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TO THE
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AND
PLEASURE RESORTS.

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SPORTSMAN'S AND TOURIST'S GUIDE

HUNTING AND FISHING GROUNDS

IN THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE STATE

BY J. M. COOPER, JR.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. M. COOPER, JR., 100 NASSAU ST. N. Y. 1884.

THE

SPORTSMAN'S AND TOURIST'S GUIDE

— TO THE —

HUNTING AND FISHING GROUNDS

— AND —

PLEASURE RESORTS

— OF THE —

UNITED STATES $\equiv$ CANADIAN PROVINCES.

Compiled by Charles Suydam

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New York:

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AND A COMPENDIUM OF

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Sloatsburg is thirty-six miles from New York. There are three famous lakes conveniently accessible from Sloatsburg—Truxedo (called by the natives "Duck Cedar"), Potague, and Cedar. Bass and pickerel fishing are the attractions. The first-named sheet of water is three miles distant; the second, one; the third, two. There are several first-class boarding-houses in the village, where accommodations can be obtained—J. J. Barbaro, T. J. Allen, and J. W. Ten Eyck, and

others, at prices ranging from \$6 to \$10 per week.

Southfields, forty-two miles from New York, is situated in the midst of the wildest description of scenery. The brook that comes down from the mountains at the left of the railroad, and empties into the Ramapo here, is the Wild-Cat Brook, a well-known trout stream. Manbasha and Truxedo lakes, stocked with black bass and pickerel, are three miles distant, in the mountains. In the vicinity are to be found quail, woodcock, grouse, rabbits, &c. The road to the lakes are excellent. Accommodations can be had in the village of Mrs. Yerreance, R. M. Cole, and at Walworth's Cottage, at \$6 to \$8 a week.

Turner's is forty-eight miles from New York, and mountains, plains, lakes, and streams combine to make it a picturesque healthful, and pleasurable resort. On the north rises the jagged summits of the Schunemunk Mountains, which cut off the Ramapo valley from further progress in that direction, and creep on toward the Hudson. From the top of the ever-

shadowing hill on the north, a singularly beautiful and extensive outlook is obtained, extending to the eastern slope of the Fishkill Mountains, north to the Shawangunk, and south and west to the Jersey hills. Among the lakes that are accessible from Turner's, are the following, all of them stocked with bass or pickerel, or both: Three miles east is Slaughter Lake, one and a half miles long, and one mile wide; two miles east, Rumsey Lake, containing one hundred acres; three miles and a half west, Little Long Lake, one mile long, and one-half mile wide; four miles west, and higher than the last-mentioned, Moubasha Lake, with eight hundred acres; three miles southwest, Round Lake, two hundred acres. Quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits, and other game are found in fair numbers in the vicinity. Excellent board and rooms are furnished by Mrs. P. Turner and Mr. C. Ford, Jr., residing near the station, and A. Chase, Mrs. McKelvey, Peter Turner, and N. Starkweather, living from one-eighth to one mile from the depot. Their prices range from \$7 to \$12 per week.

Monroe is fifty miles from New York, and occupies an elevated position, the highest of any station on the road, east of the Shawangunk Mountains. It is literally a region of lakes, and streams, and mountains, where both hunting and fishing can be enjoyed. There are one or two hotels and several boarding-houses where accommodations can be had at prices running from \$6 to \$15 per week.

Florida is sixty-four miles from New York, by the Pine Island branch. A mile away, shimmering among the hills, is one of the famous lakes of the county, known as "The Mirror." The pickerel of this lake afford rare sport to the angler. The shooting is pretty good over

quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits, and squirrels. Both the sportsman and the lover of Nature generally will find excellent accommodations at the Glenmere House. Accommodations can also be had at the private houses of George Seeley (farm), N. D. Houston, W. M. Sutton, and Mrs. Round. They charge from \$6 to \$8 a week.

Guymard is eighty miles from New York, where there is the finest summer boarding-house within many a mile. Its existence was rendered necessary by the demand for some place where guests could spend the summer in this mountain neighborhood. The house overlooks the fairest portion of the Neversink Valley, and is on the shore of a large and picturesque lake, which has an outlet in a wild, deep gorge. Pickerel-fishing and boating are the summer pastimes, while the excellent shooting in the neighborhood will serve to while away the declining days of autumn. The price of board at the Guymard Springs House is \$10 to \$12 a week. The accommodations are all that could be desired by the most fastidious.

Port Jervis is eighty-eight miles from New York. East of the town, its summit led up to by an easy wagon-road, is High Point, among the Shawangunks. There a lake of striking beauty lies, cool and rock-bound. The lake has been stocked with salmon, and is a favorite resort. There are other lakes in the vicinity of Port Jervis noted for their pickerel-fishing. The Delaware River at this point furnishes unexcelled black-bass-fishing. The river was stocked with this game-fish six years ago, and they appeared last season in immense "schools," and thousands were taken at Port Jervis alone. This sport, in connection with the many excellent game covers in the vic-

nity, has added new attractions to the many in the neighborhood, and the Delaware Valley bass-fishing is destined to become as famous as its trout-fishing. Bass weighing over four pounds were caught last season. First-class accommodations can be had at the Fowler House, one of the best-kept hotels on the Erie. For terms address Mr. T. F. Grandin, the proprietor. The Delaware House, Union House, and Mr. H. Dutcher will also entertain guests in excellent style at from \$8 to \$10 per week.

Monticello is one hundred and twelve miles from New York. It is connected with the Erie by the Port Jervis & Monticello Railway, which traverses the picturesque Neversink Valley and the wild country adjacent to it. High hills rise on every side of the village, from which wide views of the rugged outlying country may be enjoyed. The atmosphere is pure and bracing, and fevers of any kind never originate in this region. The air is peculiarly favorable to asthmatics and persons afflicted with kindred diseases. A mosquito would be a curiosity in this section. Heat never interferes with sleep, and neither dampness nor fog render evening or morning disagreeable. There are trout streams in the vicinity, and the best of bass-fishing in Pleasant Lake, a beautiful sheet of water one mile distant. Besides the unsurpassed fishing found in vicinity of Monticello, the autumn season brings abundance of game, partridges and other small game being especially plenty. Excellent and ample hotel and private boarding-house accommodations.

About eight miles west of Monticello is the celebrated mountain resort, White Lake. The drive from Monticello to this place is one of the features of the region. The road leads over high hills by easy grades, and across deep valleys noisy

with dashing brooks. Some of the finest views in the country are met with between White Lake and Monticello. The lake lies at the feet of the mountains lifting up their heads about it, and the water is of great depth and purity, and is really one immense spring of living water. It formerly abounded in trout of a size rarely attained by that species of fish, it being on record that they have been caught in the lake weighing nearly nine pounds. Some years ago, however, pickerel were placed in these waters, and they exterminated the trout. To compensate for the loss of the latter, the lake was stocked with black bass, and the favorite sport of black-bass-fishing is now one of the great attractions of White Lake. Bass weighing from five to six pounds are frequently taken, and the piazza columns of the Mansion House are ornamented with the "counterfeit presentments" of several of these enormous fish, captured by guests. The natural attractions of the place, together with its wonderful healthfulness, have drawn people to it annually in increased numbers, until to-day few resorts equal it. The outlying country is much of it deep forest, where deer and other wild game still "do congregate." In fact, the sojourner at White Lake finds the advantages of civilization and the charms of the "vast wilderness" combining to make the place unlike any other resort of its class in the country. The Mansion House, overlooking the lake from an eminence a quarter of a mile from the village proper; Sunny Glade House, is a beautiful spot at the foot of a high elevation of ground; Mrs. Kirk's White Lake House, on the brow of a hill that brings the entire landscape, in every direction, beneath the eye; the Van Werk Cottage, a handsome structure that oc-

cupies an attractive and commanding site on the road at the entrance to the village; and J. H. Colby's popular place, on the north shore of the lake, commanding a splendid view the entire body of water, are some of the leading boarding-houses. Boats, fishing tackle, &c., are furnished guests at each of these places; and they also run carriages to and from Monticello trains during the season.

A drive of seven miles from Port Jervis, over a road hard as cement and wonderfully smooth, running along the base of a lofty and precipitous range of mountains crowned with high perpendicular cliffs of slate rock, brings you to the village of Milford. The attractions of Milford are, first, its charming location; second, the grand work Nature has done for it; and third—which is of most interest to our readers—its noted hunting and fishing grounds. Milford lies on a broad plateau, some two hundred feet above the Delaware River, commanding a view up the valley that is indescribably beautiful, taking in the mountains, valleys, plains, and forests of three States, the Delaware winding through the landscape, and visible for miles. From the the bluff overlooking the river, the village of Port Jervis may be seen, and trains on the Erie, ascending the western slope of the Shawangunk, are plainly discernible. High hills surround the village on three sides, over which shaded roads lead to the many interesting points in the vicinity. Long before the visitor approaching Milford reaches the village, he will see a bold mountain standing prominently in the landscape before him. This is the Knob, which rises nearly a thousand feet above the place, a quarter of a mile distant. A foot-path leads to its summit, a favorite outlook, the country for forty miles around being brought

beneath the gaze. A stretch of meadow slopes from the base of the Knob to the Sawkill Creek, famous for trout, which runs between the mountain and the village, and, tumbling over an ancient dam, winds about in the glen—a place of stately pines, picturesque islands, isolated walks and nooks among overhanging rocks, wooded knolls velvety with the moss of centuries, miniature waterfalls tinkling here and there—a place of perpetual shade, and within ten minutes walk of the village. A mile from Milford are the Sawkill Falls. After flowing for some distance at the bottom of a rocky gorge, whose perpendicular walls of rock rise in places one hundred feet above the water, the Sawkill Creek leaps from a ledge some twenty feet in height, then gathers itself in a glassy pool, and a short distance further on plunges madly down the face of a perpendicular precipice a hundred feet, its volume broken into a thousand sparkling forms by jutting rocks, and lashed into seething, foaming fury at the bottom. From the large circular basin at the bottom of the wild gorge, the waters rush through a rocky pass, over which the spectator may easily step, and for half a mile form into noisy rapids and other beautiful cataracts, and finally emerge from the forest and sing on toward the river. The surroundings of Sawkill Falls are weird in the extreme, and the scene is one never to be forgotten. A mile below Milford begin the Cliffs, a wall of perpendicular rock two miles in length, towering eight hundred feet above the road leading down the valley at its feet. This seamed and craggy precipice, with its crown of cedar, spruce, and other evergreens, is easily accessible by a mountain road. Words are wanting to describe the grandeur of the scene that meets the eye from this

elevation. Three miles below Milford—reached either by the river road or an interior mountain road—are the Falls of Raymondskill. A mile above the junction of the Raymondskill Creek with the Delaware, its waters, after numerous falls of from ten to twenty feet, rush down a sloping, jagged ledge of rock a hundred feet, not one continuous fall, but in a series of confused tumbles, the water being lashed and beaten into a mass of dashing foam. Besides these, the Bridal Veil and hundreds of other popular retreats are to be met with on the Sawkill and Raymondskill, while the Vandermarck Creek, Deep Brook, and other streams present their share of beauties to the lover of the wild and sublime. All these streams are famous trout brooks, of which there are several others within a few miles of Milford. The Delaware River for a mile in front of Milford widens into a still, deep, eddying body of water, more like a lake than a river. A finer place for fishing or boating does not exist. During the black bass season, this part of the river is covered with the boats of those who love this most exciting piscatorial sport. Thousands of bass are taken annually at Milford, the fishing seeming to get better every year. Sportsmen can obtain bait, boats, and attendants at any time in the village of "Gov." Nyce, John Slack, Ed. Loreaux, John Hans, and others. Their terms are from \$1.50 to \$3 a day, according to services required. There are many mountain lakes of great beauty in the vicinity of Milford, all well stocked with pickerel and other choice fish, among which may be mentioned the Sawkill, Little and Big Brink, the two Log Tavern, and the two Walker ponds. Excursions to these lakes are popular pastimes of the Summer season. The hotel and boarding-house accommodations are

ample and of the best. The terms are from \$8 to \$15 a week. J. J. Ryman's Maple Cottage is but two minutes' walk from Sawkill Glen. Everything pertaining to the cottage is homelike, and adapted to those seeking true rural ease and quiet. The rooms are large and well ventilated. Lovers of hunting and fishing will find in the proprietor a congenial fellow sportsman, who is ready at all times to accompany them, and furnish all necessary equipments. For the accommodations offered, his terms are remarkably low, for which address him as above.

It is an easy and delightful drive of two hours from Port Jervis to Dingman's Ferry; easy, because the road is so wonderfully hard and smooth; and delightful, because attended with so many varying charms. There is excellent hunting and fishing throughout the entire section. Quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits, and squirrels are abundant; in the mountains deer and bears are quite numerous. Every stream, pond, or lake has an abundant supply of either trout, black bass, or pickerel. Dingman's Ferry is in the centre of a "wonder land." The endless chain of mountains that hems it about is traversed by streams of considerable size, which, rising in the highlands of the "back country," are literally hurled and tumbled over precipices and obstructing rocks, from the time they leave the parent springs until they reach the level of the valley a thousand feet below. They have worn deep ravines and curious chambers in the rocks; hollowed out, by their continuous falling, basins that are all but bottomless, where the waters seethe and boil, and the stoutest of heart and surest of step only dare venture, and flow through chasms to the bottom of which the sun has never cast

a beam. In the vicinity of Dingman's Ferry six of these streams thunder down the mountain. The Dingman Creek and the Adam Creek are particularly prolific in these grand works of Nature. The Factory Falls, Fulmer Falls, High Falls, and Silver-Thread Falls, on the former stream, are equal to any in the Catskills. They leap over perpendicular ledges, dash down rocky terraces, and break into great bodies of foam and spray against their confines of cliff or the ponderous boulders that lie heaped in their course. High Falls is a wild reach of stream two hundred feet in extent — a high perpendicular leap, then a gathering of the waters, and then a thundering plunge down the slanting but angular face of the rocks. Factory Falls is a tumultuous dropping of the waters of the creek, wrought to their utmost fury by sharp projecting rocks and frequent precipices, until they writhe and contort themselves into such shapes as have gained them the name of Maniac Waters. Fulmer Falls are a series of most picturesque cataracts. The Silver-Thread Fall is the crowning beauty of these mountain torrents. It is a thread of water but a few feet wide, but it comes with one continuous fall of a hundred and fifty feet down the face of the mountain, every drop of water being lashed into the whitest foam. Its bed is the solid rock, and dense forest trees prevent the sun from entering anywhere upon it. The falls on Dingman Creek are within from one to three miles of the High Falls House, and are of easy access. Adam's Brook, on which there is a still greater number of natural curiosities, is a mile from Dingman's Ferry. This Creek is five miles in length, and has a fall in that distance of nearly one fourth of a mile. The explorer of its wonders, starting in near its upper wa-

ters, must follow it in its torturous and perilous course until it reaches the open valley, for so encompassed is it by rocks and mountains that it is almost impossible to find a way out of the ravine. The White Mountains have nothing surpassing Adam's Creek in grandeur and sublimity. Like Dingman and the other creeks in this vicinity, it is a famous trout stream. In common with all the resorts on the Delaware, at Dingman's Ferry, there is excellent black-bass-fishing in the river. There are several lakes in the vicinity, stocked with pickerel. The High Falls House, one of the best-kept hotels in the country, can accommodate two hundred guests at \$10 to \$14 per week, with special inducement to season boarders. The proprietor, Dr. Fulmer, makes a specialty of looking after the interests of his sporting guests. He also runs a stage to Port Jervis, connecting with all trains. The Bellevue Hotel—a splendid house, in the French style—is also a popular resort. Terms \$2 a day; \$8 to \$12 a week.

Shohola, one hundred and eight miles from New York, is situated in the centre of the hunting and fishing grounds of Sullivan and Pike counties, where bear and deer abound and trout streams flow in almost every direction. It is beautifully situated among the mountains overlooking the Delaware River. There are attractions of the rarest to be found in the vicinity, principal among them being a glen which promises to become celebrated as a resort. The Shohola Creek, rising back in the wilderness of Pike county, threads one of the most picturesque, weird, and romantic vales in the State; forms stupendous cataracts and thunders in dim ravines; but nowhere does it combine all its varied features in an area that can be brought at once beneath the eye

until its dark waters have struggled to within a mile of Shohola station. The entrance to Shohola Glen is but a few minutes' walk from the station. The wooded mountains are so close together at the entrance, that the trees on either side interlock their branches overhead, throwing a perpetual shade over the dark waters beneath. The Creek is very deep for a long distance above the dam, and perpendicular walls of rock, containing cavernous depths, into which the water enters and forms miniature subterranean lakes, rise on either side, their summits, far above, covered with the dense overhanging foliage. These rocky shores are appropriately called the Palisades. For three-quarters of a mile on up the creek, the spectator finds himself in the midst of such surroundings as Nature could mold only in her wildest moods. Sphinx's Head, Indian Head, and Cro' Nest are prominent and suggestive titles given to some few of the many natural rock-carvings in the vicinity. A wild spot — where the sun never yet penetrated, between rocks and tangled laurel and hemlock, and looking out on the deepest and darkest of pools, is called the Witch's Bourdoir. Near by is Wood Nymph Grotto. The Devil's Pass, Hell Gate, Cavern Cascade, Rock of Terror, and numerous other localities in the Glen are well described by their names. Shohola Creek is a celebrated trout stream, and a few miles from the station has one of the most picturesque falls in the section. A mile from Shohola is Panther Brook, on which is a charming glen, its chief attraction being a waterfall some fifty feet. There are numerous lakes near Shohola — some in Pike county, and others in Sullivan county, across the Delaware — in which pickerel of the largest dimensions are very abundant. Black-bass-fish-

ing in the Delaware, and quail, ruffed grouse, squirrel, and rabbit shooting, are among the attractions at Shohola. The Shohola House furnishes splendid accommodations at \$7 to \$8 a week.

Six miles back of Shohola, reached by a drive that brings a magnificent sweep of country in view, is Highland Lake, where visitors find themselves eighteen hundred feet above the sea, and where they breathe the rarest of mountain air. Highland Lake is a mile long, and is famous for the fine flavor of its pickerel, and the great size of its perch. There are several other lakes in the neighborhood, all abundantly stocked with fish of different varieties, and there are boats on all the lakes. The region is noted for its excellent hunting — woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, squirrels, &c. This retreat is one where the true lover of Nature, the sportsman, the angler, and all who desire the companionship of tranquil surroundings may come and find their ideal. The Highland Lake House, a hotel that has few equals, entertains guests at \$8 to \$10 per week. Boats, fishing tackle, &c., always ready. Write to Mr. H. C. Chapman, Eldred, Sullivan county, New York, for particulars. Accommodations can also be had of Chas. W. Paye, I. M. Bradley, and Mrs. J. A. Meyers in the vicinity of Eldred Village.

Lackawaxen is one hundred and ten miles from New York. The attractions of the place are its excellent hunting and fishing, its splendid boating facilities, its pure air, its beautiful scenery, and the general wildness that pervades the surroundings. The game consists of deer, rabbits, ducks, snipe, and ruffed grouse. It is environed about by mountains, from which wild streams, teeming with speckled trout, come down through the most secluded glens, and over high precipices

and tumbled rocks. On the summits are fair lakes, containing different species of the finny tribe, mirroring still higher hills and fringing forests. Halfway between Lackawaxen and Shohola is Panther Brook, with its charming glen and cataract, and its splendid trout! A mile above the station is Lord's Brook, which forms a number of handsome falls a short distance back in the woods, and adds its quota of trout to the demand of the neighborhood. On the top of the ridge across the Delaware, a mile from Lackawaxen, is York Lake, a large expanse of crystal water, stocked with the choicest pickerel. Beyond the crag that stands at the junction of the Delaware and Lackawaxen valleys is Wescoline Lake, also famous for pickerel. Taylor's Brook, noted for trout, is five miles distant; the Shohola fishing-grounds, six miles; and Blooming Grove Park, twelve miles. The Williamson House is a first-class stopping-place. Its rooms are large and airy, with extended ceiling. From the piazzas of the hotel, one of the finest views in the Delaware Valley is obtainable. Its proprietor is Mr. J. Williamson, a gentleman who "knows how to keep a hotel." Terms \$7 a week for the season. The Delaware House is also a first-class stopping place, and occupies a splendid position. It is located on the plateau that lies at the meeting-place of the two rivers half a mile beyond the depot. It is but a few steps to the "Point" from the hotel, where the whole grand view up and down the river is brought before the visitor. The proprietor of the Delaware House, F. J. Holbert, is an excellent host, and for further information address him at Lackawaxen, Pike county, Pennsylvania. Accommodations can also be obtained at the National Hotel, near the depot, besides there are several private

families that entertain transient guests at reasonable prices.

Six miles west of Lackawaxen is Pine Grove Station, near which are several most excellent trout streams. The fish are abundant, and though not over large, show their game qualities by the way they test the strength of the angler's tackle.

Narrowsburg, one hundred and twenty-two miles from New York, is located in such scenery as has already been described in the Delaware Valley. There are streams abounding in trout, lakes filled with pickerel, forests in which deer, bear, and ruffed grouse are found, and mountains that afford most magnificent views and where the purest of air can be inhaled. The Murray House is a large, sightly hotel, its every surrounding being neatness itself. It is kept by Messrs. C. J. & C. H. Murray.

Cochecton, a few miles from Narrowsburg, offers many inducements to the sportsman, the angler, and tourist. It is in the centre of a fine hunting district, abounding in quail, woodcock, pheasants, rabbits, &c., with a few deer and bears with which to vary the sport. In the vicinity are several fine trout streams, and in the mountains, within four miles of the station, are numerous lakes affording excellent pickerel fishing. Among the trout streams are Calkins' Brook, Bush's Creek, Tyler Brook, Beaver-Dam Creek, and Mitchell Brook, all near by. Lake Huntington and Mitchell Lake are noted places, and have good road leading to them from the station. At Lake Huntington, four miles distant, Peter Fahrrenz has an excellent house. Trout of the largest size and game to the last are taken from this lake. There are several excellent places in and about Cochecton where visitors can find the best of accom-

dations. DeWitt Knapp's Hotel, near the station, has a first-class reputation. There is good fishing and boating in the Delaware near Mr. Knapp's house, and pleasant drives and walks.

About four miles from Cochecton is the mountain village of Fosterdale, in the midst of good hunting and fishing, and the wildest description of scenery. John Barwig has a fine boarding-house there. There are also several farm-houses in the neighborhood that accommodate visitors in good style.

Three miles from Cochecton is the village of Tyler Hill. It occupies an elevated position, affording a splendid view of the country up and down the Delaware. Swago Lake, a charming sheet of water, is near by, affording good pickerel-fishing, and a number of creeks are noted for their trout.

Callicoon, one hundred and thirty-six miles from New York, is located in a portion of the Delaware Valley and its adjacent territory, that needs only to be visited to be appreciated. The immediate surroundings of Callicoon are of the wild and rugged character that prevails in the upper Delaware Highlands. Callicoon village is the centre of one of the famous trout regions of the Delaware Valley. The Callicoon Creek, which enters the Delaware a short distance below the station, threads the back wilderness and a splendid farming section. Along its entire course, from the hills on either side, tributary streams flow into it at short intervals. The main stream and its feeders are natural trout brooks, and all the season long they afford royal sport to the angler. These streams are within an area of five miles from the station. On the Pennsylvania side of the river is Hollister Creek. For two miles from the river this creek flows through a wild

and narrow gorge, and finds the level of river by a series of wonderful waterfalls. The whole country roundabout affords good shooting over quail, ruffed grouse, rabbits, and other game. In the mountains deer and bears are started occasionally. Numerous lakes cluster in the hills on both sides of the river, the famous Bethel township lakes, in Sullivan county, being within easy reach. In Wayne county, Galilee Lake, Duck Harbor, Swago Lake, and several others are near and convenient of access. Bass, pickerel, and perch fishing are the attractions of these waters. The whole section is a fine game district, and excellent shooting can had be in season. Ruffed grouse, woodcock, rabbits, and squirrels are generally abundant, and a few deer and bears are still running loose through the woods and over the mountains. Mr. Minard, of the Minard House, near the station, entertains guests at \$1.50 per day, less for a longer term. There are many farm and private boarding houses in the neighborhood that will take the wayfaring sportsman in at from \$6 to \$8 a week.

Hancock is one hundred and sixty miles from New York. The Mohawk or West Branch of the Delaware River rises on the southern slope of a spur of the Catskills, Schoharie county, New York. The Popacton or East Branch has its head in the wilderness of the upper portion of Ulster county. The two branches run parallel across Delaware county, being divided by a ridge of mountains eleven miles wide, and meet around the base of a great dome-like hill at Hancock. The village is surrounded by the loftiest elevations of the Delaware Highlands, all of which are heavily wooded, and at no point along the river is the scenery more grand. The villages of Hankins, Basket, and Stockport are

stations on the Erie between Hancock and Callicoon, and are great fishing and hunting centres. Hancock is literally surrounded by trout streams, there being no less than eleven within convenient reach. Cadosia, Reeds, Sands, Shehawken, Trout, Pease Eddy and Tyler Creeks are among them. The Beaver Kill is only twelve miles distant. There are several fine lakes in the vicinity that afford good black bass, pickerel, and perch fishing. There is fine shooting over the usual variety of game found in this section. Quiet a number of deer and bears are in the mountains and forests. The Hancock House, Mrs. A. Hall, and Mr. Sheppard will provide for your creature comfort at \$6 to \$8 a week.

The Honesdale Branch of the Erie Railway extends from Lackawaxen to Honesdale. The country through which it runs is wild and rugged, skirting for most of the distance the famous game region of Pike county, Pennsylvania. Five miles from Lackawaxen is Rowland's, in the vicinity of which are numerous trout streams and lakes, whose pickerel have placed them among the finest fishing resorts in the country. Tink and Wisconsin lakes are within easy reach. The hunter will find quail, woodcock, pheasants, rabbits, &c., in fair numbers.

Millville, seven miles from Lackawaxen, is where the Blooming Grove Creek enters the Lackawaxen. Near Millville is the large domain of the Blooming Grove Park Association. The property of the Association consists of twelve thousand acres of wild mountain and valley lands, well adapted to the rearing and preservation of game. The region is as romantic and healthy as the Adirondacks, and it is destined to become as great a resort for sportsmen as the wilds of Northern New York. Within its boundaries there

are several miles of trout streams, and eight beautiful lakes stocked with black bass and other game-fish. On the high bank of the clearest and fairest of this chain of lakes a club house has been built and has accommodations for eighty people. The point is fifteen hundred feet above tide-water, and it is free from malaria and mosquitoes. The club possesses a valuable charter from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, enabling it to enact its own laws for the rearing and preservation of fish and game, and clothing its park-keepers with power to arrest trespasses. The association is dual in character, and admits ladies to all of its privileges. Anglers and hunters take their wives and children into the woods with them. The club-house and grounds afford every facility for social enjoyments. In the parlor there is a grand piano, and the room is large enough for dancing. A billiard-room and a bowling-alley are attached to the house, and the lake is well supplied with boats. An archery club has been organized by the wives and daughters of the members, and competitions with the long-bow form a delightful feature of park-life. Seven hundred acres of the forest have been enclosed with stone and wire fence, and within it elk, deer, and other game are bred, and the shooting consists of deer, black bear, woodcock, ruffed grouse, hares, rabbits, ducks, and snipe. From the breezy balconies of the club-house a magnificent view is obtained, and the eye wanders over lakes and hills, and in the dim distance rests upon the top of the Catskill Mountains. Board for members and their invited guests is furnished at the moderate price of \$10 each per week, and the spot is so attractive and so easy of access that it cannot fail to become popular. Some of the most eminent people of the

country are members of the association. John Avery, Esq., 37 Park Row, New York, is secretary.

Kimble's, eleven miles from Lackawaxen, is in the midst of trout streams, bass lakes, and game preserves. Here some of the most noted disciples of Nimrod and Walton make their home, and find rare sport in the woods and among the mountains.

Hawley is one hundred and twenty-five miles from New York, and all around it the sportsman will find the finest of lakes and noted game haunts. It is located in the centre of the great Paupack game region, famous for deer, bears, and all kinds of small game. Trout streams flow in every direction. The Wallen-paupack River and its many tributaries afford excellent sport. The headwaters of this stream interlock those of the Lehigh, far back in the Pocono Wilderness, and enters the Lackawaxen at Hawley. About a mile and a half from Hawley a series of the most magnificent waterfalls commences. The first plunge of the water is over a precipice seventy-five feet, and from there on to the last fall, a half mile above the mouth of the stream, the descent is two hundred and fifty feet. The grand fall, a portion of it discernable from the railroad, but mostly hidden by a cluster of mills and factories, is about eighty feet high and fifty in width, the ledge over which it thunders having been worn in horseshoe form. Lakes teeming with black bass, pike, pickerel, and other species of the finny tribe are of easy access from the village. Lake Jones, one of the greatest black bass lakes of this whole section, is six miles from Hawley, over a splendid road. By alighting at the upper depot, passengers find themselves near the Keystone House, a well-kept hotel, where accommodations can

be had at a moderate consideration, and where guides for either hunting or fishing are provided.

Honesdale is one hundred and thirty-five miles from New York, in the most interesting part of Northeastern Pennsylvania. There is not a prettier place in the country than this retreat among the hills. It is the centre of one of the finest bass-fishing regions in the country. There are one hundred and fifty-four natural lakes in Wayne county, and the best of them are in the neighborhood of Honesdale. Black bass weighing five pounds were taken from some these lakes last season. There is trout-fishing on the upper waters of the Lackawaxen and Dyberry. All kinds of game abound in the vicinity. White's Hollow, thirteen miles distant, is a noted hunting-ground, abounding in ruffed grouse, quail, squirrels, rabbits, and a small sprinkling of large game; panthers are occasionally seen, and bear "disputes" are not uncommon. Two miles and a half from Honesdale, on Dyberry Creek, is Martin Kimble's old-time homestead, where excellent accommodations can be had at a very low figure, and where fine shooting and fishing is near at hand. There are several excellent hotels and boarding-houses in the neighborhood.

The Newburgh Short Cut (a branch of the Erie, which leaves the main line a mile east of Turner's) opens up a section of country that is wonderful in many respects. No locality in the State possesses a more varied physical structure, its system of lakes, mountains, valleys, and streams being one peculiar in itself.

Central Valley, forty-eight miles from New York, occupies one of the fairest sites that widen from the bases of the surrounding hills. Within a radius three miles of the village there are no less than

eleven lakes, among them Summit Lake, stocked with black bass and pickerel, and the fishing is always first-class. Summit Lake House furnishes excellent accommodations, and also boats, tackle, &c., for the guests. Game—woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, squirrels, &c.—abounds in the surrounding fields and in the heavily wooded stretches adjacent to the house, and many of the best known shots of the cities annually visit these covers. The terms at the Summit Lake House are \$8 to \$10 per week, according to location of room and length of stay. Carriages connect with all trains to and from New York.

Highlands Mills is fifty miles from New York, and among all the lakes belonging to the Highland chain, none is found presenting in itself or its surroundings more attractions than the one which gives prominence to Highland Mills as a pleasure resort, known as Cromwell's Lake, one and a half miles from the station. It is twelve hundred feet above the sea, two and a half miles around, and lies a perfect gem among the hills. The lake is stocked with game-fish, and the boating is unsurpassed. The Lake House offers accommodations at \$7 to \$14 a per week, with special terms for the season.

Craigsville is on the Newburg Branch of the Erie, fifty-six miles from New York, where there is excellent fishing in the ponds and streams near the village, and good shooting in the surrounding fields and woods. The scenery here is among the finest in the Highland region. There are several private families that take boarders at from \$5 to \$8 a week.

Warwick, sixty-four miles from New York, on the Warwick Branch, is in the vicinity of the Drowned Lands, covering seventeen thousand acres of this part of

Orange county, and twenty-five hundred acres of Sussex county, New Jersey. It is a noted resort for woodcock in this section of the country. The best of partridge, rabbits, and squirrel shooting can also be had in the adjacent fields and forests, while the lakes near by are famous for their pickerel. Board ranges in price in private families at \$6 to \$10 a week.

Ellenville is located twenty-two miles from the Erie Railway at Middletown, and is about ninety miles from New York. It is the terminus of the Ellenville Branch of the Midland Railroad, and is convenient to the famous hunting and fishing grounds of Sullivan county. It is the headquarters of many sportsmen, who have organized a game protective society. They have taken efficient measures to stock the lakes and streams with game-fish and protect the game in the vicinity. Within a short distance are numerous lakes, affording splendid fishing, among them Lake Mohonk. The waters of the lake are gathered in a rock-bound hollow in the Shawangunks, a crystal spring, in fact, twelve hundred feet above the Hudson.

Deposit, Broome county, is one hundred and seventy-six miles from New York, and good quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, squirrel, and rabbit shooting is to had in the neighborhood.

Hemlock Lake, noted for its excellent trout-fishing and the fine ruffed grouse and squirrel shooting to be in the vicinity, is six miles from Livonia, on the Rochester Branch. A line of stages run between Livonia and the lake.

Crooked Lake is a large expanse of water, some twenty-two miles long, and abounds in salmon trout, pickerel, black bass, strawberry bass, whitefish, perch, &c. Leave the cars at Elmira or Penn Yan

The Spring Grove House is on the east shore of the lake, six miles from Hammondsport.

Eldred is in the vicinity of good deer and ruffed grouse shooting and fine trout-fishing. Isaac M. Bradley, who keeps the "latch-string out" for sojourning sportsman, promises guests that he will put them on a deer trail or pilot them to streams where they can fill their creels with speckled trout.

THE WILDS OF ANNAPE.

LOCALITIES ACCESSIBLE BY THE ULSTER & DELAWARE RAILROAD.

The Ulster & Delaware Railroad extends from Rondout, on the Hudson River, to Stamford in Delaware county, a distance of seventy-four miles, connecting at Rondout with trains on the Hudson River Railroad and the river steamboats. Good shooting along the whole line.

We know of no place within a reasonable distance of New York that affords better ruffed grouse-shooting than can be enjoyed in the Wilds of Cannape, an extensive tract of uncultivated and unbroken land lying in the northeast corner of Ulster county. To reach the locality the sportsman must leave the cars at Shokan, some eighteen miles from Rondout, thence private conveyance to a place known as Watson Hollow, between six and seven miles from Shokan. Inquire for C. Rockwell, and stop over night with him. He is thoroughly acquainted with the grounds, and will give all needed information. If he cannot go himself he will procure a guide for you that will take you to the game, and very likely put you on the trail of a deer or bear, or perhaps both, besides giving you an opportunity to have a little fight with a panther or wild cat, for they all

abound in this section. The place is not generally known to sportsmen, and comparatively but little hunted over. The country is decidedly rough, and full of fine scenery. Board at hotel \$2 a day, at boarding-houses, \$5 to \$8 a week. Guides charge \$2 a day, and teams can be had for \$5 a day.

Mount Pleasant is twenty-four miles from Rondout, and in a neighborhood where the visitor will find use for either rod or gun. There are some fine trout streams in the vicinity, among them the Beaverkill and Esopus, that afford good sport. Pheasants, rabbits, squirrels, &c., are plenty, and bears not uncommon. Board \$5 to \$8 a week.

There is good shooting around Phœnicia, twenty-seven miles from Rondout. The streams at Stony Clove, abounding in small trout, are of easy access. Stages leaves Phœnicia on Mondays and Wednesdays for Hunter, in Greene county, where there are some excellent hunting and fishing grounds. Ruffed grouse and rabbits are plenty. Board, \$1 to \$1.50 a day, \$5 to \$7 a week.

In the neighborhood of Fox Hollow, thirty-two miles from Rondout, there are ruffed grouse, wild pigeons, squirrels, rabbits, &c. Board from \$1 to \$1.50 a day; \$5 to \$8 a week.

There is excellent shooting and trout-fishing in the neighborhood of Shandakin, thirty-three miles from Rondout. There are woodcock, ruffed grouse, and other feathered game, with plenty of rabbits and squirrels, and a few bears, in the fur line; and trout in abundance in the Beaverkill, Esopus, and other streams close at hand. Board can be had at from \$1 to \$2 a day; guides charge \$2 and teams \$5 a day.

Big Indian, thirty-six miles from Rondout, is in the vicinity of good shooting

grounds. Ruffed grouse, squirrels, and rabbits, are abundant, and woodcock moderately so. There are some bears, also, in this section, and sportsmen often start them, or they the sportsmen. To those fond of fox-hunting, this locality will afford them sport. Board can be at from \$4 to \$5 a week; guides \$2 a day, and teams \$5.

Griffin's Corners, forty-four miles from Rondout, is in a location where grouse, rabbits, squirrels, and small game are plenty, and some few bears can be added to the list. There are several streams in the vicinity abounding in trout and other fish. Board, from \$1 to \$2 a day; teams from \$3 to \$6.

There is good trout-fishing and an abundance of small game in the neighborhood of Dean's Corners, forty-eight miles from Rondout. Occasionally a deer is met with. Stages leave Dean's Corners on Tuesdays and Saturdays for Lumberville, Shavertown, and Pepacton, at either of which points the shooting is good. Board from \$1 to \$1.50 a day.

Some good shooting can be had in neighborhood of Gilboa. Leave the cars at Moresville, sixty-five miles from Rondout, thence stage to destination.

GAME AND FISH IN ULSTER AND SULLIVAN COUNTIES.

LOCALITIES ACCESSIBLE BY THE NEW YORK & OSWEGO MIDLAND RAILROAD.

This line connects with the Erie at Middletown, thus enabling sportsmen to reach the celebrated hunting and fishing grounds of Sullivan and (western part) Ulster counties. It runs through a wild and romantic region, abounding in magnificent scenery.

In the country surrounding Colchester there are woodcock, ruffed grouse,

rabbits, and many trout streams that will yield good returns.

Splendid black-bass-fishing is to be had in Marston Pond, near Wurtsburg. There is also some pretty good shooting to be had in this section if one is willing to work for it. The scenery is fine.

Shin Creek, eleven miles from Morss-ton, is a fine trouting centre. There is good shooting all through this section.

Long Pond is about ten miles from Westfield, and large trout are very abundant in the ponds and adjacent streams. The country is made up of hills and forests, in which, occasionally, a deer is captured, but the ruffed grouse-shooting is good. There is also middling good woodcock and snipe shooting, and woodducks are often found in the ponds scattered through the woods.

Bloomsburg is a good point for woodcock and ruffed grouse; there is also fair quail-shooting in the neighborhood. M. H. Seager will accommodate sportsmen.

LEWIS' LAKE.

This lake cannot be surpassed as a pleasant resort: It is situated on the highest range of the Allegheny Mountains, accessible by railroad to Muncy, Pennsylvania, then by stage coach twenty miles up the mountains — one of the most delightful rides imaginable. The place has not been very widely known to the pleasure seeker until lately. Some fine cottages have recently been built, and more will soon be erected. The lake covers about three hundred and fifty acres, and contains brook trout, lake trout, and a variety of other species. The brook trout fishing is to be found in the many small mountains which head close by; but the rarest sport is the duck shooting, there always being an abundance of them, and easy to get.

A GOOD RENDEZVOUS.

SHOOTING AND FISHING GROUNDS EASY OF
ACCESS FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Although there is not much shooting and fishing in the District of Columbia proper, yet it is an excellent starting point for the game fields and angling waters of the adjacent States of Maryland and Virginia.

The Eastern sportsman can find no better rendezvous for good shooting during the Fall, Winter, and Spring months than Washington. Lines of railroads and steamboats centre there, over which the hunter can be taken in a few hours' time to the finest quail, ruffed grouse, wild turkey, deer, and duck shooting grounds east of the Alleghany Mountains. The Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay are the duck-hunters' Paradise in cold weather. Every morning the crack of heavy ten-gauge ducking guns is wafted back from the river to the Capital, and flocks of teal, shufflers, and red-neck ducks may be seen flying over the river between Washington and Alexandria, or far back over the smooth waters of the Eastern Branch. Along the edges of the immense marshes that fringe the Virginia shore, small narrow skiffs, containing the gunner and his pusher, glide along at the break of day, and the duck and widgeon fall easy victims to him who disturbs them in their search after early breakfasts. In the middle of the river flocks of teal and shufflers swim about obtaining food from the long grasses which cover the water at low tide.

The Potomac River, from Washington to its mouth, a distance of about one hundred and ten miles, with its numerous creeks and inlets on both the Maryland and Virginia shores, has always been a favorite resort for wild-fowl dur-

ing their Spring and Autumn migrations, but more especially at the latter season, when they seem to be attracted to these waters by the abundance of food found on the flats and shoals where they stop for rest and to satisfy the cravings of hunger caused by their protracted flights through more northern regions.

The Potomac—one of the most beautiful rivers of the North American continent—off the City of Washington, is about a mile wide, but gradually expands until its mouth is reached, where it is twelve miles in width. From Washington to Aquia Creek the water is fresh; but about that point it begins to grow brackish, and a few miles further on is Blackiston's Island, where it is quite salt. Pages might be filled and many readers wearied should an attempt be made to enumerate the many favorite duck-shooting points on the river. On the Virginia side of the Potomac, the nearest feeding-ground of the ducks is in an extensive cove just beyond Gravelly Point and near the Four-Mile Run, half way between Washington and Alexandria. A short distance below Alexandria is Hunting Creek, a favorite resort. Then comes Mount Vernon, with its extensive grass-covered flats. Poag Creek, Gunser Cove, and Craney Island are the next places, and this brings us to Occoquaw Bay, where the *Valisneria* is plentiful, and canvas-backs are generally quite abundant in that locality. Freestone, Cockpit, and Brent's Points are favorable projections for shooting ducks as they pass from one cove to another. Aquia Creek, Marlborough Point, Upper Machodoc Creek, Rosier's Creek, Bluff Point, Mattox Creek, Faine's Point, Curwina Bay, Nomin Bay, Hollis Marshes, Lower Machodoc River, Elbow Point, Jackson's Creek, Ragged Point, Yeocomico River,

and the numerous inlets and coves in that vicinity, Travis Point, Coan River, with its creeks and shoals, Presley's, Cubitt's, and Hall's creeks, and finally the Little Wicomico River, emptying into the Potomac a few miles below Chesapeake Bay is reached, are all well-known as desirable feeding-grounds for water-fowl.

On the Maryland side of the Potomac, commencing at Oxen Creek, between the City of Washington and Alexandria, and then in Broad Creek, just below that city, ducks are always found in season. Following on down the river, are reached Hatton's Point, Piscataway Creek, Chapman's Point, Pamunky Creek, Mat-tawoman Creek, Wade's Bay, Chicomux-en Creek, Smith's Point, Lower Thomas Point, Nanjemoy Creek, Blossom and Windmill Points, Port Tobacco River, Pope's Creek, Lower Cedar Point, Pic-cowaxton Creek, Swan Point, Neal's Creek, the Wicomico River, St. Catharine's Sound, Bullock's, St. Catharine's, St. Margaret's, and Blackiston's Islands, and then St. Clement's Bay, Kaywood's and Higgin's Points, St. George's Creek just below Piney Point, the St. Mary's River, with its numerous creeks and inlets, Calvert Bay, and finally Point Look-out, at the mouth of the river. Along the whole course of the river, in the creeks and shoal waters upon either side, the ducks, geese, and swan find the various marine plants and grasses, water insects, crustacea, &c., upon which they feed and grow fat.

Generally the ducks begin to arrive at the localities enumerated from their breeding-grounds in the North, between the middle and latter part of October, when some of the smaller species, such as the buffle-head, make their appearance, and they are in the course of three or four weeks followed by the mallard, dusky

duck, pin-tails, bald-pates, green-winged teal, blue-winged teal, red-head, and lastly, the famous canvas-back; but the latter never abundant until severe weather sets in. The swan and geese arrive about the same time as the canvas-backs, and and they are in the course of three or soon distribute themselves over the Chesapeake Bay and the neighboring rivers that empty into it. When the birds first arrive they are very poor, and their flesh has no desirable flavor on account of their protracted flights. A few weeks' rest on their chosen Southern feeding-grounds, and the abundance of their favorite food which they procure, soon puts them in excellent condition, and they become tender and juicy.

The marshes and low lands bordering on the Patuxent River, in Maryland, are generally filled with snipe about the 1st of April, and sportsmen from Baltimore and Washington usually have some delightful shooting there about that time, a good shot often bagging as many as fifty to seventy-five birds in a day's tramp over the meadows and marshes, from which the reeds and grass are always burned in February, preparatory to snipe shooting.

Good white-perch fishing can be had on the Upper Potomac in the neighborhood of the chain bridge and Little Falls. They usually ascend the river with the shad, and from the 1st to the 20th of April bite ravenously at common angle worms. They remain in the deep holes of the Upper Potomac where the bottom is very rocky, until about the 1st of May, and then return to the salt water, but are caught at all times lower down the river, their favorite haunts being in the neighborhood of Aquia Creek, where the water begins to get brackish, and between that point and Blackiston's Island they are always plentiful. Many black bass

are taken at the Falls, running all the way from one pound up to four. Excellent quail shooting can be had in the adjoining counties of Maryland and Virginia.

IN COLORADO.

TROUT STREAMS AND HOW TO REACH THEM

Most if not all the trout streams here mentioned afford better fishing during July and August, and even in the early part of September, than they do in June. During June the snows on the mountains melting keep the streams too full; the fish will not bite so readily as they do when the streams are lower. The St. Vrain River, almost anywhere among the foothills, or even when it has reached the valley, *i. e.*, plains, gives fine fishing. Trout weighing three pounds are frequently caught in it. The best fishing, however, in this stream is to be found in the canyon of the river. This is about sixteen miles from Longmont on the Colorado Central Railroad. A fair road leads from Longmont to the canyon. Anyone who wishes to fish the St. Vrain at this point, must camp out. A wagon containing the outfit cannot be driven up the canyon; it is therefore necessary to pack your traps on a mule or horse. Doing this, the narrow trail which leads up the canyon may be easily gone over. It is only necessary to go from six to ten miles in this way, and any one who will take the small trouble mentioned will be fully rewarded, both by the enjoyment of the trip and scenery, and the pleasure he will have in the fishing. The impossibility of going up the canyon in a wagon has prevented the stream from being fished much at this point, and so the sport remains excellent and will do so for years to come.

The "Big Thompson" which takes its

rise near the foot of Long's Peak, always repays the angler. The readiest way of reaching it from Denver, is via the Colorado Central Railroad to Longmont, and a stage journey of thirty-six miles from that point through the Rocky Mountains to one of the loveliest spots in the mountains, or indeed, for the matter of that, in the whole country, namely, Estes Park. Here, if you wish to live as comfortably as you do at home, you may stay at the Estes Park Hotel, thoroughly well furnished and kept in the best manner. If you stay there you will have the privilege of fishing in the "Meadows," a lovely tract, without a bush to interfere with line or fly, and which is kept for the use of the guests of the house. But camp out, make the Park your headquarters from which to take excursions in various directions. Ten to fifteen miles down the Thompson, where you must be content to go with such things as you can carry yourself, you will find fish that will repay you for all your pains. There is some sort of cabin about ten miles down the stream from the Park, which was erected expressly for the benefit of fishermen. The North Fork of the Thompson is reached by a pack trail, and is ten miles from the hotel. Here is a good cabin which will hold several persons, and which can be used free of charge by all who choose to do so. Take your cooking utensils, which should be few and simple, and some canned fruits and vegetables; and you may spend ten days most pleasantly fishing. It is said that blue grouse are to be found there.

The upper canyon of the Thompson, in Willow Park, will amply repay a visit to it. It is six miles from Estes Park, and is reached by a wagon road. Take your tent with you, or, if you prefer, stay

at Sprague's ranche. Do not attempt to fish in Willow Park; you will be devoured by buffalo flies. Go at once to the canyon, which is three miles from Sprague's. Here the Thompson must be fished by wading. The sides of the canyon are mostly granite rock, rising almost perpendicularly from the water, and so forbid any operations from the bank. Here, upon a favorable day, you may take as many fish from ten to twelve inches in length as you wish to carry back with you. Another favorite place, which seems to furnish inexhaustible sport, is Twin Lakes, in the very heart of the mountains. This place may be reached by stage from Colorado Springs. It is a charming spot, and furnishes a delightful camping ground. The fish are not large, but may be caught in numbers.

Through Middle Park in the northern part of the State flow the Blue River and Williams' Fork. In the latter, it is said the fishing is good, and now and then a three-pounder is taken. Williams' Fork is reached from Denver by rail to Boulder, thence to Hot Springs and the Park by stage. At Hot Springs there is a hotel, and from this excursions may be made to the Fork on horseback.

The Blue River may be reached in this way also, though the best way would be to go to Colorado Springs and thence up the Ute Pass on horseback, or, still better, with a wagon and camping outfit. It has been fished but little, and yields great quantities of large fish. It is one of the best trout streams in the State, and will amply repay a visit. The scenery, too, cannot but afford high pleasure to every admirer of Nature. The trip up the Ute Pass and through the various intervening small parks is worth all the trouble even were there no other object

in view at the end of the journey. Take the cars of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and go to the southern end of the State. Stop at Garland and fish in any of the mountain tributaries of the Rio Grande. The Tranchero or Trincharas, as it is indifferently called, is six miles from Garland. It is full of fine fish. At Alamosa the streams are equally good. The trip over the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, passing, as it does, over the Sangre de Christo Range, and through the Veta Pass at an altitude of nine thousand three hundred and ninety-three feet above the level of the sea, affords a view of some of the grandest scenery in the world. The Mule Shoe of the railroad causes the celebrated Horse Shoe of the Pennsylvania to dwindle into insignificance. Only such streams are mentioned here as have been reported as affording good sport, and can be relied on. There are, however, many others. Nearly all the mountain streams contain trout. A word should be said about the pleasures of camping out in this section. There is no place where it yields more pleasure and profit. The glorious, exhilarating air, the bright sunshine, and the almost cloudless sky, combine to make camping enjoyable and health-giving to an unusual extent.

TROUT FISHING IN MIDDLE PARK—GAME, BEAR, DEER, ELK, &C.

A correspondent of one of our weekly cotemporaries thus describes the trout fishing in Middle Park: In July, 1863, a company of soldiers were stationed on the bank of Grand River at Hot Sulphur Springs in the middle of the park, and they were catching trout from that stream every day literally by the gunny-bag full. They are remembered now as the fattest, slickest, jolliest lot of men ever seen, and

they said it was the result of a strictly speckled trout diet. At that time fish of three to five pounds weight were common, and specimens weighing from six to seven pounds were occasionally taken. The fishing was all done with hook and line, but science, or skill, or fancy tackle were unknown.

Two years later I went again, and found that a little creek on the way, at which we threw off our saddles for a noon rest, was literally alive with speckled beauties. In Grand River the sport was equally good and the fish much larger. I caught one that measured twenty-two and a half inches. Since then I have missed but one Summer without making one or more excursions to that locality. In 1868 I did my best fishing. There were a good many people at the Springs, numbering close on to one hundred and fifty, all living in tents or the open air. Whilst many were fishing, but few were fishermen, so that those who could catch trout were at liberty to take all they pleased, since none would be wasted. I found a new (to me) stream about four miles away, Williams River, in which were numerous rapids interspersed with deep pools; and about two miles above its mouth a fall of twelve or fourteen feet. It had a beautiful little valley with luxuriant vegetation, abundant wild fruit and wild groves of lofty, wide spreading cottonwoods. For five days in succession I visited this lovely stream, fished from three to four hours, and brought back all that my horse could well carry. The smallest catch of the five days was seventy-two pounds. On one of the days I certainly brought in ninety pounds, all caught from one pool and standing in one place. Other seasons I have done quite as well in other streams. In 1874 a wagon road was

opened and the next year another. The latter, from Georgetown, is a magnificent road, and a splendid drive. In the Summer there is a tri-weekly line of stages, and the time from the end of the railroad is ten hours, between breakfast and supper. In Winter this road is buried under ten or twenty feet of snow, which does not permit wheel travel until the latter part of June, and then only between high crystal walls. But that is early enough. The sport begins in July, and grows better until late in the Fall. A village has grown up at the Springs. Settlers are scattered along all the larger streams, and the charm of camp life in the wilderness is passing away. However, it is not yet difficult to get beyond the settlements, away up the streams in the pine woods. About the Springs fishing is overdone. From twenty-five to fifty hotel guests can be seen each day sauntering up and down the river for two or three miles, catching a few trout each, and in the aggregate quite a number. But fair sport can be enjoyed by mounting a horse and riding from five to six miles away. Four miles down stream comes in Williams River from the south; twelve miles down, Troublesome River from the north. Seven miles up, Frazer River enters from the south; five miles further, Willow Creek from the north; four miles further, the South Fork from the southeast; six miles above that, the North Fork from the northeast, and five miles above that, or twenty-five miles from the Springs, is Grand Lake—the nicest, the easiest, and the laziest place to take trout in that whole region. It is a real Alpine sheet of water, close up against the foot of lofty snow-crowned peaks, walled in by morainal deposits. Two and a half or three miles long, and half that in width, its depth is unknown.

The river flows out to the west, and there is a narrow space of level ground and open pine woods on that side. Elsewhere the mountains rise abruptly from the water's edge. In this level space there are three or four rude cabins, and one man has lived a kind of hermit life here for ten or twelve years. In Summer he follows fishing, generally having a partner or two and plenty of company. Some seasons there are other regular fishermen, but the great majority are transient visitors. To carry on the business of fishing for market requires three or four men operating together. The fish are caught from boats or rafts and kept alive in ponds until three or four hundred weight are collected, when they are hastily dressed, packed with green grass in baskets or open boxes, and carried on donkeys to market at Georgetown, Central City, and other mining camps, with an occasional cargo to Denver. One or two men accompany the animals, sell the fish, and return with loads of flour and other supplies. Three or four men will, from the middle of July to the middle of September, catch from three thousand to four thousand pounds of trout. The trout of the lake are mostly small, weighing from four to eight ounces when dressed. The fishing ground is from three hundred feet to five hundred feet off shore, where the water is from twenty to thirty feet deep. It is on the brink of a ledge, beyond which the bottom drops off to an unknown depth. At times the schools of fish visit other places. Several streams enter from the mountain side, and late in the season there are certain hours of certain days when the water about these rivulets are fairly alive with fish. There are also spots in which at certain times quite large trout can be taken, generally after dark,

by still-fishing with bait. Nearly all the fish taken are with bait, grasshoppers being the best, and from ten to twenty feet beneath the surface. Those who fish for a business will handle three or four lines, each with a short rod, and take them in as fast as possible.

Half a mile above the lake, on the main stream, there is a waterfall and the head of trout navigation. The stream comes down through an impassable canyon, which, looked down into from above, is a chain of lakelets and cascades. The roar of the lower fall can be heard from the west side of the lake; but what is very strange, its location or direction cannot be determined from the sound. One day it may seem to be steadily at one point of the shore, the next day at another; or it may change with the hours or minutes. Sudden gusts of wind are common and very dangerous. From a dead calm the surface of the water is often churned into foam in a few moments, the gale seeming to blow from all quarters as well as straight downward. Persons drowned in the deep portion of the lake sink to rise no more.

There is generally the very best of fishing in the outlet from the lake. The river for a considerable distance is wide and shallow, with an uneven bed of stones, sprinkled here and there with immense boulders that rise above the water. Then it changes to a succession of rapids, with deep, glassy pools between. The neighboring country is alternate open meadow glades and billowy hills covered with pines. Immediately north of Grand Lake is an extensive area of forest, so dense and choked with fallen trees and brush as to be almost impenetrable. In it are several other lakes, visible from the high mountains above, which are doubtless equally well stocked with fish.

Coming down through this forest is the north fork of the river, and really its main branch. Judging from appearances, it should afford excellent sport for twenty miles further up.

All this wooded country abounds with bear and elk, and on the mountain slopes above the lake, to the eastward, near the timber line, are great numbers of mountain sheep and mule deer. The streams have plenty of beaver, mink, and marten along them everywhere.

In the Summer of 1877, an intimate friend and myself went to Grand River about the middle of July, and made headquarters at Hot Sulphur Springs. We fished up the river, down the river, and in all the neighboring streams. Mounting our horses in the morning, we would ride to the locality determined upon, picket them in the rich grass, one of us go down and the other up the stream, putting in three or four hours, and always returning with well filled baskets. Over but very little water did we fish a second time. The last week of our intended stay, we decided upon something more of an adventure. We heard of a newly-discovered lake away off in the southwestern rim of the park, called Black Lake, but could not obtain any definite directions how to find it, other than from the description of crossing the creek that ran from it to Blue River, so we packed our blankets, coffee-pot, frying pan, and some provisions on an extra pony, and set out to find the new paradise. Three young men, or large boys—two of them from Denver and one from Tennessee—who were vagabondizing in the mountains for a couple of months' cavalcade; also a young man who belonged at the Springs, so that we numbered six horsemen, and had two extra animals for the *impedimenta*. We

struck across the hills southwest, crossed Williams River eight or ten miles above its mouth, and turned up its wide valley between the enclosing mountain spurs. It is a delightful region of rolling grassy hills, interspersed with groves and belts of timber. Hundreds of antelopes were grazing in groups of from five to fifty, but they were wary and wild. Although the boys did considerable firing at long range, they got no meat, and the march we had laid out for the day did not admit of wasting time for a systematic hunt. At the head of the valley we turned to the right and passed over a high mountain ridge. At length we reached the summit, and traversed an open forest of living timber with most beautiful intervals of luxuriant meadows, with grass and towering plants higher than our horses' backs, and springs of delicious, sparkling, icy water. It was a most lovely region, and rich repayment for all our struggles and hardships. For the descent we found an old trail plain and good, and just as twilight was falling we reached Blue River, and camped on the green sward in a grove of quaking aspens. We had no tent, and after a steaming supper, to which we did ample justice, spread our blankets in the open air, as is the universal custom with mountaineers.

Blue River is a rapid, boisterous stream that beads in the main range near Mount Lincoln, and flows north about seventy miles to its junction with the Grand in the western edge of Middle Park. From source to mouth, it falls about seven thousand feet. Trout abound in all its tributaries, but none in the main stream. The next morning we concluded from the "lay of the country" that we had struck the river too high up, so we turned down its western shore along a new wagon road. Five or six miles

down the valley we crossed a creek which we recognized as the outlet of the lake, and found it to be the branch known as the Roaring Fork of the Blue. Turning up its course the climbing was very steep and rough. The stream plunges down the descent in an almost unbroken sheet of foam, among great black rocks overhung with fringes of black alder and birch. We were told that the lake was two miles from the river, but we concluded that the distance was five or six miles. Before us was a great amphitheatre in the wildest portion of that ruggedest of ranges—the Blue River spur. We were nearly up to the snow level, and the stupendous, black faces of the cliffs, the spires, and needles and pinnacles of the splintered summits seemed almost within reach. At length the way became so steep and difficult that horses could go no further; the canyon closed in; but a couple of footmen, clambering up over the rocks, soon shouted back “Eureka!” So we camped in a grove of aspens, and turned our animals loose in the most beautiful of little meadows of timothy, clover, and wild oats up to their mid-sides. After dinner we went up to the lake, and soon caught all the fish we could use. But in exploring the solitude we found that a Crusoe had already fixed his habitation under the lee of a monstrous rock on the lake shore. There was his rude hut, provisions, a few tools, skins of animals and feathers of birds. Moored at the water's edge was a raft to fish from, with its complement of rods and lines, a floating fish-pond, and, hauled up on the rocks, a Bond patent boat. The owner of all this primitive wealth was invisible, but it was plain that his business was to fish for profit. Exploring further we discovered that a trail led across the point of hills from the

lake to the river, striking the latter far above the mouth of the creek, and then we understood the two miles distance. Over that trail the Bond boat had been packed on a horse or mule. From the outlet of the lake the stream falls thirty feet in each hundred for five hundred or six hundred feet, roaring and foaming among immense rocks and rafts of driftwood. There are falls of ten or twelve feet in places, though the water is so divided and broken up into different streams and varying leaps that the trout ascend and descend without trouble. In this water we found the best sport and the finest fish, some of them weighing up to a couple of pounds each, and presenting the most brilliant carmine tints, bright as the rosiest sunset clouds.

