of the "*Fishing Tourist.*"

And now, at the conclusion of his wilderness ramblings, with some fatigue of the protracted journey and an appetite sharpened by its vicissitudes, he would fain sit down at eventide and rest;

"Day is done brown and set away to cool;
And evening like a salad fresh and moist,
And peppered with her muster'd stars, comes on;—
The moon, like a large cheese, cut just in half,
Hangs o'er the landscape most invitingly;—
The milky way reveals her silver stream
'Mid the blanc-mange-like clouds that fleck the sky;—
The cattle dun, sleeping in pastures brown,
Show like huge doughnuts in the deepening gloom.
How like a silver salver shines the lake!
While mimic clouds upon its surface move,
Like floating islands in a crystal bowl.
The dews come down to wash the flower-cups clean,
And night-winds follow them to wipe them dry.

"On such an eve as this 'tis sweet to sit,
And thus commune with Nature, as she brings
Familiar symbols to the thoughtful breast,
And spreads her feast of meditative cheer.
Day with its broils and fiery feuds is o'er,
Its jars discordant and its seething strifes,
And all its boiling passions hushed in peace.
Old Earth, hung on the spit before the sun,
Turns her huge sides alternate to his rays,
Basted by rains and dews, and cooks away,
And so will cook, till she is done—and burnt."