Going up to the lake we could hear beyond it the roar of a waterfall, which I determined to see. So off I trudged, and a weary tramp it was; but I was paid a hundred fold. The stream enters the lake from a dense, moss-draped forest of pine, spruce, and fir trees more than two hundred feet high. Five hundred feet from the lake it plunges down from a great cliff of granite, descending by a series of leaps of from fifty feet to two or three hundred feet each. I climbed up until I became tired, and as far as I could see the torrent was coming thus down the mountain side. Between the foot of the falls and the lake I landed a few very fine trout, and feasted on delicious currants that covered the banks. Then took my stand at the inlet and caught trout as fast as I could throw the fly, until my basket was filled and I had more than I could comfortably carry to camp. Starting around the lake I met my friend and the proprietor of the fishery gliding toward its head. The latter was paddling a neat, trim raft, and

the former was casting right and left and hauling in trout at a bewildering rate. Mr. Crusoe had wandered back to his camp that day, and my friend had subsidized him and enjoyed some famous sport without the necessity of making a single exertion except to land his fish in a box at his feet.

Black Lake is a genuine Alpine lakelet of eight hundred to one thousand acres, formed by a dam of mountain debris across the drainage trough, doubtless the terminal moraine of the last resistless ice river that forced its way down this groove in the solid granite. Its great depth and the mountain shadows give it a black appearance. The water is clear as crystal and cold as newly-melted snow, coming as it does so short a distance from banks and fields of that substance that never disappears. On the west the water is fringed by green timber; on the south and east the old forest has been killed by fire and a new one is taking its place; on the north is a verdant meadow. A hunter has told me that about the falls in Winter, when the mist and frost have loaded the trees and every twig and leaf with ice crystals, the scene, lighted up by the sun, is of marvelous beauty and indescribable grandeur. The altitude is about ten thousand feet or two miles above the sea.

YAMPAH RIVER.

At the head of Yampah River, about thirty miles from the Hot Sulphur Springs, at the head of the river where the stream is about seventy-five feet wide and two feet deep in the current, there are many deep pools, eddies, &c., which make it a choice fishing locality in the latter part of the season. The country near the river is an open park about four miles wide and twelve or fifteen

long; but eastward from the park, from two to three miles, are very rugged mountains—the west slope of the Gore Range. The first elevations are covered with scrub oak timber and a dense growth of raspberry, sarvis berry, cherry, red hawthorn, and other brush, most fruit-bearing. The crop is generally immense. Here abundant signs of bear can be seen—their wallows and shady resting places; their feeding grounds and fresh tracks, evidences that Bruin makes his home here. Also great numbers of deer, which seem to occupy the country much as cattle do a populous pasture. Further back, the mountains rise higher; the slopes and summits are covered with pine, spruce, and fir timber; the intervals occupied by aspen groves and little open parks, each with its rivulet of clear, cold water. Here elk are as plentiful as the deer on the outer hills, but although immediately contiguous, they did not seem to range or graze over the same ground. Pintail grouse collect in the park by hundreds—some say by thousands. From daylight until after sunrise in the morning, their chattering and cooing is as striking as that of prairie chickens in the grain-fields of the Mississippi Valley. There are also some sage hens, and, well up on the mountains, a few blue grouse. In the township are three salt springs, which are great resorts for deer and elk. Deeply worn trails lead to them from all directions, and the ground in the vicinity is tramped like cattle yards. Much of the soil is rich, and productive in nutritious grasses and edible roots. Of the latter, the yampa, sage, and artichoke are the most important, both in the economy of the Indian and subsistence of bear and other wild animals.

In the eastern edge of Egeria Park, one man belonging to a party of Middle

Park hunters, killed in 1878, twenty-three deer in two and a half days. On the western slope of the Gore Range, another hunter attached to a camp shooting deer for market, stated that he thought at least five hundred deer had crossed the road during three days; another one placed the number much higher.

GAME RESORTS.

It was said at one time that deer were growing scarce in Colorado. But the numbers daily brought into the various towns by sportsmen and market hunters certainly looks like a flat contradiction of that assertion. It is the general testimony of hunters that deer are just as abundant as ever they had been, though, perhaps, it was necessary to penetrate a little further into the mountains to secure them. One can scarcely go amiss anywhere in the mountain region of this State. He may select his own ground in the northern, middle, or southern part, and he will be rewarded for his pains. If he chooses he may leave the haunts of men far behind him, and rough it in the Snowy Range. He may camp in any of the great parks, and so live more easily than in the former case. He may, if he choose, stop at some rancho, or even live at a good hotel, and yet bring home an abundance of game.

Those who are willing to rough it, need little direction. They may make Denver, Colorado Springs, or Alamosa their starting point, and from any of these places, going into the mountains, be sure of success. There are some men, however, who are not able to endure the fatigue of long journeys on horse or mule,

who yet enjoy a hunt under less fatiguing circumstances. For the sake of these one place should be mentioned where they may stay comfortably in a good hotel, and yet be able to carry to their Eastern homes some antlers or evidences of their skill with the rifle.

Manitou is seventy-five miles south of Denver, from whence it is reached by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, and six miles of staging from Colorado Springs, where you leave the railroad. It may also be reached from the south by the same railroad, via Pueblo. At Manitou, two good hotels remain open all the year round, at either of which most comfortable accommodations may be had. Within easy walking distance deer may be shot any day. In 1878, a gentleman, who was something of an invalid, shot two, within three miles of the Manitou House, at which he stopped. On another occasion four deer were killed in one day within four miles of the village. And many other like cases might be enumerated. Those who love Nature in her wild beauty would find enjoyment here. William's and Ruxton's canyons, though very unlike each other, have great charms in their picturesque scenery of stream leaping from rock to rock, massive boulders, and high, rocky walls, that the giants built to towering heights. Caves, too, offer their peculiar attractions to the adventurous. Pike's Peak looks down in silent majesty from his solemn height upon the little village that nestles in his very shadow at his feet, while to the east the boundless sea of plains stretch away in limitless distance, always varying in shade and color with every hour of the day, with every cloud or ray of sunshine.

CŒUR D'ALÉNE.

If the reader will turn to the map of Idaho Territory and cast his eye upon its western boundary he will see that about midway it is crossed by the Snake (or Shoshone) River. Following this boundary due north for about a hundred miles he will see a splotch of irregular form, evidently designed to represent a body of water, as two or three rivers are seen to empty into it. This represents Cœur D'Aléne Lake, a magnificent sheet of water some thirty miles in length. The width is so affected by the jutting promontories that it varies from ten to two miles, and no more definite measure can be given.

The primeval forest comes to the water's edge, and the shadows of the tall pines are reflected in its pellucid waters; for these are never clouded, the springs and streams which feed it are never muddy, and the great Spokane River, which springs from it full-grown—one hundred and sixty yards in width at the season of the lowest water, with a swift current—has never a shadow cast upon its waters by contamination with any vulgar soil. In plain English, the waters of both lake and river are so transparent that the bottom can be seen anywhere and at any time to a depth of twenty feet.

On a dark night with one of Boudren's hunting and fishing lamps, when it is perfectly quite, the bottom can be seen at over thirty feet. As a necessary consequence of the purity of its waters, it is the home of the trout. These are of many varieties, from the pure (Pacific coast) *Salmo fontinalis* to the great salmon trout six feet in length. The heaviest fish caught here with hook and line weighed exactly nine pounds, but many have since been seen which must

have been far heavier. Trout three or four feet, and occasionally six or more feet, are not unfrequently seen; but they are wary fellows. None have been caught. Numberless lines have been carried away, and times without number sockdolagers have been hooked, but so far none of these whales have been captured. Trout of one, two, or three pounds are the rule, and their name is legion. An old trout fisherman who visited this lake some years ago, and having no boat, made a raft of logs on which he pushed out into the lake near its mouth, said it was "the best and most magnificent trout fishing in the world." The catch is often fabulous.

In July, August, and September the fishing is poor for Cœur D'Aléne. One can catch a dozen of an evening, often three or four. The reason is plain. The trout seek the mouths of the ice-cold mountain streams and do not return to this part of the lake (its mouth) until the cold weather and high water. At the mouths of the streams above alluded to they are as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore, and one might think them crazy they are so anxious to be hooked. A short time since some men fishing near the mouth of one of these streams, caught twenty trout with a coarse line and large hook in half an hour. Not one of them weighed less than two pounds. This is ordinary fishing in this lake.

The mountains around the lake teem deer, bear, panther and all the varieties of smaller game. The cry of the loon on the lake is alternated with that of the panther in the forest. Every night after "taps" a din arises that makes one think that pandemonium has broken loose. The wolves, timber and coyote, when all has become quiet, steal in to see what they can pick up; and the dogs

of the camp, jealous of their cousins, sound the alarm and are upon them. A grand saturnalia ensues, and for about half an hour the night is rendered hideous

On a calm Summer morning the lake presents one of the finest views that can well be imagined. Everything seems so peaceful and calm that one feels he could lay himself down on the sandy shore and rest forever. As the sun comes over the eastern hills and glitters on the surface of the placid waters, scarcely rippled by the gentle morning breeze which is hardly felt, the solemn silence, broken only by the far-off lonely cry of the loon, makes itself felt, and the mind of the poor mortal goes up in prayer of adoration and thanksgiving to the Most High. It is a beauty that can be felt, not expressed. The solemn, pine-clad mountains, the deep shadows in the lake, the perfect quiet, the impression of majesty and power, the awful stillness, the wreaths of mist on the lake, tinted with the beams of the morning sun, the tall pine on yonder point with gilded head gracefully bowed as the sunbeams kissed his brow. What wonder that those in Eastern clime bend in mute adoration as their Deity lifts his gorgeous crest above the horizon.

The country round about Lake Cœur D'Aléne is chiefly mountainous, with here and there a small plateau or valley, generally on the bank of some sequestered lake. The Mullan Road (running from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Benton, and built by Captain Mullan, formerly of the army) comes up the Spoken River, and skirting the foot of the lake, passes over the mountains. Wolf Lodge, a small hay ranche on Wolf Lodge Creek, which empties into the lake, is about fifteen miles distant, and some fifteen miles

further on is the Cœur D'Aléne Mission on the river of the same name. Here the good Jesuit Fathers reside, and have managed to Christianize the Cœur D'Aléne Indians.

About six miles from Wolf Lodge and about due north, is a lake some three or four miles long by half a mile wide, which is celebrated for the abundance of its fish and the amount of game on the mountains surrounding it. There is no outlet to the lake, nor are there streams of any great size, though several small ones, flowing into it. But it is always full. It is fed by springs, and the water is clear, pure, and always icy-cold.

That there are underground passages and caves throughout this country is certain. Often, when riding, the drum-like sound of the horse's feet or deep rumble of the heavy wagons indicates the existence of vast hollows under ground. The Spoken River, which flows from the lake, over a hundred yards in width, has apparently no affluent above the great falls; yet, about fifteen miles below the lake, the volume of water is suddenly almost doubled. In Winter, above this place, the river freezes over; but below, between it and the falls, it never freezes. In Summer, when the lake becomes warm, the water of the river is always the same until it arrives at this place, when a very marked increase of coldness is at once perceptible. Undoubtedly some underground current joins the main body of the river at this place, having its exit among the rocks, which are scattered around in the wildest profusion.

The hunting around Cœur D'Aléne Lake is super-excellent, and the fishing "the best in the world." In the numerous small lakes in the vicinity, and in

the secluded portions of the great lake, the wild fowl build their nests and rear their young.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

Grizzly, black, brown, and cinnamon bears; California lion, panther, wild-cat, lynx, wolverine, gray, timber and prairie (coyote) wolves; red, black, silver-gray, and cross foxes; beaver, otter, pine and stone marten; mink, fisher, weasel, badger, skunk, muskrat, elk, caribou, Virginia, black-tailed, and mule deer; rabbits and hares; gray, red and ground squirrels; chipmunks, gray and bald eagles; osprey and many other varieties of hawks; hooting, long-eared and snowy owls; sage hen, pintail, pine, ruffed, and prairie grouse; capercaillie or cock of the mountain; wild geese and swans; loons, ducks of many kinds; English and other snipe; plover, curlew, sand-hill and swamp cranes; robins; blackbirds of several kinds; crows, yellowhammers, several varieties of woodpecker, bluebirds, magpie, snowbirds, bluejays, water-ouzel, hummingbirds of many kinds, and a great variety of other birds and animals are found there.

FISH.

Of fish there are a number of varieties of trout, salmon trout, suckers, and many kinds of shiners and other small fish. Salmon come up the Spokane River in abundance, but cannot get over the Great Falls. There are neither mosquitoes nor black flies—those pests of the angler and hunter on the lake shores—though there is a fair allowance of other insects, the common house-fly being particularly abundant.

NATURE OF THE COUNTRY.

The country around is a perfect wilderness, and the few ranches, which here

and there dot the country, are simply a log hut and patch of garden. The Great Spokane Prairie, which extends from Pend'oeille Lake to the Columbia River, being rather more than a hundred miles in length, with a varying breadth of from six to ten, contains some good ranches where the cereals grow thriftily.

ROUTES.

There are several routes to this beautiful country. One is by Helena and Missouri Mountains, by the Mullan road, over the mountains. This route is always closed by heavy snow falls during the Winter. During the Spring, Summer, and Fall this route is practicable for equestrians, but not for wagons, the bridges built by Captain Mullan having been swept away by the spring floods. The scenery along the route is said to be very grand and beautiful. One of the streams on the route (Hose Creek) crosses the road sixty-five times in less than as many miles. It is readily forded, except during the spring floods. The country can also be entered by the Mullan Road from Walla Walla. (The Mullan Road runs from Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia to Fort Benton on the Missouri River). There is also another road from Walla Walla via Waiteburg, Dayton, Colfax, Pine Grove, and Spokane Falls. This is the most practicable route, and the only one over which runs a public conveyance. A stage runs daily from Walla Walla to Colfax, and a "buck board" from Colfax to Spokane Falls twice a week. At Spokane Falls a team can be hired for the remaining twenty-seven miles. There are hotels at Waiteburg, Dayton, Colfax, and Spokane Falls, but most of the houses on the way will accommodate travelers. There is another road from

Walla Walla by the Texas Ferry across Snake River. Another route is from Lewiston, Idaho, through Paradise Valley, Moseur, Palouse City, Pine Creek, Pine Grove, and Spokane Falls. You can also go from Lewiston via Colfax. In the Summer and Fall all these roads are good, but during the Winter and Spring the traveling is bad. In the Spring it is almost impassable for wagons a part of the way on account of the deepness of the roads. Hunting in this section, is very laborious, notwithstanding the abundance of game, owing to the excessive roughness of the country; but the Indian seems to be tireless, and almost never returns without meat. In the Winter, when the snow is deep on the ground and the game is driven from the mountains to the rocky promontories which jut out on the prairie, the Indians have grand hunts. A whole village—men, women and children—will go out, and, making a surround of a mile or two in diameter, will close in gradually toward some point agreed upon. The amount of game thus impounded is often immense. Of course, the greater part escapes—the more dangerous—with the free consent of Brother Lo; for they are after meat, not fur; but it is not infrequent, at these great surrounds or battues, for one or two hundred deer to be killed. As the circle closes in the frightened animals huddle together, or, impeded by snow, dash frantically from side to side only to meet their foes wherever they turn. When the circle is sufficiently contracted, the Indians run in on snowshoes and the slaughter commences. The deer are killed with arrows, lances, clubs, and even knives. In these surrounds fire-arms are used sparingly, for ammunition is scarce and hard to get, and, moreover, it is dangerous. As a

general thing, only the chiefs or head hunters indulge in this luxury, and this only with the greatest care and circumspection.

IN THE SILVER STATE.

Wadsworth is situated on the Central Pacific Railroad, Washoe county, Nevada, on the Truckee River, distance to Pyramid Lake eighteen miles, the reservation for the Pah Ute Indians. The lake is an extensive and beautiful sheet of water, slightly salt, and abounds with innumerable water fowl. Gulls and pelicans breed here on some of the rocky islands, and many eggs of the gull's are gathered during the breeding season.

Commencing about October 20th and until March the trout leave Pyramid Lake, and Mud or Winnemucca lakes, and ascend the Truckee River to spawn. During this season a great quantity are taken, in fact it is the chief source of subsistence to the Indians. They are taken entirely with hook and line, the law prohibiting the use of seines or other fixed machines, and all dams are furnished with fish ladders to enable the trout to reach Lake Tahoe, or any of the tributaries of the Truckee. They take minnow or grub worms readily, but the favorite and most successful bait is fish spawn, tied up in mosquito bar, cut in squares of about two inches and firmly tied with thread. They resemble a large sized strawberry, and make the most successful bait known. The favorite manner with the Indians is the spear, with which they are very skillful, and the spear itself is a novelty and entirely different from anything ever seen or heard of. It consists of a very light and flexible handle about fifteen feet long, at the end of which are two prongs of wire, usually No. 8, to this is attached by a

stout line two very sharp points about half an inch long, which slip off the ends of the wire when the fish is struck, and have a tendency from the peculiar formation of the points, to cross themselves in the fish, making it next to impossible to pull out, as it only requires a very gentle shove to strike deep enough to make it secure. No fish, however large, can get off, unless the lines which are attached to the points and connected with the handle should break. The Indians post themselves near the spawning beds and only kill the male trout, which always accompanies the female during this operation. The Indians take advantage of this fact, and never disturbs the female, but as soon as the largest male is killed the next will take his place, and the Indian will wait patiently by those beds and pick off all the male fish as fast as they appear. To anyone not experienced in the art, it would almost be impossible to see the fish. The spearing is all done during the day time, and a novice might stand near the bed and not see a fish all day. They resemble a dark yellow cloud in the water, and the spear is allowed to float down the current until opposite the object, when a very gentle stroke makes the fish secure.

Minnow and spawn are the principal baits used by those using the rod and line. The fish weigh from four to nine pounds, and are darker than the Eastern salmon trout. These come mostly from Pyramid Lake, but another species called the silver trout, come from Winnemucca Lake. Both kinds are taken freely during the season in the Truckee River; one hundred pounds per day to the rod being of frequent occurrence. No other fish are known to inhabit these waters, except the black mullet, or coy-

ies, as the Indians call them. They come up the river later than the trout, but are not molested by the whites. The Indians take and dry them for their Winter food, which, with the pine nuts, form their principal source of subsistence.

Humboldt Lake, the sink of the Humboldt, as it is usually called, is about forty miles from Wadsworth, in close proximity to the railroad, and abounds with all kinds of water fowl, ducks, geese, swans, curlew, snipe, &c. The shooting, however, is very difficult, owing to the absence of cover, as no flag or tule grows near the lake. Very few fish are taken there, and of a small size. The water is strongly impregnated with alkali, and hardly fit to use. About eight miles west of Wadsworth, the country becomes mountainous. Here a few mountain quail, grouse, and sage hens can be found, but not in plentiful quantities. A few black tail deer and occasionally mountain sheep are found, but more an exception than the rule. Jack rabbits abound in every direction, and any quantity can be killed—twenty or twenty-five per day would be an average day's work for one gun. They are usually in good condition, and weigh from six to seven pounds when full grown. Still the shooting in the vicinity of Wadsworth is poor, but the fishing during the season is excellent; in fact, the best found on the coast. Lake Tahoe, situated on the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, about eighty miles from Wadsworth, is a great resort for pleasure seekers during the heated term, and affords very good trout fishing, the fish being usually taken with the spoon or minnow. These fish will frequently weigh thirty-five or forty pounds, and do not resemble the Truckee trout. Independence Lake, about fifteen miles from Truckee, abounds with a

small variety of trout which would average about a pound, but are highly prized by epicures. They take grasshoppers or flies very readily, and afford fine sport. The lake is entirely surrounded by mountains covered with timber, but game is scarce; still, a few deer, mountain quail, and grouse are taken. Sierra Valley, however, is the most frequented place for sportsmen in this section, as there is such a variety of game. Stages run into the valley from Reno and Truckee; distance about thirty miles. Here may be found quail, grouse, ducks, deer, rabbits, and brook trout in all the small streams in abundance. Next to Hope Valley, this affords the best shooting to be found in the State. Hope Valley is rather isolated, and too far from the railroad to be accessible to the sportsman from a distance, but parties fit out at Carson and Virginia City, and usually meet with good success.

WHERE TO GO FOR WILD FOWL.

It is somewhat a difficult matter to direct one as to where he can obtain good wild fowl shooting in this section. From Currituck to Montauk, all available points are leased, pre-empted, or held in possession by gentlemen sportsmen or market shooters, who claim exclusive privileges within the limits of specified areas. To be sure of unqualified sport, one who is not a member of some club must possess the open sesame to the shooting box of some generous friend, or the good will of those who make duck shooting a livelihood. There are numerous places on the sounds of North Carolina where one may shoot *ad libitum*, but there are no convenient means of access thereto, and no lodging accommodations. So also on the Chesapeake, along

the New Jersey coast, and on the shores of Long Island there are localities where one may shoot without his right to do so being disputed; nevertheless, it may be considered reasonably certain that no eligible stand is without its claimant, either by title, absolute possession, or the right which might gives. In this dilemma, it is a satisfaction to know that within the past year a new district has been opened up to the duck shooter, most easy of access by rail, where wild fowl congregate in untold numbers, scarcely disturbed by the few gunners that occasionally drop in among them. This district is comprised within the two counties of Virginia known as Accomac and Northampton, dividing the waters of the Atlantic from those of Chesapeake Bay, the outer shores of which are flanked by innumerable islands and islets, among which the ducks gather unmolested. The southernmost point is known as the "Capes." Here are the famous islands of Chincoteague, Mockhorn, and Hog Island, besides scores of others scarcely known by name, even to the few dwellers on the adjacent coast. These are reached from Lewes, Delaware, by a railroad running down nearly the entire length of the peninsula, and to Lewes one may go by all rail from New York, or by the Old Dominion Company's steamers, leaving New York at 4 p. m. and reaching Lewes next morning. Where one has a big bag of decoys and other impediments to carry the latter is preferable. Any information respecting this shooting ground, will doubtless be furnished cheerfully at the company's office in Greenwich street. Of other available places not wholly preoccupied, the eastern shore of Maryland is recommended, along St. Mary's county, including Choplico and Brittain's Bay,

Egg Harbor, Barnegat Bay, the Great South Bay of Long Island, and the Connecticut River near Saybrook. At all these places, good lodging accommodations and experienced gunners can be found.

LONG ISLAND.

ITS HUNTING AND FISHING GROUNDS AND SUMMER RESORTS.

The following description of the hunting and fishing localities and pleasant places on Long Island was colated expressly for FUR, FIN, AND FEATHER. It includes about all the points worth visiting.

The angler who takes his annual trip to the Adirondacks or Canadian waters, and expects on returning home to be able to boast of having caught his fifty to eighty pounds of trout daily, and who cares for quantity rather than quality of sport, would scarcely be satisfied with that on the salt marshes, ponds, and streams of Long Island. But the well-trained disciple of Izank Walton, he who can handle the most delicate tackle and cast a long line, not only without the remotest chance of a snarl, but so deftly that the fly shall fall as light as a snowflake, and who will be well satisfied with the capture of a half dozen fish when that is due entirely to his own skill; may find numerous spots either on the "South Side" or along the north and east shores, where he can bring his scientific angling into play.

This refers only to such fishing as is open to the public; there are numerous preserves and private ponds on the Island where a basket full of well-bred and well-fed trout may be quickly landed, but access to these can only be had through the permission of the proprietors.

There are several noted sporting resorts on the Island; Fire Island is known as the headquarters for bluefish; in the Fall wild-fowl shooting is good there, as is also snipe shooting. Sayville is one of those places where the visitor can vary the sport in trolling for blue-

fish and Spanish mackerel; casting the fly for trout or knocking over bay snipe, or stopping the flight of all kinds of wild fowl. Patchogue is an excellent place for quail shooting, and we know of no place in close proximity to New York City, where Bob Whites in favorable seasons are more abundant; but for a week's gunning and fishing in a nice, unfrequented spot, commend us to Noyac and its beautiful bay, situated about four miles from the old town of Sag Harbor, on the Long Island Railroad.

For wild-duck shooting no place on the Island affords more game, and the best mode of proceeding is either to station yourself at daylight on the beach of Jessup's Neck (where there is excellent bluefish fishing to be had in the season) and await your chance for shots at the flight of ducks, which regularly cross from Noyac Bay to Little Peconic Bay, or to take a boat and get in amongst the wild fowl as they float on the surface of the bay.

Back of the cultivated strip of land on which Noyac stands, the woods extend about four miles towards Bridgehampton, and in the marshy portion woodcock shooting is good in season; partridges and rabbits are also plentiful, so that what with the enjoyable retirement of this spot and the facilities for sport, one may thoroughly take his pleasure for a week or two at a very small pecuniary outlay.

Canoe Place is on the narrow isthmus between the Shinnecock and Great Peconic Bays, in the waters of the latter weakfish, bluefish, striped bass, and kingfish are all in turn to be caught with a clam bait—a mollusc for which the place is noted—rods and reels for those who fancy pole fishing, lines and sinkers for those choosing drop lines. The Island here is scarce half a mile wide, and a walk of that distance over the sandy dunes, held together by bunches of wiry beach grass, reaches the beach of Shinnecock where the best of bay shooting can be had in August and September, and which becomes a paradise for duck and goose shooters later in the Fall. At Good Ground, Capt. Wm. Lane has one of the best resorts for duck shooting to be found in this section, and he knows how to entertain his friends. Most excellent accommodations can also be had at the Bay View House, kept by Mr. M. Williams. He has plenty of birds, good guides, complete outfit of decoys, batter-

ies, &c., and sets before the tired duck shooter a substantial bill of fare, and provides a clean, comfortable bed on which he can rest from the fatigues of the day's sport.

West Hampton, also on the Sag Harbor branch of the Long Island Railroad, is an excellent spot for duck, quail and woodcock, while a good time for a day or two may be had amongst the bay birds at Good Ground, where William N. Lane knows so well how to play the parts of host, guide and companion. At Southampton, a sequestered marine village near the ocean, one can get good fishing, and in the Fall excellent shooting; quail were said to be quite numerous last season. Bridgehampton is also a good place to stop at, where you can have either salt or fresh water angling, shoot woodcock, bay birds, quail and rabbits; good accommodations can be had in the village.

Greenport, the terminal station of the railroad, is reached in about four hours from Hunter's Point, and can boast of good hotel accommodations. A row boat will land the hunter on Shelter Island in a few minutes, and here, during the latter part of November and in December, a fair shot by using decoys can strike a barrel full of nearly all kinds and varieties of ducks, except the canvas back. On the low lands of this beautiful island, the ducks swarm in myriads at this season of the year, and from the day of legal shooting one can bag all the quail he can carry. Jamesport on this branch of the railroad is a good place to spend a few days in fishing, sailing and boating in the Summer; and in the Fall the shooting is good, quail and other small game being quite abundant.

The most noted and richly stocked private ponds on the island are Maitland's, Phillip's, and Stump Ponds, near Islip, and the Massapiqua Pond at Oyster Bay.

The entire surface of the Island is diversified by ponds and extensive swamps, which send forth copious streams, clear and cold. Of these Peconic River is the largest, measuring about sixteen miles. Nearly all are well stocked with trout, but the most noted are Success Pond, Ronkonkoma, Coram, Great Pond, Fort Pond, Killis Pond, and the waters at Smithtown, Carman's, Islip and Oyster Bay, the last

being a pleasant place to visit for recreation, with either gun or dog, fishing tackle, trolling tackle, or no tackle at all. For the man of over-worked brain, who would seek rest near the metropolis, Oyster Bay is the place; good trouting, good trolling, and good snipeing are to be had here if anywhere; the New Bridge Creek and Cedar Swamp will probably yield the best sport, after testing which, let the angler go on to Patchogue, and put up at Austin Roe's hotel, where he will find a landlord who owns rights in nearly all the ponds and creeks in the neighborhood. There he can fish as long as he pleases, free of charge and take home with him all the trout his luck or skill may bring to his creel.

The Great South Bay of Long Island is a land-locked sheet of water, extending for some seventy miles and is from five to six miles in width, enclosed between the sandy beach of the sea shore and the meadows of the mainland. At any time between the middle of July and the middle of September, this bay is a favorite haunt of immense flocks of all descriptions of bay snipe, including the curlew, willet, martin, dowitch, yellowleg, brant bird, and the gray, golden, and black-breasted plover, and later in the season abounds with teal, black duck, and broadbills, which will afford sufficient amusement until the weather becomes too cold to handle a gun. Good accommodations can be had at any of the little villages that skirt the shore, such as Babylon, Islip, Moriches, &c., and from which the sniper can readily cross the bay to the beach for the day's shooting, as these birds follow the beach shore of the bay, and are very seldom shot on the mainland shore; the golden plover and yellowlegs are about the only exceptions to this rule, and they being fond of the feed in fresh water ponds, are often found in large flocks around the fresh meadows on the main. When strong easterly or westerly winds prevail the bay is very rough, and it is not always pleasant or even safe to cross in a sail boat, so that we would advise Fire Island, Bellport, or Fire Place as objective points; they are near the eastern terminus of the bay, so that from them both the meadows and the beach can be easily reached, and in the neighborhood of the last named there are also some fine trout streams.

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

Until very recently comparatively but little had been written to place on record the noble game in the forests and the magnificent fish to be found in the waters of the Province of Ontario. There are certain localities abounding with the means of amusement for all those who rejoice in the manly and exhilarating pleasures of rod and gun. Of the larger varieties of game, in the great wilderness, in the north and west, moose, caribou, deer, bear, &c., are found in the greatest abundance, but are scarce in the southern portion of the Province. Swans, geese, ducks, snipe, ruffed grouse, woodcock, and golden plover, are very plentiful, and sportsmen can get good shooting; and in the innumerable rivers, lakes, and streams that are interspersed throughout the Province, the lordly salmon, speckled trout, maskalonge, bass, and pickerel offer abundant sport to the angler.

In the southern portion of Ontario, large game is scarce, but in the great wilderness in the north and west, moose, caribou, deer, &c., can be found in the greatest abundance. Of late years this vast game region has been rendered comparatively easy of access. Guides and outfitters are obtainable at almost any of the larger towns or at the Hudson Bay Co.'s Posts. No better fishing grounds can be found anywhere than are afforded by the many lakes and rivers that dot the surface of the country. In that portion of the Province extending from Lake Ontario, north, between Georgian Bay and Ottawa Bay, and thence around Lake Superior, the angler will find innumerable lakes and rivers, abundantly stocked with salmon, trout, bass, maskalonge, &c. Salmon fishing privileges are leased; but the other fishing, we believe, is open to all.

Leaving the western section of Ontario, the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence afford splendid trolling for black bass and maskalonge, pike, and pickerel. The largest sized maskalonge are taken here, forty or fifty pounds not being unusual, not with an ordinary bait, for they scorn the small bait that is so tempting a morsel to their kindred pike, but, says Weld, a good authority, "I have invariably taken them with fish of a large size, such as no other angler would ever think of putting on his line." There is also good spearing here at night, and a week or two spent on any of these islands will amply repay the fisherman, besides giving him the invigorating benefits of the river breeze. There is no difficulty in getting canoes or accommodations at any of the farm houses on the banks of the river, but hotels are few and far between. The whole channel of the Lake of the Thousand Islands is a famous spot for sporting; myriads of wild fowl of every description may be found there, and the facilities for coming upon them round some interposing point, by suddenly rounding one of the many islets, or again, by lying concealed on one of the islets and taking them on the wing in their flight past, make this amusement more varied than in most other shooting grounds. It is necessary to have a good Newfoundland or retriever dog when shooting from the shore. The water varies in depth from five to eighty feet, flows at the rate of three miles an hour, and in addition to the piscatorial attractions of the spot, the scenery is unique. The fishing here has been so admirably described by Lanman, in his "Wanderings," and by Genio C. Scott, in his "Fishing in American Waters," that it

would be superfluous to dilate upon it here. The county of Fontenac still affords sport in duck-shooting, as well as partridge and snipe, though the birds are considerably thinned out; parties knowing the grounds, however, are sure of fair sport. The country in the rear being rocky and marshy, and thus unsuited for farming, still abounds with deer, and numbers of sportsmen from New York State annually visit it with good success.

The Ottawa country lying back of the above district abounds in game of every description. Moose and deer are plentiful; excellent duck and partridge shooting is to be had, together with a fair show of snipe and woodcock, though quail are not found east of Kingston, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout, maskalonge, pickerel, and bass. On the Ontario side of the Ottawa river the streams have no trout, probably owing to the limestone formation through which they run, but those on the north or Quebec side, where the primary rocks are met with, abound with trout, the Madawaska being especially celebrated for the size and number of its fish. Good duck-shooting may be had all along the Ottawa in the long lagoons and marshes which fringe its banks; but perhaps the best places of all are on the Upper Ottawa near Cobden, and on the Lower Ottawa, the Lake of the Two Mountains, and Jones Island, the favorite resort of Montreal sportsmen. The moose roams in countless numbers throughout all the country to the north and northwest of the city of Ottawa, the Dumoine and Coulonge rivers being the most famous localities, and the Black and Gatineau river country also affording good sport, the latter being especially popular from its accessibility,

and the variety of game to be met with there. If the sportsman desires to engage in the chase of the moose, he can obtain the services of trusty Indians at Ottawa, or at various points on the river. At Sand Point, forty miles from Ottawa, lives a noted Indian hunter named White Duck. At Pembroke, near which place, the Bonnechere and Petewawa rivers afford good hunting grounds, the Ottawa House will be found in every sense of the word comfortable, and should the sportsman proceed as far as Des Joachims, the proprietor of the hotel there—there is only one worthy of the name, and that was formerly kept by Macdougall—will put him on the right track for sport. In the immediate vicinity of Ottawa quite a number of deer are killed annually, and on the Nation River, about thirty or forty miles below Ottawa, they are very abundant. All the small lakes and streams north of Ottawa abound in trout; and to sum it all up, a better region for the exercise of either gun or rod, where the sportsman is sure to meet with a rich reward in varied sport, will be hard to find than that of Ottawa.

On Lake Superior and the Mackinaw Straits and the streams debouching into them, the very best of trout fishing can be enjoyed. The region is one of the healthiest in the world, and during July and August, the temperature is delightful. The waters around Grand Island, in Lake Superior, are well stocked with trout, whitefish, and other varieties of the finny tribe, and they are as abundant now as they were years ago, notwithstanding the extensive fishing done there annually—the supply seems equal to the demand. The best localities in the vicinity lie off of what is known as Point Ecorce or Bark Point. Game of every

kind is scarce through this section, even wild fowl being seldom met with; but the angler can revel in sport—the fishing is glorious. On the main land, moose are found in considerable numbers, and bears are quite numerous; but deer seem to be quite scarce — only occasionally is one captured. Rabbits and almost every other northern variety of small animals are abundant, and grouse and other birds are plentiful.

The excellent trout fishing to be had at Sault Ste. Marie has been described so often, that it is known almost to every angler. Brook trout, running in size from twelve ounces up to three pounds, are plentiful, while in the lake, the Mackinaw trout, of much weightier proportions, are abundant, and hard fighters. Use artificial fly or minnow for bait; the fish take these lures readily. The best points for fishing at the Sault are at the foot of the rapids, where the water is about twelve feet or more in depth. The fishing is generally done from canoes anchored in the stream. Carp and Dead rivers, within less than half an hour's drive from the village, afford capital trout fishing, and a brief visit there will give the fisherman an idea of the amount of torture the black flies and mosquitoes can inflict on poor humanity in an incredible short space of time. The water at Sault Ste. Marie is remarkably transparent, and the bottom of the river can be distinctly seen at a depth of fifteen to twenty feet, apparently seeming not over four or five. Indian guides, canoes, &c., can be had in the village for a trip to Batchewanaug Bay and its tributaries, Gaulais Bay, Montreal, Harmony, Agnawa rivers, and other excellent trouting localities that lie along the north shore for a distance of over thirty odd miles. Sault Ste. Marie is reached by steamer

from any of the points at which the lake steamers stop — Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth, Collingwood, &c. The hotel accommodations are ample and excellent.

The Nepigon region is more noted for its splendid fishing than its hunting. The Nepigon River is nearly fifty miles long from its mouth to the head of the lake, and is interspersed by several falls, where the very best of trout fishing can be enjoyed. In many places along the river are numerous broad expanses of water of nearly three miles in width, in which the whitefish and great lake trout abound in large numbers. Whitefish, trout, salmon trout, pike, pickerel, and other varieties of fish are found everywhere and in such numbers as to satisfy any angler that ever wet a line. In the way of game, a few caribou are found, but no deer of any species. In the early Fall, ruffed grouse are plenty, and numerous bears roam through the forests. Rabbits and other small game and fur-bearing animals are quite plentiful. August is the best time to visit this section, as then black flies and gnats have departed and the trout are gamey and fat. Take steamer at Duluth, Detroit, or Toronto. The trip will occupy ten days' actual travel. Camping ground is good everywhere throughout this section. At Red Rock, a Hudson Bay Company's post, good accommodations are provided for sportsmen by Mr. Crawford, the agent, of whom fishing permits must be obtained before the angler will be allowed to fish in the Nepigon. Mr. Crawford also furnishes everything needed for camping out, except shooting and fishing tackle, at very low rates, including all the necessary provisions, condensed milk, coffee, and soups, desiccated meats, pork, ham, flour, pickles, ale, porter, spirits for medicinal pur-

poses, canned fruits, segars and tobacco, boats, canoes, tents, blankets, woolen shirts, overcoats, corduroy pants, boots, shoepacks, axes, cutlery, &c.; in fact, the sportsman need take nothing but gun, ammunition, and fishing tackle—a stout rod and brown and red hackles. Good and reliable Indian guides charge \$1 a day for their services. These Indian can manage a canoe dexterously, and do excellent camp duty.

There are some fine fishing to be had in Brandt county. There are numerous lakes and ponds that are well stocked with large sized black bass, among which Grand River and its tributaries, Smith's and Homer's creeks, are favorite points. There is a deep hole at Ivy's mill, on Homer's Creek, where the fish often assemble in multitudes during the month of June.

The Muskoka district is full of attractions for sportsmen, embracing within its boundaries numerous lakes, rivers, and streams, including what is called the Northern Lakes, north of Toronto, and known as lakes Simcoe, Muskoka, Rosseau, and Cocochong. The waters are all well supplied with fish, and game in the greatest abundance is found everywhere through the district. The Northern Lakes are noted resorts for sportsmen, affording trout fishing that cannot be excelled anywhere, and the most magnificent black bass fishing to be had in the Province. The larger lakes are between thirty-five and forty miles in length, and some of the smaller ones do not cover half as many acres; but they are all clear and deep, and full of salmon trout, black bass, pickerel, perch, &c. The principal rivers are the Muskoka, with its two arms, both emptying into lakes, and broken by many falls; the Magnetewan, the Severn, Moon, South, Kasheshobogamog,

and Sharp's Creek. The south branch of the Muskoka is noted for its large and abundant trout. The Magnetewan River is famous for its speckled trout of six pounds in weight, its black bass of seven pounds, and its pickerel of twenty pounds; Moon River, twenty odd miles northwest of Gravenhurst, has a reputation for giant-proportioned maskalonge, and also contains its quota of speckled and salmon trout, pickerel, and black bass. Fine trout fishing can be had in Trading Lake, about eighteen miles from Bracebridge, and at the head of Lake Rosseau; Lake Joseph is noted for black bass; speckled and salmon trout, black bass, pickerel, &c., are taken in considerable number in Gull Lake, a short distance from Gravenhurst. There are many other places where excellent sport can be had. Terry's, Pickerel, Perch, and Silver lakes, all in close proximity to Muskoka Lake; Sharpe's Creek, near Bracebridge; the chain of lakes about fifteen miles from the same village, known as Fairy, Vernon, Fox, and Peninsula, with the Bay of Lakes (accessible by a mile "carry"), and the waters adjacent to and including the Magnetewan, are all well supplied with fish of various species. At nearly all these points deer are abundant and wild ducks plentiful. The Magnetewan River courses through the finest deer country in the Province. The forests all along the banks of the south branch of the Muskoka River are alive with deer, and a considerable number are found around Gull Lake, which is also a good place for ducks. Splendid deer hunting can be had at the head of Rosseau Lake and around Trading Lake. Ruffed grouse are abundant along the Magnetewan, and also on the Severn, between Bracebridge and Gravenhurst. Rabbits and other small game are to be

met with almost anywhere, except some few localities. The north branch of the Muskoka is troutless, and ruffed grouse and small game scarce along the south branch.

The country is easily accessible, and the best hunting and fishing grounds can be "done" in four or five weeks. The objective point is Toronto. At Toronto take the Northern Railroad to Gravenhurst, or rail to Belle Ewart, and then steamer to Gravenhurst. A steamboat runs from Gravenhurst through lakes Muskoka, Rosseau, and Joseph, stopping at Bracebridge, seven miles up the Muskoka River, and the starting point for the South Branch and Trading Lake, eighteen miles distant. Boats, guides, and dogs can had at Trading Lake. At Bracebridge, much valuable information respecting guides, conveyance, route, &c., can be obtained of the proprietor of the Queen's Hotel. Mr. Pratt keeps a good house at the head of Lake Rosseau, as also does Mr. Frazer at the head of Lake Joseph. They are both comfortable, and your wife can go with you without any inconvenience.

Parties intending to camp out should take their own tent and "fixin's;" provisions and wagons can be procured at any large towns. Boats, guides, and dogs can be obtained at most of the places. Joseph Scott of Gravenhurst will furnish reliable guides and much needed information. Heavy woolen clothing is absolutely necessary. June is the best month for fish; September and October are the best months for game, the shooting then can be done without experiencing the extreme heat.

Perth, in Lanark county, is good for deer and grouse, and splendid black bass fishing is to be had among the islands in the Lachine Rapids, and in the Fall

and Spring excellent duck shooting can be had at the same point. A full description of the Gull River Waters is given below, and other noted points are elsewhere mentioned.

GULL RIVER WATERS.

Balsam Lake lies at the terminus of the Toronto & Nipissing Railway, and is about ninety miles distant from Toronto, Canada. It is at the head of a chain of waters—small lakes—of, approximately, from four to fourteen miles in length, and short links of river that extend as far east as Rice Lake, including in the chain lakes Cameron, Sturgeon, Pigeon, Buckhorn, Stoney, and Clear. Out of Rice Lake these waters find their exit by way of the River Trent into the bay of Quinte, Lake Ontario. The fishing in these lakes consists of bass and maskalonge, and, of course, the dozen other varieties found in like waters—perch, sunfish, catfish, suckers, &c. The country about Rice Lake to the south and north has been settled for many years. This lake is twenty-two miles in length, and from two to four miles wide. It is famous for its maskalonge and bass fishing, which even at this late date is probably better than in any of the lakes more remote from settlement. Its wild rice attracts many duck, and in October and the early part of November every available point and every island, at all favorably situated, is occupied by a sanguine sportsman. Decoying is the method of capture usually employed, but for ten years past the number of ducks visiting the lake has been rapidly diminishing; and although ten or fifteen years ago, with less destructive weapons than are in vogue to-day, sportsmen were able easily to bag from thirty to one hundred ducks,

now from five to ten is considered a good average number.

Rice Lake is probably the most beautiful of the back lakes in the Province of Ontario. It is connected with the town of Cobourg, on Lake Ontario, by the Cobourg, Peterboro & Marmora Railway, fourteen miles in length. In the vicinity of most of the lakes above named deer are still to be found, but only in some localities is the hunting really good, notably at Deer Bay, Buckhorn Lake, and north of Balsam Lake. Of course there are fifty localities within the Province that afford capital sport and deer in plenty; but this meagre description is intended for what is commonly known as the Gull River Waters.

Buckhorn Lake has some very beautiful scenery, and at the Narrows, between it and Pigeon Lake, the country on either side, as you enter Buckhorn, has the appearance of a grand park, oak, beech, maple and balsam trees lending their varied tints to the landscape. The lower part of Buckhorn Lake, after the rapids are passed, is full of beautiful little rocky islets, covered with bright vegetation, very similar to those on the north shore of the Georgian Bay. There is very little settlement about Buckhorn; the land is poor close to the lake, and deer, partridge, and ducks abound during September and October, which months are the best for shooting.

Stoney Lake is a body of water about nine miles long by three wide, and dotted over with innumerable islands of all sizes and shapes. Many of these are wooded, others are covered with grass and small shrubs, while a few produce a fair crop of bare rock; these latter are sometimes selected as camp grounds for the weary traveler.

Huckleberries in their season are very

plentiful, and are plucked as large as cherries. The black bass fishing in the lake is first-class, especially at the mouths of Jack's and Eel creeks. Trolling is also good in all parts of the lake, mas-kalonge and landlocked salmon, taking the troll freely. The latter fish afford magnificent sport for the angler (with live minnow for bait) early in May, at Purleigh Falls; they are seldom caught weighing less than seven pounds, and have been taken over thirty pounds in weight, and in point of flavor, are excellent. Summer duck shooting begins the middle of August, and remains good for four or five weeks, when the Fall flight commences. Wild rice and celery grow in great abundance in all of these waters, which are visited by millions of the duck tribe, until the cold weather closes the waters, compelling them to seek a more congenial clime. Stoney Lake, Lovesick Lake, and Deer Bay (all contiguous), are favorite resorts of the deer hunter. They are easy of access, and deer are plentiful. Surely the sportsman should be satisfied in the heart of such a game region as this.

The Mount Julien Hotel, erected on the very shore of Stoney Lake for the especial comforts of tourists and sportsmen, has accommodation for sixty guests, with every luxury that could reasonably be looked for in the backwoods of Canada. In fact, the house is kept only in first-class style, and persons desiring to take their families for a few weeks vacation, will find every inducement for their harmless enjoyment. The proprietors are determined to see that the wants of every guest, male or female, man, woman or child, are supplied. Sailboats, rowboats, and canoes are always at hand. Guides, if necessary, can be procured, and dogs in the deer hunting season.

Americans will probably find the cheapest and most direct route via Rochester. Take the steamer at Charlotte in the evening, get a comfortable berth and a good night's rest. You reach Port Hope in time for the morning train, of the Midland Railway, purchase tickets for Lakefield, on Lake Katchewanook, where the steamer is in waiting to convey you to Mount Julien; time from Charlotte about fourteen hours; total cost less than \$4.00 per head. Any further information desired respecting Stoney Lake and vicinity will be cheerfully given on application to Messrs. R. C. Strickland & Co., North Donro, Province of Ontario, Canada.

THE OSWEGATCHIE COUNTRY.

The east or main branch of the Oswegatchie River rises in Crooked Lake; that is, if we are to call the longest the main branch. From Crooked Lake it runs in a northeasterly direction some six or eight miles, to where it forms the branch from Deer Pond (Colvin's Lost Lake) country. It is known above this point as the Robinson River, taking this name from a hunter named Robinson, who had a shanty and hunted near it some twenty-five years ago. In the meantime it received the waters from Orin Lake, Grassy Gall, Cracker, West, and two or three other small ponds. The stream that it here unites with is formed by the outlets of Partlon Lake, Gull, Big Deer, Little Deer, Clear and Nick Ponds, and the drainage of a big balsam swamp known as "Inlet Swamp." Below the junction, some two miles, it tumbles over a ledge of rocks some twenty feet in height. Here, at the foot of these falls, known as the "High Falls," on the inlet are found speckled trout of three to four pounds weight, and now and then

one that gets away with your tackle so easy that you are sure "he was the biggest trout you ever saw." Above the falls are plenty of trout weighing from a quarter to a half pound. Half a mile further down you come to "The Plains," a tract of country that has been cleared of timber by wind and fire, some three miles long, and varying in width from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile, and nearly surrounded by hills of from three to five hundred feet high. Near the upper part of these plains a small spring brook and very cold spring empty into the river from the east side, making a good "trout hole" when the water is not too high. In the brook are also small trout. For the next two miles the river is broken by several rifts or chains of rocks across it, and from two to ten rods in length. Over some of them it is necessary to lift your boat. All along here, and for some miles further down, the fishing is fine, and for a stretch of ten miles the chances for a shot at a deer by day or jack light is very good. On the west side of the river, near the foot of the plains, and distant from one and a half to two miles, are the "Five Ponds," taking their name from their number. These, or a part of them, are excellent ponds for deer. About this section there is now and then a wolf and panther; just enough to frighten the timid ones, but not enough to pay the hunters who trap for them, they seldom getting more than two or three in a season. At the foot of this still water is some three miles of rapids, on which, about the 1st of June, is some good fishing. Below these rapids is the "Drowned Land," as it is called, being a large swamp overflowed by the draining of Cranberry Lake. This lake is used as a reservoir from which to obtain extra water for running saw logs, and

for mill purposes in general. The original lake was some seven miles long and about four miles wide in the widest part, while the overflow of swamp land is probably as much more. When full, the water is raised twelve feet on the lakes, which damages the sporting somewhat in the early part of the Summer, but by about the 1st of September the water is nearly down to the old bed, and fishing and hunting are both good. A dozen or more ponds empty into the lake on the south and southeast side, among which are Bossout, Cat Mountain, Cow Horn, Olmstead, Darnneedle, Fish Pole, or Little Grass, as it is some times called, Little Gull, Curtis, and other small ones. Nearly all of these are good for trout or deer, and some of them for both.

The hunting ground is reached by two routes. First—leave the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad at Gouverneur, going through Edwards, to Fine, twenty-five miles, by stage, three times a week, or by private conveyances. At Fine you can put up at a good hotel, or go on five miles to Griffin's, where you will find as nice fare and accommodations as can be had at a first-class farm house. Here, or at the hotel, you will get good guides with light boats for \$3 per day and board; also team—usually oxen and sled—to convey boats and baggage to the foot of still water on the outlet or inlet, as the river is frequently called above and below the lake. Second—you can leave railroad at Canton and go direct to the foot of Cranberry Lake by team. The distance is about forty miles and is accomplished in a day. You can purchase good light boats weighing thirty to forty pounds at Canton, or hire rather poor ones at the hotel at the lake. You can get there with or without guides. Finally,

there is plenty of work connected with a trip to this part of the woods, and the lazy ones had better stay at home. But those who are willing to rough it a little can have a good time.

IN NORTHWEST IOWA.

Riding north from Algona, which is on the Chicago, Milwaukee & Saint Paul Railroad, you enter upon an elevated prairie plateau, which runs westwardly to the Sioux River, embracing numerous beautiful lakes, well stocked with every variety of fish known to this latitude. The pickerel, wall-eyed pike, muskalonge and black and green bass, and crappy dominating. Ten miles from the Iowa line in Minnesota is Fairmont, on the Southern Minnesota Railroad. Fairmont, four hundred and seventy-five miles from St. Louis, is a most inviting field for hunting and fishing. It is upon the Centre Chain lakes: East Chain, Centre Chain and West Chain from the main group of lakes there, with fourteen additional ones within a radius of twelve miles from Fairmont. Commencing five miles east of Fairmont, the East Chain running from north to south, is composed of thirteen lakes, the most southerly one of the group approaching near the Iowa line being a deep, clear lake, about four and a half miles long by one and a half in width, and the other lakes, extending northward, varying in size from one to three miles in length. The East Chain has seventeen lakes, extending twenty-four miles upon a direct line from north to south, their borders covered with fine oak, walnut, sugar maple, and other timber trees, in the season covered with water fowl and filled with the finest fish, within thirty hours of St. Louis by rail.

Prairie chickens in season are here by

the million, while it is the great halting field of the geese, swan, brant, duck and crane, in the Fall upon their flight to the South. Many of these lakes the hook of the angler has never disturbed, while myriads of the finest fresh water fish sport in their limpid waters. A colony of English farmers, some of them graduates of Oxford, hospitable and refined, have located around Fairmont, and appear to enjoy all the luxuries of rural life. They have brought with them the English taste for field sports, have a kennel of twenty-four hounds, some fine imported English hunters, and are always ready for a fox or wolf hunt, frequently chasing the wolves twenty miles before they are captured. They are a jolly set, and are very kindly spoken of by all the farmers in the vicinity.

Nine miles west of Fairmont is the West Chain, which contains ten lakes, the largest, "Okamanapadee," seven miles long and very deep; the southerly half of the lakes flowing into the Des Moines and northerly ones into St. Peter's River. Outside of these chains are fourteen other lake equally as attractive.

From Tenhasson, on this chain, forty miles westward, on the same grand and fertile prairie plateau, passing endless beautiful lakes, and now and then a homestead settler, is Spirit Lake, in Dickinson county, Iowa. This and the East and West "Okaligi" lakes, all connected by outlets, are growing to be quite a resort for sportsmen and anglers from the East, Boston and New York furnishing their annual quota. They are large, clear, beautiful lakes, and filled with fish of every variety. A gentleman who tried his hand at fishing, although the wind was blowing a northwest gale at the time, caught thirty-two fine fish

from off the bridge between Okaligi and Spirit Lake, aggregating over one-hundred pounds in weight, embracing pickerel, wall-eyed pike, muskalonge, and green bass, the three last offering fine sport, as they came to the shore with great reluctance. It is no unusual thing in the season to see a ton of fish taken with the hook upon this bridge. The Scandinavian farmers, who compose a majority of the settlers, salt and dry them for Summer use. Indeed, if one did not tire of such food, fish and wild game, with little labor in taking them, could be made to supply the table all the year round.

The sportsman and angler should by all means visit the Chain Lakes in the Fall, and to every one in search of invigorating, pure, bracing air and consequent health, no better resort can be found in the United States, the only drawback being suitable accommodations for families. For fishing and hunting parties everything is ready. Every farmer in the three counties will welcome you as a brother, and no danger of the Chain lake fiasco being repeated among these hospitable frontiersmen, most of whom were eight years ago homesteaders.

NEW GAME FIELDS.

The extension line of the St. Paul & Pacific railroad having been completed to its terminus at the British boundary line, has made accessible a splendid game country to sportsmen. The completion of this extension, in connection with the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific, makes a continuous line of four hundred and eighty-three miles, and binds together by ties of iron the capitals of Minnesota and Manitoba. This line of railroad has not only opened up for settlement in its whole length, the Red

River Valley, but it has also made easy of access to the sportsman the most extensive hunting grounds on this continent, stocked with a greater variety of game than may be found elsewhere within the limits of a single season's excursion.

Starting from St. Paul by the main line of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, to the trains of which elegant sleeping cars are attached, the sportsman-tourist will in less than twenty-four hours find himself in the lower Red River Valley in the northwestern corner of Minnesota. On the prairies anywhere in this region the sharp-tailed grouse is abundant, and in the timbered bottom lands of Red River and its numerous tributaries there is good woodcock shooting and plenty of ruffed grouse. In the immediate vicinity of the railroad a few settlers have established themselves within the last year or two, but toward the east, for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, extends an unbroken, almost unexplored wilderness, where the deer, the moose, the elk, and the bear as yet roam in undisturbed security.

Getting tired of venison, grouse, and woodcock the sportsman may again take the northward bound train, and a journey of a few hours will land him in Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba.

He will here find a city of some eight thousand inhabitants, which in the intelligence and cultivation of its people and substantiality and even elegance of its buildings, will lose nothing when compared with any Western city of equal population and much greater pretensions. The city is prosperous, growing fast, and doing an immense business, being the *entrepot* of the whole British northwest. The hotel accommodations are excellent. The country about the foot of Lake Winnipeg is low and marshy, and scarce-

ly in any part above the level of the lake. In Autumn the shallow lakes and the streams thereabouts are covered with water fowl—ducks, geese, pelicans and swans—which halt on their migrating journeys southward. The pursuit of the goose becomes, under these circumstances, a pleasure not lightly to be neglected. It is the practice of many inhabitants to encamp on the banks of the small ponds, and lay in supplies of feathered game for Winter consumption. A little later on the game freezes, and it requires no further curing to be kept fresh until the next May. The geese, after resting on the water all night, repair to the gravel beds among the marshes at early dawn to take in ballast, without which they do not fly well. About these beds the sportsmen build brush or reed screens, and at short range secure many geese. A good shot has been known to kill forty inside of an hour, without moving from his screen. Having rested, take steamer down Red River and Lake Winnipeg to the mouth of Saskatchewan. Here have your traps transferred to one of the several steamboats plying on this great stream. Once on board you may, by this means of conveyance, without fatigue or trouble, reach the heart of the continent and penetrate, if such should be your desire, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The valley of the Saskatchewan is one of the finest and largest in America, and is a great game resort. The varieties are about the same as those of western Dacotah, Montana, and Idaho—the buffalo (in untold multitudes), the grizzly, black, and cinnamon bear, the elk, deer, and antelope, and feathered game in great variety and abundance. At any of the forts or trading-posts of the Hudson Bay Company—at Cumberland

House, for instance, at Fort Carleton, or at Battleford, the new capital of the Northwestern Territory—the gentleman-sportsman will find hospitable reception by kindred spirits, good accommodations, and offers of every facility and assistance.

Returning to the mouth of the Saskatchewan, if there is any time to spare, a trip is recommended to the north end of Lake Winnipeg, which is not distant. The sportsman will then find himself in the land of the caribou and the willow grouse. The former is very abundant in the timber belt, which toward the northwest extends in the direction of Lake Atabasca, and the latter, perfectly reliable parties say, is swarming on the open barrens, which toward the northeast stretch out all the way to Hudson Bay. Those who have tasted the pleasures of partridge shooting in Newfoundland or a grouse hunt on the British moors will not hesitate to go a good distance out of their way to enjoy once more this delightful sport, and here it can be had to perfection.

For his homeward trip the traveler had better take the same route that brought him within the dominion of Queen Victoria. There is, however, from Winnipeg another route, known as the "Dawson road," by way of Lake of the Woods and the Rainy Lake Region, along the boundary between Minnesota and the Province of Kewatin. But the first one hundred and twenty-five miles of this road, from Winnipeg, is overland and will entail more hardship than all the journey from the Atlantic seaboard to the outmost post on the Saskatchewan. It is simply horrid, leading over corduroyed swamps for a great part of the way. Once on the Lake of the Woods, however, you are amply repaid.

Nice little steamers provided by the Canadian Government will carry you over the most enchanting lakes, and at the several portages are good camping grounds. The banks are high and rocky, the waters, clear as crystal, are filled with fish—pickerel, pike, black bass, whitefish &c.—and the surrounding country is well stocked with game of the same varieties as are found in Northern Minnesota, excepting the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse; but the ruffed grouse is found in goodly numbers and now and then the spruce partridge. Lake Saganaga, near the eastern terminus of this remarkable expanse of water, is one of the most beautiful lakes in the whole Northwest, surrounded by enchanting scenery. The end of this route will put the traveler down at the mouth of Pigeon River on the shore of Lake Superior.

A correspondent of a weekly cotemporary thus describes some of the hunting and fishing points along the main line of the First Division of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad that are taken in on this route :

For sportsmen visiting Minnesota in search of health, recreation or amusement, no part of the State offers better opportunities than the region traversed by the "Main Line of the First Division of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, with its extension in the Valley of the Red River of the North."

Leaving St. Paul and Minneapolis, this road runs in a northwesterly direction for 216 miles to Breckenridge at the confluence of the Red River and the Bois to Sioux, and thence nearly due north, parallel with the first mentioned watercourse, from 120 miles more through the beautiful and fertile Red River valley, and will doubtless, before the end of next year, be completed to the boundaries of Uncle Sam's possessions on the confines of Manitoba, connecting there with the railroad system of the British Dominion. This is in every respect a first-class road, running Pullman's sleeping

and palace cars. The officers are courteous and attentive, and—what to a sportsman is of great importance—the baggage-masters will take very good care of their dogs at trifling charges.

For the first seventy miles the road passes through a dense forest of hard wood, the "Grand Bois" of the French fur traders in ante-territorial times. Deer are here quite plenty, and ruffed grouse very abundant and in the numerous lakes good pickerel, pike and black bass fishing is found. If you are a follower of good old Izaak Walton make your first stop at Wayzata, where the beautiful Lake Minnetonka, one of the finest in Minnesota, offers you unusual opportunities, and where the hotel accommodations are very good. Farther on through the woods a sportsman may find suitable quarters at almost any station but Howard Lake, Cokato and Dassel are recommended.

At Darwin you get the first glimpse of the great Northwest prairie. Groves scattered here and there between grain fields, lakes and stretches of native prairie, are at first numerous; but, as you proceed westward, they gradually diminish in numbers and extent, until after passing Hermann, not a tree is in sight for forty miles.

In this beautiful country between Darwin and Hermann, the pinnated grouse is found everywhere quite plenty, and in certain places there is excellent duck and geese shooting, notably in the neighborhood of Litchfield, Atwater (at the Kandigohi lakes), Willmar, Morris and Hermann. In all the places comfortable accommodations they may be had at reasonable prices, and also teams to carry the sportsmen to the hunting grounds. At Hermann you bid good-bye to lake and grove and enter a sea of waving grass, the famous valley of the Red River of the North.

Sojourning in this valley, the observant sportsman can hardly fail to notice some new features as well in the flora as the fauna of this region when compared with that of the more eastern parts of Minnesota. Instead of the usual varieties of prairie grass you find the bunch or buffalo grass of the plains. The common deer has nearly disappeared and is supplanted by the elk, and farther north by the moose. The pinnated grouse is now scarce, but its sharp-tailed congener become

more and more numerous; and to those sportsmen who would wish to find this, the finest game bird of the grouse family, in multitudes in the Red River valley, we say, do not delay until it is too late, for the Red River valley in its length and breadth will soon be transformed into a waving wheat field, and this noble bird affects not settlements, he will soon retire to the wild prairies and oak openings, less likely to be disturbed by the presence of man. Among other changes in the animal kingdom may be mentioned that our well known little cotton-tail is seen here no more, and its place is occupied by its larger cousin, the jack-rabbit, the common Western brant is supplanted by that most beautiful of the Anserinæ, the snow goose, which here may be seen in flocks by the hundred; and the smaller curlew so common along the eastern parts of the road, gives room to the sickle-bill. Doubtless there are many other changes.

After leaving Hermann there is as yet, on a stretch of 150 miles, only three stopping places with fair hotel accommodations—Breckenridge where there are good geese, duck, grouse and woodcock shooting; Glyndon, where this road intersects with the Northern Pacific, and Crookstown, near the present terminus. Around the two little places the sharp-tailed grouse is found in great abundance.

THE LAND OF DAKOTA.

YANKTON.

It is evident that this is a new country, from the game that is so plenty all around. Of course, the buffalo have left this section, although several have been killed recently in Eastern Dakota—one only a few miles west of Watertown, the western terminus of the Winona & St. Peter Railroad; others west and north of Fargo. The deer are gone to the Black Hills and the country of the Yellowstone; but the antelope remain—much like the Frenchman's flea, and about as hard to catch or shoot. Antelope steaks are plenty during the Winter months. In the way of feathered game are geese, sand-hill cranes,

ducks, prairie chicken (some of the sharp-tailed fellows, too), quail, snipe and a few woodcock.

It would do an Eastern sportsman's heart good to see the millions of geese and ducks that cover the prairies in the Fall, not to speak of the chickens.

The chickens assemble along in October in immense flocks, and exercise such wonderful vigilance that it is almost impossible to approach near enough for a shot. They are fat and good, and grain-fed.

The boys capture lots of geese (with shot) going to and returning from their feeding grounds to the sand-bars in the Missouri River. They fly out to and from the grain fields at morning and night, crossing the railroad just below the city in large numbers. The boys take cover in the willows along the bank, and shoot them as they fly. The fusillade sounds like a skirmish line.

For pinnated grouse look near the settlements, especially near wheat fields. Very few, comparatively speaking, are found out on the open prairies, away from the settlements.

It is of but little use to attempt to shoot wild geese on the large lakes. Up North they rear their young. You must wait for their Autumnal flight South, and shoot them as they do at Yankton when they halt for food and rest. There is good shooting at Yankton for weeks after the waters of Northern Dakota, Minnesota, and Michigan are closed by the ice king.

Sportsmen wishing a good long season, with plenty of feathered game, are advised to go to the vicinity of Yankton. There are first-class hotels, and sportsmen can purchase everything needed of the public-spirited dealers in such goods, right on the ground there; and

citizens of Yankton will extend a sportsman's welcome to all who may visit that section for the purpose of enjoying the fine sport that can be had on the abundant game fields.

BISMARCK.

In the immediate vicinity of Bismarck, Dakota Territory, it is often, in the Winter, too cold for hunting, although game is plenty close by town. On the train, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, going down to Jamestown, large herds of antelopes are often seen, in easy rifle shot of the road, and only ten or twenty miles from Bismarck. The timber down by the Missouri River is alive with prairie chickens, but they enjoy a degree of immunity, only tempered by the number of degrees which the mercury passes below the 0. About forty miles southeast of Bismarck is a large sheet of water called Long Lake. A party consisting of three well-known shots, who camped out there in October, 1878, for three days, bagged three antelope, two jack-rabbits, one fox, seven swan, sixteen geese, ninety-seven ducks and eight couple of snipe. The lake was literally alive with water fowl of all descriptions, and the party actually tired of the shooting, it approximating too close to slaughter. At Rhude's Rancho, about forty-five miles north from Bismarck, on the Fort Berthold trail, were killed by three hunters, in three days, forty-one deer and three antelope. The meat was brought into town and sold at four cents per pound. Two buffaloes were killed about sixteen miles from town by some teamsters. They had probably been separated from the herd and wandered down from the North. Living mountain streams well stocked with trout, flow through this sportsman's paradise, and grizzly bear,

buffalo, antelope, deer, and numerous small game abound. The principal stream is Big Spring Creek, which never freezes up. It has for its source a monster spring in the Judith Mountains. The Indians call it Spotted Fish Creek from the large number of beautiful trout found in it. No trouble is had in catching as many as are wished for, with the ordinary tackle, of from one to four pounds weight apiece. The Indians have long used this place as a favorite hunting ground, and are extremely jealous of the intruding white man. This spice of danger renders the locality peculiarly interesting, as the ardent sportsman has a chance of having his scalp lifted by "Poor Lo!" It is stated that a few years ago three men, in six weeks, killed fifteen hundred deer, in the near vicinity of the Judith Basin, for their hides alone. A successful slaughter in reality.

IN THE PELICAN STATE.

VARIED AND WELL-STOCKED GAME REGION.

Opelousas, Louisiana, is a fine game country. A few miles east of Opelousas, are the lowlands of bayous Teche and Courtableau, and in the canebrakes of the swampy country between these bayous and the Atchafalaya River are plenty of bear, and frequently in November (the best time to hunt them) that whole region, though subject to overflow in the Spring, is so dry that water is scarce for man and beast. It is the primitive forest, without human habitation; inhabited only by panthers, wild-cats, bears, deer, raccoons, opossums, &c., and some mosquitoes in warm weather. At a short distance on the north and west are pine woods, with deer and wild turkeys, and clear streams, home of the black (green) bass. For a hundred miles and over,

west and southwest, are prairies reaching to Texas, interspersed with timber along the streams, and southward to the marshes of the Gulf. In these prairies are the pinnated grouse, and also snipe, ducks, geese, &c., in their season, and formerly deer; and in some Winters, the finest woodcock shooting in the world can be had in the immediate neighborhood of Opelousas. Partridges (Bob White) are over the whole country, and in the prairie fields afford much better sport shooting them than in fields surrounded by woods. In the marshes near the Gulf thousands of geese and ducks are killed annually simply for their feathers. From Opelousas to Grand Lake, in Calcasien Parish, is about two days' drive through that land of the prairie chicken, and snipe during the season; from there to the mouth of the Calcasien River by sailboat is only a few hours; and the game there is an abundance of red and other fish, oysters, ducks, geese, prairie chicken, snipe, and other game. More can be combined in such a trip, through prairie and woodland, through fresh water to salt water, than in any other one from this point. Two weeks or three will cover it, and afford sufficient time for pleasure. Opelousas is an out of the way place, seldom visited by Northern tourists, but there is a greater variety of game there, than any other part of the South. There are two routes from New Orleans—one by rail to Morgan City, thence up the Teche by boat to New Iberia, thence forty-seven miles through the prairie by stage to Opelousas; the other route, the pleasantest and most traveled, is by boat, up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Red River, then down the Atchafalaya to mouth of the bayou Courtableau, and up the latter to Washington, six miles from Ope-

lousas, where hacks are always ready to convey passengers to the latter place. The best hotel in the State, outside of New Orleans, is in Opelousas.

WHERE WOODCOCK CONGREGATE—DUCKS,
GEESE, AND QUAIL.

Vermillion Parish, is a good shooting ground. Immense flocks of geese and ducks feed on the marshes in the Winter, and glorious woodcock and snipe shooting can be had in season, together with plovers and sandpipers. Quail (called there partridge) are in full force, and afford excellent sport when the law allows them to be shot. From Christmas till the middle of February, the woodcock are there in immense numbers, and are in fine order. Hunting these birds in Louisiana is very different from the same kind of sport in the North. The season, the place, and the action of the bird are all changed in Louisiana. Woodcock are not found there in warm weather—no sweltering heat, no spoiling of birds before you can get them home. On the contrary, the weather is cold and the air bracing; the birds will keep a week or two, and greatly improve by keeping hung up a few days. Thousands of them are sent to the New Orleans market. In the Abbeville market they sell for fifty cents a dozen. The birds are to be found by day in the thick woods and briar patches, in warm, dry, sunny spots. In such places they spend the day, and there they are to be hunted. At night they fly out into the prairies to feed in marshy places. Dogs go into the thickets and flush the birds, while the shooter takes them as they rise. It is no sickly, lumbering flight your Louisiana woodcock makes. He comes up out of the cover like a flash, makes a dart, and drops out of sight in an instant behind the thick-

et. It takes a pretty quick workman and a sure eye to stop his flight. The woods are full of them. Any one that can make a good wing shot cannot fail to get plenty, even if he misses three out of four birds, and twenty birds is a common day's work for any country lout or a negro to make. The prairies, too, are full of snipe in season.

BLACKFISH LAKE.

Black Fish Lake is situated in Crittenden county, Arkansas, some twenty-five miles from Memphis, Tennessee, via the Mississippi & Little Rock Railroad. The lake is about ten miles in length, and from a quarter to a half a mile in width, with a depth of from ten to thirty feet, and in its waters sport the black and striped bass, black, yellow, and speckled perch, pike, brim, and the usual varieties of coarse fish natural to the climate. Both banks are heavily timbered, and covered with dense cane-brakes, the cover of the black bear, deer, and turkey, which in their season afford ample sport with the gun and dogs, the latter being indispensable auxiliaries for driving the bear and deer from their fortress in the cane.

LEWIS' LAKE.

This lake cannot be surpassed as a pleasant resort. It is situated on the highest range of the Allegheny Mountains, accessible by railroad to Muncy, Pennsylvania, then by stage coach twenty miles up the mountains—one of the most delightful rides imaginable. The lake covers about three hundred and fifty acres, and contains brook trout, lake trout, and a variety of other species. The brook trout fishing is to be found in the many small mountains which head close by; but the rarest sport is the duck shooting, birds always being plenty.

IN OREGON.

In a great State like Oregon having the smallest population of any Commonwealth in the Union, and embracing nearly 5,300 square miles more than New York and Pennsylvania combined, where game and fish are so abundant in almost every section, it seems somewhat needless to designate the various hunting and fishing localities. Better sports may perhaps be had in Idaho and Washington Territories adjoining, but if such be the case, we have no knowledge of the fact. Mountain sheep, elk, deer, antelope, black and grizzly bears, panthers, wild cats, and other four-footed game are found in the greatest abundance through the Cascade range of mountains, extending from California on the south to the Columbia River on the north, running nearly through the centre of the State, and forming, in connection with the Coast Range, the Willamette Valley, through which it is contemplated to build the California & Oregon Railroad. This road is now running from Portland to Roseburg, and the balance is in course of construction from Roseburg to Redding, and when completed will give direct communication with San Francisco, and afford easy access to the excellent hunting and grounds on the route. Besides the four-footed game already mentioned, feathered game is also found in the greatest abundance, including swans, geese, ducks, brandt, and all other known varieties of wild-fowl, grouse, quail, and other game-birds. Every lake, river, and stream, teem with choice fish—salmon, brook trout, halibut cod, smelts, &c. The salmon fisheries of Columbia River

are the most valuable in the world, yielding a revenue of several millions of dollars annually. Trout streams are interspersed through the State in all directions, being most abundant in the mountain districts. As to the wild-fowl, we have a letter now before us, the writer of which lives a few miles from Salem, which informs us that "the ducks and geese are an intolerable nuisance, as they destroy yearly nearly one-half the grain crop. In the Fall and Spring the corn and wheat fields are fairly covered with them, and from their incessant honking and quacking, one would suppose that they were discussing some grave and important political subject or investigating 'ciphers.' What the legislature ever afforded them protection for is past the comprehension of anyone outside the insane asylum. These depredations are not confined to this section, but will apply to the whole State where a farm is under cultivation. If some of the sportsmen of the East would only come out here they would not only enjoy the very best of sport, but would render the granges of this "duck-ridden" State an ever-lasting favor."

The writer also tells us that "in the mountains and forests elk and deer abound, and bear meat can be had in abundance by those who like to undertake that rather hazardous task of pursuing it."

Among the many localities where excellent sport can be enjoyed mention is made of Astoria, Rainier, and Columbia, situated on the Columbia River, in the northwest part of the State; Hillsboro' and Gaston, on the Oregon Central, a short ride from Portland; Harrisburg, Comstock, Oak

Grove, Amermans, and other points on the California & Oregon Railroad; and Waldo and Kirbyville, located in the Coast Range, near the California line. These points are situated in the Willamette Valley, the most thickly settled portion of the State, and game and fish are abundant at either, consisting of the varieties already mentioned, affording sufficient sport for either Nimrod or Fishrod. Astoria, Ruiner, and Columbia is within easy access of the finest salmon fishing in the world. Clatsop Beach, at Astoria, is a noted Summer resort for the residents of San Francisco. Amermans is but a short distance from the Cascade Mountains, the home of the elk, the deer, the bear, and the fountain-head of many trout streams; and on the east side, at the base of the mountains, near the California boundary line, is Fort Klamath, located at the head (or north) of Upper Klamath Lake—a large body of water, filled with choice fish and a noted resort for every conceivable variety of wild fowl. A short distance from the fort is an extensive swamp, known as the the Klamath Marsh, amid the dense covers of which Mr. Bruin has made his residence, comparatively secure from the intrusion of man. Along the edges of the marsh and the lake shores snipe and plover congregate in large numbers. Waldo and Kirbyville are good starting points for deer and bear hunting.

The places mentioned are reached by taking the steamers at San Francisco to Astoria, thence rail down the Willamette Valley to Roseburg, the southern terminus of the California & Oregon Railroad, thence stage to Redding, at which point take the cars

for San Francisco; or take the cars at San Francisco and reverse the route. The trip will prove a delightful one, and afford the tourist a view of some of the grandest scenery in the country. Another route is, to leave the cars at Winnemucca, on the Union Pacific Railroad, from which point a line of stages run to Camp Winfield Scott; from Camp Scott there is a road to Fort Klamath (before mentioned), passing Camp McGarry and Fort Bidwell. From Fort Klamath, strike across Cascade Mountains to Jacksonville, or go down Upper Klamath Lake to Klamathlito, thence private conveyance to Amermans and so on up the valley, as before stated. It is "a hard road to travel," but will infuse new life into sluggish veins.

The Blue Mountain Region, in the northeast of the State, is a fine game and fish country, comprising all the varieties we have mentioned. This section is reached by dropping off the cars on the Union Pacific Railroad at Kelton, thence by stage to Boise City, in Idaho. From Boise City, a tri-weekly line of stages run northwest to Dallas City, via Canon City, and a daily line, taking a more northerly direction, runs to Umatilla, on the Columbia River, passing through Baker, Union, LaGrande, Marshall, and Pendleton, at either of which localities accommodations can be had. Stages also leave Winnemucca, on the Union Pacific, daily, for Boise City, via Camp Winfield Scott, Fort McDermitt, Camp Three Forks, and Silver City.

If we mistake not, there is a road leading from Dallas City to Warm Springs and Prine, at the base of the Blue Mountains on the west and to

Lanesville and Three Rivers at foot (east side) of the Cascade Mountains.

To say that elk, mountain sheep, deer, bears, rabbits, grouse, trout, and other varieties of game and fish have been sprinkled with a lavish hand throughout the entire region, is only repeating that which has already been told. The country is full of wild and magnificent scenery, to see which is alone worth while taking the trip. It is between four and five hundred miles from Kelton to Umatilla on the Columbia River.

With the exception of the portions described, all that part of the State east of the Cascade Mountains is a vast plain, better known as the Sage Desert.

DOWN IN FLORIDA.

JUPITER INLET.

This spot is beyond all question the sportsman's earthly paradise. The shooting is superb, and the fishing simply wonderful. Florida has no more tempting hunting and fishing grounds than in the section of country lying between lakes Worth and Jupiter on the one side and Lake Okeechobee on the other. Deer and bear are in sufficient numbers to make it light work bagging that sort of game, while quail, snipe, curlew, turkey, and every variety of duck, give the ardent wing-shot all and more than he can ask.

Mosquitoes and sand-flies are unknown during the day, and at night a bar of sand-fly-netting offers ample security.

The country is far more diversified in its character and appearance than at any other locality on the coast, and everything combines to make it the objective point for northern shootists.

To parties intending a trip down the

Florida coast, Col. James Knapp, deputy collector of customs for the port of New Smyrna, and Capt. Abbott, a local celebrity, bear-slayer and guide, are recommended as either host or guide. They are both good sportsmen, and the colonel is a Northern man. Abbott is an old soldier of the confederacy, the hero of thirty-seven battles. To those requiring a large boat, and fit out at Sand Point, should not forget the genial McCarthy. To an inexhaustible fund of humor, he adds excellent judgment and a thorough knowledge of the country.

THE LAKE REGION.

Around these lovely lakes almost any sportsman can get his fill of the finest shooting of quail and duck. A great deal of land around these lakes are old fields, cleared land, and on these fields are many coveys of quails (called partridges by the natives). Quail here hardly know what a gun is. In fact the only unsatisfactory part of the business is, the ease with which they can be shot, and you will soon learn that there can be too many birds, sometimes, to make quail shooting interesting. But how enjoyable the beautiful Winter days are! The warm sunshine all about you, yet the air just bracing enough to make you feel like tramping or riding; so different from the hot sun and hot sand of Summer. As stated above, the old fields abound with quail in, generally, large coveys. They lie very close, and one can often walk through them without flushing. They are strong and swift on the wing, and are every way similar to the Eastern quail. They are as plenty in the pine woods, but they fly into the tree tops, and then are hardly moved again. In the field there is no cover but grass, and with a dog one can have all the

shooting he wants. Change No. 9 shot for No. 4, and take a row around Lake Santa Fe, or any other about there, and you immediately have a change of sport. The edges of the lake are fringed with grass and bonnets, with little bays of the same, every now and then, making a perfect home for duck. Ask the darkey who is leaning against that tree, grinning at you and your gun, to push you around in a flat-bottom boat among the bonnets and grass. He'll do it all day for two bits. In this way you will again get all the shooting you want; or if you get tired of that, place yourself in some cover or some knoll between any two lakes toward sundown, and take them as they fly over. They are there every Winter, and will be until the last of March or the 1st of April. But shooting at this game grows monotonous after a while, be it ever so good, and variety is the spice of life with sportsmen as well as with all other classes. To get this, start for the sandhills for deer, or to the hammock for turkey. You will have to go three, four or five miles, perhaps, and you had better calculate to stay two or three days and have a good camp hunt. A good bed and good accommodations—very essential after a day's tramp—can be found right on the banks of Santa Fe Lake. Mr. Lambdin's house is near, and overlooks the lake. His charges are moderate—\$5 per week. Here you will be sure to receive the best of treatment, and everything will be done to make your stay pleasant, and on leaving you will be glad to have met him and to call him a friend, and will want to come back again. This is also just the place to make headquarters. From here you can go out in almost any direction for hunting excursions. Getting off Transit Railroad at

Waldo, then eight miles' wagon ride will bring you to this region.

CALOOSAHATCHIE—BIG CYPRESS SWAMP—
THE EVERGLADES.

If there is in the United States a district of country that can excel the Caloosahatchie and the country south and east from it to the Big Cypress and Everglades, in its attractions to the sportsman, it must indeed be a wonderful country for game. The quail, wild ducks, wild turkey and deer, are as plentiful in this region as the most ardent sportsman could desire; and then the Caloosahatchie and Charlotte Harbor abound in fish—in fact, it cannot be excelled in the quantity, quality, and variety of the fishes. During Winter the climate is not to be surpassed, cool enough for healthful exercise, and never cold enough for discomfort. The country is open and the land firm. A horse at full speed can be ridden almost anywhere without roads or paths. Nowhere else can the sportsman have such variety. Upon the water there is good fishing, unsurpassed in any country; numerous water birds with rare plumage, and sea shells of great variety and beauty. Upon the land, if an attempt were made to describe the quantity of wild turkeys and deer, it would hardly be believable. One fact will illustrate: Three Indians who were hunting upon the borders of Big Cypress, killed, in fifteen days, ninety-seven deer, and as they killed these deer for the hides, they killed only such as were large, and the skins of which were saleable.

The sportsman, to enjoy fully a few months' sojourn in this region, should go prepared to take care of himself. It would be best that several gentlemen should unite, get a good boat, good

tents, the necessary provisions, and a good cook; and for exploring and hunting in the country south of the Caloosahatchie, it would be necessary to have a light wagon and two mules for transportation. Nowhere else on the American continent could a party, supplied as indicated, find a better field for hunting, or a climate more pleasant, and greater attractions upon land and water.

With regard to poisonous snakes and insects during the Winter months, mosquitoes are not at all troublesome, and poisonous snakes are rare.

MYAKKA.

To give the country a title indicating its characteristic features, we may quite safely assume that Myakka means Hunters' Paradise, Deer's Home, Turkey Roost, or—well, suit yourself—any term suggestive of an abundance of game, and the best possible place for a hunter to drop into for a month's sport in Winter, and you have it as well named as it is at present. We say "drop into" advisedly, for if there is any pleasure in getting to it in any other way we confess to utter ignorance of it. If you are interested to know what and where Myakka is, take any large map of Florida, and, finding Manatee county, the name will appear connected with lakes and a river entering Charlotte's Harbor. The Floridian gives to all the territory drained by a stream the name it bears, so in the present instance, lakes, river, and the adjoining country, including a widely scattered settlement, are all known as "The Myakka." With the lakes and river our story runs. The former lie southeast from the enterprising village of Manatee, on the Manatee River, twenty-seven miles from the wharf, where two fine

ly mail for South Florida. Not very far, one would say, to travel for good sport. Well, it isn't, over a fine road and with a lively team; but good roads and lively teams are not found in this part of Florida. On arriving at the lake, you can catch an unlimited number of black bass, shoot deer and turkeys until you get tired, and wild ducks, snipe, and such small fry till you become disgusted of sport.

PERDIDO BAY.

Fish are so plenty and bite so fast in Perdido Bay, that one soon gets tired catching them. The varieties consist of bream, black bass (called trout in that section). The bay is reached by way of Pensacola, from which point a pleasant trip can easily be made to the snapper banks by steam tug. To one who never enjoyed this kind of sport, it is rare fun, but soon becomes labor, fishing in ninety feet of water with lead to carry your line to the bottom, then hauling a twenty to thirty pound fish rapidly up to the surface, with an occasional jerk taking the line and peeling your hands. The fish are very abundant, and from eighty to ninety red-snappers can be taken in a very short time.

MIDDLE FLORIDA.

MIDDLE FLORIDA is one of the finest countries in the world. All along her sea coast are beautiful bays and inlets; through the country are fine rivers, beautiful lakes, and pearly brooks. She has grand and wonderful springs, whose medicinal virtues are known in all lands. She has magnificent forests of pine, cypress, and hardwood timber, ornamented with the beautiful magnolia and other flowering trees and shrubs. Her lakes, rivers, bays, and inlets are full of excellent fish. Her sea coast have an abun-

dance of oysters, fish, turtle, and sponges. Her forests abound in a great variety of game. Her gardens yield the finest vegetables, and have the most beautiful flowers in bloom all the year. Her orchards bear the most delicious fruits and berries, and her vineyards the finest grapes that make the best of wine. Middle Florida is bounded on the north by Georgia, on the east by the Suwannee River, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the west by the Apalachicola River. It is from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty miles in length, and from seventy to eighty miles in width. A peculiar feature in Middle Florida is the number of lakelets of clear pure water scattered all over the country, varying in size from half an acre to an acre or more in extent. They, as a general thing, are very deep, have no outlet, and contain an abundance of excellent fish. They seem to have been placed there for a wise purpose—to supply the wants of every family at their own doors, without hire or reward, with a splendid article of food. In all the countries along the Gulf of Mexico, and in nearly all the heavily timbered lands in the others, are to be found all kinds of game, such as bear, deer, wild turkeys, panthers, catamounts, wild cats, &c. Deer and turkey are plentiful. In all the lakes, rivers, and creeks are an abundance of the finest fish, such as trout, perch, jack or hake, catfish, blackfish, bream, &c. On the coast there is the finest of oysters, clams, turtle, and every variety of salt water fish. During the Winter, all the lakes, ponds, bays, inlets, rivers, &c., have an abundance of every variety of water fowl. Sportsmen should visit Middle Florida by all means and take a hunt and a fish down on the coast. Troy, the county seat of Lafayette county, is

on the Suwannee River, and is at present the head of steamboat navigation. It contains about fifty inhabitants. It is near one of the best regions for hunting in all Florida. New Port, on the St. Mark's River, six miles from the Gulf of Mexico, was once an important commercial place. Above the town is one of the finest sulphur springs in the State, whose waters contain great curative powers, and have performed almost miraculous cures. Before the war, invalids from nearly all parts of the Union resorted there to drink of and bathe in the health-giving waters of the springs. Across the St. Mark's River, opposite, are hunting grounds not excelled in the South in all probability. Bear, deer, turkeys, &c., are in the greatest abundance. It is the paradise for sportsmen.

ROUTES OF FLORIDA TRAVEL.

The southwest coast of Florida presents an attractive field for sportsmen. Steamships leave Boston and Baltimore regularly for Savannah. Florida can also be reached by any of the various rail routes, and fares can be ascertained by inquiring at any of the principal offices. Steamships leave New York for Charleston three times weekly, and from Philadelphia every Saturday, connecting with railroad, and with the staunch, seaworthy, comfortable, and ably officered sea-going steamers. Steamships leave New York for Savannah three times weekly, connecting with the steamers at Savannah. If travelers prefer it, they can reach Jacksonville from Savannah by the Atlantic & Gulf Railroad. Coupons of excursion tickets will be received by the company. Travelers will find this road supplied with excellent Pullman cars. Gelpeke's line from New York to Fernandina consists of first-class, sea-

going steamships. The rates of fare can be obtained by inquiry at any of the companies offices. Jacksonville or Fernandina reached, the sportsman can take railroad daily, except Sunday, for Cedar Keys. If Homosassa is the objective point, a boat can be hired at from eight to ten dollars for the trip, or if disposed the intending tourist or sportsman can communicate with Alfred E. Jones, at Homosassa, and if timely notice is given, Mr. Jones would meet his guests at Cedar Keys and land them at his attractive home, free of charge. The only difficulty attending this arrangement is the fact, that there is but one mail per week to Homosassa, arriving on Mondays. Homosassa can be reached by another route: Steamer from Jacksonville to Silver Spring, a natural curiosity that should be visited by every tourist. Hack from Silver Spring to Ocala, fare \$1. From Ocala to Homosassa, a distance of thirty-six miles, over a good road, in a comfortable vehicle, \$10 to \$12, dependent upon number of passengers. Board at Homosassa, from \$8 to \$12 per week; accommodations good, table excellent; fishing and shooting superior; and the rooms large and airy; verandahs spacious; fresh milk and butter; oysters and oranges *ad libitum*. Bronson is a point on the Fernandina & Cedar Keys Railroad, thirty miles from the latter place. The ponds in the neighborhood afford fine bass fishing; quail and duck are plenty, and the sportsman may succeed in shooting turkeys or deer. Accommodations, hotels, \$15; private boarding houses, \$12; board \$1 per day or \$5 per week. For information interview Mr. G. Levett. With the exception of climate, bathing and fishing, Cedar Keys presents but few attractions for tourists or sportsmen. The hotel ac-

commodations can not be recommended as A 1. Sportsmen arriving at Cedar Keys and requiring information need but call upon Mr. Gore, editor of the local paper, or on Willard & Roux. The steamer Valley City, commanded by that jolly sea dog, Capt. McKay, leaves Cedar Keys every Friday for Tampa, Manatee, Punta-Rassa, and Key West. Parties desirous of ascending the Caloosahatchie River, or of spending a few weeks on the coast, could take steamer to Punta Rassa, and from there ascend the river or explore Charlotte Harbor. For 'gator shooting, ascend the Caloosahatchie to the upper islands, six miles above Fort Myers, and thirty-one from Punta Rassa. Above the islands the disciple of Old Izaak can put in all his spare time in landing cavilli ranging from five to fifteen pounds. For fight and pluck this fish can be recommended. They take the spoon or spinner without hesitation, and we doubt if a salmon fly would be objectionable. For hunting and sea fishing, Tanibel, La Costa, or Gasparilla Islands are suggested. For a camping place for the invalid who requires a bracing sea breeze, an equable temperature, salt bathing, and life-giving sunbeams, camp on the northern end of Gasparilla Island. The island is two miles in length, and is well stocked with deer. At the entrance, or Little Gasparilla Pass, the fishing is unequalled. On the opposite flats beach birds are more than abundant. The mainland is distant about three hundred yards. In the centre of the island a lagoon with excellent water will be found; but by digging a hole in the sand (and putting an empty barrel in it) from twenty to eighty yards from the bay beach, fair drinking water can be obtained at low tide. If a party landed at Punta Rassa,

a small sloop or schooner could be chartered to transport boat, provisions, and camp equipage to camping ground. A few weeks spent on one of the islands in Charlotte Harbor, would do much to restore the invalid. Frosts are unknown; northeasters and northwesterners lose their injurious influences before reaching these favored spots. A weekly mail is received at Punta Rassa, and supplies could be obtained through Capt. McKay, of the Valley City. Parties are advised to camp on the end of the island, for, by pursuing this course, bushes and grass would be distant some hundred yards, and in consequence, mosquitoes would not prove troublesome. Intending visitors should secure coast survey charts of this harbor, two in number, obtainable at any nautical store. Returning northward, sportsmen could run the coast line from Little Gasparilla Inlet to Sarasota Inlet, a distance of thirty-eight miles. But unless they are familiar with sailing, and know how to pick their way between bars, and keep clear of breakers, they had better take themselves and boat on board the Valley City and land at Tampa. At Tampa they would find good accommodations by calling upon Lieut. Wall. Leaving Tampa Bay, with its islands stocked with deer, and every inlet furnishing superior fishing, they would reach Clear Water Harbor by the Indian Pass. From Clear Water Harbor they could run along within two or three miles of the mainland in from three to five feet of water. A barrier reef exists from five to seven miles from the main land, and owing to the shallowness of the water, and the grassy nature of the bottom, the water is smooth. Bayous, coves, and small bays, will be found in numbers along the coast line, and a good harbor can always be made. The voyageurs

could enter and examine en route the attractive and beautiful springs at the heads of the Wicawatche, Cheseowillshi, Homosassa, and Crystal rivers. During the Winter months, the gulf is usually as calm as a mill pond, and can be safely navigated with a seventeen-foot Whitehall boat; but for the purpose of navigating shoal water and carrying plunder, a batteau is recommended, such as is used on the Delaware River. If decked over and supplied with a centre-board and sail, such a craft would be found admirably adapted to the navigation of the southwest. Arrangements could be made for the cheap transportation of such a boat from New York to Cedar Keys by the New York and Fernandina line of steamers. But if money is no object sportsmen should secure a boat with sailing master at Cedar Keys, Tampa, or Manatee, at an expense of from \$4 to \$5 per day. But many of the boatmen along the coast have acquired a weakness, and if peace is desired the whisky bottle must be kept under lock and key.

IN THE LONE STAR STATE.

THE "PROMISED LAND"—NORTHERN TEXAS.

All the northern part of Texas, embracing both the Cross Timbers as a centre, and flanked by extensive priories on the east and west, and abounding in game (in their places and season), hold out their peculiar charms, and invite the sportsman to the tented field. When acorns and other mast are plenty, and have fallen, then, take to the open woods. You will there find deer, ducks, geese, and turkeys abundant, quail and rabbits plenty, antelope, grouse, and squirrels medium, and bear occasionally, to say nothing of prairie wolves, foxes, coons, possums, &c., not generally noticed. October, November, and December are the

perfect months for sport, and January and February not bad, but having a few days, at intervals, of rather cold weather—that is, a few inches of snow and ice, with cold, northerly winds—thus constituting what is so well known in Texas as “a norther.” These remarks apply to Northern Texas in Winter, while along the Gulf, or southern coast, these same Winter months have the mild climate of New York in September. Connected with the railroad running south from Dennison, near the north line of the State, are stages which convey persons at once to almost any part of the State desired. For central cities, in which to spend the Winter for health, as well as for sporting, San Antonio stands first, Austin, the capitol of the State, second. These places cannot very well be excelled, everything considered. Persons with weak lungs will find relief in Central and Western Texas, if anywhere. She will prove more than the Italy or the Egypt to the United States. Happy will they be who early go down to the “promised land,” and partake of varied offerings.

SAN ANTONIO—WACO.

Between San Antonio and Waco is the sportman's paradise. Bob White's whistle is heard everywhere, and they are always in sight along the beaten roads feeding on cereals. Around New Braumfells, are to be found deer and turkeys. The Comal River abounds in fish. At San Marcus, the prairies are alive with quail. At Georgetown deer and turkeys are plentiful a few miles from town. From Belton to Waco is as fine a quail country as a sportsman ever passed through, with deer and turkeys in abundance, with a sprinkling of wild cats, and an occasional leopard cat. Hill county adjoining is alive with deer and

turkeys, sparsely settled, and the best grounds within forty miles of Waco.

TURKEY LAND.

As a game region, there probably can be no place found equal in all respects to Western Texas, with the Alamo City as a base of operations. Mr. H. Lyman Bingham gives a short account of a fine twelve days' hunt he, with a party of others, had there during the Fall of 1878. Fully supplied with all necessary equipments for twelve days in the nest, the party started from Alamo City on Tuesday, the 12th of November, 1878, their destination being the neighborhood of Frio City. They brought up about fifteen miles beyond that place, having bagged considerable game along the way—such as turkeys, quail, and ducks. They finally pitched tents on the Yo-ledigo, fifteen miles from Frio City. There all hands settled down and went to work for deer, and spent two or three days, but found them rather scarce, only killing seven. Finally they determined on a change of base, and began to retrace their steps, coming ten miles north-east of Frio City, and camping on the Saco, where attention was paid to the turkey. “I can safely assert,” he says, “that the Saco is one of if not the most favored places for turkey in Texas. It is a small stream, and runs only a little during the year, but it has water holes all along it the entire twelve months, and it is timbered, as all such streams are in Western Texas, with scattered clumps of live oak and other trees. The clumps of trees, especially where you find a water hole, are favorite spots for the turkey to roost in, and here is where the hunters go to shoot them. I am well aware that many consider this a barbarous way of slaughtering turkey;

but let them come to Western Texas, and I will stake my reputation as a sportsman they will do as we do. The idea of calling a turkey up to shoot him down with a rifle! Why, you here see them at all times. But we only shoot for camp use, until the night before we start for home; then we have fresh turkeys. I will assert that I saw in one roost, the night before we left, in five hundred yards distance, over a thousand turkeys. I killed at least twenty-five turkeys in thirty minutes. Our whole kill of turkey on the tramp was over a hundred, seven deer, innumerable quail, both the common and blue topknot, one wild boar, four avalenas, or wild musk hog. This section is the wildest I have ever seen in Texas. Those who wish to while away an most agreeable time in the most congenial climate, and where the best variety of sport can be had, can do no better than to make their headquarters in the Alamo City, and I shall be only too happy to give them such directions as will afford them the greatest amount of pleasure."

CAMP HUNT BY LAZY ALIC.

On the 11th day of November, 1878, I left home on a camp hunt to the upper Red River and Wichita county, to be gone thirty or forty days. My company consisted of three good hunters besides myself, a camp keeper, and a freedman to take charge of the cooking department, and three two-horse wagons with good teams. In the wagons were commissary stores sufficient for the trip, with tents, guns, ammunition and all other requisites; with good teams and two men to the wagon, we had no trouble in making from twenty-five to thirty miles per day. Each hunter carried a rifle and a shot gun. The rifles were

Sharp's and Winchester's; the shot guns, two muzzle and two heavy breech-loaders. For large game, such as buffalo and bear, I consider Sharp's the best gun; for smaller game, such as deer, antelope, and turkeys, I give the preference to the Winchester $\frac{4}{10}$, as I think they shoot somewhat more accurate, though not with the penetration of the Sharp's $\frac{5.1}{10}$ gun. A Winchester thirty-four inch octagon barrel, with the very latest improvements and properly sighted for the prairies, I consider a killing gun. At one hundred and twenty-five miles from home we passed the last settlements of the white man to the Northwest; continuing our course across the prairies and small streams, we struck the Wichita near the old buffalo crossing. As we had not gone out for buffalo, but were after deer, antelope, bear, and turkeys, with such small game as we could pick up by the wayside, we concluded to make our camp. Two of us had hunted over the same country one year ago, and knew the good places for game and camping grounds, which gave us a great advantage over other hunting parties that had never visited that region before.

We were in camp and hunted fifteen days, during which time we took one hundred and twenty-six venison hams and sirloin saddles, with a good number of antelope, a Mexican lion or cougar, and many turkeys, geese, ducks, and chickens, of which we kept no count. The deer were unusually fat, there being a good red haw mast on the creeks; the turkeyes, as a general thing, were poor; the light moon in November is running time for deer in Texas, therefore the old bucks were out in force, for of the number killed twenty were old bucks; the hams and saddles were all saved and salted in a box for three or four

days and then hung on a scaffold with smoke under them to cure them preparatory to starting for home. Of the forequarters we used what we wanted for camp meat, fed our five dogs what they could eat, and then gave away two fair wagon loads of them to some hunters from our section of country who were new hands at the business and did not know how to capture game as we did. We were within two days travel of the buffalo, but did not want any. Buffalo hunting is tame when compared with antelope hunting. There is more honor and glory in getting one antelope from the herd on the high prairies than killing a dozen old buffalo bulls from behind a musquit bush. *Chicago Field.*

AFTER A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Venator" gives a glowing account of a party that left Fort Griffin, Texas, to hunt game for a Christmas dinner. The party left camp (Fort Griffin) on the morning of the 15th of December, and consisted of the commanding and three other officers, together with the necessary transportation and rations for ten days, with the intention of first visiting a place called Mountain Pass, about eighty miles distant, near which bear had been reported abundant, and afterward to return slowly home, stopping on the way to shoot a sufficient number of wild turkeys to furnish a Christmas dinner for the fort. The party did not expect to see much game before they reached Mountain Pass, and therefore traveled all day along the road, and did not stop at all for the purpose of hunting, killing only enough as they went to supply the table.

Many buffaloes were passed, feeding in sight, and many carcasses seen from which the hide had been stripped and

the rest of the animal left to waste, killed by the hunters who infest this region alone for that detestable purpose. On the afternoon of the third day out the hunters arrived at and passed through Mountain Pass, and pitched their camp upon Rock Creek, in a most delightful spot, abounding in pure and sweet water (which is considered a great luxury in a country where there are no wells) and excellent grass for the animals. At this point the party expected to find bear, but whether Mr. Bruin had received notice of their intended coming, or from the want of proper dogs, they failed to find him, although numerous signs were visible. Remaining in this camp until the 19th instant, the party started to return to the grand object of the hunt—turkeys. After leaving the Pass, they retraced their steps about twenty-five miles to Ellen Creek. Here many turkeys and some deer were found, although so much shooting made the latter too wild to be easily killed. Near where the camp was pitched was a small open wood of black-jack or scrub-oak, with an abundant crop of mast, and upon this the turkeys fed. In this wood sixteen turkeys were killed. The party remained in the neighborhood one day, and then moved over to the clear fork of the Brazos River, and within thirty miles of Fort Griffin, where they expected to kill the greatest number of their turkeys, as they were very plentiful; and the first day's hunt, notwithstanding a slight rain, resulted in the death of thirty; but, unfortunately, the rain increased, and carriers having arrived with intelligence which required the commanding officer to return to the post, the party reluctantly gave up the remainder of the hunt and struck tents for home. Had they been able to remain out forty-eight

hours longer they would have undoubtedly secured at least fifty more turkeys.

FISH AND GROUSE REGION.

Solon is located in Somerset county, Maine, and they have some good hunting and fishing up there. The best way to go is by way of the North Ansonby Railroad. There is a daily stage to Solon, and there is some talk of putting on a daily stage from Solon to the Forks, thirty-one miles; from the Forks to Moose River is thirty miles. In the vicinity of Solon are some fine trout brooks, and five miles from the village is a good trout pond. One mile from the village, at Carritunk Falls, on Kennebec River, magnificent trout are caught. Some caught there in the Summer of 1877, tipped four pounds. In Carrying-place Town there are three good ponds. In the first pond are trout that weigh about half a pound. A Mr. Ellis has a camp there and keeps a kind of a hotel, where he has a good deal of company in the Summer. This pond is three miles from the river, and four miles from J. Carney's Hotel in Moscow. In Carritunk is Pleasant Pond, where the fishing has to be done at night. The water is so clear you can see the bottom of the pond, where there is fifty or sixty feet of water, as plain as if there were not more than five or six feet. It is fringed around the pond and very cold water. From The Forks, five miles, is Moxie Pond, with very good fishing. There is a road to the Moxie. Some very good trout streams are in the vicinity of The Forks, and from there to Moose River one will find partridges. A Mr. Gordon says he shot seventeen partridges from The Forks to Parlin Pond, fourteen miles, and shot them all from a wagon in and on the side of the

road. Parlin Pond is one of the best places to go fishing, as it is right by a hotel and on the stage road. A stranger can go to Parlin Pond and get all the fish he wants in the Summer and Fall, and he does not need a guide. It is also a good place for partridge. Fifteen miles from Parlin Pond is River Settlement; two hotels. At this point there is fishing enough. Six miles southwest is Long Pond; east from Moose River is Wood Pond, with three wood ponds. South is Attian Pond. East from Attian Pond is Holeb Pond. Moose River flows through all these ponds and it is good boatilg from the Attian Pond to Holeb Pond. It is twelve or fourteen miles by river, with a carry about half a mile. Few sportsmen visit this section. The best time for fishing is July, the flies are all gone then.

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

There are good shooting and fishing grounds around Frankfort, Kentucky. In the Fall they have a very fair show of quail. Snipe and plover are not abundant, except in a few localities, and woodcock are rare. In the mountains a tramp after the pheasants (ruffed grouse) is nearly always successful. Turkeys, geese and ducks usually appear in the tributaries of the main rivers, and occasionally the blue grass hunters go after them, but such hunts are not common. The mallard and blue wing duck abounds in the Winter on all the streams and ponds. The Kentucky River winds through the cliffs at Frankfort, and any day, when the water is in condition, its banks are clouded with dark gentry for five miles above and below the city. They are not always very particular about the kind of fish they catch, it is true; but they are nevertheless tricked

out with all the superior accoutrements of a true fisherman. The river affords a small black bass, seldom weighing over a pound, a few salmon, or pickerel, and a great many silver perch. The common sluggish fish of all kinds are abundant. Up near the head of the river, abreast the "Three Forks," the bass are larger and the pike abundant. In nearly all the tributaries the hard mouth fish are to be found in greater numbers and better size. In Red River, a short stream which reaches the Kentucky about fifty miles above Frankfort, any quantity of fine pike are to be found. Several have been taken weighing from sixteen to eighteen pounds, and some few exceeding twenty-five pounds. They require very strong tackle—a No. 4 or 5 reel, a heavy line and long wire snooding. They are taken with a bait locally known as the sucker, a small striped fish from eight to ten inches long. The bass, or black perch, in the upper streams take the same bait. Salmon (?) weighing from five to fifteen pounds are also taken there. The best stream for regular fishing anywhere in the State is Elkhorn, a small tributary of the Kentucky, entering it a few miles below Frankfort. For many years it has been a favorite resort for the most accomplished rodsmen. It has but one fish—the black perch, or bass, as it is commonly called—and that in great abundance. The stream is shallow and narrow, seldom exceeding three or four feet in depth, very rocky and hill-bound everywhere. It requires constant wading and faithful work, but the true fisherman is always handsomely rewarded. The fish range from half a pound to five pounds, a large number weighing two and three pounds being taken every season. It is a little singular that, though hundreds of per-

sons visit this stream every day during the season, no abatement of the sport is noticeable.

GAME COVERTS OF NEVADA.

The State of Nevada is blessed with but little shooting grounds, but there are some, and when found they are excelled by none. Elk county, in the eastern part of the State, affords a better field for the sportsman than any in the State. There are other parts which yield as great a quantity, but not variety. For instance, the sink of the Humboldt River, which is a shallow lake of considerable extent, is in December covered with myriads of water-fowl of all kinds, including ducks of many varieties, honkers, brant, swans, and pelican, but that is all. Away from the shore everything is parched and dry, and for miles the eye encounters naught but sandy hills, alkali plains, and a few stunted sage brush, but as you go eastward, following the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, the country gradually assumes a more cheering aspect, and upon arriving at Elko, a pretty little burg and an eating station, you may stop with the assurance that any of the citizens can direct you to good shooting grounds. From there east to Deeth Station on the river can be found ducks, snipe, prairie chickens (or sharp-tailed grouse), sage hens, &c. At Deeth Station the river leaves the railroad, and away northward, after diverging from the road some thirty miles, until you reach the Grouse Creek Mountains, is a hunter's paradise. All is solitude; no habitation for miles now; no hunters have been there; the crack of the gun is like angels' visits—few and far between—and the result, abundance of game and very gentle. The river to-

ward the head is an insignificant stream, merely a little brook, but abounding in trout; they will take the fly as fast as thrown in; in fact, they are so plenty, that the sport becomes tame. Parties who desire splendid shooting can do no better than to give this locality a trial. They are advised to procure their teams at Elko and a full camping outfit and drive to Deeth Station, and from there go north following Mary's River. After you get up it some ten or fifteen miles, you will be surprised to see so much game and of so many varieties. You cannot step up to a pool without ducks flying up. Hardly a hundred yards of ground is passed over without chicken are flushed.

DIVERSIFIED GAME FIELDS.

NEVER ENDING SPORTING REGION.

Within the limits of the State of Virginia can be found every variety and species of game. Beginning at New Year, the sportsman can shoot steadily all the year round. All the Winter the Potomac, Rappahannock, and the St. James rivers and their tributaries, furnish the wild fowl, the canvas back, mallard, teal, and the brant, the gamest bird in the world; also, wild geese and swans, and then is the time for fox hunting. In the Spring, on the sea coast, bay birds and snipe can be killed by the thousand, besides splendid fishing for rock perch and chub. In Summer, curlew, willet, and woodcock are in uncounted numbers. By the middle of August deer are in season, affording splendid sport; in September the marshes are filled with sora, ortolan, and reed-bird, and single guns can count their day's sport by dozens. At this time the angler is in his glory with trout and black bass, that rise readily to the fly in all

the mountain streams, especially in the Shenandoah River. In October, partridge shooting commences; also, pheasants and squirrels, not to mention hares, which swarm in the old sedge fields.

MOB JACK BAY AND SURROUNDINGS.

Mob Jack Bay, between the York and Rappahannock rivers, with the Severn, Ware, North, and East, with their numberless creeks and coves emptying into it, is a paradise for those who love the gun and the rod. Oysters are found at every man's door; crabs in endless profusion, waterfowl of every variety, from the swan and brant to the Summer or woodduck; and as for fish, their name is legion, including pompano and bonito. Sheepshead and hog-fish are so common as hardly to deserve mention, to say nothing of greenfish, spot, and the bay mackerel. Gray foxes abound, and on York River, some few red foxes afford good sport. Wild turkeys are numerous, and quail plentiful. Deer are virtually extinct in this section. So it will be seen that with rivers full of fish, swamps abounding in wild fowl and game birds, and woods where the flesh do most abound, that a sportsman can find his Arcadia in Virginia.

Strangers meditating a visit to the Old Dominion to hunt and fish, are advised to get a letter of introduction to some well known Virginian, who will introduce them around and save much trouble. For deer hunting, write to Capt. Wm. N. Blow, Littleton, Sussex county, Virginia. (See Nottoway Region, page 72). Those desiring to hunt quail near Washington City, will find good board and plenty of birds in Culpepper county, along the Virginia Midland Road, about three hours' ride from the National Capital. Write to George Meyers, Jeffer-

sonton, Culpepper county, Va., who will tell you all you want to know, and who will make any party who stays with him comfortable and happy. Tourists who wish to "do" the Dismal Swamp and fish in Lake Drummond, write to Bob Rogers, Suffolk, Va. Every lover of the strange, the weird, and the beautiful in Nature, should not fail to make the trip. There is splendid hunting also in the vicinity of the Great Dismal Swamp. The last of September or the 1st of October is the best time.

MOUNTAIN REGION OF THE TWO VIRGINIAS

The best brook trout fishing to be had in Virginia or in West Virginia is all that territory which lies between the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, bounded on the east by the Shenandoah Valley, and the west by the Cheat Mountains. In this quadrilateral are the headwaters of the South Fork of the Potomac, of the North Fork of the James, and of the Kanawha; and as you get deeper into the Alleghanies, to the very fountain-heads of these streams, there you find the fish most abundant and of the finest size. By counties, we would designate the best as Augusta, Bath, and Highlands, in Virginia; Pocahontas, Pendleton, Braxton, and Randolph, in West Virginia. The most desirable route to any one of these counties is through Staunton, on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, and about the most pleasant trip a man could take in the Summer. Hire a one or two-horse wagon, which can be got for \$2.50 per day, one or two servants, who can be had cheap, and make the tour through these counties on foot, camping every day on a fresh trout stream, and resting at night in the purest atmosphere on the globe; or, if one

would not desire to make such a long trip, there are two streams within twenty-five miles of Staunton, that have plenty of fish in them, from four to thirteen inches, with houses at which small parties can be accommodated, but in a very plain way. They are rough mountaineers, but hospitable, and charge very moderately. About four miles from the best of these streams, is a watering-place known as "Stribling Springs," that has a very remarkable combination of mineral waters upon it—alum, sulphur, and chalybeate. Here, a person desiring to be more at ease, and to fish only when the spirit moved him, could find comfortable quarters, good board, pleasant company, without any fuss or fashion to annoy him, at a very moderate price (\$30 per month), and as pretty scenery as can be found anywhere. Combining the quail with the ruffed grouse shooting in this section, it is hard to find a region that will afford more satisfactory sport. Where most of the ruffed grouse are found, there also deer are plenty. Orkney Springs, Shenandoah county, at the base of North Mountain, is twenty-three hundred feet above tide water. The surrounding country is filled with game of every description. Far up the mountain-side, where he is seldom disturbed by the intrusions of man, dwells the black bear, living upon berries, acorns, and such other food as he can find; but sometimes he boldly descends from his mountain fastness to raid a neighboring corn-field or turnip patch, or, perchance, the farmers' pig-sty may receive a call from bruin, who, never averse to a dainty meal, helps himself to the first little porker he meets. One of the characteristics of the black bear is his delight in a cold water bath, and if a pool does not happen to be convenient, a mud hole will

answer his purpose. The principal spring at Orkney, the mineral ingredients of which are sulphates of magnesia and iron, is known by the euphonious name of "Bear Wallow," because it was herein that they rolled and weltered ere the encroachments of man drove them from the valleys far up the surrounding mountain-sides. Here too, deer range over the forest-covered mountains in goodly numbers. The wild turkey finds plenty of cover wherein to roam unmolested. That game and delicious bird, the autocratic ruffed grouse, the wildest but most desirable of all our game birds, struts over his rough haunts beneath cover almost impenetrable to man, but frequently leaves his secluded abode for some grain-field in the vicinity, wherein he is often flushed and killed. All over the mountains, the barking of the timid gray squirrel may be heard, and from the valleys below, comes the piping of Bob White, in the dreamy Autumn days.

VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

The Virginia Springs are but twenty-four hours distant from New York, the last twelve of which is through a most beautiful region, passing by the Shenandoah Valley, and the fine mountain scenery of West Virginia. By taking the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, the White Sulphur, Sweet, Red Sweet, Bath-Warm, Rockbridge, or whatever point the tourist might wish to be transported to, can be easily reached. The traveler, by leaving the train at Alleghany Station, has only nine miles staging to the old Sweet Springs, and to the White Sulphur none at all, the cars stopping within a stone's throw of the hotels. The White Sulphur Springs are the most frequented, but the old Sweet is generally preferred to any of the other resorts on

account of its being less crowded, and of its unequalled location. Situated in Monroe county, in a beautiful valley, it is surrounded by charming highland scenery, and the temperature is delightful, even in July and August. The hotel and cottages accommodate seven or eight hundred guests, and is very well kept. Game of all kinds, fish, flesh, and fowl, is so abundant as not to be appreciated. Woodcock frequently are shot within five hundred feet of the house, and a mile or two back in the hills is one of the finest drives for deer to be imagined by the most ardent sportsman; while for the disciples of Izaak Walton, ten minutes' walk of the house is a trout brook, where the capture of two to three pounders is an every day occurrence. Every day they have speckled trout served up on the table, which, with tender, juicy venison steaks, and side dishes of woodcock, pheasants, &c., form a *menu* unsurpassed anywhere. The deer are actually so plentiful that they are often met with on the wayside, and seen crossing the roads ahead of passing teams. Altogether it would be difficult to find a region within a day's journey of New York that offers such inducements to the hunter, whether of fur, fin, or feather.

GENTLY WOOING.

Hear how gently Mr. J. M. McCann woo the sportsmen to the "happy hunting lands" around Bridgeport, West Virginia: "Though strangely overlooked by sportsmen, this is one of the finest hunting grounds on the continent. All the land is full of grouse and quail, and the mountains abound in deer and bear. The pigs are fattened on trout in the wild, remote districts, where game laws are unheard or unknown. The Valley of Canaan is filled with puma and bear; board-

ing in the mountain cabins is free of cost, and the wild, beautiful land is the hunter's paradise—not a house within thirty miles, save, perhaps, the hut or cave of the moonshiner. The valley is the bed of an ancient lake, level and beautiful as any Texas prairie; the Blackwater winds slowly among the tangled laurel, and the puma, the bear, and the deer, are seldom alarmed by the voice of a hunter's gun. The scenery is grand and beautiful among those mountains. The castellated rocks are like the ruins of old cathedrals, and the moss is deep and soft as Persian carpets. Flocks of wild turkeys feed under the "greenwood tree," a mass of emerald and gold. Sometimes in Autumn, the white umbrella of the painter is seen by the waterfall, or among the hollies in the mountain gorge; but the wild duck dreams on the river, and the deer among the laurel, and the hunter comes not from the far North land."

THE NOTTOWAY REGION.

The Nottoway region, lying on the Nottoway River—commencing at Stony Creek Station, on the Weldon Railroad, and continuing on to Southampton county, is without doubt the wildest and most desolate section of Virginia. The two counties—Sussex and Southampton—beat anything in the way of desolation ever witnessed. Of course, in such a sparsely settled and rarely hunted country, there must be game, and actual observation has demonstrated the fact, that there is more game in this section than any part of the Middle States. The negroes have pretty nearly thinned out all the rabbits and squirrels; but as they do not keep a pack of hounds, the deer are safe from their driving and hunting. Neither do they keep pointers or setters,

and quail roam at will undisturbed by the report of a single gun. To sportsmen with good dogs, a breech-loader, and moderate skill, it would be difficult to enumerate the number of birds that could be killed. But the great sport of this section is deer hunting, and as strange as the assertion may seem, it is nevertheless a true one, that there are more deer now than ever before. There are many theories to account for this, but the two principal, and certainly the true ones, are that the farmers are too poor to keep a pack of hounds; nor have they time to hunt them, and then again two-thirds of the cultivated lands have since the war and the emancipation of the slaves been turned out to run wild, for with their limited means and impoverished condition under a new *regime*, the farmers have had to concentrate their labor on a limited area, and the land left uncultivated has speedily grown up in pine thickets that are impassable, and in these safe retreats the deer breed and bring forth their young in undisturbed security. The country fairly swarms with them. The owner of Tower Hill is Capt. Blow, and he is the only one around there that has a pack of hounds. The captain used to be an inveterate sportsman in days gone by, but now he hunts only when out of meat, and generally kills between twenty-five and thirty every season; his porch is covered with scores of antlers, the fruits of his prowess of the chase. When he puts his hounds out he is as certain to start a deer as he is to jump a jack rabbit. The only method practiced in this section is driving the deer with hounds, and as they either cross the road or river at certain points, the chances are always in your favor of bagging the game.

Fox chasing is the sport of this part of the world. About Christmas there is a grand meet, and the farmers rendezvous at some mansion and bring their hounds, and the whole of the holidays are generally spent in this most exhilarating sport; it requires the hunter to be well mounted. Capt. Blow has a fine pack of hounds. The gray fox is the most common kind, and they have so increased that they have nearly destroyed the rabbits. In the Nottoway River there is an abundance of beaver and otter, and there have been no professional trappers in the vicinity for a long time. There is a fine opening for such a class. This section is the paradise of a sportsman who is willing to rough it. Capt. William Blow, whose postoffice address is Littleton, Sussex county, Va., will cheerfully answer all inquiries. He has lived in Sussex county all his life, and what he says can be accepted as the frozen truth. The Captain is a genial gentleman, a true sportsman, and a gallant soldier, being a graduate of West Point, and he can probably be induced to take as boarders a few gentleman sportsmen, who either want quail shooting, deer hunting, or fox chasing. The route there is by Petersburg to Stony Creek Station, on the Petersburg & Weldon Railroad, from there twenty miles by private conveyance.

JEFFERSONTON, VIRGINIA.

This section of Virginia, and especially this immediate locality, is considered the best hunting ground anywhere in the middle part of the State. The fields are alive with quail and rabbits, and the woods abound in squirrels; wild turkeys are also numerous. Those who desire first rate sport must leave the line of the railroad, where every station sends forth

daily a motley gang of amateur hunters, armed with every variety of gun and accompanied by every conceivable style of dog, from the thoroughbred pointer down to the "cur of low degree," and who scare up all game within a radius of five miles. The very best place is a little village of about a dozen houses called Jeffersonton, in Culpeper county, and fifteen miles from Culpeper Court House. It is surrounded by many well-tilled farms, which have large fields, and in these stubble fields the partridges (quail) feed. There are but few of the citizens who keep dogs; their time, as a general thing, is too precious to be wasted in hunting, and but few, very few, of the lands are posted. To a party of good shots, with fine dogs, they can get their fill of the best of shooting, though they are advised not to go until the first of November; for it will take several heavy frosts to kill the weeds enough to allow the dogs to scent the birds.

To those who desire to get full information let them write to George Myers, at Jeffersonton, who will board them, and give them all the particulars, though to get there you take the cars at Washington City at 7:30 A. M.; from there Myers will, if notified, take you to Jeffersonton, distant ten miles.

TROUT REGIONS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

When "stern Winter no longer rules the skies," and the bleak, cold March blasts have blown themselves out, the denizens of our closely packed cities and towns begin to long for shady forests, limpid streams, and the delicious abandon of a lazy Summer vacation. Especially are the disciples of the rod casting around to find, if possible, some new locality where they can practice their gentle art.

The places to which they have heretofore resorted have become so familiar to the public that they are overrun by civilization (?) in its worst forms. Pot-hunters and photographers, parasols and pinafores, crinoline and croquet, steamboats and shoddy, hotels and hostlers, railroads and reporters, now swarm over spots consecrated and long endeared to the heart of many a gallant sportsman.

There is in North Carolina a large territory which is verily believed to be unsurpassed on the continent for advantages as a quiet Summer resort. There is not a railroad or navigable stream in it. It has long been known and appreciated by the dwellers on the South Atlantic and Gulf coast, and some years ago was a favorite retreat for them from the fierce heats of their more Southern homes.

Upon an examination of the map it will be observed that in Virginia the Great Chain of the Alleghany Mountains divides, one range preserving the original name and southwesterly direction, while the other diverges toward the south until it crosses the State of North Carolina, where it turns sharply toward the west, running almost parallel with the Alleghanies until it gradually sinks into the plains of Northern Alabama. This last range is called the Blue Ridge, and divides North Carolina from South Carolina and Georgia. The first is the boundary between North Carolina and Tennessee. That portion of the State lying west and north of the Blue Ridge, and south of the Alleghanies, is known as Western North Carolina. It is about one hundred and seventy-five miles in length, with an average breadth of seventy-five miles. It embraces sixteen counties, seven thousand square miles, and a population of over eighty thousand.

This section has frequently been described as a plateau, but it is in fact a very mountainous region, being divided into a number of narrow but exceedingly fertile and beautiful valleys by transverse ranges connecting the Alleghanies and Blue Ridge, suggesting a resemblance to the celebrated ligament which bound together the Siamese Twins. The Black Mountain, in Buncombe and Yancey counties, and the Balsam, in Heywood and Jackson counties, are the most noted of these transversal ranges. Indeed, Professor Guyot, of Cambridge, who has given great attention to this region, and has made careful barometrical measurement of several of the highest summits, denominates it as the culminating point of the great Appalachian Chain. On the Black Mountain are several peaks—Mt. Mitchell, Clingman's Peak, and a dozen others, higher than Mt. Washington, and on the Balsam is Mt. Pisgah, Plott's Balsam, and five or six more, all of which tower more than six thousand feet above the sea. No description can convey a clear idea of the remarkable parallelism of the ridges and valleys which characterize the topography of this region, or the grand and beautiful features of its scenery. To comprehend all its grandeur, and appreciate all its beauty, one must climb its mountains and wander among its valleys.

Probably the greatest charm is the magnificent climate. From May till November is one continued season of health, beauty, and enjoyment. The nights are deliciously cool, allowing sound and refreshing slumber, and as the morning advances the sun pours down hot rays, which would be oppressive but for the breezes from the high tops and shaded glens of the mountains. A long

series of observations show the maximum temperature to be about eighty-five degrees, the mean Summer temperature being about seventy-two degrees. This extraordinary dryness of the atmosphere has a fine, exhilarating effect on the system, especially for invalids, and renders the country free from annoying insects. Mosquitoes and black flies are unknown.

The valleys have an average elevation of two thousand feet, and are generally well studded with farms and hamlets, but the mountains are, and for centuries to come will remain, wilderness. In them game is abundant, but in the settlements it is growing scarce.

The valleys have each their principal stream, taking its rise in the northern slope of the Blue Ridge, and flowing in a northerly course through the Alleghanies into the Tennessee Valley. It is a remarkable fact that while the Blue Ridge has a lower elevation than its sister chain, the streams all head in it, and run through the others, cutting deep chasms and gorges. It frequently happens that one may in the space of five minutes dip a cup of sparkling water from two springs, one sending its tribute down the southern slope to the Atlantic, the other in the opposite direction to the Gulf, to meet after months of wandering, having traversed every variety of soil and climate beneath a tropical sun. All of these streams are pretty well supplied with fish. In some they are very abundant, the pike and black bass of the South, both very game, being the most desirable. But it is the head waters and tributaries of these rivers where the joy of the angler's heart—the speckled trout—is to be found in untold numbers. They are not large, seldom exceeding eighteen inches in length, and averaging not more than nine; but their great num-

ber compensates for their size. Indeed, it is a question whether it is not better sport to whip one of these mountain streams, with the excitement continually at the boiling point, than casting lazily from a boat or clear shore with a strike once every three hours. It is no easy work to fish one of these streams. They come rushing down the mountain gorges, leaping over cascades, boiling, foaming, and roaring beneath the sombre balsam, hemlock, and rhododendron, often for miles without a ray of sunshine being able to penetrate the dense foliage. You must wade, and the water is decidedly cold, the current rapid and strong, and the rocks—well, slick don't express it. He who essays a day's sport here must be prepared for anything in the way of a ducking. He will not go far before his heels fly up and his scalp is introduced to the acquaintance of the rocks at the bottom.

Should anyone be disposed to visit the country, of which but an imperfect idea is here given, there are several routes open. Asheville is well situated for a starting point, being, geographically, in the centre of the region. From New York or any of the New England or Eastern States, the best route is via Richmond, Danville, Salisbury to Old Fort by rail, thence across the ridge twenty-four miles by stage, a daily line connecting with railroad. From northwest via Louisville, Nashville, Knoxville to Wolf Creek, thence by stage forty-four miles—a daily line. From the South either one of the routes mentioned will be found convenient.

There does not exist on the face of the earth a people more honest and hospitable than in the mountains of Western North Carolina. They do not know how to cheat or extort, but in their humble

and simple homes they extend a welcome and entertain the stranger with that whole hearted kindness not to be found in the conventional circles of more refined life.

THE BLACKWATER REGION.

The following description of the Black Water Region is from the pen of D. S. Green, Esq., and affords much valuable information regarding this wild and romantic section.

The stream lies among the mountains twenty-six miles south of Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. There is a tolerable good road through the glades for thirteen miles, after which it degenerates almost as rapidly as the turnpike out West, which is said to have dwindled down to a foot-path that finally became a squirrel track, and ran up a tree. The last few miles are a mere trace through the woods, though this is sometimes traveled by wagons, the passengers by which generally have the privilege of going on foot.

The Blackwater is one of the extreme eastern affluents of the Ohio. It runs through a forest country of probably thirty miles in length and width, a tract of some nine hundred square miles, almost as wild as any part of the Rocky Mountains. In all this region there is hardly a settler to the hundred square miles; in the part usually visited by trout fishermen, there is but one house, a lone log building ten miles from the nearest settlement. Years ago Judge Dobbins of Baltimore, who owned large tracts of land in the neighborhood, built this as a place to bring his family in Summer. The property has changed owners, but the house is still called "Dobbins" by the mountaineers. In Winter the region is entirely deserted, but with the opening of the fishing season in May a family by the name of Kitzmiller moves in and accommodates visitors with plain and substantial country fare. This is the only place in the wilderness where shelter or supplies can be obtained, except at "Cosner's," eighteen miles up the river. Visitors who think whisky one of the essentials of life, are advised to bring it with them, as not a drop is to be had on the Blackwater.

Mr. Kitzmiller is kind and honorable, and not disposed to exorbitant charges, considering that every mouthful of provisions, except the trout, has to be brought twenty-six miles. He belongs to the singular sect of Menonites who, for a wonder, appear to be practical Christians.

Dobbins stands on the summit of the Mountain between the Blackwater and North Fork, and is said by the natives to have an elevation of thirty-nine hundred feet above the ocean, though it is more than doubtful if a barometric measurement would show so great a height. There are sixteen cataracts within hearing distance of the house, and the effect in time of flood, when the whole sixteen are roaring at once, is said to be tremendous.

The Blackwater is a stream some thirty or forty yards in width, clear of driftwood and trash, and the chance for casting the fly on it is first-class. The fishing in the proper season, May, June and September, is magnificent. The trout average rather small, and have not the activity of those of more northern and colder streams. The large ones, however, will give the wielder of a light fly rod enough to do. Their flesh is a rich reddish yellow, a regular salmon color, probably owing to the fact that their diet is largely composed of crawfish, which abound in the stream. The effect of the *crustacea* on the flesh of the game fishes that devour them is well known.

The stream flows along after the usual manner of trout streams for many miles, until it suddenly falls over an enormous ledge of rocks, sixty-three feet at one leap. No visitor should fail to see these falls, nor to explore the tremendous gorge of the North Fork, which stream tumbles down eight hundred feet in less than a mile.

The Great Falls are very difficult of access, yet on the rocks at their foot are cut the names of two ladies.

The pure mountain air, the glorious scenery, the fine fishing, and the entire absence of the multitudinous bores of civilization, render the region an angler's paradise. The Adirondacks are said to have become hackneyed, so that it is difficult to find a respectable camping ground not already littered with fragments of lunches, torn newspapers and hoopskirts, or to bathe in the lakes without stepping on

the fragments of somebody's brandy flask, but here is a country still almost in the condition it was when the red man followed the deer through its spruce forests. Long may it be before it is invaded by the devotees of fashion.

Large game is abundant, as evidenced by numerous deer tracks, bear signs, and panther trails on the North Fork. The rattlesnake, troubler of the peace around camps on many a northern stream, is unknown here, and his absence is borne without overpowering regrets. Black flies and mosquitoes are scarce, but gnats abound and bite with a full determination to carry out their mission on earth. They are very troublesome while fishing, but easily disposed of in camp by building a sufficient fire, not a smudge, but one composed of half a cord of wood or so. Start this and the camp is pleasanter for it, while the gnats will leave in orbits which for that night at least are not returning curves.

A considerable swindle is practiced at Oakland, on visitors to the Blackwater, the price charged them depending entirely on the estimate formed by the guides as to the depth of their pockets or their anxiety to get forward; as high as \$10 per head being exacted from some parties for transportation, while others are conveyed for \$5. A fair price for the service is from \$4 to \$5 per horse, paying also for an extra horse for the guide. Contracts should be made for transportation to Dobbins', as some of the guides have a trick of agreeing to take passengers to the Blackwater and fulfilling the bargain by leaving them in the wilderness at the nearest point on the shore of that river, without the slightest information as to the country or any base of supplies. At the house local guides can be obtained, and those who wish to camp can get information as to the region and the best fishing grounds. It is a useless expense to take guides, as some parties do, from Oakland, to remain with them during their entire stay, except for such as propose to camp and have not yet learned how to take care of themselves in the wilderness. Such babes-in-the-woods will do well to take a guide and stick by him. To be lost in the Blackwater forest would be no joke. Thomas Basley, at Oakland, is a good man to apply to for information or conveyance to the stream. Trans-

portation back to Oakland can be obtained of W. Kitzmiller at Dobbins' at any time at a reasonable price.

IN THE GOLDEN STATE.

In addition to the sections here mentioned, reference to other hunting and fishing localities in California will most likely be given on other pages:

ON THE TEXAS PACIFIC.

It is doubted if any State in the Union presents a more attractive field for the hunter or sportsman than California. Since its completion, the Texas Pacific Railroad proceeds the entire length of the State to the Colorado River, making its way through the valleys at the foot of the Sierra Nevadas and Sierra Madras, and thus presenting to the hunter five hundred miles of magnificent ground, unsurpassed for accessibility, extent, and variety of game. In the mountains may be found the grizzly, cinnamon, and black bear, deer, and the California lion—which, by the way, is a notorious coward. The deer and antelope migrate to the lower levels during the Winter months. Here are also seen the mountain quail, a lordly bird, which is as white-meated as a chicken, and attains a large size. On the plains are numberless quail and hares, and on the lagoons and rivers in the Winter, may be found immense quantities of wild geese, canvas-back and mallard ducks, with the more common varieties. Approaching in great flocks during the months of October and November for their Winter's sojourn, they remain until Spring, infesting the rivers and grain fields of the upper and lower Santa Anna valleys, offering rare sport.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The Sacramento, Pitt and McCloud rivers, near Mount Shasta, afford some of the best salmon and trout fishing to be found on the globe. Sir Rose Price, a gentleman who has fished in some of the best countries for this sport in the world, states that the trout fishing in these rivers and their tributaries is the best he ever experienced, when the numbers, gameness, size and quality of the fish in these cold, clear and rushing rivers are considered. To be sure, about June and July, when the salmon are spawning, the fly is of very little if any use, but very early or quite late in the

season, in some, if not all of these streams, they take the fly pretty well. The cause of their not rising to the fly is that in the months of June and July, perhaps earlier or perhaps later than this, it may happen the trout are feeding upon the salmon roe that is floating down the stream or are disturbed in the gravel or sand in the eddies by the trout themselves, and which although fiercely guarded by the male salmon, who remains by the female while discharging her eggs, and, after dropping his melt over them, drives, or attempts to drive off all intruders, of course including the trout and perhaps others of his own kith and kin, who are known to be very destructive even of their own particular kind. This is especially the case where the holes are deep, a little away from the swift current, and where great numbers of salmon rest, and which afford the Indians capital opportunities to spear them. Every year the numbers of fisherman who resort to these waters as the *ne plus ultra* of angling sport, and their neighborhood, as the habitats of deer and many varieties of the larger game, are increasing. Those who can afford the time and means have a grand time of it. They generally camp out either on the shores of one of the many rivers which, flowing from the base of Mt. Shasta, form the Sacramento, Pitt, or McCloud, or on one of the latter. The canyons are heavily wooded with magnificent old trees through which these pure and cold waters from melting snow flow. These visitors feast on venison, trout, and any other portable provisions they may choose to bring with them or obtain from the well-provided public houses, and the best sauce they possess is a good appetite. There is a pretty long stage journey from Redding, the terminus of the railroad, but men who can camp out and fish, are supposed to be well able to stand a day and night's travel and a strong shaking up. The scenery, to lessen the fatigue, is picturesque and indeed magnificent. Here are the primeval forests, pine-tintured mountain air, and never failing sport with the trout and salmon ahead, as the fish seen jumping everywhere in the passing streams attest. The salmon that are taken average about twelve pounds each. So many of them can be captured with salmon roe, the fishing soon becomes monotonous. The attention after a little while is turned to brook trout and Dolly

Vardens. It is quite common to catch fifty of these per day, averaging about a pound each. The Dolly Varden is the rarest sort to bag. They weigh heavier, are gamier than the brook trout, have some yellow and red spots on their sides, but are not so beautiful either in shape or color, nor so good in the quality of their meat. The supply of fish is inexhaustible, and the charm of fishing would be as much so could they be creeled by means of the fly instead of the roe-bait. But what a splashing and struggling and excitement there is on the shores of these thickly peopled waters at any rate, and upon the whole the trip to a thorough angler and lover of the grand and beautiful and the healthful, cannot be otherwise than highly satisfactory and delightful.

AROUND SACRAMENTO.

There are many fine hunting and fishing grounds in the neighborhood of Sacramento, California. Deer, hare, rabbits, wild geese, and ducks of all kinds, snipe, plover, curlew, quail, &c., are always to be had by those who are willing to go where they are. Resident sportsmen often hitch up a team at one or two o'clock of an afternoon, and manage to get a good half day's sport near the city. But to the sportsman who goes there for pleasure, with time and means at his command, California offers the most tempting allurements. In January the climate is delightful, the grass green, and the soft perfume of violets and geraniums is quite perceptible from under your window, while the sun shines out bright and warm, with the thermometer somewhere between fifty and sixty degrees. Off in the east, stretching from north to south as far as the eye can reach, like a wall of white marble, runs the Sierra Nevada chain of mountains, whose summits are white with snow, forming a picturesque background to the valley in front and the foothills warm-looking and green with verdure. On the western side of the Sierras there are no grouse, excepting those which stay high up in the mountains near the summit. There, too, are found in large numbers the "mountain quail," a species larger than the blue valley quail, of a brownish-gray color, and with (in the male) a long plume rising on the top of the head, and falling behind almost to the middle of the back. At the summit of the mountain, in the very heart of the Sierra, some eight to

ten thousand feet above the sea level, stands an excellent hotel, surrounded by cliffs and valleys, waterfalls, and clear cold streams coursing down to the ocean, in whose eddies and little holes are the most luscious of mountain or brook trout; and all through the mountain ranges, black bears, deer, grouse and quail.

OJAI VALLEY.

One of the prettiest little nooks in all California is the Ojai Valley—or valleys, rather, for there are two of them—commencing about a dozen miles directly east of San Buena Ventura, on the Pacific coast. It is of the lower valley that we speak. It is about six miles long and two wide. Through it run two streams that never fail even in the driest season, while during the rains they are increased to two or three times the number. A portion of the valley, almost one mile wide by two in length, is almost as level as a floor, and is filled with grand old live and white oak trees, giving the appearance of some old and well cared-for park. The whole valley is a Colorado park on a very small scale. On all sides rise the mountains like the sides of a Roman amphitheatre. With every hour's motion of the sun, with every passing cloud, these mountains have a different color, tone, and shade. Sometimes they are covered with heavy, threatening storm clouds, and sometimes they are bathed in the most tender and delicate shades of green. But it is at sunset that they are most strikingly beautiful. While the whole west is filled with living, liquid, golden light, the mountains at the western end are in dark shade, but those at the eastern end are covered with a brilliant amethyst. Game abounds in plenty at the proper season. In the Ventura River some fine trout are caught. When the water grows low, as it does by August, the fish retreat far up the streams to the shades of the narrow canyons to enjoy the cooler waters nearer their source. But the quails—the pretty, lively, active little quails—how they do abound! In the morning or evening they are found in immense numbers almost anywhere along the base of the foothills, or at mid-day by the streams, to which they go with the utmost regularity. Rabbits are abundant, and English snipe plenty in season. Deer are found in considerable numbers in November. There is a hotel and a boarding-house in the

little village of Nordhoff, about the middle of the valley, at either of which one can be comfortably entertained.

SINNEMAHONING COUNTRY.

From the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande within those bounds, there is no better region for brook trout and ruffed grouse than that about the Sinnemahoning River in Potter Co., Pa., the trout making up in flavor, numbers and game qualities what they may lack in size, and being nearly at the head even in the later particular, and the grouse being in all respects unexcelled. Deer, bears, wild cats and panthers are also moderately abundant; wolves and the various fur bearing animals are also in moderate abundance. Ducks and geese are rare, wild turkeys unknown, and quail scarce. There are plenty of woodcock in season; as to wild pigeons, they once nested there, and darkened the air with their flight.

The Sinnemahoning, at a small hamlet, put down on the county maps as Wharton Mills P. O., it divides; or, rather, the East and First Forks of the stream here unite. The village consists of a few scattering houses, but does not boast of either hotel, store or shop. The waters of the creek are crystal clear, and, as yet are unpolluted by tannery or factory, and the East Fork is even free from saw mills. Here, unquestionably is to be found to-day decidedly the best trout fishing in the State. About a mile below the forks is an old mill, and under the dam a dark, deep pool, where you can always depend on taking a string of fish. During the day, deep bait fishing is unusually successful, but at sunset the surface of the pool and of the rapids below is broken in every direction by swarms of brook trout; and there the fly, in skillful hands, does its work. Both the First and East Forks are beautiful streams, and afford excellent fly fishing, with plenty of room to cast, while for those who prefer to use the bait, Nelson and Freeman Runs, Birch Creek and the headwaters of East Fork, all within an hour's drive from headquarters, cannot be excelled. Trout are unusually plenty in these streams in the Spring, and a week of warm weather is all that is needed to insure glorious sport. The fish range from

one and a half pounds down, and average a good size.

The various tributaries of the Sinnemahoning number, it is supposed, one hundred trout brooks, ranging from middling to first-rate. All the other game common to that country in abundance.

But the natural approach to this region is by the way of Genesee Station, on the Erie Road; thence eighteen miles up stream, and up hill to the head of the Genesee, and to the top-knot of that part of creation, near the pretty little village of Lewisville, where in a radius of two miles may be found the heads of Genesee above mentioned; Cowanesque, a tributary of the north branch of Susquehanna; Pine Creek, tributary to the west branch of the same river, and the Allegheny—which has several tributaries, including the Oswayo—all trout streams.

The Genesee and its tributaries furnish from ten to fifteen trout brooks, from fair to middling. The country along the banks of these streams is thicker settled than the remainder of the country.

With the Tiadaghtan branch of Pine Creek the best of the trout fishing and grouse hunting begins; there are twenty or more tributaries all good. Passing up the west branch of Pine Creek and over the divide, the waters of Kettle Creek are reached, and soon the charming little town of Germania. At Oleona, just below the frowning white pine board battlements of Ole Bull's castle comes, in the Carey Fork, a celebrated trout stream, running its entire length through an unbroken wilderness. Below the junction, for five miles, extends the Laurel Bottom Creek, almost a river, flowing in a succession of deep black pools and wide shallow riffles.

To reach this arcadia, trains leave the West Philadelphia depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. every evening at 11:55, except Saturdays, reaching Sinnemahoning Station at noon the following day; fare, \$8.35. From this point a stage starts on arrival of the train, each Monday and Thursday, for Wharton, distant about eighteen miles, arriving in time for supper; fare, \$1.50. On other days private conveyance can be obtained at a cost of about \$5 for a team to carry two to four persons.

Excellent accommodations and bounteous

fare can be had with Mr. M. T. Seibert, whose house stands at the head of the valley, just at the forks, at a ridiculously small expense. If desired, Mr. Seibert will meet a party either at Sinnemahoning or Cameron (a station a few miles above on the railroad, and a shorter drive; but in that case he should be notified a week ahead by letter addressed to the care of F. Welton, Sinnemahoning. Guides charge \$1 a day.

WHITE PERCH FISHING.

The following account of white perch fishing at Betterton is from the pen of the late Thaddeus Norris, and will be of interest to those who have never participated in this pleasant pastime.

At the mouth of the Sasafra, twenty miles below Havre de Grace, is found the best white perch fishing in the country. It is a favorite resort of Philadelphians, who leave the wharf on the upper side of Chestnut street any day, at 4 p. m., by the Baltimore propellers, which, although not large, furnish excellent accommodations, arrive at Betterton by sunrise, spend a day on the fishing ground, and return by the evening boat, reaching home by six or seven o'clock next morning, being absent only an afternoon and a day. These are the white perch, and here, in their natural habitat, are much more game than the same fish in northern waters, and run from a half to a pound and a half in weight. They breed and spend the early Summer months in the fresh tributaries, but by the first of August, drop down to water slightly brackish, where they remain in large schools until October. In August it seems that the bottom is covered for acres with them. The lubberly way is to fish for them with dip-sy bow lines, or ordinary hand lines, but the angler prefers a springy rod of ten or eleven feet, with a stiffish tip; reel, an easy running multiplier; line small and of flax; hooks long shanked and about the size of No. 7 O'Shaughnessy trout hook. Three of the latter on snood four or five inches long, are attached to the line by loops, beginning a foot above the sinker, and are five feet apart. The sinker varies in weight from an ounce to three ounces, according to the strength of the tide. The baits are earthworms, pieces of soft or hard

crabs, or even slips cut from the sides of the perch. There are known resorts of the fish, and an hour or two before high or low water, until the same time after the turn of the tide, is the time for taking them. As soon as the boat is anchored, the rod is extended from side or stern; the sinker with the baits runs the line from the reel and finds the bottom. There is a pull downward by the perch, a pull upward by the angler, and the tip of the rod is lowered; then another pull, and another perch hooked, and then a third in the same manner, when the angler reels up and lifts his fish on board. On a good day it is not uncommon for three or four fishers to kill from fifty to eighty dozen. The boats are staunch and roomy, and will, with plenty of room, hold four or five anglers. The house at Betterton—a peach port, where the boats stop—is kept by a jolly little fellow named Tommy Crew. He has made a large addition to his house, and has airy, pleasant rooms. His charges are very moderate. With the high bluffs on the eastern, and the islands (Spisutia, a celebrated one for ducks, being one of them) on the western, the fine bay for sailing, and the good fishing, it is a pleasant place of resort.

TIM POND, MAINE.

Not only is Tim Pond noted for its excellent trout fishing, but the section of country in which it is located is a splendid game region, all the different varieties of birds and animals indigenous to this part of the country abounding in goodly numbers. Besides Tim Pond proper, there are several other ponds and streams in the immediate vicinity that are well stocked with trout; and it is hard to find a locality, so easy of access, that, when the hunting and fishing is combined, will yield better sport, or afford the visitor more real solid pleasure.

The real pond, according to the State survey, has a surface of about a thousand acres, but some few acres have evidently been partitioned off by the industrious beaver many years ago. It is a beauti-

ful sheet of clear, sparkling water, nestled down among the green trees, hills, and mountains, and is literally alive with trout. The angler has only to cast his line to gain the speckled prizes. There is no fish in this lake except trout. Never has one of any other species been taken there. The lake is swarming with its exclusive inhabitants, which can be taken by bait or by a "fly," by a novice or by a professional. Few have "whipped" these waters; because few know of them, though each year their fame is increasing. For one desiring the life of a fashionable hotel this is not the place. It is the place of the true sportsman, the place for recreation, for health, the place to worship God in his first temple. Tim Pond Stream, which connects the lake with Dead River, is a charming stream, with high embowered banks, numberless rapids, and three dashing cascades. The deep basins at the foot of each waterfall is alive with trout. Tim Pond is some six or seven miles from Eustis, about five miles of the distance being through a dense wilderness of spruce, fir, pine, and cedar. This dense woodland is inhabited by large game. There are many evidences that Bruin finds a congenial home here, but he does not seek acquaintance with man. Deer, caribou, and moose, in the season, can be hunted here, with proper dogs and outfit, to advantage and with great sport. In the openings grouse are very abundant. The lake is reached by railroad to Farmington, thence by stage, or private carriage on good roads, via New Vineyard, New Portland, and Kingfield to Eustis. The drive on a September day—at the foot of rugged mountain and by side of the dashing Carrybassette River—is most enjoyable to any lover of nature. At Eustis, accommodations can be had of Mr. Kennedy

Smith, and at which place guides can also be obtained. Another route is by the Maine Central Railroad to Anson, thence by stage and private conveyance to the residence of Mr. Kennedy Smith, Eustis, Maine, of whom all further information can be had.

WHERE TO GO FOR GROUSE

A FEW HINTS FROM A NATIVE.

In the first place decide what point to go to. If you go without any fixed point in view you may spend a week of time before you find a good place. In Iowa this game is abundant over most of the western half of the State. From Des Moines northwest stop at Grand Junction or Gowrie, north of there, or at almost any station west of Grand Junction. Going west from Des Moines, stop at Stuart, and take stage line to Fontanelle, twelve miles out. Excellent shooting conveniences, and extends for twelve miles further. Twelve miles west from Stuart is Casey. Take stage from there to Fontanelle, twenty-four miles. Every foot almost abounds with chickens, and at almost any station west of Casey good sport can be had. In most cases it will be necessary to go from four to ten miles from the railroad, as the birds are kept "cleaned out" near the towns, but in most places a mail route, which carries passengers, extends to some country post office. On the route northwest from Des Moines good sport is to be had after ducks about the numerous ponds by wading the shallow water and "jumping them up." About September 1st they begin to resort to the stubble fields morning and evening, and make good shooting there. Sandhill and white cranes are also there, but very shy. The other route abounds in high, rolling ground, affording splendid views,

and is absolutely free from malaria, and in almost every hollow clear pure water is found. No game there but "hens" and rattlesnakes. They are hundreds of other places just as good as those mentioned above, but those only are suggested of which the writer has personal knowledge. The best shooting is from August 15th to September 15th. As to dogs, it is uncertain about getting them here. If you have a good one, bring him. A dog that has only hunted quail and cock will frequently flush chickens, as they do not lie very well. A good ruffed grouse dog is just the thing if he will only range far enough. Breech-loaders should bring full supplies of everything except powder and shot, say 1,000 rounds for a three weeks' shoot.

Now, supposing you are snugly quartered at some farm house. After an early breakfast you take thirty or forty cartridges and start for a wheat stubble that is bordered by the open prairie. Walk about thirty yards from the edge and keep your gun ready for instant action. If the dog is not used to "chickens" "steady" him as soon as he scents the game. The probability is that a number of the birds have been running in all directions through the stubble, and if the dog is a novice he gets confused, and put them up. A good chicken dog always stops at the first scent and waits for the gunner to come up. If the birds are somewhat scattered they will frequently get up gradually, and by the rapid use of a breech-loader, most of the pack, from six to twenty, may be bagged. If they get up all at once, try to mark them down on the open prairie, and when you see them down be sure you mark the spot by some bunch of weeds or other object; for if you do not the grass is all so near alike that you can

never find the spot after once taking your eyes off it. If there be a slough with grass in it running through the stubble you may be almost sure of a find along its sides, particularly in the evening. The birds always seem to prefer the low ground in a field. By ten o'clock the birds have mostly filled their crops and gone to the grass and corn-fields, where they remain till about 3 P.M. During the middle of the day they are hard to find, as they do not move about much. At this time of day hunt in the grass along the edge of the stubble, not more than eighty rods from the edge, and along the hillsides, and on windy days always on the leeward slope. Many may be shot in the cornfields by keeping the dog well in and taking a snap shot as the bird tops the tall corn. When a large number go down in the grass they run off in every direction, and make fine trailing for the dog. They always try to alight on some spot out of sight from where they rise. They generally fly over one rise of the prairie, and stop two-thirds of the way up the next, or fly round one point and stop on the next. After a little experience one can generally tell from the lay of the land about where they stopped.

In conclusion, those who go for sport, and are willing to work for it, will not be disappointed. Very few farmers object to shooting on their grounds, and if they did, the laws make no special protection for them, but, of course, no gentleman will invade the farmer's or any one's rights merely because he can do so with impunity; and in return for this generous privilege given by the farmer, the sportsman should not forget to divide his game with them sometimes. For further information address O. H. Hampton, Redfield, Dallas county, Iowa.

FISH AND GROUSE REGION.

Solon is located in Somerset county, Maine, and they have some good hunting and fishing up there. The best way to go is by way of the North Ansonby Railroad. There is a daily stage to Solon, and there is some talk of putting on a daily stage from Solon to the Forks, thirty-one miles; from the Forks to Moose River is thirty miles. In the vicinity of Solon are some fine trout brooks, and five miles from the village is a good trout pond. One mile from the village, at Carritunk Falls, on Kennebec River, magnificent trout are caught. Some caught there in the Summer of 1877, tipped four pounds. In Carrying-place Town there are three good ponds. In the first pond are trout that weigh about half a pound. A Mr. Ellis has a camp there and keeps a kind of a hotel, where he has a good deal of company in the Summer. This pond is three miles from the river, and four miles from J. Carney's Hotel in Moscow. In Carritunk is Pleasant Pond, where the fishing has to be done at night. The water is so clear you can see the bottom of the pond, where there is fifty or sixty feet of water, as plain as if there were not more than five or six feet. It is fringy around the pond and very cold water. From The Forks, five miles, is Moxie Pond, with very good fishing. There is a road to the Moxie. Some very good trout streams are in the vicinity of The Forks, and from there to Moose River one will find partridges. A Mr. Gordon says he shot seventeen partridges from The Forks to Parlin Pond, fourteen miles, and shot them all from a wagon in and on the side of the road. Parlin Pond is one of the best places to go fishing, as it is right by a hotel and on the stage road. A stranger

can go to Parlin Pond and get all the fish he wants in the Summer and Fall, and he does not need a guide. It is also a good place for partridges. Fifteen miles from Parlin Pond is River Settlement; two hotels. At this point there is fishing enough. Six miles southwest is Long Pond; east from Moose River is Wood Pond, with three wood ponds South is Attian Pond. East from Attian Pond is Holeb Pond. Moose River flows through all these ponds, and it is good boating from the Attian Pond to Holeb Pond. It is twelve or fourteen miles by river, with a carry about half a mile. Few sportsmen visit this section. The best time for fishing is July, the flies are all gone then.

MIDDLE FLORIDA.

MIDDLE FLORIDA is one of the finest countries in the world. All along her sea coast are beautiful bays and inlets; through the country are fine rivers, beautiful lakes, and pearly brooks. She has grand and wonderful springs, whose medicinal virtues are known in all lands. She has magnificent forests of pine, cypress, and hardwood timber, ornamented with the beautiful magnolia and other flowering trees and shrubs. Her lakes, rivers, bays, and inlets are full of excellent fish. Her sea coast have an abundance of oysters, fish, turtle, and sponges. Her forests abound in a great variety of game. Her gardens yield the finest vegetables, and have the most beautiful flowers in bloom all the year. Her orchards bear the most delicious fruits and berries, and her vineyards the finest grapes that make the best of wine. Middle Florida is bounded on the north by Georgia, on the east by the Suwannee River, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the west by the Apalachicola

River. The district from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty miles in length, and seventy to eighty miles in width. A peculiar feature in Middle Florida is the number of lakelets of clear pure water scattered all over the country, varying in size from half an acre to an acre or more in extent. They, as a general thing, are very deep, have no outlet, and contain an abundance of excellent fish. They seem to have been placed there for a wise purpose—to supply the wants of every family at their own doors, without hire or reward, with a splendid article of food. In all the countries along the Gulf of Mexico, and in nearly all the heavily timbered lands in the others, are to be found all kinds of game, such as bear, deer, wild turkeys, panthers, catamounts, wild cats, &c. Deer and turkey are plentiful. In all the lakes, rivers, and creeks are an abundance of the finest fish, such as trout, perch, jack or hake, catfish, blackfish, bream, &c. On the coast there is the finest of oysters, clams, turtle, and every variety of salt water fish. During the Winter, all the lakes, ponds, bays, inlets, rivers, &c., have an abundance of every variety of water fowl. Sportsmen should visit Middle Florida by all means and take a hunt and a fish down on the coast. Troy, the county seat of Lafayette county, is on the Suwannee River, and is at present the head of steamboat navigation. It contains about fifty inhabitants. It is near one of the best regions for hunting in all Florida. New Port, on the St. Mark's River, six miles from the Gulf of Mexico, was once an important commercial place. Above the town is one of the finest sulphur springs in the State, whose waters contain great curative powers, and have performed almost miraculous cures. Before the war, invalids

from nearly all parts of the Union resorted there to drink of and bathe in the health-giving waters of the springs. Across the St. Mark's River, opposite, are hunting grounds not excelled in the South in all probability. Bear, deer, turkeys, &c., are in the greatest abundance. It is represented as a magnificent game country.

THE BEAVERKILL REGION.

The Beaverkill region of Sullivan county, N. Y., is famous not only for the rare trout fishing that its numerous streams afford the angler, even in these later days when trout fishing within respectable distance of the metropolis has come to be not much more than a memory, but for its broad forests, and secure ridges where the deer and bear still roam at will. There is a section, however, lying between the great Beaverkill and civilization, which is not so well known, but which is fully as prolific in all that the sportsman craves. The township of Bethel, in Sullivan county, surprises everybody with the excellent hunting it provides. Deer are plenty; so many bear have not been seen since the days of the prairie hunters; and as to grouse and the smaller game, the woods are full of them, Smith Schoonmaker keeps a "sportsman's rest" in Bethel, about ten miles from Monticello. In 1877 no less than twenty deer were killed early in the season by parties from Newburg and Paterson, and the same year three deer were killed by local hunters in one week in December six miles from the village. Near Monticello the grouse shooting is unsurpassed. Dave Avery, of the Mansion House, who is equally at home behind setter or deerhound, or in hand-to-hand contest with bear, says that the lover of grouse shooting could never find better

sport than can be had within three miles of Monticello. This village is the centre of the White Lake, Black Lake, Sockett Pond, and other wild hunting regions, and no more convenient locality or one that gives better promise to the sportsman than this same section of Sullivan county can be found. From Monticello one is in easy reach of the Beaverkill region also. Monticello has five trains from New York via Erie Railway to Port Jervis, then by Port Jervis and Monticello Railroad. Sportsmen visiting this region, by going to the genial Sheriff Morris's mansion house, will find everything pleasant, and be furnished full information as to hunting grounds, trout streams, &c.

WHERE TO ROUGH IT.

BY J. H. BATTY.

As there are many of your subscribers who wish to "rough it," and do so in a country where there is no danger from hostile Indians, I give the following notes for those who may "pull out" from some frontier town for a few months' camp hunt. Denver, St. Paul, Cheyenne, Fairplay, or any mining town in Colorado or Montana, will be a good point to start from. Do not spoil what might be a pleasant trip by following a wagon train, over dusty plains and rough roads, through endless sage bushes and prickly pears. Start out with confidence well fixed for any emergency, and if traveling on the plains, keep near the river bottoms, where cotton-wood timber abounds, and an undergrowth of willows, aspens, box-cedar, and "bull" berry bushes. The game naturally collects in the scattering belts of timber in the bottoms, and the hunter has but to watch some

favorite sand-bar, or grazing grounds on the edge of the timber. I will guarantee plenty of game in the Missouri Valley, anywhere from Fort Benton to Fort Abe. Lincoln, or the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. One can go to Bismarck and thence by supply boats to any woodman's camp on the upper "Mesuri." Woodmen and trappers are occasionally "taken in" by the Dakotas or Sioux Indians, yet if one employs a good hunter he can hunt in comparative safety. The scenery on some parts of the Missouri River is grand and picturesque. Large cliffs rise perpendicularly out of the water, and their flat vertical sides cast gloomy shadows over the muddy waters. In many places the limestone and granite rocks loom up on both sides of the river, looking in their curious forms like the ruins of some giant city. Many rocks have spires running high in the sky, and others have natural windows and cornices which adds to the sight of delusion of a ruined city. Among these rocks the mountain sheep collect in large bands, running out in bold relief on projecting crags, and wonderingly watch the passing boats. In the evening the wandering prong horns—antelope—are seen gazing from the tablelands above, or wending their way in continuous, though broken lines, down well worn trails among loose rocks, occasionally stopping to nip the green grass on the natural shelves or flats, preparatory to taking their evening drink when reaching the river. The white-tailed, or mule deer, are found in small bands, and singly in the willow bottoms, and the large wide spreading track of the ponderous elk is seen on every trail. At night the bulls roam about bellowing—I cannot call it whistling as some people do—their continued bugle-like notes

until the canons and valleys echo to their cries. Bruin is occasionally found; yet further back in the mountains he is most frequently met. The slap of the beaver's tail is often seen to break the calm of "the rolling river," and the numerous slides cutting into the river banks shows plainly where the beavers get their timber for dams. In many places I saw minks skipping along the sand-bars in a playful manner until they reached the friendly banks. Was it not for the parties of friendly (?) and benevolent red men who occasionally visit this hunter's paradise, the naturalist and hunter could enjoy himself to the fullest extent. He could travel hundreds of miles through the most interesting country by "bull boats," canoes, or skiffs, and not have to pack a pound necessarily.

Catfish are abundant in the river, though trout are only found in its tributaries and lakes in the mountains. There are too many Indians in the mountains for one to wander carelessly about, and they often turn up rather unexpectedly in the bottoms.

In the Sierra Madre Mountains in Colorado, a few score miles west of Denver, parties can hunt in safety, and find game in abundance. In 1873, I killed deer—mule deer—in the foothills in South Park, and in some localities they were common. On the range of mountains running from Mt. Lincoln to the Horse shoe Mountains are plenty of antelope, and they can be reached from Fairplay in two or three hours' ride. I have often left Fairplay in the morning, and killed and packed an antelope back to camp in season to have some of its chops for an early supper.

Deer are often found along the South Platte above Fairplay, yet I never succeeded in taking but one there, as the

country lies bad for still hunting. There are good trails—for the country—running for miles into the Rocky Mountains west of Denver, and with a few pack animals one can roam for weeks over snow-capped mountains, hunting deer, sheep, antelope, and bear, and in the valleys does are found at evening, also dusky grouse, marmots, coyotes, foxes, &c. In fact, the collector need not wander about long in search of a living target when he has crossed the South Platte or “Arkansaw” Rivers. The Mighty Arkansas is formed by several large boiling springs in a natural pasture lying among rolling hills of pines. I have followed the brook until it becomes a large river from the Tennessee Pass to a point west of the Buffalo Mountains. A day’s ride through the pass and beyond the source of the Arkansas, brings the adventurer to Pacific waters, and the head of the Eagle River, which is the prettiest stream I have seen in the Rocky Mountains. Another day’s ride down the river and trout can be caught with grasshoppers by the hundred weight. Opposite that almost inaccessible mountain, the Holy Cross, the fishing is best, and mule deer, bear, and elk abound. It was at that point I first heard the so called “whistle,” as one came tearing through the bushes, mistaking my picketed horse for a cow. Several days after I hunted with a rifle for elk, but all I had to show for my climbing fallen timber and loose rocks for the time, was soleless moccasins and a bouncing big porcupine, which smelled so strongly of spruce that it made my companion sick, who helped me pack him on a pole to camp. In conclusion, I would say, that if there are any persons who wish to “rough it” and do not know where to go, I will direct

them to a good country by addressing J. H. BATTY, Parkville, Kings county, New York.

CHINCOTEAGUE ISLAND.

Chincoteague Island, on the coast of Virginia, is a favorite resort for sportsmen, not only from Washington, Baltimore, and other near-by points, but from Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and many other cities. In season the birds are plentiful and the accommodations for visitors ample. What is known as the Eastern Shore of Virginia is a peninsula composed of the counties of Northumberland and Accomac, lying between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. Chincoteague Island is in the Atlantic, just east of Accomac county, and separated from it by a body of water known as Chincoteague Bay. The shores of this bay, on both sides, are covered by extensive salt-water marshes, furnishing abundant food and ample shelter for willet, gray-backs, Esquimeaux curlew, long-billed curlew, and various species of snipe, sandpipers, and other birds usually found upon the salt-water marshes of the middle districts.

Willet, generally, are the most plentiful, as they breed in the marshes surrounding the island. The propensity of this bird to remain in the immediate vicinity of the coast is such that it is seldom met with inland, not even along the shores of large rivers. At all times shy and wary, the sportsman in approaching it has to use the greatest caution.

The long-billed curlew, the largest of this variety found in North America, is the only one which may properly be called a permanent resident. It breeds to a great extent about Chincoteague. They are not easily approached, and it takes a good charge to bring them down. If

wounded, they skulk off among the thickest vegetation, where they remain perfectly quiet.

The gray-backs, or red-breasted sandpipers, when young and fat, are very palatable. In season they are very plentiful, and feed on the diminutive shellfish found a short distance below the surface.

But to give an extended description of the many desirable birds to be found in the neighborhood of the island would be almost impossible. Chincoteague Island affords delightful sport in fishing as well as shooting. Oysters are abundant, and probably there is no place on the Atlantic coast where a sportsman can enjoy himself more than at Chincoteague. There are a number of persons residing in that vicinity who make a business of furnishing boats and piloting visitors in search of sport. The hotel at Chincoteague contains forty-eight rooms. The route to the island from New York is by the Old Dominion Steamship Company to Lewes, Delaware. There are other routes to the island from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

BEST PLACE IN FLORIDA TO HUNT

On the east side of the lower road from Homosassa to Bay Point, about ten miles from each place, there is a valley about a mile wide by four long, interspersed with small sandy bottom ponds. Around some of them are natural grape-eries covering acres. Bushels of the most delicious grapes one ever tasted annually rot on the bushes or ground. There is not a dwelling within six miles. Wild turkey, bear, and deer are plenty, and large flocks of parakeets feed on these luxuries. It seems too bad to see game and fruit so abundant and no sportsmen

at hand. It is one of the best places in all Florida for a party to stay to hunt say for a month or so. It lies between the Great Gulf Swamp and the Natilika Hammock, a kind of crossing place for game.

LAKE BORGNE.

This noted Southern resort is much frequented by sportsmen from New Orleans and vicinity. The lake is said to be one of the finest fishing grounds in the whole South.

Lake Borgne, Louisiana, formed by the Gulf of Mexico, offers as fine sport for anglers as any sheet of water in the South. The fish are not perhaps so game as those caught in the colder waters of the North, although there are some few species caught there that, were they fished for with the same tackle as is used for taking the striped bass off the New England coast, would require nearly, if not quite, as much skill. These are the redfish and speckled trout. The best place for taking these fish, is close to one of the "coquilles" or shellbanks, of which there are a great many scattered over the lake, and which at high tide, are covered from two to three feet, and which are the chief feeding places for these fish. In order to reach these banks, a sail boat has to be taken from the mainland, and the start made to suite the hour when the tide is running in. Once at the place and the boat anchored, the fishing begins. The mode of catching them down there is, to have a large cotton line, upon which from two to three large hooks, with brass shells attached, are fastened, and on each of these a half of a mullet is placed for bait, one end of the line being tied to the boat, and the other part thrown out as far as possible, directly over the submerged bank. The fish come in schools, and as they are very voracious it is not very long before you have a bite, sometimes as many as two or three fish striking at a time: then you have it, making your line whiz through the water, and if your tackle is not strong they will get away, unless managed with a good deal of skill. Some say that it takes a very good fisherman to capture a ten-pound redfish with a rod and reel. The

THE MAGOG DISTRICT.

Directly to the north of the States of Vermont and New Hampshire, the west of Somerset county, in Maine, there lies a tract of country which, although the seat of some of the earliest settlements on the continent, is yet comparatively unsubdued. The reason for this is doubtless owing to the extremely broken contour of the country, for we find that where the land is level the country has long been settled. There is no doubt but that the vast water power of this district will some day support a large population, but at present the most of the streams rush unimpeded over their rocky beds and serve as abodes for countless numbers of the finny tribes. The principal rivers are the Yamaska, St. Francis, Nicolet, Becanecour, and Chaudière, on the latter of which are the picturesque falls of the same name. The largest lakes are Memphremagog, Massawippi, Aylmer, St. Francis, and Megantic; but throughout the region are found numberless smaller lakes, and from the hillsides, countless streams gush down to swell the volumes of the larger rivers. The scenery is romantic and beautiful in the extreme, and the mountain air peculiarly bracing.

The region is accessible by way of the Grand Trunk Railroad from Portland, Maine, Sherbrooke being the most convenient point of departure on this line, by way of the Connecticut & Passumpsic River Railroad, from Boston, either disembarking at Newport or going on to Waterloo, and by Hudson River and Lake Champlain to St John's, and thence to Waterloo. A steamer conveys the tourist from Newport to Magog; which latter is a good centre of operations. There is a fair hotel at Sherbrooke, the Magog House; rate \$1.50 per day. At

Magog there is also a fair hotel whose price is about \$1 per day, and the same is charged at Waterloo for fair accommodations.

As regards the fishing, the tourist may do one of three things, he may locate at Waterloo, Magog, or Sherbrooke, and make excursions into the surrounding country; he may take up his quarters at some small village or farm house, near which there is good fishing, or he may camp out, the most enjoyable way of all. In the first case a horse and buggy may be hired for about \$1.50 per day, and there are many good streams within a radius of sixteen miles from Waterloo, though the fish are apt to be small. At Coon's Pond, twelve miles, there is splendid trouting, the fish averaging about half a pound. At Lake Oxford, twelve miles, they are taken weighing over three pounds; at Brome Lake, six miles, there is excellent bass fishing, and some heavy fish are taken, while in the lake at the village you may troll for pike with good success. Mr. E. B. Hodge, or any member of the "Fishing Club," will afford all the information to sportsmen that lies in their power. From Magog, a drive of about four miles takes you to the Lake Oxford above mentioned, and there are several small lakes and streams in the vicinity affording good sport, and you may angle for lake trout, or lunge as they are called, in Lake Memphremagog if you have the requisite amount of patience. From Sherbrooke, a drive of about fourteen miles takes you to the Brompton series of lakes, where are to be found trout, lake trout, and bass, but as boats are difficult to procure on these lakes, the tourist had better make previous arrangements. Ten miles brings you to Lake Massawippi, where

there are lake trout, and this lake can be reached by a drive of five miles from Magog. There are also small streams within a few miles where good trout fishing may be had, and the proprietors of the hotels here, as elsewhere, will afford those visiting this section all possible information.

In the second place, there are numerous small villages near which excellent fishing may be had, and though many of them have no hotels, yet the inhabitants are hospitable and kindly in the extreme, and the ambition (?) to become the possessor of the traveler's last cent is, as yet, unknown.

Thirdly, as to camping out, the counties of Wolfe and Megantic are wild and unsettled, as also are parts of the counties of Compton, Richmond, and Shefford, and even parts of the town of Sherbrooke, and the tourist would do well to arm himself with a rifle, as he may have an opportunity to meet Bruin in his native haunts. Of course, only in the wilder parts of the above counties is this possible, but there are numerous smaller animals, and eagles are quite common.

Brompton Lake, and Lake Megantic, Aylmer, and others afford splendid sport, as well as many tributaries of the Chaudiere. The Waterloo Fishing Club have a shanty on an island in Brompton Lake, and are exceedingly courteous to all sportsmen, and many small lakes near their village would well repay a week spent on their shores. There are also salmon in Salmon River, but they will not take a fly.

The most favorable season for trout fishing is during May and June, and the latter part of September. During the hotter months they are only to be found in the spring-holes and deep shady pools; but there are several lakes in which they

can be caught on any cloudy Summer day, and during the Summer the cool clear air, the fresh invigorating breezes, and the numberless fragrant and shady glens offer attractions not to be found in the cooler months.

One of the New York papers thus describes

MAGOG AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

At the foot of Lake Memphremagog, in the Province of Quebec, is situated a little village called Magog. It is a place where you can go and take your family with you, and get good brook trout fishing. Here you will find a nice hotel, "The Union House," kept by Mr. John Norton, a brother of the angle, and who knows how to drop a fly in the right place, at the right time, and also what is of as great importance, how to entertain his sportsmen friends and their families. The house is situated directly on the lake and commanding a fine view of it. Directly fronting it looms old "Mount Oxford," said to be the highest mountain in the province of Quebec, and from the summit of which can be counted thirty-three sheets of water, and by the aid of a glass the spires in Montreal can be seen in clear weather. Mr. Furboye, the superintendant, and the employees of the Waterloo & Magog Railroad, do all in their power to accommodate sportsmen as much as possible. At Magog, considerable sport can be enjoyed. Early in June there is good trout fishing, and later in the season, lunge are taken pretty freely in the lake by deep fishing, among them some of good size. Pickerel fishing is good, and some weighing as high as three pounds are taken by trolling with live bait. Some fine trout streams take their rise in its neighborhood, and in the proper season a good string of fish is sure to be the result of a day's ramble. Near at hand also are the Magog and Cary rivers, where may be had some of the best fly fishing in the whole Megantic region. The rides and drives in every direction from Magog are delightful, and within half a dozen miles there are numerous trout streams, in all of which you may fill your creel with good sized, handsome brook trout. In addition to this, Lake Memphremagog is well stocked with lake trout, called there lunge. These are from three to

twelve pounds in weight, and have been taken weighing as much as thirty pounds. During the Summer and Fall months they are taken by trolling with a hand line, or what is far better and affording much greater sport, is to use a good, strong, well-made trolling rod, with large multiplying reel holding from two to three hundred yards of line. With such tackle one can feel assured of good sport, as a ten-pound lunge is no contemptible antagonist, and your nerves will be well tried before bringing him to the gaff. The boats here are good and free to guests. The prices here are very reasonable, \$1 per day. The table is excellent and all the appointments are good. Guides, and good ones too, can always be had when wanted, and they do not expect to be paid fancy prices. Should parties wish to rough it in the woods and enjoy a few day's camping, there are several places which can be easily reached from this point, and all that is requisite for a comfortable camp can be had at Magog. Georgeville, some ten miles up the lake, is undoubtedly the best spot for deep fishing on the lake, there being no less than eight or ten good fishing grounds, among which are the Drew Grounds, Bigelow, Packard and Black points, &c., within a circuit of two miles. Runge have been taken on these grounds weighing as high as twenty pounds, and parties have been known to bring into town over one hundred pounds of fish daily in the proper season. Sugar Loaf Pond, about four miles from Georgeville, is noted for its fly fishing. The trout are small, the largest not going over one and a quarter pounds, but are plenty and give good sport. As many as eighty fish have been taken by a single party in a day. To fish this pond properly, one should go prepared to stay two or three days, and either camp out or put up at one of the two log cabins on the shore; but camping is advisable. There is splendid lunge fishing in Oxford Pond. Numerous bears also prowl around the country. "Old Hopps," the noted bear hunter of the neighborhood, has the skull of the last one he killed. The bear dressed over four hundred and fifty pounds. This makes the eighty-fourth bear he has killed. Magog can be reached via St. Johns and Waterloo by railroad which has been recently completed—or by Central Vermont & Passumpsic Railroad to Newport, Vermont, and thence by steamer

through Lake Memphremagog, or by stage from Sherbrooke, from which place it is distant sixteen miles. For gentlemen with ladies and children, it will be difficult, doubtless, to find a place which combines so much that is desirable as this.

FISHLAND.

About one mile long, half a mile wide, in places very deep, water very cold, fed from bottom springs, clear as crystal and surrounded by mountains. This is the little lake where the prettiest of all trout abound. It is a pleasant day's journey from New York. Seventy trout have been taken from its bright waters in a single day, the majority reaching one pound in weight. There, as in most other favored spots, the Spring time is the best to take trout in quantities, but they abound in such profusion that a fine mess can be made at any season. Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec, is the centre of a fine trout country. To the west, in Broome and Bolton, some twenty miles, are dozens of little lakes all containing trout, and if one prefers pounders to the whales of Rengeley, this is the spot to gather 'em in. To the south, some twenty miles, is Averill Lake, a splendid water for pounders, while fifty miles eastward, in a dense wilderness, lies Lake Megantic, where trout have been taken that scaled over four pounds. The fish there will not weigh less than a pound each, fight like "all possessed," and no other fish inhabit the lake. Three miles east of Barton, Vermont, which is fifteen miles south of Newport, lies May's Pond—a grand little sheet of water one mile in length, where a basket can be filled with "whoppers" in a short time. To reach this lake country take the 8 A. M. train from Springfield, Mass., over the Connecticut River and Passumpsic River railroads, reaching Newport and Memphremagog at supper time, and Sherbrooke at 9 P. M. The trip over these roads is one of great beauty, with ever-changing scenery, touching the Green and White Mountains, and winding along the two charming rivers nearly to their source.

BREECHES LAKE.

Not a very euphonious title, certainly, but as suggestive as is the name (Spider) generally applied to Lake Maccawamack. It is situated some fifty miles northeast of Sherbrooke, and is some three to four miles in length, hav-

ing its outlet at the extremity of the right leg of the Breeches. Although "Stanstead" places it in the Megantic district, it is more properly in the St. Francis district, being northerly of the St. Francis lake and river and within the judicial district of that name. Within a range of ten or fifteen miles from Breeches Lake, are numerous lakes and ponds but little fished as yet with rod or troll, and literally teeming with trout, lunge, pike, pickerel, and bass. It is doubted if either troll or fly has ever been used on Breeches Lake, the night line being the approved method of capturing the speckled and silvery sided denizens of this pretty little sheet of water. The lake and speckled trout—a very fair sprinkling of the latter—run from three-fourths to two or three pounds weight, with a general average of about one and one-fourth pounds. That the fish in Breeches Lake are plenty there can be no doubt. "In running the lines out from the shore," says a gentleman who visited this lake in 1876, "fish frequently rose to the minnow bait, and in taking up a short line for the last time before leaving, out of six trout caught on it, two were caught fowl. This would look as though they must have been having a lively time below." There are about three quarters of a mile of wood intervening between Breeches Lake and Indian Lake, while the small stream connecting the two is so small and grown up with timber that it is impossible to get a boat through it. But an old lumber road extends between Indian and Breeches lakes, which could be brushed out in a few hours so that a light boat could be portaged across, when the skillful handling of fly and troll would meet with abundant success. The proper time to arrive there would be about June 30. In the left leg of the Breeches, lunge weighing nearly twenty pounds have been caught. The water is generally deep and clear, with beautiful smooth sand and gravel beach at the head of the lake. The high ridge or promontory which separates the legs of the Breeches, would be a very desirable camping spot, as from its situation flies would not be troublesome, and the dry timber standing would be ample to keep the pot boiling. A handy man for camp work can be had for \$1 per day. Neither Indian nor Breeches lakes are settled. The Quebec Central Railway passes within five or six miles of the point named.

OTONABEC RIVER.

The Otonabec River, in Peterboro county, is a noble Canadian black bass stream. It is a sluggish stream of some twenty miles in length, and from one hundred to one hundred and twenty yards wide, winding gracefully through forest and farm till it enters Rice Lake, a splendid sheet of water twenty-five miles long by about three broad. The fish in this river are game to the last. The season begins about the middle of June (after the fish have spawned) and continues till October. The bait generally used is live minnow. As many as sixty bass have been taken in an afternoon's fishing by two rods, averaging from one to five and a half pounds each in weight.

THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

ITS CHARMS FOR SPORTSMEN.

Many of the journals and periodicals have occasionally made mention of the famous Yellowstone Valley of Montana, and have spoken of its many natural wonders and curiosities, but few, if any, have made any reference to its advantages as a field for sportsmen. Of its famous geysers, its curious mud fountains, its frost-like incrustations of every hue and shade, its magnificent lakes, its thermal springs and varied scenery, accurate accounts have been given by Donne, Hayden, and others. But that it is the favorite Summer resort, the Newport and Saratoga, of the grizzly bear, the California lion, and innumerable varieties of fur-bearing animals, and of the feathered tribes; that the lakes, both large and small, fairly teem with trout, and, as one writer says, "there are no small trout there, few, if any, weighing less than a pound," almost no one has heard. Entrance to this valley is through the canon of the Yellowstone, and this can be gained only during the months of June, July, August, and September. There is also a trail over the mountains, touching the

upper end of the valley leading from the great Shoshone Falls and head of the Snake River, via the headwaters of the Madison and Gallatin rivers—both of which have valleys similar to, but much smaller, than the Yellowstone—to the great buffalo range between this district and the Missouri. This is known as the Bannock trail.

The sportsman will go by the Pacific Railroad to Evanston or Cheyenne, and thence to Fort Ellis, Montana, which last place is but five or six days from the Great Basin, with fine hunting and fishing all the way. He will require heavy clothing, and all the requisites for camping out. The travel will not be found especially difficult, nor will the danger be great, as the Indians, having a superstitious reverence for the valley, believing it to be the abode of the Great Spirit, never enter it. A party of three can travel with perfect safety, so far as Indians are concerned, in any part of this district by keeping watch upon their horses at night, as the lions would make short work with them if an opportunity was afforded, horseflesh being their favorite diet.

To give an idea of the abundance and variety of game, appended are a few paragraphs taken from the official report of Lieut. Doane, Second United States Cavalry, who visited this valley in 1870. This officer started from Fort Ellis, Montana, on the 22d of August, struck the Yellowstone in about eight hours; entering the valley through the great canon of the Yellowstone. The Yellowstone abounds in trout; the writer says: "The Yellowstone trout are peculiar, being the largest variety of the genus caught in waters flowing east. Their numbers are perfectly fabulous, but their appetites extremely dainty. One may fish

with the finest tackle of Eastern sportsmen, when the water appears to be alive with them, all day long, without a bite. Grasshoppers are their peculiar weakness, and, using them for bait, the most awkward angler can fill a champagne basket in an hour or two. They do not bite with the spiteful greediness of the Eastern brook trout, but amount to much more in the way of subsistence when caught. The flesh is of a bright yellow color on the inside of the body, and of a flavor unsurpassed."

All the Yellowstone trout are said to be salmon trout, though the brook trout is caught in most of the mountain streams of this region.

"Our mess table was here supplied with antelope, hare, ducks, and grouse killed during the day (on the march), and with fish caught *ad libitum* in the afternoon."

Passing through the canon, and arriving at the mouth of Gardiner's River, the Yellowstone "at this point shrinks to half its usual size, lost among boulders of the drift, innumerable masses of which choke up the stream in many places, forming alternate pools and rapids, which afford great delight to the fishermen. The ground will be found everywhere tracked by the passage of elk and mountain sheep, and bear signs are everywhere visible."

Three miles below the Yellowstone Falls the chasm is one thousand and fifty feet deep; on the "caps of the dizzy heights above the mountain sheep and elk rest during the night."

Entering the Great Basin over the high ridges as they descended, they "found a large flock of mountain sheep, very tame, and greatly astonished, no doubt, at our sudden appearance. Elk were feeding in small bands on the other

side of the valley, and large flocks of water fowl were frequently seen sporting in the river channel. Here trout were caught in abundance."

At the Great Yellowstone Lake, at the mouths of creeks emptying therein, are "large, swampy districts, flooded, and the resort of myriads of water fowl. The waters of the lake abound with trout to such an extent that the fish at this season are in poor condition for want of food. No other fish are seen; no minnows, no small trout. There are also no clams, crabs, nor turtles—nothing but full grown trout. These could be caught in mule loads by wading out a few feet in the open waters at any point, with a grasshopper bait. Two men could catch them faster than half a dozen could clean and get them ready for the frying pan. Caught in the open lake, their flesh was yellow; but in bays where the water was strongly impregnated with chemicals, it was blood red.

The whole valley is filled with pools of water, a resort for great numbers of waterfowl. The ground was trodden by thousands of elk and sheep. Bear tracks and beaver trails were also numerous, and occasionally was seen the footsteps of a California lion. During the night we were several times disturbed by the dismal screaming of California lions, and in the morning found their huge tracks close around the camp. In the evening a grizzly bear, with cubs, was roused by some of the party, but as they had not lost any bears she got away with her interesting family undisturbed. These animals are very numerous in the basin, the green grasses, berries, and pine nuts affording them abundant supplies of food. The small lakes are perfectly alive with otter, which may be seen playing upon their surfaces at nightfall by hundreds.

Beaver, mink, and muskrat are also abundant."

"In the evening large numbers of fish were caught, one of the privates catching fifty-two large trout, all that two men could carry, in less than an hour. In the early morning we were serenaded by a couple of lions, their melancholy voices echoing through the heavy forest with a peculiarly wild, mournful sound.

"The water fowl on the lake deserve a passing notice. These include swans, pelicans, gulls, Canada geese, brant, and many varieties of ducks and dippers. There are also herons and sandhill cranes. Of pelicans, immense numbers sail in fleets along the lake, in company with the majestic swan. The gulls are of the same variety as those found in San Francisco harbor. I think the pelicans are identical with those found in the great lakes on our northern border, but am not sure, as we did not get a specimen. There are several low, flat islands in the lake, which are always white with them at the close of the day. Of the birds and animals of the forest, I have seen of each several not down in the books—comprising, of birds, a sort of large mocking bird, two varieties, belonging, I think, to the *genus 'corvus,'* two kinds of woodpeckers; two or three specimens of grouse; also a guide bird, resembling a blackbird, but larger. I saw but one of these the day I went to the bottom of the Great Canon; it hopped and flew along from rock to rock ahead of us during the whole trip down, waited perched upon a rock while we were resting, and led us clear to the summit again in the same manner, making innumerable sounds and gestures constantly to attract attention. Others of the party remarked birds of the same kind, and acting in the same manner. The common

birds of the basin are eagles, hawks, ravens, ospreys, prairie chickens, and grouse. Of animals, I saw several species of squirrels and weasels, which do not appear in the books. We saw no snakes of any kind in the basin.

"Crossing the river we moved down to a central point of the valley, and camped in a little grove of pine timber near the margin of a small marshy lake, around which were to be seen numerous fresh signs of buffalo, driven out by the noise of our hasty intrusion."

It will thus be seen that the abundance and variety of game is not exceeded in any other part of the country, and from its being undisturbed by Indians is comparatively tame, so that no difficulty would be found in "making a large bag."

Lieut. Doane made the entire trip from Fort Ellis and return in thirty-four days, and part of that time was unable to travel on account of a severe "whitlow." He adds: "The difficulties of the journey amount to but little after the various routes have been laid down correctly. From the 1st of June to the 1st of October, the climate is very mild considering the location. Both the climate and vegetable growths of the Great Basin are strikingly different from those of the surrounding country. The Summer, though short, is quite warm, notwithstanding the elevation of the district. Rains are frequent in the Spring months, and the atmosphere is comparatively moist. All the grasses grow rank, and are not of the seeded varieties common to the country, being green and luxuriant when the lower valleys are parched by the sun. Ferns, whortleberries, thimbleberries, and other products of a damp climate abound, all being of diminutive growth. It is a minia-

ture Oregon in vegetable productions, the pines being about the height of those on the East Virginia shore, and other growths lessened in proportion. Mosquitoes and guats are said to be numerous in the early Summer, but we saw none at all. The snows of Winter are very heavy, but the cold is not severe for such an altitude. Doubtless the intense heat and immense amount of hot vapor evolved, exert a powerful agency in moderating the rigor of the climate. The basin would not be a desirable place for Winter residence. As a country for sight seers and sportsmen, it is without a parallel; as a field for scientific research it promises great results; in the branches of geology, mineralogy, botany, zoology, and ornithology, it is probably the greatest laboratory that Nature furnishes on the surface of the globe."

All of the above is corroborated by Hayden and others, who have since visited the valleys and classified its flora and fauna. What a magnificent field for the sportsman.

IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

Although game of all kinds in this State is scarce in comparison with that found in Western and Southern States, there is still very fair shooting to be had on game in its season for the sportsman who knows the habits and favorite haunts of that which he seeks. There are probably one hundred deer killed annually near the Pennsylvania border, in Steuben and other counties, while foxes, the white and gray hare, black and gray squirrels, raccoon, mink, and muskrat are found in abundance, particularly in the half mountainous section through which the Erie Railroad and its branches pass. Ruffed grouse are widely distributed, being found in small numbers in

the woodlands of nearly every farm. Quail are also quite numerous, though many are killed by the heavy snows of our severe Winters, whole bevvies being sometimes found in the Spring under the deep drifts in the fence corners. Woodcock breed plentifully along the numerous lakes, ponds, rivers, creeks, trout streams, and the surrounding brush-covered bottom lands, whose rich, warm soil produces an abundance of food for these voracious feeders, and in favorable seasons a large brood is reared. Wood-duck are also found along these water courses. Ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, and woodduck, are the only game birds that breed in this latitude, with the exception of a few duck and snipe that are belated on their northward flight, and seek the secluded and inaccessible recesses of the marshes and swamps adjacent to the lakes and bays, where their nests are made and their young reared. The wild turkey disappeared long since, and is a thing of the past. Of the migratory birds which visit this section may be mentioned geese—which, however, are seldom shot—brant, loon, many varieties of duck—principally mallard—black, teal, redhead, whistler, widgeon, sheldrake, coot, dipper, snipe, plover, and curlew, with an occasional rail. The Spring shooting of migratory birds amounts to but little. Ducks are often poor and unfit for food, and snipe make so short a stay that comparatively few are bagged. A good bag is occasionally made in favorable seasons if the shooter can be kept posted upon their arrival, and reaches the ground at once; but in case "Winter lingering chills the lap of May," and frequent frosts cover the marshes with a film of ice at night, it is useless to look for snipe. Immense flocks of pigeons formerly visited the western

part of the State in the Spring, but for many years the flight has decreased until the number of these birds now met with in this part of the State is insignificant. Ruffed grouse are found in considerable numbers in all parts of the State, especially in the vicinity of dense cedar swamps, to which they resort for food and shelter during the severe storms of Winter. At the expiration of the close season, whole broods are found together in the uplands, and furnish admirable sport with the aid of steady, well-trained setters or pointers. If, however, the birds have been shot at by woodcock hunters, they are extremely wild, and are only found singly and in pairs. A great many ruffed grouse are shot around Batavia. A few years ago Cayuga Lake, Seneca River, and the extensive Montezuma Marshes contiguous thereto, fairly swarmed with duck, and was the favorite resort of sportsmen who traveled long distances to enjoy it, but the introduction of batteries has utterly destroyed the sport. The greater portion of the birds are driven away to other feeding grounds, and the remainder are rendered so frightfully wild that they will not decoy, and cannot be shot.

TWIN LAKES IN THE "NUTMEG" STATE.

The Twin Lakes are fast growing into favor as a camping and picnic resort, and as there is but little of "civilization," so called, on their borders they may be considered sufficiently wild for either purpose. On the mountain tops near at hand are lakes as really wild and much less frequented than the Adirondacks or Maine lakes, and abundantly stocked with fish and game. It costs \$2.80 to get to Twin Lakes Station, via Harlem and Connecticut Western railroads,

through ticket, and it will pay to go in the right season. Try it!

The "Twins" — "Waushee" and "Wausheeing,"—are located on the line of the Connecticut Western Railroad, some twelve miles east of Millerton, on the Harlem, and fifty-seven miles west from Hartford. They are on high ground, some five hundred feet above tide water, and held in place by a range of hills that barely keep them from sloping over into the valleys below when the wind blows very fresh. From the highest of these hilltops one may overlook a great extent of scenery, both up and down the Housatonic Valley, with the grand dome of the Toghkanie range, some two thousand feet higher on the west, while a spur of the Green Mountains that trends, exceptionally, east and west, shuts in the view by means of the hills of Canaan and Norfolk. The Twins are "siamesed" together by a narrow, crooked strait, that is barely boatable in low water; which cuts through the natural causeway that long served as a highway, and now affords just additional room for the railroad and the "Twin Lakes Station."

The Twins are about as unlike as two peas (marrowfat and sweet peas, for instance), Wausheeing being clear, cold, deep, and nearly symmetrical, with an island of some thirty acres in its north-western portion; while Waushee is shallow, long, and in shape not unlike a crook-neck squash, with its outlet at the stem end, that winds down through the mill and furnace wheels of Chapinville, the forges and scythe works at Hamerton, and finally, after taking in several trout streams, finds its way into the Housatonic at Sheffield, some ten miles further north. Both lakes are well stocked with the fish usually found in

this region, and vast quantities of pickerel and perch are taken from the smaller lake during the Winter, and many find their way to the city markets through pot-hunters, who are not quite unknown even here. The large lake—some six miles in circuit—has long been famous for its fine pike (pickerel they are called thereabouts), and fish of five to seven pounds weight being not unusual in the bygone days; but since the stocking of the waters with black bass some years since, the pike are not so plenty nor so large. The abundant supply of bass, however, more than makes up for it, and during the Summer afford rare sport to those experts who know the when and the how to take them. The angler who trusts to a light fly rod and fine tackle, with grasshoppers and minnow for bait, may land from five to ten two pound fish in the course of a morning, and not find it boy's play either.

Close around this lake region are numerous trout streams, that tumble down the sides of Toghkanie, or bubble up in copious cold springs along its base, which afford the angler fine sport; notably More Brook and Bracie's Brook, in Salisbury, and Bartholomew, Spurr, and Lee brooks, in Sheffield, not to forget the Sage's Ravine Brook, that divides the two States, and can show the finest waterfalls, next after Bash Bish, in Western Massachusetts. These streams are hardly large enough for the fly fisher's best efforts, though well fed trout of two pounds weight have been taken from the Lee brook, and very good creels full in Sage's Ravine and the More brook.

Of game common hereabouts there is a sufficient variety—grouse, woodcock, quail, squirrels, and rabbits, not to mention mink and otter, fox, wild cat, and woodchucks; of ducks on the lake, such

as broadbill, sheldrake, whistler, bufflehead, brant, black duck, and in short nearly every kind found on any fresh water, and in great abundance.

Of pigeons there is a full share, but as they are strictly birds of passage they must be taken flying. Since the advent of the Connecticut Western Railroad, numerous parties of campers out visit the lakes from Hartford, Pittsfield, and other near towns, and picnic parties in Summer are even more numerous, as many as five or six car loads of juvenile health seekers being left some days at the grove near the station, which affords ample shade, and, under the care of Herr Odenbright, adequate accommodation. The cave is always a place of great resort during the dry season, and to those curious in stalactite and stalagmite-y lore its many "marble walls" (limestone, by the way) seem to afford amusement as endless as are its but partially explored depths. Boats may be had for the asking (price fifty cents per day) of Mr. Odenbright, near the Twin Lakes Station, and on the large lake of E. Sherman Pease, the artist, angler, hunter, and trapper.

A PLEASANT PENNSYLVANIA TROUT STREAM.

Afield and Afloat tells anglers who seek good trout fishing and a pleasant stream to fish, within easy distance where they can find just what they want by taking the train at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot to Young Woman's Town, at the mouth of Young Woman's Creek, Clinton county, Pennsylvania. Good hotel accommodations may be had at the station, at reasonable rates, and the landlord will get you an early breakfast and have a nice lunch put up when you want to go up the creek. The

stream is wide and open enough to afford fine fly fishing over ten miles, without having your leader hung up in the trees every third cast. That will save some profanity. It has the reputation among those who do not fish it, or haven't the know how, of being fished out, but the writer has never failed to make a good basket after throwing back the little ones, which we hope you will do. The right hand branch, which joins the main stream less than two miles from the river, affords good sport, except when the loggers are using the splash dams. On the main stream you may be sure that the trout "ye have always with you," but if you fish below the mouth of the branch you will be bothered with chubs. If you have a week or even a few days to spare go up to the "ten mile camp"—there will be no trouble in getting a ride with the lumbermen, if you have a flask, a cigar, or tobacco pouch—where you will be comfortably taken in and done for, in a cosy log shanty, and your bill of fare, if you get tired of trout, will be mackerel, salt pork, hot bread, fried potatoes, and tea. There is no trouble from gnats and mosquitoes until late in the Summer, but if you go in August, you'll be convinced that Beecher and Farrar have not entirely abolished everlasting torment. The cost of the trip, for railroad fare, board for one week, and moderate etceteras, will not exceed \$20.

PEWAUKEE LAKE, WISCONSIN.

Parties from Milwaukee and Waukesha are constantly visiting this place for ducks and fish. The lake is very clear and pretty, and affords an abundance of food for both ducks and fish. The fish are pickerel, pike, bass, perch, &c., and the wild fowl of every conceivable variety. Hotel accommodations good.

NEW BRUNSWICK

The following description of the New Brunswick salmon rivers is from the pen of George A. Fay, Esq., of West Meriden, Connecticut:

The three rivers, Miramichi, Nepisseguit, and Restigouche, are all reached by the Intercolonial Railway, which runs from St. John, N. B., to Riviere du Loup on the St. Lawrence. If the Restigouche is the objective point I would recommend going via St. John and returning via Quebec to Boston, as the distance from the Restigouche to Boston is the same either way. Route from Boston to St. John by cars: Boston to Portland, 108 miles; Portland to Bangor, 136 miles; Bangor to St. John, 205 miles. One through train daily from Boston to St. John, via Eastern Railroad at 7 P. M., reaches Portland at 11.30 P. M., and Bangor next morning at 6.10 A. M.; connects there with European & North American Railroad, leaving at 7.20 A. M.; thus giving one hour and ten minutes for breakfast. Penobscot Exchange Hotel near the station; first-class. Arriving at St. John same day, 6.45 P. M., making 449 miles and 24 hours' time from Boston; fare, Boston to St. John, \$10. Parties preferring can take one of the steamers (International Steamship Co.) which leave twice a week in Spring and Fall, and three times in the Summer at 8 A. M. from end of Commercial Wharf, Boston; fare, \$5.50, exclusive of state-rooms and meals.

Train leaves St. John, Intercolonial Railroad (Northern Division), 8 A. M., arriving at Miramichi, town of Newcastle, 167 miles, about 5 P. M. Hotel, Waverly; situated about quar-

SALMON RIVERS.

ter of a mile from Miramichi River; but no fishing here. Take a team seventeen miles up river to Indiantown, and go to Frank Jardin's Hotel. A small affair, but best there is; terms, \$1.50 per day. Fishing here in the season good, from the 10th to the 20th of June; salmon only, ranging in weight from eight to twenty pounds. Guides not indispensable. Can fish from the shore or from canoes.

From Miramichi to Bathurst is 44 miles; Bay View Hotel; no fishing in the immediate vicinity. The Nepisseguit, famous for its salmon, empties here, but it is necessary to take a team up the river; good fishing nine miles up at Rough Waters, and at points along up river to Grand Falls. Fishing may be done from the banks or in canoes. Guides plenty for \$1 per day. Scenery enchanting as you go up the river. Season does not usually commence till June 10th or later, and continues through the Summer. Permits necessary; charge usually \$1 per day per rod. Settlements along the banks near Rough Waters. Grand fishing pool at the falls. Camp necessary. Salmon range six to twenty-five pounds.

Nepisseguit to Metapedia Station, junction of the Metapedia and Restigouche rivers, is 76 miles. Hotel Fraser, kept by Daniel Fraser—an excellent house, with accommodations for fifty or seventy-five guests. Mr. F., an intelligent Scotchman, will do everything to make his guests comfortable; terms, \$2 per day. Always get your guides through him, and he will see you are not imposed upon. He leases six miles of the river, and

grants permits at \$1.00 per day per man.

The Restigouche is one of the most famous rivers in New Brunswick, and the salmon run very large, ranging from eight to fifty pounds; thirty, thirty-five, and forty pounds are not uncommon catches. The season is about ten days earlier here than at the Miramichi or Nepisseguet, and usually opens from 5th to 10th of June, and keeps up through the Summer. The largest fish are the first that run up. Splendid pool within a stone's throw of the hotel. Distance from here to Riviere du Loup, 179 miles; from there to Quebec, 125 miles. Whole distance from Boston to St. John, 460 miles; St. John to Quebec, 588 miles; Quebec to Boston, 460 miles. Total, 1,445 miles.

Round trip tickets from Boston to Restigouche via St. John, and return via Quebec, can be procured for about \$31.

Expenses of fishing at Restigouche per day: Board, \$2; board of two guides, \$2.50; permit, \$1; canoe, 50 cents; two guides per day, \$1.50. Total expenses per day, \$6.50. As the water is very "quick," two guides are indispensable per man. Estimated necessary expenses for two weeks' trip from Boston to Restigouche, \$150. Plenty of sea trout six miles below Metapedia, running from one-half to five pounds in weight.

For full particulars address Daniel Fraser, Metapedia Station; Waverly Hotel, New Castle, J. H. Wilbur, Bay View Hotel, Bathurst, N. B.

[It may be well to say to those that wish to cast their flies on the waters of the Nepisseguet, that that stream is leased to private parties, like all other salmon rivers in Canada that

are worth anything; but the lower division, or what is called the Rough Waters, can be fished by any one on payment of \$1 per day to the warden. The consequence of this practically open-to-all privilege is a great crowd of anglers, good and bad, and no sport nor pleasure to anyone. Much the same result obtains on the Metapedia or the lower part of it, which is open at the same price. The estimated expenses are no doubt too light. Allow for all probable outlay, and then double the amount; and this will be near the cost on counting up the expense on returning home.]

THE LAURENTIAN COUNTRY.

Every one that can spare the time should try the Muskoka country, Ontario, Canada, where fishing and shooting, in their seasons, cannot be excelled. For speckled trout fishing, the South Branch of the Muskoka is A1. The head waters of the Magalloway River are hard to beat for the speckled beauties, and the Naminyong or South River will hold its own with any of them. Then for maskalonge, the Muskosh and Moon rivers are first-class, and French River cannot be beaten for maskalonge, pike and pickerel; and lakes Rosseau, Joseph, Spider, Turtle, and Manitowaba, and the hundreds of other smaller lakes cannot be touched in the whole Laurentian country for black bass fishing. In the Autumn deer are plentiful, partridge are found everywhere. Moose are killed in the vicinity of Lake Nipissing in good numbers, also wild geese and ducks.

The routes to reach these sections are as follows: Leave Toronto per Northern Railway to Gravenhurst, thence by steamer to Bracebridge, and then by stage, fourteen miles, to Baysville, on Trailing Lake, for trout fishing on the South Muskoka and North rivers.

For maskalonge fishing on the Muskoka and Moon rivers, take the steamer from Gravenhurst to Bala. For bass fishing on lakes Rosseau, Joseph, and Turtle, take steamer from Gravenhurst to "Pratt's." For trout fishing on the Maganetawan and the Naminataygong, or South River, take stage from Pratt's to Maganetawan Village, thirty-seven miles, and for South River, stage it twenty-four miles further north to Commonda. For bass fishing on Spider and Manitowabah lakes, take stage from Pratt's to Parry Sound, twenty-four miles; and for French River take steamer from Parry Sound to French River. And if the sportsman is not too thinned skin, while the black flies and mosquitoes are browsing around, he will enjoy himself immensely, as hundreds have done before him. Guides and canoes can be had at all the different places mentioned.

A very pleasant Summer trip can be made at very small expense to the back lakes of Muskoka from almost any part of the Northern States. This country is as yet virgin forest, broken by mountains and dotted with small lakes from the size of a fish pond to some of miles in area. All these last are full of gray salmon trout from three to nine pounds in weight, and also of the genuine *Salmo fontinalis*, which is not a poor liver-fed specimen of his race, but splendid, gamey fellows; many of them will tackle a balance of five pounds draught. Many of this weight have been caught several times, and trout from one to three pounds, and so plentiful that they cease to be sport after a time. The route: Go to Toronto, take the Northern Railway to Bracebridge;

fare \$4.50, including meal on steamer during latter part of journey (time, seven hours); go from Bracebridge to Baysville, distance twenty miles by wagon, fare according to number of party, average price \$1; take boat to Phillips, at head of lake, fare about same; then get Allen, or Alven Phillips to guide. They are both first-class men, and know all the country for 150 miles around. They are hunters and trappers by business, and also make canoes, buckskin moccasins, &c. Average price for three weeks about \$30 each for party of, say three, not counting fare to Toronto, from point of starting. For a larger party the expense is proportionately less. Of course this amount only covers the necessities; it can be made larger at the option of the parties going. Best time from 15th of May to 15th of July.

Another very pleasant trip can be made at small expense from Toronto that will not take more than say two weeks. Take the Toronto and Nipissing Railroad to Cobocok at the head of Balsam Lake. Here take guides, of whom plenty are easily found in the village at a cost of \$1 per day, or \$1.50 if canoes or skiffs are to be supplied. Then the choice of two routes is open, and they are both good. Go north to Mudturtle Lake, and then Gull River to Gull Lake. Again follow up Gull River after leaving the lake till Lake Boshkung is reached. Here is fine fishing and shooting in the Fall. A portage of about three miles brings one into Lake Kashaganigamoz, a very large lake with good fishing. If another route is desired go south from Cobocok, through Balsam Lake, then a

short river, and so into Cameron's Lake. Another short river trip brings us into Sturgeon Lake; then through Pigeon and Buckhorn lakes into Deer and Salmon Trout lakes. In all these lakes the fishing is good; trout, black bass, maskalonge, and lunge are plentiful, with good duck and partridge shooting in Fall. Deer shooting is also good about the upper lakes after leaving Salmon Trout Lake. Go by rail, or follow the Ottanabee River in a skiff to Hiawatha Village, on Rice Lake. Good bass and maskalonge fishing; duck shooting in Fall. Then by rail to Cobourg on Grand Trunk, and so to Toronto and home. When in Boshkung Lake it is but a short distance, with comparatively few portages, to Trading Lake. Then down the South Branch of Muskoka River and through Muskoka Lake to Gravenhurst, where the Northern Railway is taken for Toronto.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING.

George T. Marks, Esq., residing at Prince Arthur's Landing, Province of Ontario, furnishes the following in regard to the hunting and fishing localities, hotels, &c., in that latitude: "Prince Arthur's Landing is situated on the north shore of Lake Superior, two hundred miles northwest of Duluth, in the District of Algona and Province of Ontario, Dominion of Canada. It is within eighty miles by water of Nepigon River, the celebrated trout grounds, and may be reached from Duluth by the steamers of either the Collingwood or Sarnia lines, two boats of each line leaving Duluth every week during the season of navigation; or the traveler may come by the same lines from either Sarnia or

Collingwood — these places being accessible, the former by the Grand Trunk and Great Western railways of Canada, and the latter by the Northern and Hamilton and Northwestern railways of Canada.

"There are two first-class hotels at Prince Arthur's Landing, viz: The Queens, James Flaherty, proprietor, and The Pacific, John P. Vigars, proprietor. Board from \$1.50 to \$2 per day; reduced rates by the week or month. Sailboat and man may be had for \$3 per day. In addition, there are three steamers which may be chartered at from \$15 to \$30 per day, to convey tourists to Nepigon and outstanding trout streams, of which there are—Carp River, fourteen miles south of Prince Arthur's Landing; Mackenzie River, fourteen miles, and Blende River, twenty-five miles, both northeast, from this place, while McVicar's Creek empties into the bay in the outskirts of the town, and Current River two miles from here. On the latter streams good fishing may be had by walking out them two to three miles. Another creek crosses a colonization road (the Dawson Route) six miles out, and still another river (Neebing) crosses the Oliver township six miles out. The latter stream has hardly ever been fished, owing to it having been inaccessible till the Fall of 1878, when the road was built. Of all these streams, Carp River is probably the finest fishing, the largest fish having been caught—a four-pounder (trout) being no uncommon occurrence. No licenses are required to fish any of these streams. The season (trout) is from the 15th of May to the 15th of September. Good sport trolling for pickerel and pike of large

size may had at any time in the Kaministiquia, three miles from Prince Arthur's Landing; while from the 1st of September to the 1st of October any quantity of salmon trout may be caught trolling in the bays adjoining and in Thunder Bay.

"Partridge and duck shooting may be had, but to a limited extent, from the 1st of September on to the close of navigation; and during the Winter months caribou shooting is to be had within twenty miles. But unfortunately we are almost inaccessible after navigation closes, as we have no railway until the Canadian Pacific is finished.

"Of Nepigon, I need not speak—it is already so well known—except to say, Never buy a ticket to Nepigon, for the steamers seldom call there, although so advertised. The best plan is to purchase a ticket to Prince Arthur's Landing only, and the sportsman, if he decides on going there, can charter one of the steamers or a sailboat and go from here. This will save many disappointments and the probability of being carried all around Lake Superior before being landed at Nepigon, if at all.

"All kinds of provisions and supplies, including tents, can be purchased here, but visitors will do well to bring their fishing tacking tackle, as the supply of rods, hooks, and lines would not satisfy a veteran or even scientific fisherman. Indians and canoes may be had in abundance."

Any further information in regard to the sport to be had in that vicinity can be obtained by addressing Mr. Marks at Prince Arthur's Landing, Province of Ontario, Canada, enclosing a three cent stamp for return

postage. Prince Arthur's Landing is also accessible from Ashland, Wisconsin.

BACHEWANA BAY.

Bachewana Bay is one of the most beautiful of Lake Superior's many beautiful bays. There are some wilder in scenery, more abrupt in their shores, and with higher adjacent mountains. Thunder Bay has a magnificence of view, with its grand old cape and the bold heights of Pie Island, not to be equalled; but for a calm and quiet beauty, which charms to dreaminess and is full of restfulness, Bachewana Bay surpasses them all. Entering it along the wooded coast of Goulais Point, which shuts out the view until the last little cape is turned, there comes suddenly upon one's sight, clear and distinct over the green island and the miles of quiet water, the mountains of its northern and eastern shores, while the sky and water are of that intense blue which seems so unreal upon canvas. The mountain line extends beyond the actual shores of the bay on the southeast, so that it seems one unbroken chain away beyond where we know Goulais River lies, while upon the north the sharp gap through which Harmony pours its waters comes into view, with the higher mountains seen through it beyond. And with the Summer sun casting the shadows of the clouds upon the bay and mountains, it will make a picture that will rival the Bay of Naples. The fishing all along the exposed points about Bachewana and Goulais bays is very fine, probably as fine as almost any place along the whole lake shore, and as good fish are caught as anywhere except in the Nepigon. Many of the most experienced North Shore fishermen prefer this part of the coast to any other. The fishing

is mostly from the boat, and therefore pleasanter than stream fishing, where a long cast is surer of a bush than a trout. A week's absence from the Sault will give, ordinarily, several day's fine sport. If this was better known the bay would be more frequently visited. Cady's River, at the extreme southeast corner of the bay, affords good sport. A gentleman who fished there in the season of 1878, says, "we pushed up as far as the brush and logs would permit," and then "went ashore and pushed through the brush up the stream to find some rapid water. John (the guide) preceded me, breaking a path through the undergrowth, and soon I saw him beckoning me to come. On reaching him I found him peering over the bank at the first pool between two ripples. The sun shone brightly in upon the clear cold water, showing in a space hardly ten feet square more trout than I had ever before, or have ever since, seen at one view, unless it was in a trout preserve or hatchery, and it was a view worth going far to see. Out of the hundreds there seemed to be none less than ten inches in length, with many eighteen or twenty.

We took in a few minutes six fine trout with a united weight of over fifteen pounds; and, strange to say, though we tried all sorts of flies and even bait we could not get another to rise. We could not get higher up the stream, the wilderness was so dense.

Jones' River is another good stream, where fish of two and three pounds are often taken. There is an Indian lodge on the stream, where, in case of emergency, one can obtain shelter.

Harmony River will also afford good sport. The river below the falls is sluggish, dark, and unattractive; but the falls suddenly bursting upon you as you

round a turn in the river, and the scene is lively and grand beyond the powers of description. The heights are steep and wooded upon both sides, and the falls between, with intervening foam-flecked pools, render it a wild and beautiful place. Near the foot of the upper fall is a fine pool, that will yield fish of from two to three pounds, and occasionally four pounds.

Rock fishing is fine in Carp River. Landing at or near an old pier built by some miners, and following an old railroad grade until it crosses the river, and thence coming down the river, there is to be found very fine sport. Trout of three pounds are not uncommon, and two and a half pounds are frequently taken. Good sport can be had at Pancake Bay, just near its entrance. By taking a boat and anchoring just off a little point on which the sea breaks noisily, and dropping your flies on the water, the fish will rise splendidly, and in less than an hour, you will have a dozen fish that will weigh full twenty pounds, if not over. The fishing is done in water about twelve feet deep, the bottom covered with huge rocks and boulders. At times, when a fish is hooked, several others will come out and follow him around in his struggles, regardless of the boat or the fishermen.

— LAKE PISCEO is eight miles from Lake Pleasant, which latter place is twenty-eight miles by stage from Northville, which is two hours' ride by railroad from Nunda, New York. A stage leaves Northville every Monday and Wednesday mornings at nine o'clock. Leaving city by morning express, you reach Pisco same night. Good accommodations, and excellent boats and guides. May and June are the best months.

ON THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

ON THE GALENA DIVISION.

Geneva is located on Fox River, at which point the river is well stocked with black bass, pickerel, and other fish. The surrounding country is rolling, about equally divided between "prairie" and "timber," and affords fine shooting in season. Prairie chickens (pinnated grouse), quails, woodcock, ruffed grouse, and other game abounds. Nelson's Lake,

Nachusa is ninety-three miles from Chicago. White Rock, a popular picnic and fishing resort, is situated four miles north of the village, and is much frequented by parties from all portions of the State. The rock is a noted landmark, rising as it does sixty feet above the surface of the water of Rock River, and above the surrounding prairie.

Dixon is about ninety-eight miles from Chi-

HEAD OF THE BOYER, NEAR DENNISON, IOWA—REACHED BY CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R. R.

Johnson's Mound, and Harrington's Island, are popular resorts from one to seven miles from the village. Its best hotel is the Union House, which can accommodate one hundred guests; charges, \$2 a day. Geneva is thirty-six miles from Chicago.

Flagg is seventy-nine miles from Chicago. On Kite River, some three-quarters of a mile from Flagg, there is fair fishing, while in the surrounding uplands quail and prairie chickens are found in large numbers.

Chicago, and is the county seat of Lee county, and, of all the counties of Illinois, few equal it in productiveness of soil, and none surpass it in beauty of surface and healthfulness of climate. This Western Eden, in the northern portion of the Rock River Valley, has lost none of those attractions which famous writers have so beautifully delineated in both prose and poetry. Forty years, it is true, have worked wonderful changes. Then it had been said that the country bore the character

of one that had been inhabited by a people skilled in all the ornamental arts of landscape gardening. Villages, castles, and enclosures only were wanting; everywhere were lawns, flowers and gardens, and stately parks, as if they had been scattered by the hand of Art at equal intervals, with frequent deer and peaceful cattle, yet all more suggestive of man than of Nature. These lovely features still remain, and the herd have multiplied a thousand-fold. The villages have sprung up, as it were, in a day. The enclosures have been built, the stately thickets have grown to lux-

fathers. In the vicinity of Dixon are many attractive resorts and much picturesque scenery. A small steamer runs between Dixon and Grand De Tour, twelve miles, and passes *en route* many islands and picturesque points of interest. Visitors to Dixon will be amply paid by taking a trip on the river and spending several days in its vicinity. The river provides ample fishing-grounds, and the fisherman will be abundantly repaid by angling in its waters. Game abounds, the golden plover, upland plover, the English or jack snipe, and woodcock being especially plenti-

THE LAKE AND THE OAKWOOD HOTEL, GREEN LAKE, WISCONSIN.—REACHED BY THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

uriant forests, and what was then a paradise to the eye has become a fruitful garden of the world. Only a few years have passed since "Black Hawk" made these beautiful regions romantic with memories of Indian warfare, and gave to the "Rock River Valley" associations like those of "the dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky. But these events have almost passed out of recollection, and the traveler, as he whirls over the country in a palatial car, is no longer pointed to the spot where the red man last struggled against the white usurper for the home of his

ful. Dixon is well supplied with first class hotels.

At Clinton, one hundred and thirty-eight miles from Chicago, the Chicago & North-Western connects with the Chicago, Dubuque & La Crosse Railway. This line runs along the west bank of the Mississippi River, and within a stone's throw of it most of the way. There is good shooting at many points along the line. At La Crosse, the Chicago, Dubuque & La Crosse Railway forms a junction with the Southern Minnesota Railroad. This last mentioned line runs through the great wheat re-

gion of Minnesota, and gives easy access to the noted shooting grounds in the vicinity of Hokah, Houston, Rushford, Lanesboro, Spring Valley, Albert Lea, Alden, Wells, Delavan and Winnebago.

Camanche, located on the west bank of the Mississippi River, about one mile from the station, opposite the mouth of the Meredosia River, of Illinois, is some one hundred and forty-three miles from Chicago. The last-mentioned river has large meadows or

miles from Chicago, is located about four miles north of the Wapsipinicon River, a stream noted for its most excellent shooting. Ducks, geese, and brant abound on the river and in the bayous setting into it. Snipe, several varieties, woodcock, prairie chicken, and quail are found in countless numbers along its banks. The village has one hotel, kept by J. E. Mudgett, who charges \$1.50 per day.

Wheatland, one hundred and seventy-three miles from Chicago, is near the Wapsipinicon

MAGONE FALLS, NEAR GREEN BAY WISCONSIN.—ACCESSIBLE BY THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

dry marshes (if they may be so named), extending for many miles along either bank, and furnishing the best duck, geese, brant and crane shooting that can be found in the West. Thousands of these birds are shot here every season, and hundreds of sportsmen visit these grounds from all parts of the country. Camanche furnishes many of the "outfits" for these hunting parties. The New Haven Hotel is an excellent place to stop at, kept by F. Anthony, who charges \$2 per day.

Low Moor, one hundred and forty-eight

River. Many sportsmen resort there to shoot ducks, geese, snipe and woodcock, and to fish for the many varieties of fish with which the river is stocked. It has a fair hotel, The Wheatland House, by E. M. Tucker, accommodating fifty guests, at \$2 per day.

Norway, two hundred and thirty-four miles from Chicago, is in the centre of fine prairie chicken shooting.

Small game is plentiful around Blairstown, two hundred and forty-four miles from Chicago. In Cedar River and in Prairie Creek, pike

and bass, weighing from two to twenty-five pounds, are caught. The Pennsylvania House, kept by H. & L. Gund, is the best hotel to stop at.

In the forests surrounding the village of Belle Plaine are deer and wild turkeys, and on the plains prairie chickens, quail, woodcock, snipe, and other game-birds. Ducks, geese, and brant are found in all the streams and bayous. Distant from the village one and a half miles, are Iowa River and Salt

water, affording excellent fishing for trout, bass, pike, pickerel, &c. There is fine shooting over chickens, woodcock, snipe, and other game.

At Marshalltown, two hundred and eighty-nine miles from Chicago, the Central Railroad of Iowa is crossed, giving direct connections for Liscomb, Eldora, Mason City, Northwood, and other fine shooting centres north of Marshalltown, and Grinnell, Oskaloosa, Ottumwa, and others points south, where sport equally as

MINERAL DOCK, ESCANABA, MICH.—ACCESSIBLE BY THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

Creek, affording fine piscatorial sport. The variety of fish embrace pike, pickerel, black bass, &c. There are four hotels, ranging in price from \$1 to \$2 per day. Belle Plaine is two hundred and fifty-four miles from Chicago.

At Tama, two hundred and seventy miles from Chicago, the Toledo & North-Western Railway connects with the Chicago & North-Western, and runs three miles northwest to Toledo, the county seat of Tama county. The county is well watered by the Iowa River, Wolf Creek, and other streams of pure spring

good can be enjoyed. The road runs from Northwood south to Albia, a distance of some two hundred miles.

All kinds of feathered game abounds in the vicinity of State Centre, three hundred and three miles from Chicago.

At Ames, three hundred and twenty-six miles from Chicago, connection is made with the Des Moines & Minnesota Railroad, running south from Ames thirty-seven miles, affording an opportunity to visit the shooting grounds along the line to Des Moines and the country beyond.

Coon River, three miles south of Scranton, is a splendid fishing-ground. The waters are well stocked with bass, pike, pickerel, &c. The whole adjoining country abounds with prairie chickens. The Hunter House at Scranton, kept by Mr. F. Foster, is a good stopping-place. He feeds you well at \$2 a day. Scranton is three hundred and seventy-nine miles from Chicago.

Glidden is in the midst of one of the best shooting regions of Iowa. Two considerable

tions for the sportsmen who frequent the village. Glidden is three hundred and eighty-nine miles from Chicago.

Wall Lake, a curiously walled body of water, is twelve miles northeast of Arcadia. The lake is fourteen miles in circumference, and is entirely surrounded with a wall of rock that appears as if placed there by human hands. Whence, why, when or how these walls came, none know. We make mention of this lake more as a curiosity of Nature

GITCHE GUMME, NEAR MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

rivers run within five miles, along the banks of which are large tracts of timber, that are "full" of deer, wild turkeys, and other forest game, while the contiguous prairies abound with prairie chickens, snipe, woodcock, quail, and small game, and the rivers, creeks, and bayous are full of ducks, geese, and brant. It has been called the "Sportsman's Paradise;" and if numbers of birds, and great variety constitute such a place, it is not badly named. The village has two hotels—The Glidden House, by N. D. Thurman, and The Dedrick, by J. C. Dedrick. Both furnish excellent quarters, and abundant accommoda-

than any attractions it may have for the angler. Arcadia is four hundred and six miles from Chicago.

Missouri Valley Junction is in the centre of a fine shooting country. Geese, ducks, brant, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, quail, snipe, plover and woodcock are especially abundant. The village is built on elevated ground, from which can be seen the "Highlands of Nebraska," and the surrounding country for miles around. Missouri Valley Junction is four hundred sixty-seven miles from Chicago.

ON THE IOWA MIDLAND LINE.

This line, a branch of the Chicago & North-Western, extends from Clinton to Anamosa, seventy-one miles,

Goose Lake, some three miles from Charlotte, is a great resort for sportsmen; geese, ducks, and brant are very abundant. Deep River (here over fifteen feet deep) was stocked with young California salmon in 1876, and they undoubtedly will soon be heard from. Along the river are many Indian mounds and the re-

in the town that furnishes good accommodations at reasonable prices.

Anamo, two hundred and ten miles from Chicago, is in Jones county, the county being noted as the headquarters of the Iowa State Piscicultural works, from which many thousands of young fish are being sent out to stock the streams and lakes of the State. The Wapipinicon River runs through the county, affording good fishing and duck-shooting at several points along its course.

CITY OF MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

mains of ancient mining operations are found. The Sherman House, capable of accommodating fifty guests, is a good stopping place. Charlotte is one hundred and sixty-three miles from Chicago.

An excellent shooting country can be found at Baldwin, one hundred and eighty five miles from Chicago. Game of all kinds abound in the vicinity. The Maquoketa river is about three miles from the village, but we are not advised as to the fishing. There is one hotel

ON THE CHICAGO & LAKE GENEVA LINE, VIA FREEPORT AND FOX RIVER BRANCHES.

Five miles from the village of McHenry, Illinois, is a chain of small lakes that extend eastward some thirty miles. These lakes are full of fish, and along their shores game is in great abundance. McHenry is a pleasant town, built on high ground, on the banks of Fox River, and has three hotels, where good accommodations can be obtained at moderate charges.

Richmond is situated on the banks of the Neipersink River, seventy-five miles from Chicago. Game is quite abundant in the vicinity, and three miles from the station are the Twin Lakes, a famous fishing resort. There is a good hotel in the village.

CHICAGO, GREEN BAY & LAKE SUPERIOR LINE.

This line is formed of the Wisconsin and Peninsular Divisions of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. The first runs from Chicago

to the whole State of Wisconsin, and offer gateways the Summer resorts and shooting grounds that are justly becoming so well and favorably known, not only over our own land, but in "the lands beyond the sea."

Palatine, twenty-six miles from Chicago, is on the borders of the "Lake Country" of Northern Illinois. Lakes Zurich, Diamond, Grass, Honey, and Bangs are near the station, and furnish excellent fishing. Of these, Lake Zurich may be especially mentioned, as it is one

WILLOW RIVER FALLS, NEAR HUDSON, WISCONSIN.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

go, via Harvard, Janesville, Watertown, Fond du Lac, and Oshkosh, to Fort Howard (Green Bay); and the last from Green Bay, via Oconto, Menomonee, Escanaba, and Negaunee, to Ishpeming, within twelve miles of Marquette. The line is four hundred and twenty-one miles long, and, with its connection to Marquette, gives an all-rail-route from Chicago to the shores of Lake Superior. It passes through as great a variety of scenery as can be found on any line. Besides opening up the charming country along its own line, the road crosses and forms connections with a series of east and west roads, which together give entrance

of the most beautiful bodies of fresh water to be found anywhere.

Many of our Occidental friends, who swelter through the hot season, and who cannot afford to take a vacation, or spend much money in pleasure-seeking, will undoubtedly be glad to know that within a short distance of Chicago, and which may be reached in a brief space of time, at a comparatively nominal cost, there lies one of the most beautiful spots that can be found anywhere in the Western country. Lake Zurich is named after one of the most splendid lakes in Switzerland, and when once seen, and its scenery and loveliness enjoyed,

no one would ever accuse him who named it with presumption. This magnificent place is located on the edge of Lake county, four miles north by east from Barrington Station, on the Wisconsin Division of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. At Barrington, stages are in waiting, on the arrival of trains, to convey passengers to the lake. The short stage ride is even more delightful than by rail. The lake is belted all around with beautiful groves of timber, among the openings of which grass-

joyed. There is one good hotel in the village, the host of which will accord to sportsmen a hearty welcome. Cary is thirty-eight miles from Chicago.

Ridgefield is built on the edge of an extensive tract of timber, forty-six miles from Chicago, and splendid shooting and fishing can be enjoyed in the vicinity.

The "Badger State" is yearly becoming more widely and more favorably known to the summer tourist and the seeker after rural plea-

PULPIT ROCK, ON THE ST. CROIX, WISCONSIN.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

plats slope down to the pebbled beach, where the pure crystal waters lave the shore. The lake abounds with fish of various kinds, the principal varieties being pickerel and black bass, which are taken with a spear by torch-light in the shallow parts of the lake, or with rod and reel and by trolling.

Cary is one mile from Fox River, in which, at this point, most excellent fishing can be en-

ured. Though comparatively a new State, it is yet old in many respects. As long ago as the middle of the seventeenth century, it was visited by French missionaries and traders, who took home with them glowing accounts of its splendid scenery, of the freshness of its odorous pine-clad hills; of its flashing, dazzling, rapid-running streams, filled with many kinds of fish; of its clear, deep, cold, pure,

and beautiful lakes — of which the State has many hundreds—and of its delightful, invigorating summer climate. The stories of these advantages were not lost on the beauty-loving French, and soon colonies were formed for the settlement of this beautiful "Neekoospara," as they had learned to call from the Indians the country now known as Wisconsin. It may rightly then be inferred that the French were

high and more than twenty feet thick. This, with another, near the Blue Mounds, a short distance from Madison, resembles a man in a recumbent position. Another, also near Madison, in Dane county, resembles a turtle; one at the south end of "The Devil's Lake," in Sauk county, closely resembles an eagle; and one near Cassville, in Grant county, on the Mississippi River, resembles the extinct Mas-

PYRAMID ROCK, DEVIL'S LAKE, WISCONSIN.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

the first whites to make homes along the bays, lakes, and rivers of this well-favored land. Scattered all over the State can be found objects of interest to the lovers of the picturesque, and not a few to claim the attention of the antiquarian. Scattered over her undulating plains are found earthworks, modeled after the forms of men and animals, that are evidently the work of some other race than those who possessed the country at the time the French arrived. At Aztalan, in Jefferson county, is an ancient fortification, 1,700 long and 900 feet wide, with walls five to six feet

thick. The Blue Mounds, in Dane county, rise to 2,000 feet above the surrounding country, and are prominent landmarks in that prairie country. It shares with Minnesota the beautiful Lake Pepin, an expansion of the Mississippi River, mostly walled in by precipitous shores that rise in places to five hundred feet. Connected with almost every cliff or promontory along the shores of this beautiful lake are legends of the Indians who formerly had their homes there. Oliver Gibbs, Jr., has beautifully described it in his incomparable "Lake Pepin Fish-Chowder." "If I write," he says,

"as I feel about the Lake Pepin country, I shall be liable to present a rose-colored view. This is partly because Lake City happens now to be my home, where my children play and gather agates along the pebbly shores of Lake Pepin; and partly because the pure climate, wild scenery, sky-tinted waters, fertile lands, and splendid fishing and hunting of all that Upper Mississippi country, have preserved the glad impression in my mind which the first view of the country gave in the autumn of 1855, when, after a night's voyage up the riv-

lar pitch of over fifty feet, and a general descent of one hundred and fifty feet in a mile and a half, besides many other rapids, where the river tosses and dashes through narrow and torturous defiles. Chippewa Falls and Big Bull Falls might also be noted. Along the Wisconsin River are many grand and picturesque views; in Richland county, the banks of the river rise to a height of 200 to 250 feet, and in Sauk county it passes through narrow gorges where the banks rise to 500 and 600 feet elevation. Grandfather Bull Falls, the

THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, MINNESOTA.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

er, I found myself early of an Indian-summer morning standing upon one of the bluffs overlooking the town which was to be my first home in the West. A land of incomparable beauty and attractiveness it has been to me ever since." Along the rivers of this State are found many beautiful falls, rivaling those of older States. In the St. Louis River are "The Dalles," which have a descent of three hundred and twenty feet. The Dalles of the St. Croix are also well known. Quinnesec Falls, on the Menomonee River, have a perpendicular

pitch of over fifty feet, and a general descent of one hundred and fifty feet in a mile and a half, besides many other rapids, where the river tosses and dashes through narrow and torturous defiles. Chippewa Falls and Big Bull Falls might also be noted. Along the Wisconsin River are many grand and picturesque views; in Richland county, the banks of the river rise to a height of 200 to 250 feet, and in Sauk county it passes through narrow gorges where the banks rise to 500 and 600 feet elevation. Grandfather Bull Falls, the

tion Rock, which rises perpendicularly several hundred feet. At The Dalles, this river is compressed for five or six miles between red sandstone bluffs, averaging over one hundred feet in height. The principal lakes are Lake Winnebago, in the southeastern portion of the State, which is about thirty miles long by ten wide, and communicates with Green Bay (an arm of Lake Michigan) through Fox or Nee-

and steamers, and on the shores of several are club houses and summer hotels.

Koshkonong Lake is one mile from the village of Koshkonong, and is six miles wide and nine miles long. It is well stocked with black bass, pickerel, pike, yellow and silver perch, &c. Geese, ducks, brant, and swans are unusually plentiful in their season. Of ducks, the varieties consist of canvas-backs, red-heads,

“THE BUTTES,” NEAR WINONA, MINNESOTA.

Accessible from Chicago *via* Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

nah River—Horcon Lake, Devil's Lake, Lake Koshkonong, Lake Geneva, Lake Zurich, and the four lakes around Madison; these are the larger lakes of this lake-studded State. Along nearly all the rivers of the State, and at their “heads,” hundreds of little lakes are found, like gems glittering in the sunshine. In Walworth county alone twenty-four lakes can be mentioned, among which are Lake Geneva, Crooked, Army, Potter's, Booth, Lulu, Como, Turtle, Whitewater, Bass, Holden's, Middle, Grove, Mill, Otter, and Pleasant, ranging from one-half mile wide and one mile long to three or four miles wide to ten or twelve miles long. All are stocked with fish, and on several of them are various water crafts, including yachts

mallards, wora, black-heads, and spike-tails. Wild celery grows along the margins of the lake in great abundance, and for canvas-back duck-shooting is not excelled by even Chesapeake Bay. On the banks of the lake is the Koshkonong House, that will accommodate 100 guests; the Bingham, 30; Koshkonong Club House, 70. Koshkonong is one hundred four miles from Chicago.

Fort Atkinson, one hundred and ten miles from Chicago, is situated on both sides of Rock River, in Jefferson county. Rock Lake, Lake Mills, Ripley, Cambridge, and Rose lakes are near, and are all noted for their excellent shooting grounds, canvas-back ducks especially being abundant on all of them. The Grand

Mountain House, of which Mr. J. H. Davis is proprietor, is capable of accommodating fifty guests. The table is well supplied with all the luxuries, the beds good, the rooms airy, and the charges \$2 a day. There are several mineral springs near the city, two of which are especially noted for the cures effected by their waters.

There are some excellent shooting-grounds

one mile of the lake. The scenery that surrounds the city is worthy of mention. A ledge of limestone rock, elevated some 200 feet and over above the level of the prairie, presenting, in many cases, perpendicular precipices 75 to 100 feet high, borders the eastern and southern margins of the prairie on which the city is built; from the base of this ledge hundreds of springs of cool, rippling water gush out,

CASTLE ROCK, SPARTA, WISCONSIN.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

in the vicinity of Burnett Junction, one hundred and fifty-two miles from Chicago. All kinds of wild fowl—ducks, geese, brant, and swans—are found in countless numbers in season. Accommodations can be had at either of the two hotels in the village.

Chester, one hundred and sixty miles from Chicago, is in close proximity to the Horicon marshes, noted for their splendid duck-shooting. There is one good hotel in the village, terms about \$1 a day.

Fond du Lac is located at the southern end of Lake Winnebago, one hundred and seventy-six miles from Chicago. It is built upon a prairie on the banks of Fox River, and within

and meander over the gentle slopes of the prairie in narrow channels to the lake. Westward the ground gradually rises, alternating with prairie and timber for 25 miles. The city is noted as being very healthy, owing probably to its excellent supply of water, there being within the city limits over 300 artesian wells, out of which is constantly flowing, from the depth of 60 to 400 feet, the purest water. Lake Winnebago is 35 miles long by 12 broad—the largest lake wholly within any one State in the Union—and is noted for the excellent wild-fowl shooting. Its waters are furnished with a full supply of fish, and ladies and gentlemen can find ample piscatorial recreation.

The borders of Lake Winnebago furnish beautiful landscape views, and gorgeous scenery. Besides, Fond du Lac is surrounded with pleasant places of resort. Lake du Neveu, a beautiful sheet of water, is romantically situated about three miles south-east of the city, and contains many varieties of fish. Eastward is Elkhart Lake, already famous for its natural beauties and its excellent duck-shooting and splendid fishing. The Patty House can accom-

Lac Railroad. Twenty-six miles from Fond Lac on this road the traveler arrives at

Dartford, which is about half a mile from the ever-beautiful and ever-attractive Green Lake. The scenery around Dartford is unrivalled in variety and beauty. Groves of primeval grandeur, far-stretching prairies and extensive lake views greet the eye from every point. The grounds around the lake have been terraced, furnished with swings, promenades,

THE FALLS OF MINNEOPA, MINNESOTA.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

modate 250 guests, and the American House 100. These hotels are first-class in every respect, and the tables are bountifully supplied with every luxury money can procure.

At Fond du Lac, the Chicago & North-Western connects with the Sheboygan & Fond du

and otherwise ornamented, to render them pleasant and attractive. The lake averages a length of fifteen miles and a width of three miles. Its banks vary from beautiful grassy slopes to high rocky cliffs, bordered with ever-green, affording the greatest diversity of phy-

sical character, and presenting unlimited natural advantages for pleasing and romantic rambles. Its waters are very pure, and so transparent that their pebbly bed may be seen at a depth of from twenty to thirty-five feet. A great variety and abundance of fish abound in this beautiful sheet of water, and good fishing-boats and tackle for the lovers of the sport, and excellent boats for those fond of sailing, are furnished for the accommodation of visitors. It is one of the most healthy locations

miles from Chicago, is situated at the mouth of the Upper Fox River, on the western shore of Lake Winnebago—a location of great natural beauty, overlooking the picturesque lake and river scenery of the vicinity. The site of Oshkosh is a tract with an elevation of from twelve to twenty feet above the level of the lake, and the city extends for a distance of nearly three miles from the shore of Lake Winnebago up Fox River to Lake Buttes des Morts, occupying the tract between the two

MINNEOPA FALLS, IN THE WINTER.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

upon the continent, shut away from the city where contagion spreads its blight and disease spends its fury. One writer extols the splendid fishing and superb duck-shooting, another goes into raptures over the delicious flavor of the perch, pickerel, and black bass, another calls it the Lake George of Wisconsin, and another is at a loss for words to fitly describe the two principal hotels — The Oakwood and The Sherwood Forrest. They are furnished in first-class style, and their tables unsurpassed by those of the best hotels in the country. Besides these, there are several other excellent hotels, that will accommodate from 75 to 100 guests.

Oshkosh, some one hundred and ninety-four

lakes. The surface of the surrounding country is undulating prairie and openings, with its rivers and lakes skirted with timber. The scenery of this combined woodland, prairie, lakes, and rivers is surpassing beautiful, disclosing picturesque rivers, stretching away in the far distance like the varying pictures of a lovely panorama. Wild game is abundant in the vicinity, and is composed of blue and green winged teal, mallard, wood-duck, and all the different varieties of wild-fowl, snipe, woodcock, quail, and prairie chickens. The waters abound in black and white bass and other fish, and brook trout are plentiful in streams within a day's travel. As a delightful summer resort and watering-place, Oshkosh possesses a

rare combination of natural features. The climate is not surpassed for healthfulness; the air is pure and dry, and invigorating breezes from the lake temper the heats of summer; the scenery is lovely; the lake a most magnificent sheet of water, with beautiful shores, and harbors that are accessible in every direction, thus affording the best of yachting facilities. Of its hotels, The Beckwith, The Revere, The Tremont, The International, and The Seymour rank high. When all these rare attrac-

maple grove of full fifty acres. The water of these springs, which is crystal-clear, pours from the hillside near the stream, and has been carried into reservoirs, about 14 feet above the level of the river, the amount of the supply being quite 6,000 gallons per day. As stated by an analytical chemist, "Telulah Spring water contains the same salts in about the same proportions as the Bethesda," and like that celebrated spring, in curative qualities is unsurpassed, having peculiar efficacy in Bright's

NEAR EVANSTON, ILLINOIS.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

tion are combined with the excellent hunting and fishing, it renders Oshkosh worthy the attention of either sportsman or tourist.

Wisconsin can boast no more charming summer resort than the pretty little city of Appleton, bathed by a broad and rapid running river, and wild ravines and brilliant forest. The well-known Telulah Springs are at the eastern extremity of the city, located in a charming point on the brink of the beautiful river, and at the foot of a magnificent natural beech and

disease, diabetes, all kidney affections, dropsy, etc. This spring, together with Bethesda, holds high rank even in a State which flows with fountains, and is filled with mineral and medicinal waters. The spring lies near the Grand Chute rapids, formed by the swift decline in the river bed of 50 feet within a mile, and its surroundings are lovely and remarkable. The formation of the valley in which it is found is curious, and its story of the greatest interest. Some of the remarkable "burial mounds" of

the State are within the distance of a pleasant ride, and near these are several of the rock-traced pictures and inscription of a pre-historic race. The river abounds in fish, the wild rice tracts are filled with ducks, the fields and woods with much small game, and the distance is two hundred and fourteen miles north of Chicago.

Neenah is located at the outlet of Lake Wiunnebago, two hundred and seven miles from Chicago. No locality can offer better facilities for fishing and shooting than can be found in this vicinity.

At West Menasha, two hundred and nine

of the American, will provide for your creature comfort — where clean beds will afford refreshing slumbers and a bounteous table of every luxury will appease the appetite of the most ravenous sportsman that ever pulled trigger or waded a trout stream.

Green Bay, two hundred and forty-two miles from Chicago, is almost without a rival in Wisconsin in the inducements it offers to summer tourists, or to those who desire a cool and pleasant retreat from the heat and malaria of the South. For amusements, there are magnificent drives extending in every direction from the city, with sylvan, picturesque scenery,

MILWAUKEE PREVIOUS TO 1835.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

miles from Chicago, the Chicago & Northwestern connects with the Wisconsin Central Railroad, elsewhere described.

Splendid shooting and fishing grounds are easily accessible from Wrightstown, two hundred and twenty-six miles from Chicago. Deer and bear are not scarce, while every variety of feathered game — partridges, pheasants, woodcock, snipe, ducks, geese, &c.—are there in ample numbers. Put yourself under the guidance of Otto Gutterer, a noted hunter, who has his domicile at Whrightstown, and he will take pleasure in putting you on the track of a deer or where you may be able to have a lively "dispute" with Mr. Bruin, or shoot feathered game until your arms tire. Mine host

beautiful cascades, and everything to please the eye. The Fox river is here about 150 feet wide, and 25 to 30 feet in depth, spanned by three handsome carriage and foot bridges, free to all. The river gradually expands out into Green Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, 120 miles long, with an average width of 15 miles; this gives unexcelled advantages for yachting, an amusement much indulged in by the citizens and visitors. Steam yachts also ply between the city and points of interest in the neighborhood. The bay has gently shelving, gravelly or sandy beach, and bathing in the pure, crystal waters is a favorite pastime. There are also excellent fishing grounds and plenty of fish, with good hunting in its season

There are three large, first-class hotels in the city, viz: The Beaumont House, terms, \$3 per day and \$17.50 per week; Cook's Hotel, \$2 per day and \$8.50 to \$12 per week; and The First National Hotel, \$2 per day and \$9 to \$12 per week.

The Green Bay & Minnesota Railroad, running, as it does, from Green Bay westwardly across the State of Wisconsin to the city of Winona, on the Mississippi, in Minnesota, has opened up a fine game district long destitute of much-needed railroad facilities. Much of the distance traversed by this line is through a heavily-timbered country, abounding in deer,

is in the midst of an excellent shooting section, abounding in all kinds of game. It is two hundred and sixty-six miles of Chicago.

Peshtigo is on Peshtigo River, seven miles from its mouth. Thunder Lake, River Medicine, Gravel and Trout Lakes are near and full of fish. Brook trout are caught in large numbers in many of the streams in the vicinity. Deer, bear, ducks, &c. abundant. It is two hundred and eighty-four miles from Chicago.

Marinette, two hundred ninety-one miles from Chicago, is surrounded by trout streams, where the fisherman's creel can be filled in a few hours' angling.

LAKE DELLES, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

bear, and every variety of small game. Along the line (or a short distance from it) are many splendid trout streams, all teeming with brook trout. There are no better hunting and fishing grounds this side of the Rocky Mountains than can be reached within a day's ride of Green Bay. Seymour, only some seventeen miles from Green Bay, is a splendid locality for deer, bear, and small game. It has two excellent hotels, where transient guests will be well cared for at \$1.50 a day. Arcadia is 192 miles from Green Bay, located on the Trempealeau River, and in the vicinity of many splendid trout streams, where a fine creel of brook trout can easily be taken.

West Pensaukee, five miles from Pensaukee,

Escanaba, three hundred and fifty-seven miles from Chicago, is without doubt one of the pleasantest Summer resorts in the whole West. It is most delightfully situated at the head of Little Bay Des Noques, at the North end of Green Bay. The water of the bay, clear as crystal, washes the streets of the city on two sides, while the Escanaba river forms the third, and the aromatic "piney woods" close well down on the other side. Good hotels offer quiet and comfortable quarters for tourists who may wish to spend a few days or weeks here to enjoy the excellent fishing, boating, and bathing. White Fish Bay, in this vicinity, offers rare sport for fishermen, and every little stream—and they are numerous—is almost

alive with the ever beautiful speckled brook trout. From Escanaba excursions are fitted out in various directions. Those not piscatorially inclined, take to the woods, and find bear and deer in abundance, to say nothing of the ducks, geese, brants, partridges, and smaller feathered game. The hotel accommodations are unsurpassed. The Tilden House is the largest, and first-class in all its appointments. It is situated immediately on the bay shore, surrounded by beautiful groves and parks, laid

pure and invigorating, imparting health and infusing new life to the tired toiler, Escanaba offers unsurpassed advantages.

The country beyond Escanaba is not very inviting, except to sportsmen; but to the angler or hunter it lends a charm that few other sections can equal. It contains many magnificent trout streams, and deer, bear, and other game, and fur-bearing animals are found in the greatest abundance. It is where the fisherman, the hunter, or the trapper should go.

ELKHART LAKE, WISCONSIN.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

off in flower beds, and beautiful serpentine walks and carriage drives. It is well supplied with boats, for either rowing, sailing, or fishing, and every variety of fishing tackle. Professional and trustworthy guides are in readiness to convey parties to either the woods or the trout streams. The Luddington House has accommodations for 100 guests. The climate of Escanaba is unsurpassed. During the hottest of the summer months the thermometer ranges at about 80 degrees, averaging 65 degrees during the entire summer season. To sportsmen in search of splendid hunting and fishing grounds; the naturalist, in quest of the curious and wonderful in Nature; the business man, seeking quiet and rest, where the air is

Negaunee, four hundred and ninety miles from Chicago, does not present an inviting appearance to the fashionable visitor or to the "kid glove" tourist; but those who would view Nature in all her native wildness, it will amply repay a visit. The city is located in a narrow valley, surrounded by high and broken hills, and is 1,400 feet above Marquette, about thirteen miles distant. It is well supplied with first-class hotels, and in the vicinity are many romantic and picturesque spots well worth visiting. Game of every description is very abundant, and brook trout more than plentiful. Escanaba River, Little Lake, Cascade, Lake Michigammi, and Menomonee River, are within easy distances. A visit to them will reward

either fisherman or tourist. Of all of the gems of this wild country, you must not fail to see Teal Lake, as beautiful a body of water as eye ever looked upon. On the farther side of the lake, and to the left may be seen a house. Its history is not unromantic. Many years ago, an Eastern gentleman, with an only daughter about 20 years of age, settled at Chicago. The moist air from Michigan did not agree with the lady, and she daily faded. An Indian chief,

Friendly Indians "packed" the cargo of the vessel over almost pathless wilds, thirteen miles to where the ruins are yet seen, and in course of time the house was built, furnished and occupied by the invalid and her father. A happy year was passed; bloom again came to the wan cheek and fire came to the dimmed eye; but, alas, only to mock the hopes of the doting parent. With the coloring of the leaves the next Fall, the father bore the body of his

VIEW OF SEA CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS, OFF SAN FRANCISCO.

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at Fort Dearborn, told the father of the pure, dry air of the hills of the great northern lake, and drew no mean picture of the country about Negaunee and Teal Lake, and urged that the daughter should be taken there. Anxious to adopt any means that seemed to promise hope to the almost dying girl, the lumber for a house was prepared, and with an ample supply of handsome, costly furniture, was placed on a vessel chartered to run as near Teal Lake as possible. In due time this vessel reached the port where Marquette has since been built.

dead child to his far-off Eastern home, and abandoned house, furniture and all. The Indians, with superstitious dread, kept away from the place, and everything remained as the owner had left it until a few years ago, when the white man prospected the country, and settled here to rob the hills of their mineral treasure. Having none of the scruples of the untaught savage, he did not respect the home of the dead girl, and soon stripped it of its contents, so that to-day the house alone is left. It stands there, a monument to the now

dead and almost forgotten father, who in its building and furnishing expended over \$80,000. The place is known as "The White House."

Marquette, four hundred and thirty-five miles from Chicago, is well supplied with excellent hotels and large Summer boarding-houses where comfortable, well furnished rooms and unexcelled board can be procured at very reasonable prices. The city is beautifully located

For the invalid or for the resident of our Southern or Eastern States, Marquette offers many inducements as a Summer resort. Its air is pure and clear, its days are not hot, its nights pleasantly cool, and yet not cold, and its healthfulness unquestioned. From Marquette you can take steamer for Sault St. Marie, for Isle Royal, St. Ignace Island, Fort William, or any point on the north shore of Lake Superior.

IN THE YOSEMITE.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

on the Bay of Marquette, which is a deep indentation of the shores of the lake. On the bay are unequalled facilities for boating, and its waters are filled with gamey fish, which seem eager to reward the angler, as they are caught in great abundance with but little labor. A few miles out in the bay are several large islands covered with virgin forests. These islands are favorite resorts for picnic parties, that reach them by sail boats, by steamer, or by small row boats, of which any number may be hired at Marquette at almost any time.

On that shore you will find Nature in all her wildness. The white man's arts and ways have not yet penetrated its wilds, and the Indian with his peculiar ways can be found without seeking far. This Indian is not the savage of the plains or mountains, but he who has been tamed by the kindly teachings of the patient Catholic missionary, who has been a dweller in the tents of the uncultivated child of the forest for generations, and who has lived there really and truly for the Indian's good, and not for the white man's aggrandizement,

as is too often the case with the so-called friend of the Indian. No finer trout fishing is to be found anywhere on the broad earth that can be had on the north shore of this great inland ocean. Speckled trout, weighing from five to twelve pounds, are often caught by the few adventurous spirit who have for several years sought these favored shores. The rivers Nipigon and Michapacoton are the best known

out of it. Marquette, as a watering place, cannot well be excelled. Romantic scenery surrounding one on every side, a cool, bracing atmosphere, which to those who may be suffering from the heat of a summer sun, is, as it were, the "balm of Gilead." In the foreground a beautiful bay spreads away to the distant shore (which is often compared to the bay of Venice), whose silvery waters often lie

IN THE YOSEMITE.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

of the trout streams of the north shore. Guides to these streams can be easily hired at Marquette, and fishing parties be fitted out with little expense or labor. And here we might drop a hint that may be useful to the stranger: Take an Indian for your guide if you go to the north shore to fish; see that you get one that does not love "fire water," and one that is not afraid to work. Plenty of lazy white men will tender their services, and boast of their knowledge and skill, but trust them not. They are utterly worthless, either in your boat or

like an immense mirror beneath the rays of the setting sun, and when dotted with vessels and steamers, presents a scene worthy the pencil of an artist. Salmon trout abound in its waters, and are often taken by trolling, weighing from five to twenty-five pounds each. One person not unfrequently captures from one to twenty fish per day, in the season. There are a number of streams in the vicinity, where the speckled beauties are awaiting the fly of the angler. Dead, Chocolay, Little and Garlic rivers are near by, and are noted trout

(brook) streams. To the invalid or tourist, needing a few weeks' recreation, we recommend them by all means to seek the pure air and splendid climate in and around the fair city of Marquette. Sailing over the broad, clear waters of Lake Superior, trolling for the large thirty-pound lake fish, beating the mountain streams for speckled trout, visiting the rolling mills, furnaces, mines and other objects of interest, will serve to pass away several weeks in an amusing and profitable manner. The hotels here are well kept, very comfor-

sight of the shores of the lake, which are in many places mountainous, and clothed in the verdure of the pine, hemlock, spruce, fir, and other evergreen trees. A more delightful trip for the hot days of summer cannot be had within the bounds of the American continent. The steamers are large, staunch, finely equipped, and commanded by officers whose superiors in courtesy and kindness cannot be found anywhere. The best hotels at Marquette are The Cozzens, Alfred Cozzens, proprietor—it can accommodate 150 guests for the summer

TURKEY RIVER BLUFF.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

table and charges reasonable. The steamers leave Marquette in the morning, and pass by the Huron Islands, Manitou Island, Keweenaw Point, past Fort William, Eagle Harbor, Eagle River, Ontonage, the Pewabic Copper Mines, Copper Harbor, Ashland, Bayfield, and so up to Fond du Lac and Duluth. We have an attractive trip, on magnificent boats, over the largest lake in the world. Lake Superior is noted for its clear, cold water (it being so clear that from the deck of the steamer you can plainly see the great lake trout playing in the water forty feet below the surface); you pass within

—this house has a number of summer cottages fitted up for the use of guests, who may prefer them to the rooms of the hotel—and The Northwestern Hotel, Farnham & Lyons, proprietors. This house is situated close to the water of the bay, and is a charming location for a summer home. Mesdames Williams and Sherman keep excellent boarding houses. The rates for private board range from \$6 to \$12 per week. A daily line of Pullman Palace cars is run between Chicago and Marquette, by the Chicago & North-Western Railway Company.

L'Anse, sixty-three miles from Marquette, in Baragey county, situated on Keweenaw Bay, at present the western terminus of the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon Railroad. On Fall River and L'Anse Bay is to be found as fine brook and salmon trout and white-fish fishing as there is in the country. The steamboat trip from L'Anse to Portage Lake occupies about three hours, the steamer passing through the beautiful sheet of water known as Keweenaw Bay and the picturesque Portage river and lake, all of which are renowned for

miles in length, extending nearly across Keweenaw Point to within two miles of Lake Superior.

ON THE MADISON DIVISION.

Excellent fishing can be had on Rock River at Beloit, ninety-one miles from Chicago. The village has ample hotel accommodations and private boarding-houses.

Lake Waulusa, two and a half miles from Syene, affords splendid fishing. Syene is one hundred and thirty-three miles from Chicago. No hotels.

HANGING, ROCK CHICAGO.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

their scenic effects. During the season of navigation, all points of interest on Lake Superior can be reached from Portage Lake, it being the eastern and southern terminal point for a line of steamers, calling at all the localities named. The climate of Portage lake in the summer is one of the most delicious on the American continent, and, aside from its great attraction as the site of the largest copper industry in the world, the tourist or pleasure seeker will find much to interest in studying the scenery on either side of the lake. The section also affords some excellent trout streams. Portage Lake is an irregular body of water, about twenty

Madison is a centre of a circle, whose natural beauties compass all that is charming to the eye, grateful to the senses, pleasing to the imagination, and which, from their variety and perfection, never grow tedious or tiresome to the spectator. The city is pleasantly situated on an isthmus about three-fourths of a mile wide, between lakes Mendota and Monona, in the centre of a broad valley, surrounded by heights from which it can be seen at a distance of several miles. Lake Mendota lies northwest of the city, is six miles long and four wide, with clean gravelly shores, and a depth sufficient for navigation by steamboats.

Lake Monona is somewhat smaller. A great many efforts have been made to depict the beauties of the location; but no words can convey an adequate idea of what is, indeed, indescribable. Four lakes lie embosomed like gems, shining in the midst of groves of forest trees, while the gentle swells of the prairies, dotted over by fields and farms, lend a charm to the view which words cannot depict. The lakes abound in choice fish—black bass, pike, pickerel, perch, and whitefish. Ladies and gentlemen make it a business to go out troll-

Prominent among the resorts of the Northwest stands the Devil's Lake, in Sauk county, Wisconsin, thirty-miles north of Madison. The bluffs of the Wisconsin, at the point where the Baraboo River embouches into the valley, are six hundred feet in height. In the midst of this enormous rocky stratum is a deep fissure or gorge, depressed over four hundred feet from the surface, hemmed in by mighty precipices, which constitute the basin of a body of water about a mile and a half in length by a half mile in breadth, known as Devil's Lake

AGNES PARK, NEAR HILL CITY, IN THE BLACK HILLS, DAKOTA.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

ing for fish. They sit in the boat and row about gently, permitting the line to drag after, with the metallic spoon whirling in the clear water. The principal hotels are the Park House, the Vilas House, and the Lake Side House. The hotel proprietors all vie to excel each other in providing entertainments for their guests. Madison is one hundred and thirty-eight miles from Chicago.

There is good shooting to be had all around Mendota, one hundred and forty-three miles from Chicago.

The level of the water is one hundred and ninety feet above the Wisconsin River, and it is supposed that the bottom reaches below that of the river. The lake is one of the most wonderful romantic spots in existence, and nothing to compare with it is to be seen this side of the Rocky Mountains. It abounds in fish. It has no visible inlet or outlet, and one can see through the water like quartz-crystal of the clearest sort to the depth of fifty feet, and over. The lake is one hundred and seventy-two miles from Chicago.

The country surrounding Wonowoc, two hundred and five miles from Chicago, is broken and covered with timber, and offers excellent hunting to the sportsman. Deer are abundant, and bears are not unfrequently shot.

THE WEST WISCONSIN RAILWAY.

This line connects at Elroy, and forms the northern end of the through line we are describing, though it is entirely distinct from the Chicago & North-Western. Through this line direct connection is had with

St. Croix River to this point. Twelve miles southeast is Kinnickinnick River, yielding the finest of brook trout, not only in the main stream, but on the north and south forks. Tiffany Creek also abounds with brook trout. Bass Lake, eight miles northeast, furnishes excellent bass-fishing. Four miles from the station is Willow River, with its beautiful falls, which rival those of Minnehaha. Taylor's Falls, at the head of the Dalles, and St. Croix Falls, are worth visiting. Game abounds in the woods and prairies surrounding Hudson,

CUSTER'S PARK, NEAR CUSTER CITY IN THE BLACK HILLS OF DAKOTA.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

Eau Claire, three hundred and twenty miles from Chicago. It is built at the confluence of the Chippewa and Eau Claire Rivers, in a section where there is good hunting and fishing. A noted place, and one well worth the tourist's attention, is "The Dalles," easily reached from Eau Claire. A railroad also runs from the village to Chippewa Falls, twelve miles distant, and which are worth a day's travel to view by moonlight.

Hudson is located on Lake St. Croix, and the largest Mississippi steamers ascend the

and can always be had in sufficient quantities to please and repay the most exacting sportsman. Hudson is three hundred and eighty miles from Chicago.

Four hundred and nine miles from Chicago and St. Paul is reached. There are numerous resorts in and within a few miles of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and easy of access. Numerous lakes are scattered in chains, or groups, or gems, all over the State, and afford excellent duck-shooting and fishing. Across (or over) the St. Paul & Sioux City Railway track, and

Fort Snelling appears in full view — located upon a commanding eminence at the confluence of the Minnesota (St. Peter) rivers. The scenery at this point is exceedingly romantic and picturesque. There are points of interest about St. Paul that are worth visiting, but too numerous to mention in detail. A short distance above Meeker's Island, close by the roadside, a small stream, from the springs and lakes of the back country, leaps from the limestone rock about forty feet to the bed of the Mississippi. It is known as "Winter Queen," and is a most beautiful, sparkling cascade,

umns of ice; in Summer a perpetual rainbow is seen. It is surrounded by pleasing and attractive scenery on all sides, and its fall creates a cheerful music. On from Minnehaha, in view of one of the most magnificent natural panoramas ever beheld in any country, and soon in sight and hearing of the roaring and foaming cataract, the Falls of St. Anthony and the city of Minneapolis. Across the river, and below the falls, are the beautiful cascades — "Fawn's Leap" and "Silver Cascade," also the Chalybeate Springs, which flow out from the limestone rock on the bank of the river.

THE DALLES OF THE ST. LOUIS, NEAR NORTH PACIFIC JUNCTION, MINNESOTA.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

which delights every one who visits it. On about three miles further, and the traveler is at the celebrated "Falls of Minnehaha" — Laughing Water. These falls are formed by a little stream of remarkable purity and clearness, the outlet of lakes Minnetonka, Calhoun, Amelia, and Rice. In its course to the Mississippi, a distance of nearly a mile from it, the stream makes a perpendicular leap of fifty-nine feet, the transparent water foaming and sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight. In Winter it is covered with pyramids and col-

The Merchants, Metropolitan, Park Place Hotel, and the International are the best hotels in St. Paul.

A leading feature of Minneapolis, which is especially noticeable, and an attraction, is the chain of beautiful lakes about three miles out. For beauty of surroundings and crystal clearness, one can scarcely imagine more charming bodies of water than lakes Harriet and Calhoun, the Lake of the Isles, and Cedar Lake, while still further on, some fifteen miles distant, Lake Minnetonka, approachable by rail-

road, and one of the largest and most beautiful sheets of water in the State, offers its attractions to the visitor or resident, affording an abundance of fish and wild fowl, and sailing and boating. To the east a few miles is that famed resort, White Bear Lake. The Nicolet, Commercial, and Clark's are the principal hotels.

There are several lines terminating at St. Paul that connect with the Chicago & North-Western. The game resorts along these lines of travel — and they generally traverse the

White Bear Lake is a popular resort twelve miles from St. Paul, with splendid hunting and fishing all around. The principal hotels are Williams', Leip's, and Dunn's.

Stillwater, twenty-four miles from St. Paul, is resorted to by sportsmen in the Fall, when deer and other game are abundant, the numerous lakes in the vicinity adding to the attractions. Principal hotel is the Sawyer House.

Fond du Lac, fourteen miles from Duluth, is beautifully situated on the St. Louis River, and has many attractions in hunting, fishing,

WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINNESOTA.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

best hunting grounds in the country — are elsewhere noticed, and shall therefore only briefly invite attention to a few localities most easily accessible along the routes.

THE LAKE SUPERIOR & MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

The line of this road extends from St. Paul, the head of navigation on the Mississippi River, to Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, a distance of one hundred and fifty-five miles; also a branch to Stillwater, on the St. Croix River. It traverses a fine game country, and connects with the Chicago & North-Western at St. Paul.

and scenery. Chambers' Hotel is pleasantly located, and offers excellent accommodations to the visitor.

Duluth, the lake terminus of the road, is beautifully located on an eminence overlooking Lake Superior. Connections are made here with all the lines of steamers traversing the lakes, for Silver Islet, Thunder Bay, Prince Arthur's Landing, Fort William, Nepigon Bay, Michipicoton Island, &c. The principal hotel is the Clark House.

ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

This line is now in operation from Duluth to Bismark, Dakota, on the Missouri River, a

distance of four hundred and fifty miles, passing through one of the finest shooting sections in the country, where not only every variety of feathered game is found in the greatest abundance, but deer, bear, and other animals afford most excellent sport. Leaving Duluth, the tourist traverses the shores of the Bay of Superior, St. Louis Bay, and passing up the Dalles of the St. Louis River, has in constant view for twenty-five miles, some of the most

dred and fifty long, surface generally level, and well watered by numerous streams on both sides of Red River. From here westward, the road passes for two hundred miles over an open, undulating prairie, broken only by the valleys of the Shaienne and James rivers, to its present terminus at Bismarck, on the Missouri River. The country surrounding Brainerd affords fine inducements for sportsmen. The lakes are filled with black and rock bass,

IRON MINE AND ORE TRAIN, NEAR NEGAUNEE, MICHIGAN.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

beautiful pictures of natural scenery that can be found in the Northwest. At Detroit, ninety miles west of the Mississippi River, the traveler finds himself in what has been appropriately named the Park Region of the Northwest, so called on account of the many picturesque parks and groves. At a point one hundred and twenty miles west of Brainerd, the far-famed valley of the Red River of the North is reached, once, if not now, the famous buffalo-hunting grounds of the French-half breeds of Red River. This great valley is about forty miles wide and some three hun-

pickerel, and pike, and in season the woods affords prime shooting; deer, partridge, ducks, and geese are found in large numbers. There is one good hotel in the village. There is good hunting and fishing at Detroit; in fact, excellent sport can be had at almost any point along the route.

ON THE SPARTA AND WINONA BRANCH.

This branch extends from Elroy, Wisconsin, to Lake Kampeska, Dakato, a distance of six hundred and twenty-three miles, and passes through a fine section for hunting and fishing.

Two hundred and seventeen miles from Chicago, Glendale is reached. It is in the midst of a fine trout country and in a neighborhood where game is plentiful. Many streams, literally alive with brook trout, are within four to six miles of the village. The Glendale House offers good fare to the sportsman.

Lake Torrence, well stocked with brook trout, is within half a mile of Kendalls, a station two hundred and nineteen miles from Chi-

in Central Wisconsin. Situated in a fertile valley, entirely surrounded by gigantic bluffs and rocky elevations, near the headwaters of the La Crosse River, it presents, with its handsome white-painted dwellings and church edifices, its costly business houses and public buildings, with streets adorned with natural and cultivated foliage, the appearance of a prosperous Southern country-seat. Its surroundings are picturesque, and even roman-

THE TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

cago. There is good shooting in the neighborhood, and three hotels in the village.

Wilton, two hundred and twenty-eight miles from Chicago, is built at the headwaters of Kickapoo Creek, which, with lateral streams, are full of brook trout. Bear, deer, and squirrels are found in the surrounding forests, while prairie chickens, grouse, and quail are plentiful in the clearings. The village has two excellent hotels.

Norwalk is two hundred and thirty-three miles from Chicago, situated among numerous trout streams and in the centre of a fine game country.

Sparta, two hundred and forty-six miles from Chicago, is one of the finest inland towns

tic. To the northwest, and at a distance of five miles, can be seen Castle Rock, towering majestically to a height several hundred feet above the level of the river, standing like a silent sentinel on the top of the encircling cordon of bluffs that surround the valley. From its lofty summit can be seen the blue hills of Minnesota, across the "Fathers of Waters," and an extended panorama of hill and dale is presented to the admiring gaze. Looking back to the southward, the eye rests (in Summer) on the verdure-clad valley below, dotted over with its nice farm-houses, teeming fields of grain, and crystal streams of soft pure water, abounding plentifully with the finest of brook (speckled) trout, affording sport and recreation

to the angler and tourist, in the midst of which Sparta stands, Monarch of the Valley. Pleasure drives and hunting grounds are numerous. Delightful camping places and pic-nic resorts are everywhere to be found beneath the ridges that encircle the town. Trout and game are abundant, there being over two hundred and fifty miles of trout streams in the county (Monroe), and Perch Lake, of easy

and several other varieties of fish, are found in great abundance. A splendid brook trout stream flows through the village, and half a mile from it is a large artificial trout pond, fully stocked with fish. In the woods which surround the village, are found deer, squirrels, wild turkeys, and other game. Many fine bird-dogs are kept here expressly for hire. The Bangor House is a good place to stop at.

CITY AQUEDUCT, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

access, was artificially stocked with perch a few years since. The hotel accommodations of Sparta are excellent and ample. The Warner, Ida, American, Windship, Wagner, Bates, and the Laird are houses that provide for their guests all the comforts, conveniences, and essential luxuries at less than half the cost of the same at the Eastern watering-places.

Bangor, two hundred and fifty-five miles from Chicago, is sixteen miles east of the Mississippi River. Excellent shooting and fishing can be had close to the village, in the La Crosse River, within a fourth of a mile of the town. Pike, pickerel, black and rock bass,

Onalaska, two hundred and sixty-nine miles from Chicago, is within easy access of good hunting and fishing.

Winona, just across the Mississippi River, two hundred and ninety-seven miles from Chicago, is the largest and most important commercial city in Southern Minnesota, and the county (of the same name) is quite famous for its many well-filled trout streams. The city is pleasantly located on a beautiful level prairie, on the west bank of the Mississippi River. Lake Winona adjoins the city, and in early days was noted for its game and fish. The city has ample hotel accommodations.

Minnesota City, three hundred and three miles from Chicago, is located on Rolling Stone River. Brook trout in considerable numbers are caught in the streams at the headwaters of the river.

Stockton, three hundred and eight miles from Chicago, is surrounded by timbered bluffs, affording good shooting.

Rochester is in Olmstead county, Minnesota,

from Chicago, is situated on the outlet of Lake Elyrian, in Waseca county, Minnesota. The lake is a beautiful body of pure, clear water, seven miles long, and is stocked with many varieties of fish, and recently salmon have been introduced.

Eagle Lake, four hundred and twenty-one miles from Chicago, is in Blue Earth county, Minnesota, and in the centre of "The Big

LAKE MINNETONKA, MINNESOTA.

Accessible by Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

three hundred and forty-seven miles from Chicago. The county is well watered by the Zumbro (?) and Root Rivers, which afford good duck-shooting and fishing. The county is about two-thirds gently undulating prairie, the balance heavily wooded with oak, hickory, maple, and other hard wood, affording excellent game covers. Rochester is located in a beautiful valley about two miles wide, through which the Zumbro (?) River flows. Picturesque bluffs lie along the valley, from the crests of which many fine views are obtained. Game is abundant on the prairie around the city. It has three hotels, which provide excellently and well for their guests.

Janesville, four hundred and thirteen miles

Woods," which runs along the Minnesota River for over one hundred miles. The village is built on the shore of Eagle Lake, which is five miles in circumference, and "full of fish." No better water-fowl shooting grounds can be found in the country. Reed birds are found in countless numbers. Madison Lake, forty miles in circumference, is some three miles north. There is only one good hotel in the village.

Mankato, four hundred and thirty-two miles from Chicago, is the county seat of Blue Earth county. Five rivers converge here and empty into the Minnesota; they are the Blue Earth, Maple, Cobb, La Sueur, and Wautonwan, and cause the vicinity to be called the "Undine

Region." In the county are also thirty lakes—Loon, Crystal, Jackson's, Eagle, Rice, Madison, Laura, Wilte, and Minneopa being the largest. The Falls of Minneopa, on the outlet of lakes Crystal and Loon, are very fine, and are claimed to be more beautiful than Minnehaha in many respects. Sportsmen can have rare sport here, game and fish abounding in great abundance. There are no less than fifteen hotels in the village for the traveler to select from.

Kasota, four hundred and thirty-four miles from Chicago, is situated in the vicinity of a number of beautiful little lakes, from which fish may be taken at any time. The Kasota House is the best hotel.

St. Peter, four hundred and thirty-seven miles from Chicago, is built on terraces, on the left bank of the Minnesota River, and has a very attractive and picturesque appearance. Many lakes are near the city, inhabited by every variety of fish, and Lake Emily was stocked with Atlantic salmon a year or two ago. The city has three hotels.

Sleepy-Eye Lake, four hundred and eighty miles from Chicago, is in the vicinity of excellent shooting and fishing. Game of all kind is found in abundance, and fish of almost every variety are taken from the lakes, of which there are several in the neighborhood in addition to Sleepy-Eye.

From Marshall, five hundred and forty-five miles from Chicago, the railroad is built from this point through Lac Qui Parle, State Line, Dakota, Coteau, and Prairie, to Lake Kampeska, six hundred and twenty-four miles from Chicago. Settlements are few and far between, and splendid shooting and fishing can be had all along the route. Game and fish are so abundant that the killing and taking soon ceases to become a pleasure.

Retracing our steps to Chicago, we will tell our readers of a few pleasant places

ON THE MILWAUKEE DIVISION.

Highland Park is a pleasant Summer resort, twenty-three miles from Chicago. It occupies a charming location overlooking Lake Michigan.

Waukegan, thirty-six miles from Chicago, is situated on a bluff commanding a fine view of Lake Michigan, and as a Summer resort offers far superior and more meritorious attractions than hundreds of other points.

Kenosha, fifty-one miles from Chicago, is in Kenosha county, in which there are many lakes from one to two miles wide that afford good fishing. Silver, Paddocks, Camp, Centre, Lily, Powers, and Twin Lakes are the largest. On Twin Lake is a pleasure steamer during the Summer months.

New Cassel, one hundred and thirty-three miles from Chicago, is surrounded by a beautiful forest on the north, and a chain of gentle elevations on the south, among the hills and valleys lies one of Nature's parks. Lake Fifteen is three miles and Long Lake seven miles distant. They have many attractions, and will soon become popular Summer resorts. A large variety of game and fish are found in those sections. On Bannon's farm, as also on Dierrenger's, one mile from New Cassel, may be found Indian mounds, embankments, ditches, &c., laid out with great precision, showing that the builders had considerable knowledge of military science. In the village are three good hotels.

On reaching Milwaukee, the traveler can proceed up the lake by taking the cars of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway, passing through Port Washington, Belgium, Sheboygan, Manitowoc, to Two Rivers, all places of interest and on the lake shore.

Sheboygan is one of the most delightful Summer resorts in the West. It is beautifully located upon a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan, whose azure waters, moving perpetually, and here and there dotted with sails, are a constant source of amusement to the eye, while in the background lies a landscape of rare beauty—hills clad with the richest verdure, groves of native forest trees and fields of waving grain. The Sheboygan River flows down one of the most picturesque valleys in the State, winds nearly half way round the city, and finally empties into the lake south of the residence portion of the place, affording a safe and convenient harbor. The river affords unsurpassed opportunities for rowing, while the lake is a favorite resort for those who enjoy sailing. Pleasure boats of all kinds may be had here. The fishing is good; the fisheries here are among the most important on Lake Michigan, and a Summer day can hardly be more pleasantly spent than in visiting them in one of the steam fishing smacks. The drives in the vicinity of the

city are many and pleasant, especially the one up the river for five miles. A recent acquisition to the place is the discovery of unusually valuable remedial qualities in the waters of an artesian well that has been sunk in the city. Its waters are strongly impregnated with various salts, and an analysis shows elements of rare value. The Beekman House is Sheboygan's principal hotel. It is well furnished and well kept.

From Sheboygan the popular Summer resorts along the line of the Sheboygan & Fond du Lac Railway may be reached. It is only an hour's ride from Sheboygan to the beautiful Elkhart Lake, acknowledged to be one of the healthiest places in the West. Elkhart Lake covers eight hundred acres, and furnishes fine facilities for black-bass fishing. It is pleasantly diversified by bays, which coquettishly wind around jutting bluffs, beneath whose shades the crystal waters slumbers; so pure and clear that the white sand can be seen to the depth of twenty to twenty-five feet. All the brilliant colors of the rainbow are reflected on the smooth and sparkling surface of the water, and bordered by a beautiful green, reflected from the foliage of the hillside. Hotels ample. See page 139.

ON THE SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

This line starts from Missouri Valley Junction, on the Chicago & North-Western Railway, and runs north to Sioux City, seventy-five miles, and has a branch from California Junction to Fremont, on the Union Pacific, forty-seven miles west of Omaha, and another line running from Fremont northwest to Wisner, rendering the magnificent shooting section traversed of easy access.

Game of all kinds abounds in the vicinity of River Sioux, twenty miles from Missouri Valley. Deer are very plentiful. No hotels, but good accommodations can be had of the farmers.

Sloan, fifty-five miles from Missouri Valley, is a splendid hunting-ground. Game of all kinds is plentiful—prairie chickens, ducks, geese, and quail are found at all seasons of the year. Deer are also found in considerable numbers. No hotels.

Sioux City, seventy-five miles from Missouri Valley, is pleasantly situated on the Missouri River, immediately above the mouth of Floyd,

and two miles below the mouth of the Big Sioux. In addition to these, the country is drained by the Little Sioux and Maple Rivers. These streams abound in fish of all kinds, including pike, pickerel, black bass, channel cat, buffalo, &c., affording rare sport to the angler, while the abundance of deer, turkeys, geese, ducks, quail and prairie chickens furnish splendid shooting throughout the year. Sioux City has three hotels—The Hubbard, St. Elmo, and Depot, which can accommodate three hundred guests at \$2 a day. Sioux City Falls is located at the Falls, and is the favorite resort in this part of the country, the river affording excellent fishing and the surrounding country fine shooting, besides magnificent scenery. Here is found the celebrated red pipestone quarry, held in almost religious veneration by the Indians. Indians of all tribes and from all quarters of the continent here congregate on what is considered neutral ground, and procure material for carving out their truly artistic pipes; the marble is bright red, and is capable of a high degree of polish. There are good hotels in Sioux City.

Wisner is pleasantly located in the valley of the Elkhorn, one of the most beautiful in the world, eighty-eight miles from Missouri Valley. Horse-shoe, Deer, Swan, Goose, Pickerel, Beaver, and Bull-head Lakes are from one to four miles from Wisner, and are full of fish. Wild game is very plentiful, amongst which are the antelope, deer, geese, ducks, prairie chickens, and quail. There are two hotels—The Elkhorn and The Wisner.

ON THE DAKOTA SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

This road starts from Sioux City, Iowa, and enters Dakota at the extreme southeast corner. It connects at Yankton with the Missouri Transportation Company's line of steamers for the Upper Missouri. The Dakota Southern, in connection with this line of steamers, runs nearly diagonally through the territory to Fort Benton, Montana, and has rendered a region prolific in every description of game of easy access to sportsmen.

In conclusion, we can recommend the Chicago & Northwestern to the sportsman and tourist. The road is one of the best equipped in the country, the conductors obliging, and every courtesy is shown to passengers.

SCENES AND PLACES OF NOTE ON THE LINE OF THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Multitudes of the people of this country annually take a trip, during the warm season, to some more or less noted Summer resort; thousands go for mere pleasure—for a simple change of scene—many to regain lost health; others—and most of our readers—for the sport of fishing or hunting. When the heat, whirl, and bustle of great cities distress and worry; when overtaxed nature succumbs to the thermometer away up in the “nineties” and still ascending; while dust, impure air, and foul sewerage invite miasma and malaria, the scourge of warm climates; when the heart sighs for a “lodge in some vast wilderness,” then a knowledge of the delightful retreats for Summer pleasure seekers, anglers, and sportsmen offered by the Wisconsin Central Railroad may be interesting and instructive.

Northern Wisconsin is, comparatively, a new country, and yet the life-reviving properties of the clear air of the Lake Superior region and the Pinerias, and the scenery along the Wisconsin Central Railroad have already become noted resorts for sportsmen and tourists.

The company has recently completed its branch line to Appleton, and through trains are now run to that, as well as to other points on the line. An examination of the accompanying map will at once give the traveler a clear idea of the route. For a continuation of the journey, or a short trip on Lake Superior, there is a daily steamer line from Ashland to all points on the South Shore, and one semi-weekly to the North Side. It will suffice to mention here that the passenger equipment of the line is unsurpassed. The day coaches are twelve-

wheeled, and fitted with the Westinghouse automatic air brake and the Miller platform and coupler. In addition to the general office at Milwaukee, the company has an office at 61 Clark street, Chicago, D. M. Boynton, general agent. Those calling upon him will find him fully posted as to the best points and the accommodations to be had. He will also telegraph ahead and secure rooms when desired. At various points along the route, besides hotels, are quiet family resorts. There the overworked and wearied man or woman can get the desired rest. The effect of a few weeks at Ashland on sufferers from hay fever is marvellous. It is one of the few places indorsed by the Hay Fever Association of the United States as offering instant and immediate relief. The company transport all hunting and camping equipage free of charge.

The tourist will be pleased to know that the hotels at points, which have become, from one cause or another, attractive as Summer Resorts, are well kept, and that those mentioned here are worthy the patronage and confidence of the traveling public. Charges are extremely moderate, and the comforts and conveniences are first-class in every respect. The immediate connection of the Wisconsin Central Railroad in Chicago is with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, from whose Madison Street Depot the through coaches of this line start.

The best train for the tourist from Chicago is that leaving at 9 p. m. At that hour the traveler can take a through sleeping car, passing Milwaukee at 12 o'clock midnight, arriving at Menasha,

Appleton, De Pere, or Green Bay for breakfast, reaching Ashland for supper at 6.45 o'clock in the evening. This train also takes on a sleeper at Milwaukee for the accommodation of those starting from that point, or who arrive from the West.

The day train leaves Chicago at 10

River, in the immediate neighborhood, there is good duck-shooting. The natural features and surroundings of the lake are unexcelled; the shores are high and picturesque, with a high and sandy beach at which boats can land at any point. Its outlines are very irregular, with numerous coves and inlets. The

ELKHART LAKE.

A. M., dinner at Milwaukee, supper at Elkhart Lake, Menasha, Appleton, De Pere, or Green Bay. The first point of any general interest to our readers is Elkhart Lake, sixty-two miles from Milwaukee, one of the most beautiful sheets of clear water in inland Wisconsin. The lake covers about eight hundred acres, and is, in many places, two hundred feet in depth. Fish are abundant, and there is plenty of game in the adjacent forests, and in the big marsh of the Sheboygan

water being supplied from springs, is very pure and clear, and small objects on the bottom, at a depth of twenty-five feet, can be readily discerned. With the exception of here and there a finished clearing, on which stands a hotel or cottage, the lake is completely surrounded by enormous trees, in many places overhanging the water, affording shelter for the angler, or shady nooks for rowing parties. The hotel accommodations are ample and of the best. The Swiss Cot-

tage, Sharpe's, Swartz's, the Davidson House, Rural Home, and Carvers' are the very best. Most all the hotels have bath-houses attached, and all those little accessories, so necessary to comfort, have not been forgotten. Boats are plenty, and are free to the guests of the several hotels.

Menasha - Nee-nah, situated on Lake Winnebago just where the lake empties into Fox River, is one hundred and two miles from Milwaukee.

Lake Winnebago has an area of three hundred square miles, and the sportsman need have no lack of pleasurable novelties. The Fox and Wolf rivers flow through it, and the outlet here has long been noted as the finest bass fishing ground in the State—it might be said in the world.

Sailing vessels can always be had, and the advantages are unsurpassed. The drives are numerous and pleasant.

The National Hotel of Menasha (Forsythe Brothers, proprietors), is a fine brick building, overlooking the river and lake, within five minutes' walk of the depot. The table is always first-class, the rooms are large and airy, and

the comfort of guests attentively cared for. A very pleasant drive is to start from the door of the "National" and follow the road along down the lake to Oshkosh, twelve miles south, or over to

ROBERTS' SUMMER RESORT, MENASHA.

Appleton, a little over four miles north. Robert's Summer Resort is kept by John Roberts. To speak in his praise is almost useless, as he is well known throughout the country as a worthy host. His House is situated on Doty's Island, half a mile from the Menasha depot. It occupies the site of the old homestead of

Governor Doty, and is charmingly located, commanding fine views of the lake; excellent boats lie moored in front of the house, and good boatmen are always in attendance. Omnibusses are at every train. The Russel House, Neenah, J. B. Russell, proprietor, also makes a specialty of caring for tourists.

Green Bay is one hundred and thirteen miles from Milwaukee. Pickerel, black and white bass, perch and sturgeon, are found in the bay and in the numerous ponds and bayous in the neighborhood, which are also resorts of immense flocks of wild duck in season. Sail and row boats and steam yachts can be hired at low prices. (See page 120.) Green Bay is the terminus of the "short line." Resuming the route on the main line, the next point of interest is

Gill's Landing, one hundred and twenty-six miles from Milwaukee, where the road crosses Wolf River. There are no accommodations for parties at this point, but he who wants can get a "rough and tumble" with the agent, and hunters find more game near here than elsewhere in the State. Close at hand are lakes, ponds, and bayous, which are resorts for immense flocks of wild ducks in season. Plover, snipe, woodcock, and pigeons are abundant.

There are few places to be found that present greater inducements to the tourist than the unostentatious little city of Waupaca, one hundred and thirty-six miles from Milwaukee. In a country not yet entirely reclaimed from a state of nature, the sojourner will discover in the panorama of views some exquisite scenery, landscapes of woodland, meadow, and uncultivated tracts dotted with villages; rivers, with their changing moods of gentle currents and hurrying rapids;

lakes and ponds of varying size, mirroring in their depths the beauties of earth and sky; hills of increasing height, from the low eminence to that of lofty grandeur and crowned with forest growth, meet the eye at every turn. Within the city limits of Waupaca, at the foot of Main street, are two beautiful lakes, Mirror and Shadow. The banks are very high, and consist of fine groves, some of them having been fitted up for social gatherings. These two lakes are connected by a channel fifteen or twenty feet wide; and as they are each over a mile in length, they afford ready opportunity for those who delight in boating.

The Waupaca River empties into the Wolf at Gill's Landing. A very pleasant day can be spent by taking a boat and allowing it to glide gently down the Waupaca River below the mills. This swift-rolling stream, which passes through the place, is rapid and tortuous; the distance, in a straight line from the city of Waupaca to the mouth of the Wolf, is but twelve miles, but following the thread of the river in its winding course, the distance is forty to fifty miles. But the most attractive feature of this locality is the somewhat noted "Chain of Lakes," two and a half miles west of the city. Here are eight lakes, all connected by natural channels, extending some five or six miles, presenting a scene of enchanting loveliness. The attraction is enhanced by the little islands that stud the bosom of the waters; by the peninsulars, or sharp points, that thrust themselves out into the lakes; by the high shores covered with dense foliage, and by the rugged cliffs rising at places abruptly from the shores. The fishing is most excellent — pickerel, white and black bass predominating. The Vosberg House, F. B. Vosberg, proprietor,

and the Lewis House, G. W. Lewis, proprietor, accommodate a large number of guests, and there is no difficulty in obtaining board in private families.

Stevens' Point, one hundred and sixty-five miles from Milwaukee, is the junction with the Portage Branch, twelve hours' ride from Chicago. From here the route first goes northwest and then due north, through the vast forests of Central and Northern Wisconsin, one hundred and eighty-six miles to Ashland, and passes through thick forests of hard wood and pine, broken only by the clearings for settlements which have been made within the past few years. Here the traveler gets a glimpse of the "forest primeval" as he journeys on his way north. Immense pines rear their heads high toward heaven, sturdy oaks spread their limbs far out in every direction, while the foliage of the maple, hickory, ash, and birch add variety and make a picture of natural beauty unsurpassed and seldom equalled. In some places the monster trees, thrown down, piled one on the other, their branches twisted, snarled, and intertwined, give evidence that a more than usually severe wind has visited that portion of the forest. Again you pass a solitary pine, towering far above the surrounding trees, its blackened trunk giving evidence that fire has caused its death, standing like a sentinel keeping guard over its smaller companions. In the forests between Stevens' and Ashland Point those who are fond of camping out, and who enjoy a life in the woods, can realize their heart's desire. The many lakes, rivers, and streams afford ample opportunities for canoeing and fishing, and the woods are full of game and deer in season.

Colby, fifty-one miles from Stevens' Point, is a small village containing eight

or ten stores, and several hotels and private boarding-houses. Trains going north stop here for dinner. A friend visiting this place recently says: "On making inquiries of parties in town, I was told that deer shooting was excellent, and, as the train approached the depot, I saw a man driving an ox-team, who had a large buck in the wagon." Another says: "The deer are plenty, and every train brings several per express. Colby is the best point." All the lakes and rivers in the northern part of the State (a glance at the map will show anyone that they are far from scarce) teem with fish, and most of them can be easily reached by this line.

Dorchester, fifty-seven miles from Stevens' Point, is a small but flourishing town. Shooting is good in the vicinity.

Medford is sixty-seven miles from Stevens' Point. This is a thriving little town on the Black River. The country in the vicinity is not very thickly settled. The shooting here is not of much account, but splendid fishing for muskallonge, bass, &c., can be had in the lakes about six miles west.

Three stations beyond Medford, at Westboro', is the place, or one of them, for deer-hunters to get off. Thirteen miles west of the town is a village called the Yellow River country, which is a paradise for deer hunters. The deer leave the upper country about the 1st of September, and come down on the Yellow River, where they stay in the hardwood country until Spring, when they return. Parties wishing to visit this section may be able to make arrangements to stay in the logging camp, if they prefer that to camping out. There is a good road to the camp from the station, and men and traps can be carried there with a team. The Yellow and Jump rivers,

both about a mile from the camp, are full of muskalonge and other fish. This

partridges are very plenty. Any one visiting this section must be prepared to rough it. Tents and guides can be procured by application to Mr. S. D. Cone, station agent, at Westboro', and any further information will be cheerfully given by that gentleman upon application. Besides the shooting, those who enjoy the sport of fishing can hardly stop at a better point to indulge in their pastime. Six or seven miles east of the station is a chain of lakes, eight or ten in number, called the Spirit Lakes. Besides these are the Rib Lakes. The Big Rib is a large lake, well stocked with fish, and all the lakes have large quantities of muskalonge and black bass, &c. Partridges are plenty, but other game is rather scarce, though an occasional deer is shot.

Phillips, two hundred and seventy-three miles from Milwaukee, a lovely

section has been but little hunted, owing to the distance from the railroad, and

village on the banks of Elk Lake, a fine sheet of water, affording good boating

VIEW OF ELK LAKE AT PHILLIPS, WISCONSIN.

and fishing. Elk Lake (one of a chain of four considerable bodies of water,) is tributary to the Flambeau River; boats and fishing paraphernalia are readily obtained, and a day spent on any one of the countless lakes in the vicinity, which have hitherto been fished only by Indians, will fully satisfy the most ardent sportsman. As the boat glides along,

a few steps from the porch of either one to the docks, where lie moored the boats ready for sail or row. These hotels can accommodate about one hundred and fifty guests.

Butternut Lake, is two hundred and ninety-seven miles from Milwaukee. To those who enjoy camp life and canoeing, the numerous streams and lakes of the

SCENERY NORTH OF PENOKEE.

the angler taking here a fine bass or perch, and there a pike or pickerel, there will pass before him a constant changing panorama—some new scene of beauty will be brought to view as the boat turns a point or passes an island. The surrounding forests abound in deer and other game. There are two hotels at Phillips, situated directly on the banks, and commanding a full view of the lake; it is but

Flambeau and Chippewa, close at hand, will furnish unlimited sport to anglers for bass, pike, pickerel, and perch. There are almost countless lakes never fished but by Indians. Extra heavy tackle must be used, as the muscalonge are exceedingly gamey. They frequently weigh as much as forty pounds. The description of the lakes at Phillips might well answer for those in this vicinity—they

are of the same general character. Butternut Lake is one mile from the station. Mr. G. W. Stubblefield has erected a hotel on an island in the lake, selecting a remarkably picturesque location, where guides, boats, and all the paraphernalia for fishing and camping can be obtained. The house can accommodate from twen-

Just before reaching Penokee Station, three hundred and twenty-four miles from Milwaukee, the conductors on the trains inform the passengers that they are about to pass through the "Gap" of the Penokee Mountains. Here the tourist finds in the dalles and rapids of Bad River, where it breaks through the hills and be-

MARR RICHARDS-ILL.

RAPIDS OF THE TYLER FORK OF BAD RIVER.

ty to thirty guests. There are two fine sail, and any quantity of row boats connected with the house.

The next station after Butternut is Chippewa, headquarters for immense lumbering camps. In the neighborhood are lakes similar to those mentioned as being at Phillips and Butternut, teeming with fish, where a line has never yet been thrown except by the dusky redskin.

tween towering rocks, a number beautiful landscapes and charming pictures of woodland scenery. It is here that some of the most difficult engineering was accomplished in building this highway, and one can appreciate the magnitude of the difficulties which had to be overcome in order to push to completion this rather arduous undertaking. The railroad follows, to a certain extent, the course of

Bad River. This stream certainly does not belie its name; a more crooked and

"Twenty miles from Ashland, and about one mile east of the railroad track,"

FALLS OF TYLER FORK OF BAD RIVER.

tortuous mountain torrent could not be conceived. The road crosses Bad River seventeen times in nine miles.

says the editor of the *Railway Age*, "are the Falls of Bad River, which equal in wild beauty any that have hono:-

ed artists' canvas or inspired poetic song. They are not more than a quarter of a mile distant from each other —so near that the roar of the waters of each can be heard of the other."

There are two branches of the river,

ed by perpendicular walls of stone fully a hundred feet high, down which it would be impossible for any person safely to descend.

Just below these falls the waters of the river dash through a narrow gorge,

BAD RIVER FALLS.

one is known as the Tyler Fork, and the other of Bad River proper. There is a fall on each just previous to their junction. The largest is said to be over one hundred in height, and the lower at least eighty feet. The latter is surround-

apparently not more than ten feet wide, striking a projecting point of rocks a little farther on, causing them to retrace their course a short distance, creating directly opposite currents, when they resume their natural course over the stones

and between ever-changing and always interesting bluffs, on to the great lake only a short distance away. The spot

the dalles of the "St. Croix," or elsewhere.

The two branches of Bad River form a junction just below the falls, the forks of the river making a V with a cataract on each limb.

A log has been laid across the chasm of the canon of Bad River, and any one with steady nerves can easily cross from side to side. From this romantic canon to where it empties into Lake Superior, the river has a tortuous course, now passing through dalles across which the trees nearly interlace, anon foaming over rocks, always picturesque, often grand.

The trains from Ashland reach Bad River at 10 A. M., affording time to visit the interesting points in a day. This section should be visited with a guide, as more beautiful scenes are hidden from view.

Silver Creek, spanned by an iron viaduct six hundred feet long and ninety feet high, is three hundred and thirty-three miles from Milwaukee, and only eighteen miles from Ashland. Trout are not found to any extent in the streams or lakes south of the Penokee Range, but Silver Creek is a trout stream literally alive with fish; and near by are others—Trout Brook, the Brunsweiler, and the Marengo, which afford most excellent sport. The early train from Ashland will land the angler at one of these streams by half past eight or nine in the morning, and the whole day, until five o'clock in the afternoon, is before the fisherman.

MARRIS CHARDS-WIL

THE CANON OF THE BAD RIVER.

is exceedingly interesting, and affords a series of views richly deserving to take rank with the finest to be seen among

Trout Run bridge is where you leave the train for Harriet Lake, the bass fishing which is thus described by John W.

Munson, Esq., in a late number of *The Chicago Field*:

"Having concluded to vary my sport of trout fishing by a day with the black bass, I procured a guide who knew where Lake Harriet

Brook bridge, about sixteen miles down the line from Ashland. As the train swept on, our guide plunged into the forest, followed by my wife and myself, and after an hour's tramp through what would have been an almost impenetrable wood, but for a tolerably well-

THE DALLES OF BAD RIVER.

lay hidden in the pine wilderness. I took my wife with me to enjoy the rare sport I was promised, and boarding the 7 A. M. train on the Wisconsin Central Railroad, was dropped by the accommodating conductor at Trout

defined blazed trail, we emerged upon a lovely little lake, covering probably eighty acres, entirely surrounded by lofty pines and thick undergrowth, which grew close down to the water's edge, and whose shadows were reflect-

ed upon its glassy surface, lay Lake Harriet, as if inviting us to cast in our lines and give it life for a brief time. The guide started along its lovely banks in search of his skiff, which he said was somewhere in the lake; and in his absence we got out our tackle and began our sport. Hardly had I cast in my line ere it was taken greedily and I landed a black bass which would weigh fully a pound. My wife became immediately as enthusiastic as myself, and as soon as her line could be

start about two o'clock. But the guide, who had been viewing the string and thinking of the tramp back to the railroad, said to me, "How many fish do you want to catch to-day, Mr. Munson?" I answered that I was absolutely indifferent whether I had a thousand or five thousand, and he remarked, "Well, I thought I would just ask you, for we have about all we can carry home now, and if you catch any more it will only be waste." We counted them and found forty, that averaged

SILVER CREEK VIADUCT.

adjusted she followed me to the log on which I stood and cast in, both of us landing beauties immediately. The guide returned in a few moments to find six fine bass lying in the grass; and getting into the skiff, he paddled us around to different points on the lake, at all of which we had equally good sport. I never saw bass so gamey or so plentiful. We fished actually till we were tired of catching them—if such a fish story can be believed coming from an amateur. At twelve o'clock we came ashore for a lunch and rest, intending to take a fresh

about one pound each, and we stopped right there. I believe we could easily have caught an hundred more in the afternoon. They run very uniformly in size, not varying an ounce, I think, and they furnish as fine sport to the angler as any fish he can take. We used minnows, or rather small parts of minnows, for we very soon concluded not to waste whole ones on them. We fished with neither sinkers nor floats, simply casting the baited hook as far out as the rod would permit it to be thrown, and generally drawing it in before

it sank to the bottom with a fine bass hooked. I believe we would have done as well with worms, or meat, or flies, or perhaps a piece of red flannel. I expect they would bite at anything from the voracious manner in which they went for our minnows. My wife and I had thrown our lines in about eight feet apart on one occasion, when I felt my hook taken and the bass dart off, making my line whistle through the water. Just then her hook was taken and away went her line as mine had

ladies can enjoy the elegant trout fishing in which this region abounds, and ought to be brought along."

White River, another splendid trout stream, three hundred and forty-five miles from Milwaukee, and six miles south of Ashland, is crossed by another mammoth iron viaduct. White River runs through a deep and very wide ravine, and the

WHITE RIVER VIADUCT.

done. We both began reeling in, thinking we each had a fine one, but as our hooks neared the surface they began coming suspiciously close together, and as we hauled in, both of us had fastened on the same bass. We landed him in the boat, and, as it was a double shot, I gallantly gave the honor to the lady in the case, and she scored one more.

"I would, in recommending this little 'bass mine' to sportsmen, suggest to the married ones by all means to bring their wives along and let them share the enjoyment. In fact,

bridge is said to be the most beautiful structure of the kind in existence. It is sixteen hundred feet long, one hundred and eight feet high, and wide enough to allow a foot-path on either side of the train. Standing on the bridge, whence the beauties of this architectural wonder can be viewed to the best advantage, one gazes with wonder and astonishment at this splendid achievement of engineering

skill. Its great height and length give its timbers the appearance of a spider's web, and it appears wholly inadequate cars that can stand securely on its top. From the platform of the car you can stand and gaze down upon the tops of the

to sustain the weight of the lightest locomotive, to say nothing of the ponderous weight of a huge engine and five long tall and straight pine trees which tower in the valley beneath, and upon the narrow little stream which winds its tortu-

and every convenience for his indulgence in the fine sport afforded in the vicinity awaiting him. This hotel, which takes the name of the bay, was built and is owned by the railroad company, but has been leased to Mr. Abner L. Ross, Jr., a thorough practical hotel operator and able to conduct it in a first-class manner, the object of the company simply being

to be had at points accessible by the Wisconsin Central; but in doing so the route will have to be retraveled:

"The line passes through the central portion of Wisconsin, starting from Milwaukee and running northwesterly to Menasha, at the head of Lake Winnebago; here an abundance of fair fishing may be had, and pickerel, perch, and bass can be harvested in satisfactory quantities, though to the sportsman who re-

The Chequamegon, Ashland.

to provide for those visiting the place the comforts and conveniences of the most favored resorts.

It may not be out of place to introduce here an article that appeared some time since in *The Chicago Field*, which describes more minutely than any account we have yet seen the hunting and fishing

quires quiet and the speaking silence of the wild woods, it has no great attractions, as already the noble army of tourists have claimed it for its own. South of Menasha the country is very much devoid of sport, as the pot hunter gives no bird nor beast a chance to increase or multiply. At Elkhart Lake, however, there is some fair fishing to be had and some very pleasant country to ramble through

but its charms to the enthusiastic fisherman or hunter are not surpassing. From Menasha the line runs west by north through a magnificent agricultural country, but in which we failed to find any trace of a sportsman's paradise. The ruffed grouse has been almost exterminated with the disappearing forests and has not yet been replaced by the musical Bob White or prairie chicken. This condition is maintained almost to Stevens' Point, a now thriving and busy town of some 5,000 inhabitants. From ten to twelve miles from here may be obtained some fair deer hunting, combined with ruffed grouse shooting, and Indians can be procured as guides to lead the hunter to the best known resorts. Five miles south, on the Portage line, there is a splendid wild fowl marsh and the duck shooter may here revel in his favorite sport. Of course with so large a population it cannot be expected that Stevens' Point can afford the very best of sport close at hand, but still it is an admirable base of operations for laying in a stock of groceries and heavy baggage for further progress up country. The proprietor of the Central Hotel, where the railroad traveler stops for his meals, is a sportsman at heart, and will give anxious enquirers his knowledge of what to do, how, and where to do it.

Some two years ago, Stevens' Point was the north-westerly bourne of civilization in this State, but the clearing hand of man has worked onward till for many miles the neighborhood of the railroad is fairly under tillage. But beyond the immediate neighborhood of the railway, the dark forests of pines rise to shut in the view, and as civilization is left behind, the prospects of the deer hunter increase. Up to Wisconsin Valley Junction the pine holds sway, except where the tamarack rises from the swamps, which are fairly numerous to this point; but hence the land rises and the hardwood trees begin to assert their territorial right, and gradually gain the supremacy of the forests, which now become very fine. Yet the pine and hemlock are not altogether absent and force themselves into prominent notice wherever the soil is suitable for their aggression. All along here the deer shooting is reported to be good, with some chance of bagging sharp-tail and spruce grouse; but the best of the Fall and Winter

deer ground begins at Spencer, a small station with a few stores. To the west of Spencer there are some farmers settled and from them we derived the news that deer are numerous all about the woods.

From Spencer to Chelsea is the happy hunting ground—a fine hardwood country. After the Summer heat is over it is said to teem with deer, as they all come from the swamp lands and pine forests. A sportsman may stop off at any of the stations, especially at Spencer, Unity, Colby, Dorchester, Medford, or Chelsea, between the 1st of September and 1st of January, with the assurance that there are deer in fair quantities anywhere out of the clearing; we have been assured that within four miles of any of these stations good deer shooting can be had, and it is the hunter's fault if a haunch does not return with him to camp after every sally forth into the woods. Here, too, ruffed grouse are to be found. There is very little shooting done, as there are few local hunters, and the farmers, railroad men, and lumberers have not much time for hunting; yet when they want "deer meat" they have no trouble in procuring it. This part of the country is noteworthy for the infrequency of marshes and the number of crystal springs of perennial flow. Besides the shooting, there is fair fishing to be had on the Little Eau Plaine and Black rivers; in fact, there is fishing to be got of some sort or other on all the many rivers that run through this country, and as the railroad runs along the dividing ridge there are streams running both ways to choose from.

Westboro, however, is the first really good fishing point on the road. Three miles east of this station a chain of lakes begins with Silver Lake, which is the head water of Silver Creek that runs westward. Close beyond Silver Lake are the Rib River Lakes, which are the headwaters of the Rib River, one of the feeders of the Wisconsin River. In some of these lakes are splendid black bass and perch, and further on in the Spirit Lakes, are black bass and muskalonge. The fish are large and numerous, and at most times bite rapidly. Mr. A. S. Russell, of Westboro', is acquainted with the entire neighborhood, knows the best fishing lakes, and can tell any of our readers what actual weights of fish he has hauled into town. ourselves, know

that a black bass of four pounds can be caught in some of these Rib Lakes, and that they are magnificent eating. Around these lakes are many deer, for their fresh tracks were abundantly apparent along the margins and through the woods wherever a marshy tract gave our inexperienced eyes an opportunity of reading the signs which were elsewhere as distinct as to the continually practiced eye. There are grouse in the woods, for in our prospecting tramp, we flushed seventeen out of a small piece of marsh, three old birds and fourteen well-grown youngsters, and we have no doubt that the rest of the two covies were lying hid. Of all the points along the line for an all round sportsman, perhaps, Westboro' is the best, for within easy distance of the road and of a base of supplies is to be found good fishing, good deer shooting, and also some sport for the wing shot who may desire a day with his dogs after the grouse. There is in particular, one lake there upon whose borders we should pitch our camp. Surrounded on every side by a magnificent forest, its clear depths lie; its surface ruffled only by the passing breeze or the splash of some finny denizen who has jumped for a fly. On the east side a firm, hard, shingle beach rises upward to a steep ridge, upon which there is much hard wood, though chiefly clothed with magnificent pines. On the other side, the shores are low and are partly of shingle at the points, and partly soft in the re-entering angles of the many curving margins. The air is redolent with the odor from the pines, balsams, and cedars; and the omnipresent mosquito is markedly scarce; a better locality for the house of some sportsmen's club could not be, than on the ridge to the east of this lake. Brothers of the gun and rod, what more could you want? Deer and grouse around you, fine fish at your very feet, many lakes close at hand, and dense trackless forsets on every side. Oh, the shade of St. Hubert! What a paradise for a tired business—weary sportsman to retire to for a fortnight's rest and relaxation, in September or October. Later than October, deer might not be found in any numbers around Westboro', for, as the forest is of softwood chiefly, they would have followed their habit and gone south to the hardwood lands.

If we had inspected the country around

Ogema, Worcester, and Phillips, we should have had probably to report as well of it as of that at Westboro, though this latter is more suitable to the fisherman, on account of its numerous lakes. Phillips, however, can boast of some lakes and some bass and muskalonge fishing.

Between Fifield and Chippewa Crossing, the hardwood again predominates, and especially in the neighborhood of Butternut Creek. And it may be that this hardwood island in the ocean of pine forests may be, as that further south, a harbor for deer during the Fall and Winter. Butternut Creek has become recently famous for its muskalonge fishing, as the fish are said to run up to forty pounds and over; but as they are very peculiar gentlemen, and only bite at the luring bait at uncertain periods, it is hardly worth while to devote any considerable time to waiting upon these fastidious fishes. Still, an expedition by canoe down to the Flambeau main stream ought richly to repay the town-weary sportsman, as there can not fail to be plenty of deer as well as bears, wolves, and other wild animals in this well nigh unknown land. That game, abounds in this tract we have the authority of the men who run the trains now, and of those who surveyed the country for the railroad.

North of the Chippewa River, the pine, balsam, and tamerack reassert their sway, and this may be written down as a poor country for Fall sport; what may be there in the Summer we cannot say, for we could not discover, and it looked to much like the happy buzzing ground of the vigorous mosquito for us to venture upon any prospecting.

As one draws near the Penoke iron range, the country becomes ridgy, and hardwood trees again become prominent, while brawling brooks take the place of crawling streams and marshes. This Penoke country looks a very gamey district, and the brawling brooks and streams, notably the main stream, looks very fishy; but of the game character of the country there was little to be discovered, as the inhabitants were not many and were devoid of information on the point; but as to the fish in the handsome river they were very decided; there were none beyond a few chubs and the apparent beautiful trout and salmon stream was named Bad. Thus named pe-

sumably because of the absence of fish; but really we should think as a literal translation of its Indian name, as the noble savage could not well have navigated it, for of what we saw, there was more of rapids than still water. But though the main stream may be deceptive from a fisherman's point of view, some of its tributary creeks and streams are by no means so, for Marengo and White Rivers are said to be alive with fine brook trout, but of these two streams we will speak directly.

Ashland is the present northern terminus of the Wisconsin Central line, and is situated almost at the extremity of Chequamegon Bay, and has been lauded to the skies of late as a fisherman's haven. There is no doubt about there being fish in the neighborhood of Ashland. There are abundance of whitefish in the bay, and fine lake trout also, and over under the sandstone cliffs of the north shore there are some very fine brook trout; but the fishing is not of that surpassing nature which the residents of the country about Ashland would wish us to believe. Under the bluffs on the north shore, a sportsman in luck may catch from fifteen to thirty pounds of fine trout, averaging one-half pound, and occasionally land a heavy fish; but elsewhere in the immediate vicinity there is no sportsman's fishing. There are numerous brooks all round the country that contain more or less of brook trout of a diminutive description, and very hard to get at. The brooks run through the forest, and are enclosed in dense underbrush; the fishing has to be done by hard scrambling with a four foot switch, and about the same amount of line; the only excitement is to avoid snags below water and the brushwood above, and to see if the likely hole contains anything beyond a fingerling. We went out with a party to one of these brooks, and captured nine trout after an hour's preliminary tramp, and two hour's hard fighting against brushwood and mosquitoes. Six of these nine were less than six inches long, and five of them were returned to the water as unfit to keep, the sixth fingerling being kept as a matter of curiosity and comparison. By 1 P. M., we had had enough of the paucity of fish and plentitude of buzzers, so left the so-called "Pleasant Valley" for the boat by the lake shore, where fish bites were as numerous

as on the creek, and mosquito bites less frequent. By 5 P. M., the other two of the party arrived with forty-one fish between them, followed shortly by another couple of sportsmen with twenty-one fish; at least half of the sixty-two fish were as small or smaller than the fingerling I had reserved. Yet these same strings of sixty-five trout swelled to one-hundred in the notice of the catch which appeared in the local paper. From the remarks that were passed on the string of our party, and from various other strings that came to our notice, it was evident that we had not been severely out of luck. Now, as Ashland is four hundred and thirty-three miles from Chicago, and a full twenty-six hours journey, it cannot be said that "the game is worth the candle." There is some fair sport to be had on the Bruns Wieler Creek, a tributary of Marengo River, and he who wants a better string than the above should take the train down to Marengo, then go down south about one mile to the creek, and turn up it to Bladder Lake, and make a fair bag. Again, the enterprising enthusiast may take a trip of twenty-six miles to Trout Lake, on White River, and, according to local tradition, take one hundred pounds weight of fish in the day. Here, too, we believe a sportsman has a chance of casting a fly and having a stand up fight with his game.

As a great fishing resort, Ashland is somewhat of a failure, but as a shooting ground for deer, bears, &c., and of wild fowl, should rank high, for we noticed many fresh deer tracks and saw several flocks of ducks, and were assured that during September, and in fact, till snow flies, the wild fowl that abound in the marshes at the head of the bay and in the bay itself, are not to be counted.

On the whole, we should recommend the Wisconsin Central Railroad and its country, to the sportsman because we believe there is abundance of game within easy reach of the line and because it has not been overrun by sportsmen or pot hunters. It is within easy reach of Chicago, and consequently of the entire sporting community. The Milwaukee & St. Paul night train, draws the Wisconsin Central sleeper to Milwaukee, whence it is drawn by the night mail to the north. Halts of twenty minutes are made at Menasha, Stevens' Point, and Phillips' for meals, and the

traveler is landed fresh and in good condition at some station whence he can go out shooting | tend every courtesy to a stranger; and altogether, the new district is worthy of atten-

Bayfield, Chequamegon Bay, Lake Superior.

without having to take camp equipage, as accommodation can be got at each station. The inhabitants are hospitable and willing to ex-

tion. At Stevens' Point, inquire of mine host of the Central Hotel, at Dorchester of D. O. Miltimore, at Westboro, of A. S. Russell,

at Ashland of Davis, the landlord of the Colby House; these gentlemen are all ready and willing to afford information.

Chequamegon Bay, the northern terminus of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, is on an arm of Lake Superior, running southwest down among the Apostle Islands into the wilderness of Wisconsin. It is the basin that holds the waters of a score of beautiful streams, whose crys-

Sioux, Sand, and Onion, and such lesser streams as Fish, Whittlesey's, Vanderventer's, and Silver creeks, and Trout Brook. All these and many others are excellent trout streams, on whose banks the worn business man can sit and angle to his heart's content.

Houghton Point, distant about five miles, extends into the bay and rises to a height of one hundred feet. Here there

Grand Arch, opposite Ashland, Chequamegon Bay.

tal, ice-cold waters are filled with speckled trout, black bass, and pickerel. It is the best harbor in the great Northwest, and is surrounded with vast forests of pine, and its atmosphere is as ethereal as Eden's, as hazy as an Indian Summer, as medicinal as that of Southern Europe. It is the home of the Chippewa nation. Here, within the radius of twenty miles, are some of the finest fishing grounds in America, including such rivers as White,

is a charming little cascade in the centre of a grove of Norway pines. The views from Houghton Point are grand. They overlook the Apostle Islands and the open lake beyond. Around its rock bound shores, washed for centuries by the waters of Gutchew Gume, lurk and hide the speckled trout. Many fine specimens are taken here every year.

Bayfield, fifteen miles from Ashland, is a beautiful village. It might well be

named the village of fountains. Many of its gardens and lawns have beautiful fountains, throwing jets high in the air. These fountains are fed from springs that have burst from the hillsides, the water being conducted by pipes to every public building and dwelling in the town. Many of these fountains contain brook trout that have been captured and placed in them for exhibition.

catching and packing gives employment to a large number of men.

Montreal River is thirty miles east of Ashland. At this point is a fine waterfall eighty feet in height. Pleasure parties visit these places frequently by means of steam or sail yachts.

The Apostle Islands, a group of islands which line the coast of Wisconsin for about forty miles, are twenty-four in

Lone Rock, near Bayfield.

Bayfield contains three hotels — "Smith's Hotel," kept by Capt. P. W. Smith; "The Fountain House," by J. B. Bono. It has many attractive features. Red Cliff is four miles north of Bayfield, and is the present home of the Red Cliff band of the Chippewa Indians. It is a beautiful place, well worth visiting.

The principal business is that of manufacturing lumber and fishing. It exports largely of whitefish and trout; their

number. Some of them are large and covered with lofty trees. They are favorite camping grounds, and every Summer the light of the camp fires after sunset give ample evidence that sportsmen are there.

Isle Royale, lying a little south of the entrance to Thunder Bay, is one hundred miles from Ashland. The ancient copper mines and implements of the prehistoric race of men whose traces are

here plainly to be seen by the scientist, the beautiful lakes and streams alive with delicious fish, the romantic inlets and bays extending for miles inland, yet so narrow that the rocky walls seem to overhang but to crush the intruder, all combine their peculiar charms to delight the tourist. Isle Royale is distant but twenty-five miles from Prince Arthur's Landing, whence it is easiest visited. It cannot be excelled in its brook-trout, and the scenery is unsurpassed in grandeur.

Thunder Bay on the north shore of Lake Superior, is about twenty-five miles in length, and from ten to fifteen miles wide, and into it flow many streams abounding in speckled trout. Thunder Cape on the east, is a most remarkable and bold highland, being elevated one thousand three hundred and fifty feet above Lake Superior. It rises in some places almost perpendicularly, presenting a basaltic appearance and bearing on its summit evidence of an extinct volcano. Another interesting object is Pie Island, so called from its formation. It is a huge stone eight hundred feet high, situated near the centre of the entrance to Thunder Bay north of Isle Royale. The scenery along the north shore of Lake Superior is everywhere wild and romantic, but especially about Thunder Bay and to the eastward. The entrance to Nepigon Bay is fifty miles east from Thunder Cape.

But few white men have explored this stream, as the time required, together with the fatigue and hardship to be borne have deterred many from the attempt. The sportsman can conveniently go from Ashland to Prince Arthur's, and engage boats and guides from that point. If the time of the tourist is limited he may enjoy in a three or four day's trip from Ashland, a delightful sale on the lake,

and view from the deck of the steamer, Isle Royale, Pie Island, Thunder Cape and Bay, and other interesting features of the north shore, and also skirt the south shore from Eagle River and Harbor on Keweenaw Point westward, the steamer touching at Houghton, Hancock, and Ontonagon on its return to Ashland.

Fort William, a post of the Hudson Bay Company, is situated near the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, which flows into Thunder Bay six miles southwest of Prince Arthur's. The stream, like all the rivers on the north shore, is filled with rapids, and at some distance above Fort William there is a beautiful fall of water two hundred feet in height.

EAU CLARE, WISCONSIN.

Eau Clare, Wisconsin, is regarded by a gentleman who has lived in that section for the past sixteen years, as the sportsman's paradise. Large game, such as deer and bear, have always been plenty and are yet, and as for chickens and grouse, that country is hard to beat. Trout are found in every stream, although some of them have been overfished. A party of four gentlemen, who were visiting some of the lumber-camps about eighty-five miles northeast of Eau Clare, caught four hundred trout in two hours' time out of some ponds that had been formed by placing dams across a creek in order to float logs down in the Spring. The trout were large, and averaged about half a pound each. It is impossible to get nearer than twelve miles of these streams with a team in Summer. Eau Clare can be reached via Chicago, Minneapolis & St. Paul Railway, and the train that leaves Chicago at 9 P. M. will land passengers at destination in time for dinner next day.

GAME FIELDS AND ANGLING WATERS OF ARKANSAS.

Arkansas game may be divided into two classes—local and migratory. The migratory portion of the game may be subdivided into such as come to stay all Winter, and such as merely pass us on their long Spring and Fall journey. To the former subdivision belong many of the ducks, to the latter the geese. Most of the local game is semi-migratory; that is, it moves about and changes location accordingly as the mast hits or misses, always keeping an eye to the main chance, passing from upland to bottomland, from open woods to canebrake, as the food supply requires. It always happens when either deer, bear, or turkey are unusually plenty in any locality, the others will not be far away. Arkansas has an area of more than 50,000 square miles and a population of less than half a million—less than ten to the square mile, rather unequally distributed in town and country—the towns far outnumbering the country districts in the matter of growth. The State, for the purposes of a brief account of its game resources, may be divided into four sections: the Northeast, Northwest, Southwest, and Southeast, each possessing distinctive characteristics.

The northeast portion of the State extends southward to White River and westward to Black River, and borders on the State of Missouri and the Mississippi River. It is, as a rule, low and swampy, possessing heavy timber and heavy canebrakes. The "sunk lands" constitute a considerable portion of this part of the State. It is traversed by innumerable sloughs and has many lagoons and cypress swamps. There is a range of low hills running through it, known as Crowley's Ridge. The general direction of the ridge is from northwest to south-

east; it terminates at Helena on the Mississippi River. The principal rivers other than those named, are St Francis, L'Anguille—pronounced "Laugell"—Bayou de View, and Cache, all sluggish, chocolate-colored streams, mere ribbons in dry weather, immense floods when up. These streams and their tributaries, as well as the lakes, or lagoons, are well stocked with black bass, pickerel, all sorts of perch, and such coarse fish as drum, buffalo, and cat *ad nauseum*. As might be inferred, this vast region is alive with game, and owing to the inaccessibility of a portion of it in the Winter and Spring months, serves as a sort of a game preserve. It is more sparsely populated than other portions of the State. Deer and bear abound, and it is not long since elk were known to exist in the vicinity of the sunk lands. There are large areas of fertile land, elevated just above the regions of eternal wet, and these are the sites of such settlements as have been made. By the use of light boats nearly the whole of this region might be traversed. That it is capable of yielding the finest of sport may readily be inferred. In the late Fall and Winter months countless millions of ducks and geese literally cover the waters. The far-famed Swan Lake is situated in this section. In the western part of this region the proportion of dry land grows greater. Here deer, bear, and turkeys are found in their native simplicity. Tradition tells of wild turkeys breeding with the tame fowl of the barnyard. Parallel with, and a few miles from Black River, flows Cache, through a veritable sportsman's paradise.

Bob White is here with his cheering note, not in great abundance, but sufficient for royal sport. Snipe and plover

are plentiful at times, but don't tarry long. There are a great many fur-bearing animals throughout the entire region. Swans and geese tarry awhile—sometimes all Winter. A full and detailed description of this quarter of the State would make this article too long.

Northwest Arkansas extends from Black River westward to the Indian Territory. Immediately on emerging from the Black River bottom, going west, one comes to upland, then hills, then mountains. The surface is diversified, however, and there is some prairie. Waterfowl are not so abundant as in the part first described. The country is better settled. There is, however, a broad expanse of waste land, unbroken wilderness, and of course abundance of game. In seasons when the mast fails in the lowlands and "hits" in the hills; deer, bear, and turkeys are found here without trouble. The streams are rapid and clear, and fishing bears a closer resemblance to sport. Black bass, jack salmon, striped bass, pickerel, and all sorts of perch are found. There being more small grains raised than in other parts of the State, quail are consequently more abundant.

Southwest Arkansas lies between the Arkansas River and the Louisiana line, extending far enough east to embrace the town of Hot Springs. It is mountainous in places, but has more water courses than the part just described. In the matter of game it resembles the Northwest, but has also some waterfowl. The fishing is reported not so good as in other parts of the State. There are, however, localities that form an exception to the general rule.

The southeast part of the State lies south and east of Little Rock, having Lower White River for its northern

boundary. It abounds in quail, turkeys, deer, bear, and has a fair supply of waterfowl. It has immense canebrakes and some extensive prairies. On the latter is to be found as good prairie chicken shooting as the United States affords. The area, however, is limited to the two counties of Prairie and Arkansas. Here are also sandhill cranes. Plover and snipe in countless millions in their season visit these prairies. In the river bottoms close to these prairies are immense canebrakes, where deer and bear may be found in large numbers.

To an unstinted abundance of game, which by judicious legislation is capable of being fostered and preserved, or even increased to any desirable extent, may be added a Winter climate as near perfect as any in the Union—just cold enough to lay insects and reptiles, and warm enough to make it pleasant to be out all day long. Surely these afford a most potent reason for the most abounding thankfulness. The stranger sportsman will find in Arkansas a generous old fashioned hospitality, which while it "vaunteth not itself," is none the less sincere. In a word, genuine old Virginia hospitality, with the ostentation, the wind, the "old Firginyah," left out. The people of the State are Southern in their manners and habits of thought; but they have imbibed much of that "broad spirit of freedom," and possess in an eminent degree the "game" qualities attributed by Irving to the frontiersmen of the West. Plain and unassuming, but hearty and cordial—rough, it may be in exterior, but sound at heart; there are no people among whom the sportsman, whatever party or creed, or if he have no party or creed, will feel more at home.

In touching upon the river system of Arkansas, it will not be necessary to be

very statistical. A glance at the map will show that the Mississippi River flows along the greater part of the eastern boundary of the State, and the Red River of Louisiana along a small part of the southwestern.

Beginning then in the northeast, the St. Francis flows out of the State of Missouri through lowlands, cypress swamps, canebrakes, &c., in a generally southerly direction, and empties into the Mississippi. This river is navigable by steamboats for a portion of the year. It is stocked with all the coarser varieties of fish, and has some bass, and many perch of different varieties. Then comes L'Anquilla, a sluggish and unimportant stream. Proceeding westward, Crowley's Ridge, a low range of hills, is crossed, and Cache River reached. It is a thin, chocolate colored stream, with immense "bottoms" and cypress swamps—all of which are, at certain seasons, filled to overflowing with dirty water. The stream rises in Missouri, and empties into the White River, in Monroe county. It is well stocked with fish, and flows through a notable game country, much of which is in its native wilderness state. Deer, turkeys, and bear abound along the course of this river, and wild fowl in astonishing numbers visit its sloughs and shallows. A portable boat would be a great help in this region. Going still westward the Black River is reached, a fine stream of dark colored water—rising in the mountain country of Missouri, flowing southward through the southeastern part of the State, and emptying into the White River at Jacksonport. The stream is rough and rapid in its upper course, and smooth, but not sluggish, in its lower. It is well stocked with game fish, as well as the coarser varieties, and there are some notable

trolling places along its course. Both the main stream and its tributaries are noted for the hunting grounds in their vicinity. Wild fowl, in their annual migrations, pursue the course of this river. The stream is navigable for steamboats to, and into, Missouri. Packets ply regularly as far as Pocahontas, Arkansas. The superintendent of this line never neglects an opportunity to place a sportsman under obligations to him. Being of the fraternity himself, he calls it "being good to his own sort." At Jacksonport, the Black River is joined by a stream of the clearest water in the State. This river rises in the Boston Mountains in the northwest corner of the State, and flows northeast into the Missouri, thence southeast again into Arkansas State, and eventually into the Mississippi. This stream is navigable, and actually navigated by steamboats to Batesville all the year, and as far as Forsythe, Missouri, during the Winter and Spring months. It is abundantly stocked with game and food fishes. Its banks abound in good hunting grounds, and the mountain scenery along the upper waters is exceptionally fine, and worthy of far more attention than it receives. Tributary to this are several rivers of lesser note: as Little Red, Sycamore, Buffalo Fork, King's River, &c., all well stocked with fish, and all running through noted game regions. In White River and its tributaries, the Ohio River salmon or glass-eyed pike, and the croppie or speckled perch, are taken in greater numbers than elsewhere in the State—or in the world for that matter.

In the southern part of the State, tributary to the Arkansas, are the Petit Jean (pronounced Petty John), and the Fourche la Fave (Foosh la Fay) rivers; and tributary to Red River are Little

River, Washita, Bayou Moro, Saline, and Bayou Bartholomew. The most considerable of these, the Washita, is navigable for steamboats—as indeed are all the others to a somewhat less extent. It will be seen that this is preeminently a land of navigable streams—and consequently of steamboats—so that it is comparatively easy to reach any desired point in the State. To this may be added, fair railway facilities; but the prime favorite with the native population is the steamboat.

In the bottom lands, along the lower course of these rivers, and within the district covered by their annual overflow, is a system of lakes, lagoons, or ponds, usually lying low—anything but inviting in aspect—surrounded by cypress trees of large size, possessing and needing no long streamers of moss to intensify and set off their unspeakable dreariness. The sportsman soon becomes habituated to these gloomy scenes, and learns to find not only fish and game, but pleasure in exploring them. They usually have one bluff (but not very high), and one low or sloping bank. The high bank is not unfrequently covered with a luxuriant growth of cane, furnishing unlimited supplies of fishing-rods, as well as affording cover and concealment to the careful hunter. The lakes are generally supposed to be old river beds, and are uniformly of the width of the parent stream. They are resorted to by myriads of wild fowl in the Winter months. Some of them are quite deep, and many are fed by cool springs at the bottom. These latter are exceptionally well stocked with fish.

To give any adequate account of the number, extent, and resources of these lagoons would far exceed the allowable limits of this paper. It is only neces-

sary to add that they are as a general rule stocked with all the game fishes of the section—pickerel, bass, and perch. The lakes along these streams are well stocked with choice specimens of the bass and perch tribes.

To the geologist and the student of natural history, Arkansas presents a field full of rare attractions. But this article is intended only for the sportsman.

UNFREQUENTED REGIONS OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

There are a few localities in the northern portion of the Adirondacks, most of which have been comparatively little frequented by sportsmen from abroad. There are but two roads in the country, running north and south, reaching up into the heart of the Adirondack region. One is from Malone, running directly south to Paul Smith's on St. Regis Lake, and past Meacham Lake; the other from Moira and Brushton, fourteen miles west, running directly south and parallel to the other to Blue Mountain. After going ten miles south there is no road crossing from one to the other, and all the country between the two is an unbroken wilderness. All the parties going in at the northern end of the Adirondacks, or nearly all, have gone in by the Malone road, and of course that portion in the western part of the country has not been nearly as much hunted as the eastern, except in the extreme south end, which has been hunted and fished over by parties fitted out from St. Regis and Saranac lakes; and by parties coming in by Tupper's Lake. The road that runs south from Moira, ends at Blue Mountain, twenty-four miles south. It is nearly opposite Meacham Lake on the Malone road, about fifteen miles west of there and about twenty-five miles north-

west from St. Regis Lake, or Paul Smith's house. There is a house there kept by Henry Phelps, with all kinds of accommodation for sportsmen, and charges reasonable — \$1 per day for board, and \$1.50 for guides. He will fit out parties with camping rigs, boats, &c., who wish to go to some of the streams and ponds in the vicinity. The house is large and commodious; he sets a good table, has good beds, and is much better liked than the former proprietor, Merrill, who died a year or so ago. The foot of the Sixteen-Mile Level of the St. Regis River is near the house. Boats can run up sixteen miles on this, and it is a splendid place for deer and trout, with a bear occasionally. The localities which are mostly new, and have been but very little visited, will all have to be reached by way of the Blue Mountain route. Wolf Pond, eight miles southwest from Blue Mountain House, is but very little visited. The upper branches of the Parishville River run close to it, and abound in trout, some of a large size, and in any decent kind of a day one can catch all the trout he can carry. Deer, bears, and panthers are to be found there. The river there is fifteen to twenty-five yards wide, and there are levels of still water and rapids. The levels have to be fished from a boat.

There is another branch a short distance below which is smaller, but it is full of trout, and has never been fished by a dozen different persons. There is a very good shanty at the pond, made of logs, with a bark roof, with a door and small glass window, belonging to a trapper who traps there in the late Fall. All the country west of Blue Mountain is an unbroken wilderness for miles, until you come to the back settlements in St. Lawrence county, and there are several

ponds and streams which have no name and are only frequented by trappers and a few still-hunters. Cavanaugh Pond is only three miles from Blue Mountain House, and is a great resort for deer and other animals; but it is not much of a place for trout. Many deer were killed there in 1879 by only a few persons hunting. Mr. Phelps keeps a boat there, and has a rough shanty built on the shore. All this country west of the road for eight or ten miles north of the Blue Mountain House has never been visited but by very few, if any, sportsmen. It is out of the way of parties coming from the large sporting houses in the eastern section of the Adirondacks, and the only way they can reach it is to come down the St. Regis River, through Sixteen-Mile Level, and this would be a trip no guides would like to undertake.

Three miles up the Sixteen-Mile Level on the St. Regis River, Quebec Brook empties, and about five miles up the brook is Muddywaska Pond. It is a rough road into it from the river, and a boat has to be carried more than half the way. It is a good long day's tramp to go there from the Blue Mountain House. The pond itself is not much, but there is a level above and below it of about four miles in length each, with deep water and many trout of large size. It is a famous place for deer and other animals. It has been visited by some few from abroad, who went in with guides from McColom's on the Meacham Road, but few have been in, on account of the distance from any road. A gentleman who has been there several times says he always had good success. At the foot of the lower level there are a few beavers yet, and one is occasionally seen.

Four miles below the Blue Mountain House, on the river, is Spring Cove

House, at the head of another level; it is owned by Den Smith. He keeps sportsmen and acts as guide himself, and is a good one. He will furnish boats and provisions and everything for camping out, and will go anywhere with parties at a reasonable price. He is a good cook, and understands all about hunting and fishing. His address is the same as that of Mr. Phelps, St. Regis Falls Post Office, Franklin county, N. Y. Parties going to either had better write a week or so in advance, and if to Mr. Smith he will meet them at St. Regis Falls. His place is some distance off the main road.

About five miles lower down the river is the Humphrey Level, eight to nine miles in length. Several families live near there, and will take a limited number of boarders. Three or four families live in that vicinity, among whom is old Bill Edwards, who has killed more large game than any one man in the northern part of the Adirondacks. He has killed seven catamounts or panthers, and bears and wolves by dozens. He acts as guide, and will go with parties to any locality, but cannot furnish anything but boat and dogs. Mr. Dimmick, a resident there, will always accommodate a few boarders at seventy-five cents per day, and throw in the use of his boat. It would be a good place for two or three to spend a week or more, who could handle a boat themselves, and fish and enjoy the mountain air at a small expense. It is about fifteen miles from Moira, and if they wished to go off to any other place they could get Edwards for guide, or some of the others there. There are several small ponds near there in which trout are quite numerous; besides, good trout-fishing can be had in the river. The east branch of the St. Regis empties into the Middle Branch near the foot of this level,

and along both streams is a great place for deer. It was on the East Branch, near here, that a party of three killed fourteen deer and a bear in one week, in November, 1878. Up the East Branch, through its whole length to where it rises in Meacham Lake, is an unbroken wilderness, except one place where it runs near a traveled road. This is at the old Sandford & Skinner Saw Mill, at the foot of a level of eight or ten miles. A Mr. Sampson keeps a house there and boats, and has several grown up boys who act as guides; it is a good locality for deer-hunting, and trout-fishing also, and is a great place for ruffed grouse; in fact they are plenty all over the North Woods, clear down to the village of Moira.

The Blue Mountain House is situated in a fine locality, and the view from it is the best of any sporting establishment ever visited in the mountains. One can look from its door over a tract of country sixty miles in extent. White Face Mountain, in Essex county, is in plain sight, also Debar Mountain beyond Meacham, and the whole chain of mountains in the northeast and St. Regis in the southeast. It is the best place for the sportsman to go to that is easy of access, and to fit out from to go to other localities not much frequented, to camp out, and the cost will not be one half what it would be at St. Regis Lake and other places east and southeast. Of course they have not all the extras to be found at Paul Smith's or Martin's and other older establishments, but plenty of good food and good beds, with board by the week for \$4.

There are one or two places on the Malone Road to St. Regis Lake, where much better hunting and fishing can be had than in the vicinity of the sporting

establishments or hotels. McCollom's, about half way between Meacham and St. Regis Lake, is yet a grand good place to go for deer or trout.

Osgood River and Hay's Brook, close by, are good trout streams. Hay's Brook is the best stream for trout in the hot days in July and August, as the water is cold on account of the many springs along its banks, and trout run up it from Osgood River and Meacham Lake. (The Osgood River enters into Meacham Lake). There are some large trout in it, but the average run from eight inches to twelve inches in length, with some up to eighteen inches and twenty inches. Muddywaska Pond lies west of McCollom's some eight miles, and a few parties go in this way. Spring Pond, Chain Ponds, Baker Pond, and Rice Pond are all within two miles of the house. Mr. McCollom will accommodate a few boarders at from \$1 to \$1.25. He has a large farm, keeps forty or fifty head of cattle, has a large ice house and is a good hunter. Quebec Pond and Folusby, Jr., are six and seven miles southwest of there. They are frequented considerable by parties from St. Regis Lake. On the whole McCollom's is considered the best place for hunting and fishing on that road. The head of Meacham Lake is only four miles north, and parties wishing to go there will take his boat down, and they can fish and hunt there if they like, as he often does. Meacham Lake affords better sport, some say, than any of the old sporting establishments, or rather localities, which have had hotels near them for any length of time to accommodate sportsmen. Mr. Fuller has taken considerable pains to keep the lake stocked with young trout, and has a regular hatching establishment of his own. Salmon trout are caught there weighing

from twenty-five to thirty pounds in May quite frequently by trolling.

For further particulars address A. C. McCollom or A. R. Fuller, Duane, Franklin county, New York.

Ragged Lake, the State Dam on Salmon River, and the bend on same river above Titusville, are all good places for game and trout, but being near Malone they are overrun and fished and hunted to death soon after these seasons open, the same as it is in vicinity of St. Regis and other lakes and ponds in that neighborhood. The old Northwest Bay Road, running across the Lower St. Regis district from east to west, or northwest and southeast, is not now in use, only as a foot-path, except at the western end. It has grown up with bushes and filled in with fallen trees so as not to be passable with a wagon.

SARDIS, MISSISSIPPI.

Hunting is not very good just immediately around Sardis, but by going out five or six miles, a day can be passed in the field very pleasantly, and sometimes pretty good bags are brought in. If a person wants to try his hand on larger game, such as bears, panthers, wildcats, deer, wolves, or turkeys, he can do so by going into Tallahatchie or the Mississippi River bottoms, which are but a short half day's drive from Sardis. Or if the lover of piscatorial sport wishes to supply his table with trout, he has only to go about, say from eight to eighteen miles, to a number of clear lakes in the above mentioned bottoms, and he surely will not be disappointed.

Sardis is located in Panola county, on the line of the Mississippi & Tennessee Railroad, and is a village of some two thousand inhabitants. It has one hotel, where accommodations can be had.

THE LAND OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Not many years have elapsed since the seeker after health and pleasure accepted the gospel that America had within her own borders everything requisite to ensure the complements of life's voyage, and began to realize how unnecessary was the customary European tour, and how easy of discovery

rest and ease; gradually the swell extends until wider range is required, and the mighty genius of enterprise turns its attention to outlying territory for further conquests. Slowly recognition is accorded the fact that greater comfort is now obtainable elsewhere than is found by the most earnest seeker within

CAMP LIFE IN THE MICHIGAN NORTH WOODS.

the spots possessing the attributes long ascribed only to Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Perpetual Youth; and the vast army of visitors to the numerous Summer resorts found along the seashore, the islands of the St. Lawrence, Saratoga, &c., fully attest the soundness of this assertion. Passing years bring increase of thousands to receive the benefit of

barless places where health and pleasure can be found.

In a train of natural thought the northern country presents itself as more than ordinarily endowed with fascination, attractive alike to the sportsman—aware that the dense forests afford ample shelter to the infinite variety of game; to the disciple of Izaak Walton—

the esteemed and crowded haunts of wealth and fashion and each succeeding season witnesses a larger number of those old-time habitués of the resorts of the East, forsaking their ancient walks for the “fresh fields and pastures new” of the Northwest. It is no longer necessary to trave thousands of miles to the mountains or sea shore as the only place at which to recreate find pleasure, and invigorate health, for the simple reason that the great opening up of the new country by our vast railroad system has brought to light and easy access num-

—knowing that the crystal streams of the north contain in endless numbers all species of the finny tribe known to the American pisciculturist ; and to the invalid—recognizing the efficacy of clear, bracing air, and pure spring water. All this is claimed for the beautiful Peninsula State, Michigan, divided and almost surrounded by the great lakes, cut up by innumerable lakelets and streams abounding with fish ; with hills, valleys, and immense forests crowded with game, offering a tempting field to the seeker after sport.

A glance at a map of North America will satisfy the most sceptical that this State — not alone that the fact of being so nearly surrounded by water, therefrom obtaining in great measure the consequent coolness of atmosphere so necessary to comfort during the heated term ; but from being one of the most northerly States in the Union (41

deg. 40 min. to 47 deg. 30 min. latitude), should be known everywhere as eminently fitted to become the future resort of millions seeking that relief from the discomforts of heat ; that relaxation from the turmoil of business cares ; and that ease and health for the overtaken and worn system, the sense of which the season called Summer brings forward so strongly to the recognition.

Believing the popular verdict will be rendered emphatically in favor of the correctness of this assumption, you are asked to again glance at the map, and

from Cincinnati on the Ohio River, trace an air line through Eastern Indiana and Michigan from base to apex—passing through Richmond, Fort Wayne, Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids *en route*. This line represents the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, and the claims of the region penetrated by the northern section of this railroad is here presented

BEACH AT BAY VIEW.

that you may give it your consideration. To the tourist, the wild and beautiful scenery will render a visit most agreeable, while to the sportsman unusual attractions are offered. Pleasant drives lead away through the almost unbroken forests, where the laurel spreads its wealth of blossoms in the Spring, where the delicate trailing arbutus makes the earth doubly glorious and fragrant, and resinous hemlocks and pines give forth their aroma and sigh their ceaseless music. The brook trout and grayling abound in endless numbers in the many

rivers and rivulets, and the larger varieties of game fish in the innumerable and lovely lakes. Deer are frequently seen browsing on the herbage or bounding through the woods; rabbits scamper along the roads; pheasants and ruffed grouse awaken the echoes with their drumming; silent woodcock and rushing partridge whirr away from approaching humanity to seek more secluded re-

affords much relief to the wearied system.

The healthfulness of this country is attested by thousands who have tried the wonderful purity of the atmosphere and partaken of its clear, ice-cold spring water. The climate is especially noted as a sanitarium for hay-fever and bronchial affections, and great numbers annually visit this region to escape from,

CAMPING OUT.

treats; and the wary duck dips deep in the translucent waters and hies away; while frequent specimens of the *genus ursa* are to be met with in the deeper recesses of the woods by those desiring to test their skill and courage. The cool, bracing atmosphere, free from all impurities, is especially adapted to the requirements of the invalid, and a short sojourn invariably proves beneficial and

and get relief for, these maladies. No healthier section can be found in North America; there is no stagnant water, and fever and ague and kindred diseases are scarcely known.

For the purpose of convincing those who, having been so long wedded to the view that there was but one good fishing ground in the country, and that to be found far toward the eastern slope, the

the following is quoted from the Report of the Michigan State Fish Commissioner : " In the list of fish (?) indigenous to Michigan, not the least in affectionate interest is the speckled trout. Investigations verify the fact that speckled trout not only exist here, and that, too, in many portions of the State, but that they are here in all the inimitable investiture of their prime and glory. Specimens have been shown the Commission, obtained from the streams of Northern Central and Northern Michigan, equaling in every respect their New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Rocky Mountain congeners."

While trout are taken with numerous grub and angle worms, still quite often all these will fail and a brilliant colored imitation of a fly lure them ; and herein to a great extent consists the science of the fisherman, in judging what style of fly is appropriate to a peculiar state of the atmosphere or locality. The brightness or dullness of the day ; the clearness or otherwise of the water, and the appetite of the fish, have all to be taken into consideration ; indeed, the fisherman cannot have too great a variety of flies. A party of seven gentlemen from Bloomington, Illinois, guests of the Lake View House (Mullet Lake), captured three hundred and eighty-three of the speckled beauties in three days, during July, 1879. Judge Bobo, and two other gentlemen from Decatur, Indiana, caught one hun-

dred trout on August 3d, near their camp on the Jordan, about two and a half miles from the mouth. A party of nine Traverse City gentlemen visited Glen Lake, and captured one thousand and fifty-two of this delicious fish in a few hours ; and, discouraged by the voracity of the numbers that seemed to demand an opportunity to be victimized, beat a hasty retreat. The *Kalkaskaian* of August 15th, 1879, says: " On Tues-

PINE RIVER, CHARLEVOIX.

day last Mr. Wesley Street caught a speckled trout in the Boardman River, above town, that weighed three pounds, and three others weighing from fifteen to seventeen ounces each." Any number of incidents could be given of large catches, but the above will suffice.

The Fish Commissioner thus speaks of the grayling : " The American grayling is peculiarly a Michigan fish, our waters, so far as definitely ascertained, being the sole and fortunate possessor of this greatly admired, and, as many believe, the ' coming ' fish. Their *habitat* is the

Au Sable, the Muskegon, Hersey, Pine, Boardman—indeed, very many of the streams and rivers of Central and Northern Michigan—possibly a majority of them—are believed to abound in the grayling. They have been caught, it is said, weighing four and a half pounds.”

Grayling, unlike the trout, do not

wish, resort to angle worms or a bit of pigeon or red squirrel, and you will be pretty sure to take them.

The Wexford county *Pioneer*, published at Manton, August 20th, 1879, has this: “The grayling, the peer of any brook trout that ever sported in the clear blue waters of Northern Michigan, or the waters of any other land, and by experienced sportsmen considered the royal fish, is being taken in large numbers from the creeks and rivers in this vicinity. Mr. D. V. Emmons, our druggist, a few days ago, brought in from Slagle Creek, a few miles south and west of this village, about twenty-five pounds of the dainties—one of which weighed one and a half pounds—the result of a few hours’ fishing.”

The past four years have witnessed extensive deposits of land-locked salmon in the numerous lakes of this region, and the wisdom of such action on the part of the State Fish Commissioners has become more and more apparent, as now and again one of that species has been speared in the waters to which consigned. But a short time since one of these glorious fellows was speared in Log Lake (situated two miles from

Kalkaska Station), which turned the scale at eight pounds, measuring twenty-eight inches in length. Several instances of like nature have been reported, and there can exist no question but that before many seasons have marked their course, the lakes of Michigan will be teeming with this magnificent member of the finny tribe.

Extensive deposits of the fry of this

BRIDGE OVER THE MANISTEE RIVER.

hide beneath roots and logs, but lie motionless on the clear white sand and will rise from a depth of ten feet to what seems to them a delicate morsel, but which in reality may be nothing more than a “brown hackle,” the most killing fly for the June fishing. (The “black gnat” is also good.) Like the trout, they will sometimes refuse to rise to the most tempting fly; then, if you

fish — California salmon — have been made in the inland lakes of Northern Michigan, and the grandest results are being made manifest, affording the certainty that ere long this welcome stranger will be found greeting the eye of the fisherman in noble struggles to escape the fateful hook.

Of the black bass, the fish commissioner speaks in the following manner: "This fish is found in almost every part

salmon, 1,500 grayling, &c.; but it is impossible to give figures, showing the exact number of land-locked and California salmon, brook trout, grayling, whitefish (which fish, by the way, are becoming known as a "fly taker"), &c., deposited by the fish commissioners during the past year (1879) owing to the non-publication of report of that board other than biennially.

In addition to the fish mentioned

VIEW ON TORCH RIVER.

of the State, in the lakes and rivers, and in waters greatly varying in size, depth, and temperature, ranking high with many both as game and food fish.

During past years millions of various kinds of fish have been deposited in the waters of the State most suitable for their growth and propagation; the sum total during 1878 reaching nearly five and a half millions, including 26,000 land-locked salmon, 75,000 California

above, all the inland rivers and lakes of the northern country furnish abundant supply of pike, muskalonge (which have been caught weighing as high as thirty pounds), pickerel, lake trout, &c., of the larger, and white, striped, and rock bass, perch, &c., of the smaller.

The lake trout attains a great size, and instances are on record of catches of this fish of great weight and numbers. Two prominent business men of Grand

Rapids, caught in Lake Michigan, near Charlevoix, in two hours, thirty-nine of this species, weighing three hundred and thirty pounds, the largest of which weighed twenty-five and another twenty-four pounds. They fished in about three hundred and fifty feet of water, three miles from shore, under the guidance of an Indian chief called Micksaba. On several other occasions, the same gentlemen were

ther. Bears, deer, rabbits, squirrels, &c., among the animals; and ducks, geese, snipe, plover, pigeons, quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, wild turkeys, pheasants, partridges, &c., among the birds, would cause the safe conclusion that the hand of the beneficent Creator had been indeed lavish, and sprinkled the vast woody fastnesses with enticing calls for the thousands whose delight it is to mingle with silent Nature in her solitudes. It is learned from the *Cheboygan Tribune* that a couple of sportsmen from that town spent a week during October at the head of Mullet Lake, hunting ducks, &c.; that they shot a goodly number of the mallard, teal, canvas-back, &c., which frequent that region to feed upon the abundant wild rice; and that when tired of bagging ducks, they went into the woods and shot some of the plentiful supply of partridges.

An enthusiastic correspondent of the *Lancaster Gazette* visited this sportsman's paradise, and in writing home, says: "Deer are very abundant, grouse plentiful, rabbits, partridges, ducks, and geese by the million, and the black bear is not a rarity by any means. For the rod and gun Michigan takes first rank of all the States."

The *Richmond Telegraph*, of September 25th, 1879, contained the following: "Sportsmen have commenced shooting pigeons and ducks around here (Petoskey), and a week ago to-day some men

TRAVERSE CITY.

quite successful at the same sport and made large catches.

The merits of Northern Michigan as a game producing country have been long and favorably known to the great majority of sportsmen, and it is probably unnecessary to speak at any length on this subject. It were well, perhaps, to state for general information, that the eternal forests of this territory furnish hiding places for the more than usual variety of light and heavy fur and fea-

killed a bear at the foot of Bear Lake, which weighed three hundred and twenty pounds after it was dressed."

The following appeared in the *Grand Rapids Eagle*: "A party of four hunters passed through the city this morning (November 27) on their return from a short hunting season up north, on the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad. They state that the woods are full of

of a gentleman well known in sporting circles, writing from the Traverse Region: "At daylight the next morning we were in the river, and never did we enjoy a morning better, for the hundreds of acres of wild rice were just full of ducks. After dinner, we shouldered our guns, and started out for partridges, and I know of no better country for that kind of game in the States. We bagged sev-

BOYNE RIVER.

game and hunters, and displayed eleven deer and two bears as their share. John Semon and party of five hunters, belonging to Allegan and vicinity, have returned (December 6) from Fife Lake with nineteen deer as trophies of ten days' hunting in that neighborhood, and say, that had their dogs been good for tracking such game, they might have had a number of bears; the woods are alive with game."

The following is taken from the letter

eral. The next morning we changed our programme, and took our trolling hooks, and in about two hours' time, at the mouth of the Indian River, took a fifteen-pound muskalonge, and several pickerel weighing from two to six pounds each. It would be tedious to inflict upon your readers the every-day adventures of a week's hunting, but suffice it to say we had splendid sport, and returned home delighted with our trip. Indian River is the boss place for ducks."

Numerous testimonials could be produced in support of the claims so lightly touched upon, showing that this country has not been overdrawn; and in saying to all that a few days' sojourn in Northern Michigan—the region of clear bracing air, pure crystal water, and the paradise of sportsmen—will cause firm belief in the beneficial effects of a vacation spent there, it is confidently believed

in freedom from frauds, tramps, and gamblers; unequalled in the low rates and charges for all manner of necessary expenses in both traveling and living. The tyrant, Fashion, has no abiding place in these northern precincts; visitors can live, can rusticate, can amuse themselves, can rest and enjoy themselves in accordance with the dictates of their own good sense. Fashions, styles, and what

BEAR RIVER, NEAR PETOSKEY.

will receive the unanimous assent of all visitors.

As a certain prominent gentleman aptly states when writing to the *Richmond News* of August 5th, 1879: "This country holds out inducements for pleasure-looking, health-seeking—all classes of Summer tourists—unequalled by any other resort; unequalled in invigorating and health-giving qualities; unequalled

the say are thrown to the dogs, and tourists act like intelligent and sensible men and women in this part of the country. Nature supplies pure water, a pure and active atmosphere, cool and refreshing days and glorious sound-sleeping nights. It is a remarkable fact that every tourist who visits this northern region, boasts of the good and sound sleeping enjoyed every night.

"The great lake of Michigan, with its many and diversified bays; the rivers, creeks, rivulets, and springs, all supplied with pure water; the towering forests of both hardwood and evergreen; the hills and valleys—all taken into consideration, present views, sceneries, and subjects of admiration to the intelligent, the artistic, and the poetic mind. The great variety and generous supply of the fish

Having suggested to the reader the charms of the Great Traverse Region, attention is invited to the means of reaching it. The Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad pierces the very heart of it, and, being crossed by some twenty railroad lines from different directions, affords visitors from every part of the continent unusual facilities for reaching these pleasure grounds. Richmond, Indiana, is

TENT SCENE IN MICHIGAN NORTH WOODS.

and game families afford subject of amusement and delight to the sportsman, and of hope and thankfulness to the economist and philanthropist."

One feature in this connection will bear special mention. The hotels are good, and accommodations are furnished throughout the entire region under mention, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day, which are much below figures charged at similar places.

the southern terminus of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, and its junction point with the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis (Pan Handle), and Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroads, over which last mentioned line through coaches are run to and from Cincinnati. In the Union Depot, the traveler will find a good dining-room and lunch counter. At Winchester the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indiana-

polis Railroad (Bee Line) crosses. At Ridgeville, the crossing of the Chicago & Columbus Division, the line leaves the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad. At Portland, the Lake Erie & Western Railroad is crossed, and at Decatur, the Toledo, Delphos & Burlington Railroad. Fort Wayne is the point of junction with the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago; Wabash, St.

of water six miles long, well stocked with pike, pickerel, black and rock bass, and perch. The lake is dotted with several fine islands, which are used for picnic and camping out parties. Parties desirous of fishing will find boats very conveniently placed. This lake has received liberal deposits of California salmon. At Sturgis, Michigan, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway,

ROME CITY LAKE AND ISLAND.

Louis & Pacific; Fort Wayne, Muncie & Cincinnati, and Fort Wayne & Saginaw railroads. At La Otto, the Eel River Division of Wabash Railroad is crossed, and at Avilla, the Chicago Division of Baltimore & Ohio Railway. Kendallville is the crossing of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, Air Line.

Rome City, a village one hundred and twenty seven miles north of Richmond, is pleasantly located on a large reservoir

main line, is crossed. Wasepi—a pretty village—is the crossing point of Michigan Central Railroad, Air Line. At Vicksburg, a junction with the North Western Grand Trunk Railway is effected.

Kalamazoo, one hundred and eighty-five miles north of Richmond, and two hundred and fifty-five miles from Cincinnati, is the largest and handsomest village in Michigan, and is the crossing of Michigan Central Railroad, main line. At Mon-

teith, sixteen miles beyond Kalamazoo, connection is made for Grand Haven, Spring Lake, and Muskegon, via Allegan.

The curative properties of the Grand Haven and Spring Lake mineral waters, together with the fine air and good hotels, have caused these points to assume a position among the noted watering-places of America scarce dreamed of by their founders. Annually large num-

may go up the river and eat lunch on the banks in one of the many charming places there to be found, pausing at will to troll for black bass which are there in large numbers. In fact, the deserving features of the resorts in mention cannot be enumerated, but are cheerfully recommended to the tender mercies of the most exacting tourist. Grand Haven and Spring Lake can also be reached by way of Grand Rapids and

MAIN STREET, CHARLEVOIX, MICHIGAN.

bers flock to the life-giving waters, while many come to escape the heated atmosphere of more Southern climes.

While at either of these points, the guest may enjoy the manifold facilities for boating and fishing found there, and few finer opportunities present themselves for the enjoyment desirable from such pastimes. The visitor may proceed down the river to its mouth, and, with lady friends, picnic on the beach of that great unsalted sea, Lake Michigan, or

the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railroad, being thirty-three miles distant from Grand Rapids.

Grand Rapids, three hundred miles from Cincinnati, is a beautiful and flourishing city—the second in the State; has forty thousand inhabitants, many large manufactories, and is the proto-type of Chicago in business enterprise and rapidity of growth. The tourist will not regret a day spent in this city, for it has many attractions for the stranger that

will bear a closer acquaintance. Among numerous points which claim attention may be mentioned Reed's Lake. This lovely spot lies three miles from the city, and one can either ride out by street car or drive along the excellent roads. Once on the spot, boats can be procured for rowing or sailing on the lake, and fishing

are not here present from one of the surrounding towns. There are many fine drives in and around Grand Rapids. The "river road" is especially to be remembered, winding, as it does, for a long distance beneath huge trees that serve to intensify the beauty of the way on the bank of Grand River.

NEAR PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN.

tackle and minnows for ensnaring the finny denizens of the deep. There are also steam yachts for the use of picnic parties, &c., and plenty of secluded spots for the pleasure and enjoyment of those who seek shady nooks and sequestered dells. Seldom a day passes during the Summer that one or more picnic parties

The hotels rank among the finest in the country and have few superiors, and the charges much below the usual range of prices for even inferior accommodations.

Cadillac, ninety-eight miles from Grand Rapids, is built on the east shore of Little Clam Lake—which is joined by

a navigable canal with Big Clam Lake, three miles distant—and is a very pleasant place to dwell for a short season. The hotels are good, and the lakes afford fine fishing, while the lover of beauty in nature will find much to admire; the lakes are invested with a peculiar loveliness, a weird strangeness by the monster pine trees which surround and fringe the waters.

pared to camp. Teams can be hired to transport camping equipage to the river banks. The river is navigable, and boats must be used, for it is a wide, strong stream, with a current of about four miles an hour. Just above the railroad bridge, a little stream runs into the river; and about five miles up the river there are two fine brooks, from the mouths of all of which thousands of

INDIAN RIVER.

After a run of twenty-two miles through the solid pine forest, which gives the thought of "walls of trees," Walton Junction is reached, the point where the Traverse City Division branches off toward Grand Traverse Bay. Three miles south of Walton the railroad crosses the Manistee River, one of the great grayling streams of Michigan. Parties intending a long stay, must come pre-

pared to camp. Teams can be hired to transport camping equipage to the river banks. The river is navigable, and boats must be used, for it is a wide, strong stream, with a current of about four miles an hour. Just above the railroad bridge, a little stream runs into the river; and about five miles up the river there are two fine brooks, from the mouths of all of which thousands of grayling are taken every season. The flats or sinks—so called from the spread of water over a wide expanse—are above the logging camps, and the water being clear, the fishing is good, par excellence. Twelve miles from Walton, on the Traverse City Branch, Mayfield is reached, in the immediate vicinity of which anglers will find fine trout, bass, and perch fishing. The Boardman, one of the best

trout streams in the country, runs within a mile of the village, and teams, &c., are obtained for a reasonable remuneration. At Traverse City, twenty-six miles from Walton, the visitor, upon alighting from the cars, finds himself upon a narrow peninsula of sand, formed between the Boardman River and the Grand Traverse Bay. On facing the bay, he looks with wonder at the vast

of the bay till it is merged in the lake, thirty miles distant, there is presented to the eye an ever-changing panorama of surpassing loveliness. The highlands skirting the bay, and the islands resting upon its bosom, are clothed with the greenest of forests, or evince the care of the husbandman and the vine-dresser in well-tilled fields and flourishing vineyards. Traverse City is located

SPEAKER'S STAND, METHODIST CAMP GROUNDS, BAY VIEW.

stretch of water before him. Away to the north it reaches as far as the eye can discern. The shores of the bay, heavily fringed with evergreen, are reflected in the clear, bright water, with a witchery charming to behold. The water of the bay, and in all the streams in this region, is remarkably pure and clear. In the bay, any white object can be distinctly seen at a depth of sixty feet or more. From the semi-circle forming the head

at the head of the west arm of Grand Traverse Bay, one of the oldest towns in the whole Grand Traverse region. Unusual attractions are presented here for the sportsman and tourist; the broad expanse of bay, than which no more beautiful sheet of water exists in the world, with its undulating shores and crystal clear water; the clean gravelled streets, and miles of well-kept sidewalks of the village; its comfortable,

home-like dwellings, and tidily-kept yards are pleasing to residents and strangers alike. In keeping with the general character of the town are its accommodations for travelers and pleasure seekers. Chief among its hotels are the Park Place, Bay House, and Front Street House. Traverse City is one of the best sporting centres in the far-famed Grand Traverse Region. The bay af-

grayling stream, is easily accessible, while the whole surrounding country is marked with brooks and smaller streams, every one of which appears to be the native home of the speckled trout. Among the principal lakes in the immediate vicinity are, Cedar Lake, three miles; Bass Lake, eight miles; Betzie Lake, twelve miles; Long Lake, eight miles; Carp Lake, seven miles; Boardman Lake

SMITH'S LANDING, INDIAN RIVER.

fords the rare sport of trolling, and the still rarer sport of deep water fishing for Mackinac trout.

The inland lakes in the vicinity are numerous, and are well stocked with black and rock bass, pickerel, muskallonge, &c.; the Boardman River, emptying into the bay at this point, is one of the finest trout streams in Northern Michigan; the Manistee, the famous

half mile, while a dozen of smaller lakes or ponds within a radius of twelve miles furnish easy and excellent fishing. At Traverse City, tents, boats, teams, guides, fishing tackle, bait, and all the etceteras of camp life or for a day's fishing, can be procured at reasonable rates.

Two daily through trains, with elegant coaches by day and sleepers by

night, connect at this point with the palace steamer City of Traverse once a week for Mackinac Island, the boat remains one full day and returns to Traverse City, going and coming at night, so that no time is lost; also with the pretty little bay steamer Clara Belle, which makes daily trips the entire circuit of the bay; and with a new and elegant steamer, the City of Grand Rapids, which runs daily between Traverse City, Petoskey, and Little Traverse, and

in Northern Michigan, then, no one is more desirable, more comfortable, easier of access, pleasanter of location, affording better facilities and opportunities for enjoyment to those seeking quiet rest, or the sportsman with his rod and gun, than Traverse City.

Returning by rail to Walton Junction, the visitor, by traveling four miles north on the main line, will reach Fife Lake, a village of three hundred people, situated on the west shore of Fife Lake.

LAKE VIEW HOUSE, MULLETT LAKE.

owned—as are the other boats named—by Hannah, Lay & Co. No more delightful trip can be imagined than either of the ones mentioned. The weekly excursions to Mackinac on one of the finest boats upon the lakes, with comfortable sleeping accommodations and well-set tables, will prove especially attractive to tourists who are glad to run away for a few days from the heat and dust of the city to the clear cool air of Lake Michigan.

Among the pleasant stopping places

Bass, pike, and pickerel, found in abundance in the lake, grayling in the Manistee River, five miles southeast, and brook trout in the Boardman River, six miles north, form the attractions of this locality. Grayling fishing from the headwaters of the Manistee to the railroad bridge at Walton Junction is very fine, and must be done from boats. A good road leads from Fife Lake Station to these waters, and no difficulty should be experienced in taking boats there by team, which can be procured at all times.

Boat-fishing in the Boardman at this point is difficult, owing to brush and undergrowth along the banks, but wading is good.

Continuing northward, the traveler next finds himself at Kalkaska, a village of six hundred souls, built on the north bank of the North Boardman River. At this point the Boardman flows with a speed of four miles per hour, is not navigable, but has good bottom for

stream—current eight miles per hour—and one of the finest trout waters extant. Its current forms many deep pools, wherein the speckled beauties play hide-and seek, and although difficult to approach, they may, by patience, be caught. This stream is cheerfully recommended to the lovers of the trout.

After leaving Kalkaska, the railroad passes through almost interminable forests of beech and maple, and within a

VIEW ON THE JORDAN RIVER.

wading. A good wagon road leads to the fishing grounds, which are about three miles from the station, and one hundred trout to the rod is no extraordinary day's fishing. He who once visits the north fork of the Boardman from Kalkaska will be sure to return another year.

Three miles northwest of Kalkaska is Rapid River Post Office, a small hamlet on the banks of Rapid River, a swift

few miles of the headquarters of the Intermediate, Grass, Jordan, Deer, and Boyne rivers, all most excellent trout streams. Owing to the unbroken character of the forest in this vicinity, no stranger should venture in without a guide who is thoroughly acquainted with the grounds. Parties must come prepared to camp. In the hunting season large numbers of deer are found in these woods. The angler will not regret the

inconvenience of carrying a gun with him, for there are many squirrels in the forest lining the banks of the Jordan and adjoining streams. Aside from the good eating afforded by this festive rodent, his flesh forms most excellent bait in the absence of worms.

Thirteen miles north of Kalkaska is the hamlet of Mancelona, where the express trains stop for meals, prepared at

place for fly-casting. The water is about ten feet deep on the average, and clear as crystal, and the numerous logs and stumps afford good hiding-places. The fishing in the stream is excellent. About two and a half miles from this station the extreme limit of navigation is reached, and from this to the mouth there is a channel about thirty feet wide, but all, save this channel—which has

TRAVERSE CITY.

the Mancelona House. Good accommodations at this point at reasonable rates, and excellent arrangements for overland trips to Torch Lake, Spencer Creek, and other fishing waters.

Boyne Falls Station, thirty-eight miles from Kalkaska, is located on the banks of the Boyne River, a stream well stocked with brook trout. Small boats should be used in fishing this stream, which is navigable for a short distance from its mouth. The mill-pond at this point is fairly alive with trout, and is a splendid

place for fly-casting. The water is about ten feet deep on the average, and clear as crystal, and the numerous logs and stumps afford good hiding-places. The fishing in the stream is excellent. About two and a half miles from this station the extreme limit of navigation is reached, and from this to the mouth there is a channel about thirty feet wide, but all, save this channel—which has been cleared of logs and dead-falls by lumbermen—is a mass of roots and sunken logs, among which lurk the gamey trout. The best way to fish the Boyne is to go up from the mouth with a boat, and after still-fishing above the headwaters for the big ones supposed to be lurking among the logs, leisurely fish down stream. Almost all the trout killed in the Boyne are caught with a bait, and are highly colored fish, yet the opportunities for fly-fishing are unsurpassed. At the mouth of the Boyne,

five miles from the falls, is Pine Lake, in which the bass fishing is very fine. Minnows can be easily captured, and the fish hooked with light tackle in the cool waters of Pine Lake afford great enjoyment, and not a little skill must be used in safely landing a six-pounder. At this point the weary angler will find a comfortable hotel, in which to rest prepara-

On the arrival of the morning train at Boyne Falls, a stage line will run to Boyne River, at the head of Pine Lake, where two new fast steamers—built expressly for this route, and officered by thoroughly competent men—will be in readiness to convey passengers to the Jordan River, at the head of the south arm, and to Charlevoix, arriving there

SUMMER COTTAGE NEAR PETOSKEY.

tory to the toil and pleasure of another day's sport. A little steamer plies between the mouth and Charlevoix, touching at various points, among them Horton's Bay, a most lovely place. No prettier location can be imagined or desired for a Summer cottage than this Horton's Bay. The hills slope gently to the water's edge, into whose depths Horton's Creek empties after winding its course through the valley thickly studded with cedar and birch, and offering splendid trout fishing. The bay itself affords very fine bass fishing; deer and grouse shooting is good in season.

about 10 A. M. Returning, will leave Charlevoix at 3 P. M., and arrive at Boyne Falls in time for the evening train south. To the lover of Nature, the Boyne is ever charming; to the lover of the gentle art, it commends itself by its numbers of speckled trout that can be taken from its cold waters. The stream is only about thirty feet in width; its mouth is uninviting—seemingly only a barren sand waste. It requires a good canoe or fishing-boat, a strong arm, a deft hand to paddle, and light tackle to lure trout from the spring-holes and behind the logs; but they are

there, and can be coaxed out by careful fishing. The best way to take these shy beauties is to use a sinker and bait, either worms or ventral fin of a trout. These will lure them every time, provided the fisher keeps out of sight. Like all streams, the best fishing is early in June. Then, any one pulling up stream until the brush stops them and slowly drifting down, fishing in the holes and drifts that the swift current has washed out, soon feels a whopper. Look out

snags and crossed by fallen trees, which makes successful navigation a problem to be solved only by tact and much practice. In angling, the streams are invariably fished from boats, as the banks are a tangle, and the passage through the woods to them is almost impracticable; it is possible to wade, but by no means comfortable to do so. Streams are always fished *down*, for reasons that will become obvious enough when the angler reaches the ground. With a man

TORCH RIVER.

for your tackle! The stream is full of sunken logs, the brush grows into the stream. The fish are very game, and afford good sport to any one who cares about something more than yanking them out. Any one who can fish at all, can depend upon getting from fifty trout upward, per day.

The author of "The American Club Lists" says of the Boyne and Jordan rivers: "The upper portions of the Boyne and Jordan rivers, and, indeed, of all the Michigan forest streams, are filled with

competent to handle the boat, this method of fishing is greatly to be preferred. It can be made even luxurious. One can scarcely conceive a more favorable stream than the Jordan for this kind of work. For the first two miles after entering its mouth, the channel flows through a rush and grass meadow, and the current is comparatively sluggish. As the ridge or height of land is approached, it becomes very rapid and much broken. For ten miles it is amply wide for good fly-casting, and sufficiently

devoid of over-arching and protruding branches and brush. Its waters are four feet deep, clear as crystal, ice-cold, and delicious. By making headquarters at Webster's, a neat log-house about five miles from its mouth, one can fish the upper and lower waters to the best advantage. Nothing can be more delightful than a week's sojourn at this little clearing in the woods, a half mile back from the river. From the rustic bridge that crosses the stream just at this point, the path winds up a moderate hill through a hardwood and pine forest, in which large sugar maples are frequent, and the visitor no sooner emerges and catches a glimpse of the premises, than he feels that neatness, comfort, and good cheer dwell within. The surmise is speedily strengthened by abundant testimony. The clearing contains but a few acres, and the adjacent woods harbor numerous deer and bears.

"In new countries like this, earth-worms have scarcely had time to acclimatize or domiciliate. The angler, therefore, must not depend on 'wums' for bait. Neither is it practicable for him to pursue the festive grasshopper with baited breath. These insects do not forage much in these parts—at least, they have not for ages. Nevertheless, the woods furnish abundant materials for lures, and the sportsman needs only take his gun and knock over a chance rabbit, squirrel, or pigeon, to obtain all that he desires. In utilizing baits of meat, much ingenuity is required, and I've no doubt that the marvelous success of certain successful fishermen is as much due to their contrivances in the preparation of baits and flies as to the skillful manipulation in presenting them to the fish. If trout are not rising for their food, trailing artificial flies upon

the surface are not the tactics to employ. If they stick to the bottom, we must send our lures to the bottom for them."

Of the Jordan much has been said. It is a fine stream, of large dimensions, discharging immense quantities of ice-cold water. Its course is long, and parties intending to fish should go up to Webster's. The river lies in long reaches beyond, wherein the trout are found in abundance, the greatest inconvenience being the brush and sunken logs. A patient fisherman can fill his creel with fair-sized trout, with an occasional grayling or two. Below Webster's, good trout fishing can be found in the mouth of some creeks flowing into the main stream. Trout fourteen and a half inches long have been taken in the Jordan below the bridge—game as the most enthusiastic fisherman could desire. There is no need to basket fingerlings—a careful, patient fisherman can easily take more than himself and friends can eat.

The Jordan River is regarded by many as being by far the best trout stream in North America. A gentleman who has visited this locality for years in succession, and who has fished in Maine, New York, the Rocky Mountains, and, in fact, almost every notable trout stream in the country, says the Jordan River, without exception, affords the finest trout fishing it has ever been his good fortune to experience. At the mouth of the Jordan there is a good house where the right kind of people will be cheerfully accommodated, for a proper consideration. Also, at J. B. Webster's, five miles from the mouth of the Jordan, and half a mile back from the stream, good quarters may be secured.

Sixteen miles north of Boyne Falls is the village of Petoskey, the northern terminus of the main line of the

Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, four hundred and ninety-four miles from Cincinnati, Ohio, situated on the south side of Little Traverse Bay, at the foot of high bluffs, having a water front of one and a quarter miles, and extending inland about the same distance.

Little Traverse Bay is about nine miles long; from a width of six miles at the mouth, the undulating shores grad-

the ground rises gradually in all directions to the natural limits of the town, thus giving to every one alike the benefits of the mild and invigorating breezes, and opening to all the beautiful views of lake, bay, and opposite shore.

From the south, Bear Creek comes tumbling merrily along, as though glad to be released, and bounds laughingly into the bay near the old Indian council-grounds. The current of this stream is very rapid, and the excellent water-power has been utilized by several firms for the manufacture of various articles.

Charles Hallock, Esq., author of "Camp Life in Florida," speaks of Petoskey in the following pleasing manner:

"If we are out in a boat on the bay and look in toward the land, we perceive that Petoskey occupies a series of picturesque undulations that spread out on either hand, and rise to the rear in the form of an amphitheatre. A lofty limestone cliff flanks the town on the west. Its top is crown-

TENTING IN THE WOODS.

ually approach each other until only two miles apart, turning upon a common centre, and forming the head of the bay into a half circle. The bay is here encircled by high table lands or higher, hills that approach the water in a succession of natural terraces or abrupt bluffs, which apparently having been crowded back from the water's edge by the formative process, arranged themselves into one vast amphitheatre, having an elevation of two hundred feet from the surface of the bay. In the centre of this stands Petoskey, at an elevation of fifty feet above the water. From this point

ed with trees, among which are discovered the tents of many vacation tourists who are camping out. Behind them rises an overtopping eminence, dotted with pretentious villas of wealthy residents. From the verge of this cliff the outlook is superb. Across, five miles distant, is the ridge of hills that line the opposite side of the Little Traverse Bay. These sweep round in a symmetrical curve to the head of the bay two miles to the right, and then follow the hither shore until they rise and terminate in the cliff on which we stand.

"All along in that direction, as far

as sight can reach, we can trace the white line of the pebbly shore limned against the green of the hills; and then from the base of our cliff in a sweep of two miles or more to the left, in the form of a crescent, ending in a wooded point. Tree-covered hills slope gently back and upward from the beach, and pretty cottages peep out from among their branches. The principal part of the town lies in the bowl of the amphitheatre, from which a practicable road leads through a ravine

excursions by steamer across the bay to Little Traverse village, an Indian reservation, where the red man luxuriates after his own fashion."

This region is known to be a sanitarium for hay fever, asthma and catarrhal affections. The climate is remarkably invigorating, just such as is needed by thousands of enfeebled constitutions. The air is freed from all malaria, and the water is wonderfully clear, and as pure as can be found in the country. The

glistening white sand of the beach, skirted by dense forests of balsam, cedars, and arbor-vitæ, whose deep shade contrasts charmingly with the bright sunlit waters, is the favorite resort of many who seek the numerous shells and the coral-like stones which are easily worked up into jewelry and numerous articles of great beauty. The hotels are the Cushman House, the Occidental, and the Clifton House, all first-class; and besides, there are many excellent boarding-houses. These hotels will be kept up in first-class style, and every attention

SUMMER COTTAGE IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

to the long pier which projects from the hollow of the crescent into the bay, and gives additional character to the scenery.

"Petoskey offers considerable attractions to Summer visitors who may desire to make it headquarters for side excursions. For local out-of-door amusements there are boating, sailing, bathing, and fishing in the bay; walks and investigations along the beach; picnics in the groves; drives to Bear Lake, Round Lake, and Crooked Lake—all of which contain bass and pickerel; and hourly

given to the comfort of patrons. Steamers ply between Petoskey, Presbyterian Resort, Harbor Point, and Little Traverse, making the round trip each hour. The steamer *Gazelle* runs between Petoskey and Mackinac, by the outside route, daily, and leaves Petoskey on the arrival of the early morning train; returning, arrives at Petoskey in time to connect with the south-bound train in the evening. Steamers run daily between Petoskey and Traverse City. A railroad has been built to Crooked Lake

by the way of Bay View, and trips are made to that point several times each day, thereby affording opportunities to parties desiring to go picnicing or fishing to this delightful spot; and also making connection with steamers for the trip through the inland lakes. The distances *via* the very popular inland routes are as follows, viz.: Petoskey to Bay View, one mile; Bay View to Crooked Lake, five

Bay View & Crooked Lake Railroad), comfortable quarters will be found at Edgar & Trask's and Hayden & Blackmer's new hotels, for about fifty and twenty-five persons each, respectively; and two floating palaces have been fitted up by John Andrews, for fishing parties, with provision for fifty guests. This last-named gentleman also owns a neat little tug, which can be secured at fair rates,

and will carry twenty-five persons. Boats, rowers, tackle and bait can be obtained at several other places near by.

Daily trips are made between Conway Springs and Cheboygan by tidy and substantial steamers, passing through the route given above; and the trip is a most delightful one, rendering entrancing views of land and waterscapes.

Crooked Lake is famed for its excellent bass fishing, and

numerous charming spots will be seen suitable for, and seemingly desiring use as, camping-places.

Passing into Crooked River, the tourist reaches the best fishing-grounds, and, in the proper season, good hunting can be enjoyed—deer, bears, ducks, partridges, and other game being quite abundant. Near the head of this river the comfortable home of Henry Bunz offers a hospitable welcome to some ten persons, at nominal rates, and boats, &c., can be had.

LAKE MICHIGAN FROM CHARLEVOIX.

miles; Crooked Lake (length), five miles; Crooked River (length), seven miles; Burt Lake (length), eight miles; Indian River (length), five miles; Mullet Lake (length), twelve miles; Cheboygan River (length), seven miles; and esteeming it highly probable that many desire information upon this subject, it is proposed to go through the chain and discover the various hostelries, points of interest, &c.

At the head of Crooked Lake (called Conway Springs, and terminus of the

Through Crooked River, Burt Lake is reached, and in the cool depths of this beautiful sheet of water are caught multitudes of black and speckled bass, pike, muscalonge, &c. There are at least a dozen places on the banks of this lake admirably adapted to camping purposes, particularly Point Comfort and Indian Point. Here it was that

the "Solid Comforts"—a club of Mercer, Pennsylvania, gentlemen—spent their vacation during the Summer of 1878; and in the *Mercer Dispatch* of July 18th they thus discourse: "The 'Solid Comforts' have passed a busy week since leaving Mercer, and the most fastidious member has been delighted thus far. We arrived at Petoskey on Tuesday evening. Our first stop was on Crooked Lake, where we remained until yesterday, spending the time in Crooked and Pickerel Lakes, and in rowing and sports of the camp. The fishing is all that the most sanguine expected, and has moreover been a constant source of amusement. Stranahan

and Clawson are the scientific fishermen, and have caught the largest and most fish; but two amateurs that are too lazy to hold a line or row half the time, can catch more fish in an afternoon than would supply the camp all day. Thus far, we have been compelled to throw away the greater part of our catch, not being able to use or give

them away. This locality, as well as the entire northern part of Michigan, abounds in small lakes made up almost wholly of spring water. Saturday we went on to Burt Lake, and are now camped at Indian Point, a site which we much admire. Crooked River is a most beautiful stream, quite narrow, but

CROOKED RIVER.

navigable, and as clear as spring water, and full of fish, many of which we captured from the bow of the boat as we leisurely floated down."

On the banks of Burt Lake, four miles from the head of Indian River, N. L. Gates has erected a large, roomy building, and promises good cheer and attention to the wants of twenty-five

persons wishing to fish or hunt in this neighborhood.

Passing through Burt Lake, the head of Indian River is reached, and you arrive at the popular caravansary of David Smith, familiarly known as the "half-way house." Not only are good accommodations furnished here to the hungry or weary guests, but superb fishing is obtainable within easy distance. The Indian River flows past the door—a

ist enters Mullet Lake—larger and full y as charming as Burt Lake. About two miles from the head Pigeon River and Mullet Lake Summer Resort House is approached, a newly-erected and exceptionally handsome structure, situated at the southern end of the lake. The location of the house is very fine, commanding a full view of the beautiful lake spreading away to the northeast, hemmed in by clustering hills and formed in-

to cosy bays and confiding inlets. The house has accommodations for two hundred guests, is first class in every respect, and has a number of row and sail boats on the lake for the use of its patrons. Two new elegant eighty-foot steamboats, fitted up in handsome style, ply on the Inland Route during the season. The rivers within an hour's rowing contain abundant trout and bass, and near at hand is the Pigeon River, famed for its grayling. Half a mile further on a new hotel at Kehler's, where twenty-five guests can be accommodated.

SCENE ON WALLOON LAKE, NEAR PETOSKEY.

very silver thread upon Nature's carpet—r ppling and laughing in gleeful melody as it softly lapses over its mossy bed. The Sturgeon River is close at hand; Douglas Lake but two, and Pigeon River about five, miles away. Steamboats will be rented to fishing parties by Mr. Smith, and boats and tackle are furnished gratuitously to the patrons of the house.

Upon leaving Indian River, the tour-

From Mullet Lake you pass into the Cheboygan River, and soon reach Cheboygan, situated on the Lake Huron side of the Michigan Peninsula, commanding the eastern entrance of the Straits of Mackinac. Fishing in this vicinity is very fine. Black Creek, one mile east of Cheboygan; the creeks and streams entering Duncan Bay, three miles east; the Oquoc, fourteen miles east; and in the streams between Cheboygan

and Old Mackinac, speckled trout can be taken in large numbers; and black bass are found in all the waters near by; in fact, some of the finest black bass fishing in the country can be had a few miles from Petoskey, on the inland steamer route. Here there are no flies nor mosquitoes to bother you, no hot, stifling nights, no clammy dews nor dank miasma creeping into the system; but absolute rest, and at night the sweetest slumber can be enjoyed.

Leaving Cheboygan by steamer, to the right lies Bois Blanc, a fertile island — as yet a forest; next Round Island, and then standing out in bold relief the beautiful and important Island of Mackinac, the “Gem of the Straits,” the white walls of the old fortress appearing three hundred feet above the level of Lake Huron, and overlooking the whole channel and surroundings. The “Wonderful Isle” is a mass of calcareous rock, and rises from the bed of Lake Huron to an elevation of over three hundred feet above the water level. The waters around are purity itself, and small articles can be clearly discerned even at greatest depth. The cliffs shoot up from the island perpendicularly, and some of them tower aloft in pinnacles resembling ruinous Gothic steeples.

Many caverns have been found which

contained various relics of the departed tribes. The gleaming white walls of the fort frown down upon the old-fashioned French town, which nestles around the harbor in very primitive style, and afford a good view of the entire island. Curious little caves and glens are discovered here and there; traces of the old-time-dense growth of different kinds

SCENE ON THE BOYNE.

of hardwood are noticeable; winding paths and romantic situations abound. As a health resort, Mackinac is unsurpassed. Its cool air and pure water are just what are needed to bring back the glow of health to the faded cheek, and send the warm currents of life dancing through the system with youthful vigor. Its natural points of interest have been

designated as follows: British Landing, Friendship's Altar, Scott's Cave, Sugar Loaf, Arch Rock, Fort Holmes, Maiden's Rock, Rosalind's Bower, Fairy Arch of the Giant's Causeway, Leaning Rock, Point Lookout, Robinson's Folly, Devil's Kitchen, Lover's Leap, Skull Cave, Chimney Rock, and Queen

el of the lake. The Arch Rock is an abutment and arch thrown out from the main body, or rather cut off from the main cliff, at nearly a right angle with it. Its summit is one hundred and fifty feet above the lake, the spring of the arch is one hundred and ten feet, and the span about ninety feet. The arch

is three feet wide, and visitors often cross, though the feat is trying to the nerves. The Sugar Loaf is an isolated limestone rock, of conical shape, some eighty feet high, standing near the centre of the island, and to climb to the apex is considered a feat of some considerable difficulty. There is a cave in its side about one-third of its height from the base, large enough to accommodate half a dozen persons. A sail into the Straits of Mackinac on a calm day is one of the most romantic, not only by reason of its surroundings, but of its historical associations to which reference has been made.

LOVER'S LEAP, ISLAND OF MACKINAC.

Esther's Retreat. As may be inferred from the names, these objects are precipitous cliffs, caves, arched rocks, or conical peaks. The most impressive are: Point Lookout, a sheer precipice on the southeast side of the island, from which a far-reaching view can be obtained; it is an angle of the cliffs, and its summit is about two hundred feet above the lev-

el of the lake. From the offing, the town is seen stretched along a semi-circular shore under the bluff, very much as Little Traverse village lies. Three parallel streets occupy the level longitudinally, while the ramparts of Fort Mackinac crown the cliffs behind. The fortifications are white-washed and being embedded with foliage are most picturesque. Several tasty

Summer residences, with gardens and fountains, adorn the street that follows the line of the beach, and lend a home-like aspect. Numerous two-masted Mackinac boats and other craft at anchor off shore, or alongside the little piers that reach out from land, give animation to the pretty scene.

The situation of the Island of Mackinac is romantic, and it is not strange that it should possess, even for poor "Lo," an attraction which awakens in him both the poetic and religious sentiment. From it can be seen Point St. Ignace, Old Mackinac, Round Island, Bois Blanc, Cheboygan, the shores of both the northern and southern peninsulas of the State, and here the waters of Huron and Michigan meet. The air during the Summer months is balmy and soft and invigorating, and the climate all that the imagination can depict of loveliness. There is an absence of those cold, rough winds in Summer which many imagine to be the accompaniments of that cli-

mate, and which brings out overcoats and heavy flannels. The air, while never warm, is tempered by the winds from the great lakes, and strikes the cheeks grate-

fully. The accommodations provided for the entertainment of tourists at the island are ample and of the best. Steamers of the Chicago & Lake Superior lines touch at Mackinac, where they can be

MAIN STREET, ISLAND OF MACKINAC.

taken for Sault Ste. Marie and Lake Superior ports.

Leaving the island through the detour to the foot of St. Mary's Falls, is about

one hundred miles, and is a delightful trip to make. Through tortuous passages of the narrows, and around the charming islands, the tourist is led to many pic-

works of the kind in the whole world. Returning to Petoskey, steamer via the bay route can be taken for Charlevoix. Another good route is via Boyne

Falls, stage, and steamer on Pine Lake, as mentioned elsewhere. Charlevoix is charmingly located on a peninsula formed between Pine Lake and a small body of water called Round Lake, at the mouth of the former. The scenery is romantic. Facilities for fishing are fine, and the fishing is most excellent. Mill Creek, a mile from the village, is a good trout stream, while Pine Lake is well supplied with any quantity of excellent fish, as already stated. The Deer, Jordan, and Boyne rivers and Intermediate Lake may be reached from this point by highway or by a boat that plies between Charlevoix and the head of Pine Lake. At this point is the Charlevoix Summer Resort (sometimes called the Baptist Summer Resort), organized in 1878, and located half a mile from the post-office and stores of the village and three-quarters of a mile from Lake Michigan. The grounds com-

prise nearly thirty acres, the entire eastern line extending along Pine Lake, and its northern boundary being the waters of Round Lake.

Charlevoix as a Summer resort has

SCENE ON THE BEACH AT MACKINAC.

turesque scenes. At the Sault are the celebrated falls, where the United States government has been spending so much money to benefit the lake commerce. The canal has the largest locks of any

much in common with the other places in this delightful region—such as its pure air, clear waters, and an ample supply of the choicest white-fish and lake trout, to say naught of the other fine fish, such as bass, perch, grayling, and speckled trout, found in the neighborhood, upon which the guest is regaled. Some of its distinguishing features may be specified: Its situation, between Lake Michigan on the north and west, and Pine Lake, eighteen miles long, on the east, makes it pre-eminently a choice place for a Summer residence. With scarcely the exception of a single day through all the hot months of the year, a refreshing breeze blows either from the one or the other of these two sheets of water. There is no wet or marshy ground in or near the resort. The land rises by two natural terraces, each about fifteen or twenty feet high, with a wide expanse between them, thus greatly increasing the beauty of the location. The facilities for bathing are superior, as the waters of Pine Lake in the Summer are not too cool to make a bath uncomfortable, the smooth beach sloping so gently toward deep water that the youngest children can bathe with perfect safety. Small boats can be kept at the pier or along the shore, so completely sheltered through all the Summer from the winds and the waves, that

they need not be drawn out of the water; while by sailing or rowing three-quarters of a mile through Round Lake and Pine River, one may pass directly

PETOSKEY AND LITTLE TRAVERSE BAY.

into Lake Michigan. This is only one of several advantages possessed by a place which is situated upon an inland lake, while it is at the same time within easy reach of one of the great lakes

Two steamboats—the *Gazelle* and *Nellie Booth*—make excursions twice a day, alternating with each other, in running to the head of the lake and up the south arm. These delightful trips form one of the chief attractions of the place to those who love to be upon the water, but are disquieted by the roughness of the great lakes. The gamey bass, perch, and other kinds of small fish may be caught any day from the pier, or along the shore of Round Lake, and there are numerous trout streams in the vicinity. The Boyne River may be easily reached every day; but to all lovers of good fishing, the chief recommendation of Charlevoix is its proximity to the great trout stream of Michigan. It is, in fact, the rendezvous for tourists and sportsmen who frequent the Jordan, as opportunity is given twice every day of going by steamboat directly to the mouth of that river.

The fact that Charlevoix is not on the line of the railroad is not altogether a disadvantage, for many persons prefer to go to a Summer resort which is removed a short distance from the great lines of travel, provided it can be easily reached.

Those who seek entire rest can find no better resort than this. Its retirement—the exceptional quiet and morality of the adjoining village—the view of the beautiful and peaceful waters of the inland lake—these, and the congenial company to be found in the hotel and the cottages, combine to make the place a restful and refreshing resort.

A stage runs from Petoskey to Charlevoix and back every day. A stage also runs daily between Boyne Falls and the head of Pine Lake—a distance of six miles—connecting with steamboats to and from Charlevoix. There is commu-

nication by steamer both with Petoskey and Traverse City, and steamboats from Chicago and Detroit also touch regularly.

The Fountain City House, at this point, has made extensive repairs, and can now accommodate one hundred and twenty persons.

As before stated, this village is the rendezvous for those who seek the classic shades of the Jordan for recreation, pleasure and trout.

During the season of 1879 several parties from Chicago fished the streams running into the chain of lakes emptying into Elk Rapids, and in June a certain party captured four hundred trout in a few days, and had a splendid time sailing and boating on the lovely waters, besides the fun of taking the fish. These lower lakes have been neglected by fishermen, except in a few instances when those posted have enjoyed the fine fishing obtainable there.

“For black bass fishing, the lower end of Torch Lake—the Narrows entering into Elk Lake—will produce big fellows that will satisfy the most capacious of fishermen, both for gameness and weight.

“We love this northern country—its clear, dry air, its cool nights, the absence of malaria, the pure, sparkling waters, the beautiful scenery—all captivate and entrance us.

“The ride down the Jordan, with a careful guide, leaving us to enjoy the sweet do-nothing but lave our hands in the cool waters, is worth the trip up the river; every few hundred yards bring us to something striking in the beauties of the rushing flood. Pine Lake is eighteen miles long by about four in width, and after leaving the north end of the entrance there is not a shoal or dangerous

spot in it." Torch Lake, the next point of interest, is reached by steamer from Charlevoix. It is situated about one-half mile from Grand Traverse Bay, at the head of the beautiful sheet of water bearing the same name. Here we find the well-known Frank Lewis House, kept by the genial Frank Lewis, and generously patronized. Passengers are transferred free of cost from the landing on the bay. A few steps from the hotel brings the tourist to the little pier from whence the fine side-wheel steamer *Queen of the Lakes* starts on her trip through the chain of inland lakes to Elk Rapids. She is of iron, very commodious, luxuriously equipped, and can carry a large number of passengers. She is owned by Dexter & Noble, a firm which has a blast furnace, mills and large stores at Elk Rapids. Steaming a few miles down the lake, and crossing to the eastern shore, she touches at a landing known as "Russell's," where a stage is in readiness to convey visitors to the Intermediate Lake, where there is a rough but comfortable home known as the "Island Camp." If the tourist desires, he can be dropped at the mouth of Clam Lake, flowing into the east side of Torch Lake. Passing up Clam Lake, he will presently come to a "narrows" leading into Grass Lake, which is joined to Intermediate Lake by Grass River, a stream affording fine fishing. Continuing down Torch Lake to its lower end, the steamer enters Torch River, a crooked stream three miles long with charming windings through the woods, and thence passes into Round Lake, a body of water about two miles in breadth by four in length. From Round Lake you pass into another connecting channel called the "Narrows," which leads to Elk Lake. Rapid River enters Torch

River about midway, and this too is a fine trout stream. Passing through Elk Lake, the steamer reaches Elk Rapids, its destination. This trip is one continued, long-drawn-out pleasure, and we cannot do better than offer the words of a correspondent, who, in the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, contributes the following: "I can truly and gratefully write that I have never found a more desirable spot than this lake region which lies East of Grand Traverse Bay. Fishing is good. It is good everywhere; from under the shadow of the mills to the farthest end of Intermediate Lake no fisherman will find reasonable ground for dissatisfaction, either in quantity or variety. Muskalonge, bass, pickerel and white-fish abound in the lakes, while the tributary streams furnish trout and grayling of goodly size. Boarding the steamer *Queen of the Lakes*, on Elk River, within a few hundred yards of the waters of Traverse Bay, we went through the length of the short river, only three-quarters of a mile, and entered Elk Lake, which is surrounded by firm, hard shores, covered by timber, and gently sloping to the water's edge. There is little or no marsh, and the water is remarkably clear."

Elk Lake is about nine miles long and from one to three miles wide. Leaving Elk Lake, you enter Round Lake, some three miles long by one and a half miles wide. Except in size, its general characteristics are the same as those of Elk Lake. Its inlet is Torch River, which flows for three miles through a cedar and tamarack swamp — not an unpleasant change by way of variety. The windings of this stream are so sharp that some labor is necessary to make it easily navigable. Torch Lake is the grandest member of the whole beautiful chain.

The water in the upper end of Torch River, above the entrance of Rapid River, is astonishingly clear, and in this respect it is doubted if it is exceeded anywhere in the world. It is fully as clear as that of Lake George, and some say that nothing but actual demonstration can make them believe that Lake Tahoe excels it. A silver five-cent piece, it is said, has been seen on the bottom at a depth of thirty feet, and the captain of the boat will corroborate the statement, and will also tell you that he has seen the bottom of a broken tea-cup at a depth of sixty feet. It is marvelously transparent. The average depth of the lake is two hundred feet. It is eighteen miles long and two to three wide. Its banks are similar to those of Elk Lake, the hills toward to the northern end being considerable higher, with headlands jutting out in a manner reminding one of the Upper Hudson. About a third of the way up this lovely sheet of water is the outlet to Clam Lake, and of a subsidiary chain of lakes which branch out of the eastern side of the Torch, like the lobster's claw. The whitefish of Torch Lake are said to be finer and larger than those of the great lakes, and are considered the best in the world. About three miles from the northern end of the lake stands the Lewis House, on a strip of high land, half a mile wide, separating the waters of the lake from those of Lake Michigan. This establishment accommodates over a hundred guests, is delightfully situated, and well kept, freshly-caught being one of the items of the bill of fare.

Resuming the trip, a few miles south, and across to the east shore, is what is designated out of courtesy "Russell's Landing," minus any dock, and embellished with a single log house, at

a horse and wagon can be hired to convey you to Cenral Lake, about four miles distant, through thickly wooded hills. Central Lake is one of the members of the "Intermediate" chain, and about in the middle of it. Intermediate Lake is well stock with muskalonge, weighing from eight to ten pounds, and also with pickerel and black bass. At the foot of Intermediate Lake, about six miles from Elk Rapids is an island adapted for camping. But the most enjoyable feature of a trip through the Intermediate chain of lakes, is the passage through the Intermediate River, which is no less than three miles of rapids, not dangerous, for the water is not deep enough to drown, but enough so to be pleasantly exciting. With forests on both sides, the stream runs over a stony and pebbly bed with a velocity that will require all the boatman's experience and skill to pilot you safely along. Occasionally the boat will grind on the bottom; sometimes one end will catch and send you waltzing down the current; at other times the guides will jump out and pull you over the shallower places. It is a joyous, rollicking race; all Nature laughing, even to the woods that shuts you in. Half way through, Cedar River comes dancing in with its clear, ice-cold water from the hills; and the two streams joined together roll on to Grass Lake. Grass Lake is a sheet of water not far from three miles either in length or width, and is the best locality for fishing in the whole chain. Grass River is a winding canal, four miles long, flowing into Clam Lake; is lined with reeds, and has a deep, silent current. Clam Lake is about five miles long, with an average width of half a mile; it is hemmed in by the same wooded hills as the other lakes, with, perhaps, a few more clearings. The

stream connecting it with Torch Lake is very short.

Elk Rapids enjoys good facilities of transportation, being reached during the season by boat service twice daily, and connecting with the outgoing trains from Traverse City, eighteen miles distant. The fishing privileges in this neighborhood are exceptionably fine, brook trout of large size and in considerable numbers having been taken from the waters of the lake from off the dock in the village. Bass Lake (distant one mile) is full of bass and pickerel, and a fisherman need never return empty handed thence. Yuba Creek (emptying into the bay six miles toward Traverse City) is a very fine trout stream. A party of five Illinoisans who fished this creek two days in 1879 caught nearly six hundred brook trout. Within a distance of seven miles from Elk Rapids down Elk Lake, three streams of water strike the lake from which are taken large numbers of speckled trout, Follett's—the middle one—being the best fishing ground. Rapid River (emptying into Torch River near the foot of Torch Lake) and Spencer Creek (flowing into Torch Lake) are unexcelled in quantity of trout contained; and Clam, Grass, and Intermediate lakes contain in infinite number the gamey bass, pickerel, &c., while trout and grayling are taken from the Cedar Creek (which flows into Grass River) in fair quantities. The elegant and commodious steamer *Queen of the Lakes* leaves this place on its daily trip through the chain of lakes for Torch Lake, whence it returns in time to make connections at Elk Rapids with the steam yacht *Jennie A. Sutton* for Traverse City and intermediate points. From Elk Rapids to Traverse City the interest of the journey is well sustained. A glance at a map

will show that Grand Traverse Bay is bisected by a narrow peninsula or cape which the steamer has to double. Elk Rapids is on the eastern arm of the bay and Northport on the extreme north, and Traverse City at the foot of the western arm. The steamer first crosses the east arm from Elk Rapids to Mission Point, an old French missionary station, and then runs due north until it reaches Northport. This town is delightfully situated on ground rising gently from the water's edge, and commands a fine view of the bay. It is one of the healthiest towns in the Traverse Region. Its entire freedom from mosquitoes and gnats, its cool, bracing lake breeze, abundance of the finest fish, pure and clear water, and its fine fruit, make it one of the most desirable places to rest during the hot Summer months that can be found. A pleasant drive of two miles brings one to the shore of Lake Michigan, whence often may be seen as many as fifty sail and steam vessels bound up or down, for at this point the commerce of the great lakes is concentrated within a highway of a few miles. Magnificent views are obtainable over old Father Michigan's waters—in the distance the Empire and Sleeping Bear bluffs, and the Manitou, Fox, and Beaver islands being clearly in sight, and drawing steady gaze upon their outlines. Good accommodations may be had at Northport by those wishful to enjoy the pleasures of that place; the hotel is good, and several private families will provide for a limited number of guests.

Leaving this town by the bay steamer you strike a southerly course, and after a pleasant ride of a few hours reach Traverse City in good season for supper.

There are many who are wedded to

the rushing torrents of New Hampshire, Maine, Northern New York, &c., and to these and all who love the woods an invitation is extended to visit this Land of Northern Michigan, and on the word of one who has traversed the whole section, after wandering through this Grand Traverse Region, enjoying its superb hunting and fishing, feasting the eye and imagination upon the enchanting scenes presented to the gaze, and drinking in health at every inspiration, your blood will course more swiftly through the veins than ever before, and the memory of the happy days thus spent enable you to find more delight in the sunny air and assist you making Old Time himself but the treasurer of your joys.

DOWN IN JERSEY.

The principal shooting in New Jersey is on the sea-board, and in Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cape May, Cumberland, and Ocean counties. There is an non-resident act in force in the State and no person is allowed to shoot or fish within its boundaries without complying with the by-laws of the West Jersey Game Protective Society, or those of some other similar association. It is regretted that a large portion of the best game district of the State was ravished by extensive forest fires during the past Spring, and much valuable game destroyed.

Beach Haven is on the Atlantic coast, six miles from Tuckerton, and is located on Long Beach, a smooth, sandy promontory, with the ocean on one side and Little Egg Harbor—extending a distance of twenty-four miles—the other, giving it unsurpassed facilities for gunning and fishing. All the different varieties of snipe, curlew, geese, ducks, and brant, and other wild fowl are found in fair numbers, and some seasons they are absolutely abundant. Rabbits are found on the island, and

quail on the main land. The inlet is a splendid sheet of water, and offers extra attractions to those who delight in hauling in the gamey bluefish, the noble striped bass, the magnificent Spanish mackerel, the pugilistic sheepshead, and the plucky weakfish—all game and full of fight—not to mention those of lesser note, such as blackfish, porgies, flounders, &c. At Atlantic City, there is good duck and snipe shooting; at Shrewsbury, fine quail-shooting; at Red Bank, excellent snipe-shooting, with some woodcock and quail; at Ocean Beach, snipe are abundant; at Forked River, geese, brant, wild ducks, and bay birds abound, and woodcock, quail, English snipe, and rabbits are also quite plenty; at Hanover, Tom's River, and Waretown all the different varieties of wild fowl and snipe, rabbits, woodcock, quail, and pigeons, are found. In season, Barnegat Bay is one of the best shooting grounds on the coast, being filled with ducks, geese, and brant. There are innumerable good points where they can be stooped, and selection can be made from a dozen experienced gunners, who are provided with sneak-boats, decoys, &c. Bargenat Inlet is celebrated as the greatest fishing ground this side of Chesapeake Bay for bluefish, weakfish, sheepshead, Spanish mackerel, striped bass, sea bass, and all the other salt water varieties of fish. Barnegat is also a good quail district. At either of these points excellent salt-water fishing can be had, the sport being about the same as at Beach Haven. The points here mentioned are accessible via New Jersey Southern and Pennsylvania railroads. At most of the places alluded to, are hotels expressly for the accommodation of sportsmen, where boats, baymen, decoys, and every requisite can be had. The charges at the hotels are moderate, and the tables excellent.

At Cape May and Seaville all the different varieties of wild fowl and snipe, and some few woodcock, are found, and excellent fishing for bluefish, sheepshead, and all the other salt-water varieties, can be had; at Tuckahoe are quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, snipe, rabbits, and squirrels, and the swamps and thick timber land are reported as containing a few deer. The adjacent marshes afford good rail shooting. The Cohansey Creek Meadows, a short distance from Cohansey, is an excellent snipe ground. Around Malaga are quail and ruffed

grouse, and the timber lands, a short distance from the village, are said to harbor some few deer. At Townsend's Inlet wild fowl and snipe are plenty, and about the same sport at fishing can be had there as at Cape May and Seaville. The meadows in the neighborhood of Salem are excellent feeding grounds for a

boat at Cape May. The hotel accommodations are ample at any of these points.

Somer's Point, Egg Harbor, is a good place for duck and snipe shooting and salt-water fishing. A smooth, sandy promontory, being the strip of beach, seven miles in length, called Pick's Island, separates the bay from the

VIEW OF TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD BRIDGE.

large number of snipe. These points are on West Jersey Railroad, running Philadelphia (or Camden) to Cape May, and connecting at Vineland with New Jersey Southern Railroad. For Tuckahoe, leave the cars at Point Elizabeth, thence wagon; and for Townsend's Inlet, leave cars at North Dennysville, or take

sea, and forms capital grounds for marlin, willet, curlew, and robin snipe, that are brought within gun shot by decoys and by imitating their notes. The months of August and September are the best for snipe-shooting. During the Fall and Winter months the bay is visited by innumerable wild fowl of every de

COATESVILLE BRIDGE, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

scription, affording capital sport. Rabbits are quite plenty and ruffed grouse and occasionally a deer, it is said, are started in the adjacent woods. The hotel accommodations are good, and the charges reasonable. Reached by Camden & Atlantic Railroad.

At Perth Amboy are quail, ruffed grouse, and a few woodcock; there is also excellent fishing in the vicinity. Cheese Creek, a short distance from Perth Amboy, is a noted resort for anglers who delight in capturing sheepshead, striped bass, blackfish, weakfish, kingfish, bluefish, porgies, &c. Cheese Creek is also the feeding ground for mallards, sprig-tails, black ducks, shore birds, jack snipe, and other varieties of wild fowl and the snipe fam-

ily. At South Amboy are ruffed grouse and quail, and also some few woodcock. At the Old Bridge and Spottswood good rabbit shooting can be had. At Cranberry are quail, woodcock, and squirrels, rabbits and squirrels being quite abundant. These places are on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Camden & Amboy Division, and east of Bordentown. At Bordentown, almost within the corporate limits of the village, there is an extensive piece of marsh land, called "The Meadows," that are excellent feeding grounds for snipe and woodcock; and all the thickets around the mill-pond at "The Meadow," and along the stream extending about a mile southeast to Reeve's Mill Pond, are also good woodcock grounds. "The

Hollow," on "Uncle David" Harce's farm, half a mile from the village, used to be a famous location for rabbits &c. On the same line, easy of access from Philadelphia, at Beverly, there is good fishing. At Moorestown, two miles from Hartford are quail and wood-

Lambertville is a noted place for yellow perch. At Belvidere are ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, and snipe, and good fishing in the Delaware, Pequest Creek, and Green Pond, about four miles distant, for black bass, striped bass (rock-fish), trout, perch, and pickerel. Good

BRYN MAWR HOTEL, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

cock; and at Delanco, where the Rancocas River empties its waters into the Delaware, there is excellent rail shooting. The Rancocas Creek, in the vicinity of Mount Holly, is stocked with trout. On the Belvidere Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Bull's Island, are quail, rabbits, and squirrels, and excellent black bass-fishing in the Delaware River.

hotel accommodations can be had at any of the places mentioned.

Tuckerton and Beach Haven are on the Atlantic coast, and are reached by Pennsylvania Railroad to Pemberton Junction, Pemberton & New York Railroad to Whiting's, and Tuckerton Railroad to Tuckerton. Tuckerton is celebrated for the attractions it offers to fish.

ermen and sportsmen—the many inlets penetrating it being the resort of every variety of wild fowl and the homes of some of the finest and gamest salt water fish in America. Boating on these landlocked waters is safe and pleasant. Tuckerton is a centre for these attractions, and furnishes superior accommodations to Summer tourists. Beach Haven is six miles from Tuckerton. It is located on Long Beach, a smooth, sandy promontory, having the ocean on one side and Little Egg Harbor Inlet on the other, and is reached by steamboat from Tuckerton. The facilities of Beach Haven exceed any, undoubtedly, along the Jer-

the Atlantic on the other, only separated by a beach half a mile in width, makes it not only delightfully cool, but a perfect sanatorium for those suffering from hay fever. Bathing at Beach Haven has a prominent place among other amusements, as the hotels are in close proximity to the beach, which has a gentle incline, with little or no undertow. Board ranges from \$8 to \$10 a week, with a fine table supplied with all the luxuries of the season, including the choicest fish and fowl fresh from the bay.

The celebrated snipe and woodcock grounds, known as the Big and Little Piece, are half-

БРYN MAWR STATION. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

sey coast, and the beautiful bay, extending for sixteen to twenty miles, affords great sport to those fond of sailing. The fishing is very fine, and almost every hour of the day parties of ladies and gentlemen, though only amateurs, come into the hotels carrying strings of fish to the number of hundreds. The bay—only a stone's throw from the hotel porches—is studded with a thousand islands, which abound with willet, marlin curlew, yellow-legs, dowithers, black-breasted plover, robin snipe, and all the different kinds of wading birds, and in the Fall and Spring the bay is a noted resort for ducks, geese, and brant. Such fishing, gunning, and sailing does not belong to any other resort along the New Jersey coast. The fact of Beach Haven being six miles from mainland, and with the bay on one side and

way between Paterson and Newark. English (or Wilson) snipe are the most abundant, and for several weeks in the Spring and Fall the meadows are filled with shooters. The birds are as numerous now as they were twenty or thirty years ago, but the hunters have so multiplied that they often outnumber the birds, and it is only those that are fortunate enough to reach the ground when the flight is at its height that are able to make a respectable bag. Black ducks are also sometimes found. The meadows are some twelve miles distant from any railroad station, and are reached only wagon or tramping.

Echo Lake Deckertown, and Newfoundland are accessible via New Jersey & New York Railroad. Echo Lake, noted for its large and abundant pickerel, is six miles from Charlottes-

burg, reached by team. At Deckertown are ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, and rabbits; and in the neighborhood of Newfoundland are good trout streams, and also some woodcock, ruffed grouse, quail, and rabbits.

birds, and splendid fishing for bluefish, sheepshead, and other varieties of salt-water fish.

Summit Lake (near the village of that name) contains black bass, pickerel, and perch, and in the neighborhood of Plainfield are quail,

CHIQUE ROCK, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Marlboro' and Squan Beach are reached via Freehold & Jamesburg Railroad. At Marlboro' are quail, woodcock, pigeons, snipe, and plover; at Squan Beach excellent shooting can be had at all kinds of wild fowl and bay

woodcock, and rabbits. These two places are on the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

In the vicinity of Newton, on the Sussex Railroad, are quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock, and rabbits. Ruffed grouse are quite plenty.

Lake Wawayanda, near Vernon, a pleasant drive from Newton, is an excellent place for black bass.

Matawan and Holmdel are good points for quail and rabbits shooting. Matawan is accessible by wagon from Keyport, and Holmdel is but a short drive from Red Bank. Keyport and Red Bank are easily reached from New York by boat and rail.

IN THE KEYSTONE STATE

There are many localities in Pennsylvania where excellent shooting and fishing can be had. A region exist on the eastern border of the State, containing thousands on thousands of acres, never trodden by human feet, over which roam large game in the greatest abundance, including deer, bears, and wild cats; the section is traversed by innumerable trout streams, that afford the very best of sport. The fish are not as large as those taken in the Rangeley Lakes and the Canadian waters, but what they lack in size they make up in game qualities and most delicious flavor. Most of this vast tract of land lies in Pike county, and is, as before stated, but sparsely settled, and wild in the extreme, and consequently has not been "fished to death." Its surface is covered with primitive forests, and is made up of lofty mountains and lovely valleys, and traversed by streams of pure, ice-cold spring water, with beautiful lakes and superb waterfalls. In some respects this vast game range is a sort of miniature Yellowstone region. The best game quarters are said to be the Paupack Ridges, the Green township forests, and the long range of mountains extending back of Dingman's to Porter's Lake. To those who can make their home in the woods this vast tract offers unusual inducements.

There is no part of the Alleghanies that offer more attractions to sportsmen than

the extensive wilds of Potter and Elk counties, the Cheat River Country of West Virginia alone excepted. The entire section abounds in game and trout, but those who go there must go prepared to "rough it," for, excepting an occasional hunter's camp or some lone settler's cabin, there is scarcely a habitation to be found. The Pine and Kettle Creek regions are well known deer preserves, where they occasionally vary the sport with a wolf hunt, a bear chase, or a panther fight, and fill up spare time shooting squirrels, hares, grouse, &c.

The vast forests of hemlock, spruce, and pine, in Carbon, Luzerne, and Sullivan counties still retain their natural wildness, and form a wide home for the deer, the bear, and the panther, together with innumerable squirrels and all kinds of feathered game. Here, among the rocky fastnesses, they still range in considerable numbers, and are but little hunted save by a few indefatigable sportsmen who occasionally visit that section. The extensive swamps and large numbers of small lakes for which these counties are noted, offer splendid grounds for either still-hunting or bounding. These counties contain numerous well-stocked trout streams, and almost every river, lake, and pond have an abundance of pike, pickrel, black bass, &c. In the neighborhood of Bear Creek Station is good grouse shooting, and squirrels can be found almost anywhere in the woods.

ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Railroads being now the common highways of our land, it is but natural that their managers should seek to accommodate the traveling propensity of the people, and now almost every important line in the United States makes a prominent feature of its "Summer Excursions," to

the many pleasant places and scenes of note and the hunting and fishing grounds throughout the country. The attractions presented to the sportsman and tourist along the route of the Pennsylvania Railroad are unequalled by any other line in the Union. It has so amplified its system of "Summer Excursion Routes," until now they extend to all the noted hunting and fishing grounds and through all the varied and interesting scenery for which the Middle, Eastern, Northern, and Southern States are celebrated. The numerous and widely diverging lines of the company, following the courses of beautiful rivers, penetrating the fastnesses of giant mountains, reaching the restless waves of the mighty ocean, and meandering through romantic vales to breezy heights, afford facilities for pleasure travel unrivaled on the whole continent. Not only are the routes offered by the company extended and varied in their attractions, leading to many well-stocked game ranges and most excellent trout streams, but the accommodations provided over and along them are as perfect as skill and liberality can produce. The Summer tourist can select from the routes it offers a jaunt of a few miles or a journey of thousands. But whether his vacation be limited to a few days or extended to months—whether he seeks the shade of a suburb or the attractions of remote resorts—the same care will attend him and the same comfort surround him. He will be neither hurried nor delayed while on his journey; he can pause where attractions are blended, and when inclined "pursue the even tenor of his way," taking his trout here and bagging his game there, and when he returns to the busy hum of life at the expiration of his furlong, will commend the Pennsylvania line to all who purpose "ram-

bling by rail," or desire to reach some of the many excellent hunting and grounds along the route.

Butler, Downingtown, Middleton, Harrisburg, Blairsville, Saltsburg, Columbia, Duncannon, Cresson, Uniontown (reached from Connellsville), and some other points are all good centres for ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, and rabbits. Bedford, Altoona, Williamsburg, Tyrone, Ebensburg, Bellefonte, Clearfield, Connellsville (reached also by Baltimore & Ohio Railroad), Brownsville (reached from Connellsville), Hollidaysburg, Chestnut Ridge, Indian Creek Valley, and Laurel Hill (the three last named near Connellsville), Mount Union, Huntingdon, Mifflintown (reached from Perrysville), Muncy, Lewistown, and Eaglesville, in addition to the game already mentioned, are all good points for deer, bears, and wild turkeys, and can all be reached by Pennsylvania Railroad.

At Blairsville are some turkeys, and at Columbia are numerous wild ducks. At Harrisburg quail and woodcock are found in considerable numbers near the city limits. York Hills, a few miles below, is a good place for rabbits, woodcock, and squirrels. Yellow-legged plover are found in large numbers on the flats opposite McCormick's Island. All the different varieties of wild fowl are shot a short distance above the city. Squirrels—gray and red—as well as foxes, minks, and weasels, are killed in large numbers in Blue Mountain.

Cresson, situated almost on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains, where they are crossed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, at an altitude of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, is a very popular resort. The sportsman will find game of all kinds abundant. Squirrels are very numerous. The hotel accommodations are of the best kind; the atmosphere is deliciously cool and pure. Shade Mountain, near Mifflintown, is an excellent locality for bear. In most of the places named the country is wild and mountainous, and game actually plenty. Ebensburg, the seat of justice of Cambria county, is situated on the western slope of the Allegheny Mountains, eleven miles from Cresson, with which point it is connected by a branch railroad. The situation of the town is very near the mountain

summit, and from the centre of its main street the horizon sinks away in all directions—the sun setting below the level of the observer. Dense forests of hemlock, beech, and other varieties of American mountain woods, are accessible in all directions, the roads leading through them afford delightful drives, while bringing into view many bits of charming scenery, relieved by the soft ferns and thick-growing laurel, nourished to perfection by the limpid waters everywhere issuing from the gigantic mountain. Its altitude gives Ebensburg a delightfully cool and bracing atmosphere—the air coming freely from the long reaches of primeval verdure, laden with a rich fragrance as grateful to the senses as it is invigorating to the system. For years the town has been a favorite resort for families, who come here early in the season and remain till the frosts of Autumn indicate a return of salubrity to the crowded cities. The accommodations provided for these sojourners are on an extensive scale, and probably as much quiet enjoyment is to be had there as at any place of the kind in America. At nearly all the points are comfortable hotels. At Tyrone, Ebensburg, Bellefonte, Clearfield, and one or two other points, it is best to go prepared to camp.

The State of Pennsylvania is noted for its wealth of scenic beauty and atmospheric purity, and many popular resorts are located within its borders which present just claims for public favor. It is rarely, however, that one can be found anywhere combining in its adaptation to the purposes of health and pleasure so many excellent features as the Logan House, Altoona. It is situated at the head of Logan Valley, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and on the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountains. The locality is twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and in an atmosphere of more than ordinary purity, under the influence of which asthmatic sufferers and the victims of hay fever find immediate and complete relief. Altoona especially appeals for the favor of Summer tourists in the variety and extent of its surrounding attractions and the number of interesting objective points for short trips by rail or carriage. The scenery in the locality is of the most varied description, and represents within a radius of a few miles a gradual transition

from the graceful and picturesque to the rugged and sublime. A short distance west is the famous "Horseshoe Curve." The valley here separates into two chasms, but by a grand curve, the sides of which are for some distance parallel with each other, the road crosses both ravines on a high embankment, cuts away the point of the mountain dividing them, and sweeps around and up the stupendous western wall. Looking eastward from the curve, the view is peculiarly impressive, while at Alleghippus, where the majesty of the mountains seem to culminate, the vast hills in successive ranges roll away in billowy swells to the far horizon, the prospect being only bounded by the power of vision. Twice each day during the Summer open "observation cars" are attached to the day express trains, and make the round trip between Cresson and Altoona, enabling passengers to see with ease and pleasure the unsurpassed scenery of the Alleghenies. Opportunity is afforded for another pleasing diversion by the vicinity on the north of the Wopsononoc Mountain, easily accessible to carriages, from whose summit is spread before the eye a panoramic view which is, in the opinion of experienced travelers, unsurpassed upon either continent in all those features which delight and inspire. It comprises the entire valley of the "Blue Juniata," a picture of highly-cultivated farms and smiling peace and plenty, bounded by swelling ranges of hills, which gradually fade away in the azure of the distant horizon. The celebrated "Sinking Spring Valley," with its subterranean streams and immense caverns, lies to the eastward, while on the southeast is the Bell's Gap Narrow Gauge Railroad, excursions by which, to the summits of the mountains, are among the most satisfactory and popular diversions of life at the "Logan." The views in this locality are less extended and open. The valleys become huge ravines, from which the hills rise on either side almost precipitously. The grade of the road rises one hundred and fifty feet to the mile, and as the diminutive trains creep up and along the sides of the vast amphitheatre of living green, the scene is such as to defy the power of pen description. To the facilities of the Logan House for supplying the "creature comforts," no elaborate allusion is necessary. It has long enjoyed the

HORSE SHOE CUT, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

LEWISTOWN NARROWS, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

reputation of being one of the most completely appointed hotels in the country, and since its erection, has served as a model for many similar institutions. The system of electric bells has recently been introduced. The building itself, surrounded by broad piazzas, its elegant furnishing, its table and entire management, leave nothing to be desired,

tain streams in the vicinity abound in trout, rendering the locality a paradise for the angler. Altoona is but eight hours' ride from Philadelphia and Baltimore, ten from New York, and three from Pittsburg. Passengers from these points are assured of transportation facilities of the most perfect character via the Pennsylvania and Northern Central Rail-

ALLEGHENY TUNNEL, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

while the elevated site and charming surroundings combine to render the Logan House one of the most delightful health and pleasure resorts in the country. The large and beautifully shaded lawn affords a fine field for croquet and other out-door sport, while within ten-pin alleys, billiard tables, &c., provide ample facilities for recreation. All the moun-

roads, comprising the best passenger coaches of the regular equipment, and the finest Pullman palace cars run through, without delays, on fast schedule time.

Renovo, Shinnamahoning, Ridgway, Wilcox, St. Mary's, Sunbury, Coudersport, Emporium, and Warren are on the Philadelphia & Erie Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad,

and are all good points for deer, bears, pinthers, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, rabbits, squirrels, &c. The country is generally wild, and in some places camping out is compulsory—as for instance Coudersport, Shinnamoning, Ridgway, and Emporium, which are numbered among the best hunting districts in the State. Emporium is a fine location for deer. The country is very wild, the surface being broken by hills, ravines, streams and heavy timber. Deer were unusually abun-

starting points for woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, rabbits, &c. Near Ralston are a good many bears and deer, for which latter sport go prepared to camp. Teams and guides may be had at the hotels (two) in the town, where good accommodations are obtainable.

Good deer-hunting can be had at Lykens, Williamstown, Grotz, Peters, Berry, and Short Mountains, easily accessible from Harrisburg, and up the Juniata in the Black Log, Tuscarora, and Bald Eagle mountains.

KITTATINNY MOUNTAINS, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

dant in that section last Winter. Renovo is situated in a valley formed by a separation of mountain ranges rising around it to a height of more than a thousand feet, through which the west branch of the Susquehanna River glides in a placid and pullucid current, and may be said to lie almost in the heart of the great pine forests of Northern Pennsylvania, abounding in game, where the sportsman will find ample use for the gun. The hotel at Renovo is large and comfortable, affording accommodations unsurpassed in excellence.

Ralston, Bodinesville, and Trout Run, on the Northern Central Railroad, are excellent

At Hamburg, Bloomsburgh, and Pottsville, are good starting points for quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits, squirrels, &c. Reached by Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. Comfortable hotels at all the places mentioned. At Kane, in the Allegheny Mountains, and on the same road, are deer, bears, panthers, and rabbits, in addition to woodcock, ruffed grouse, and wild pigeons. For deer and bear go prepared to make the woods your home. In the vicinity of Pottsville are a few deer and some wild turkeys.

Towanda, Pen Haven, and Wilkesbare, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, are good head-

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, ON PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, ACCESSIBLE VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

quarters for ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, &c. The extensive pine and hemlock forests in the vicinity of Pen Haven are full of deer and bears; but to get sport, you will have to rough it.

Stroudsburg, Monroe county, is located in the valley of the Delaware, on Broadhead's Creek, about four miles from the river, and the same distance from the celebrated "Water Gap," and is noted for its abundant game fields. Added to which are perfect facilities of access from Philadelphia and New York, bringing the region within a few hours' travel of those great cities. It is within easy access of the most attractive portions of the Delaware, the Lehigh, the Lackawanna, and the Susquehanna Valleys, Making it, in all respects, a desirable resort for those seeking good hunting. Reached by Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad.

North Mountain, near Shippensburg, about forty miles from Harrisburg, on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, are some wild turkeys.

The Westbrook Meadows, in Pike county, just on the confines of Blooming Grove Park, have long been known as a capital ground for woodcock shooting.

Sellersville, on the Northern Pennsylvania Railroad, is a neighborhood where quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits, &c., are abundant.

Ruffed grouse, snipe, hares, around Lackawaxen. A wagon ride of eight miles will bring the sportsman to Moses Westbrook's, where good deer shooting can be had. Take Erie Railroad from New York.

Gray squirrels are very numerous in the woods surrounding Sharon. This season, pheasants, quail, rabbits, and woodcock are reported as being more abundant in this section than for several years. Reached by Erie & Pittsburg and Atlantic & Great Western railroads.

At Clinton, Raceoon Creek (near Baden) Quakertown, and New Brighton, on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, good shooting can be had at quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits, and squirrels. Either of the places named are easy of access from Pittsburg.

Capital grounds for Autumn cock-shooting can be found in the neighborhoods of Easton, Mauchchuuk, and Leighton. The bird is

known there as the "shrups" and "bog-bird," and is recognized only by few as woodcock. It is also a good section for ruffed grouse, quail, deer, rabbits, and squirrels.

Gaymount is in the vicinity of good shooting. Quail, woodcock, and ruffed grouse are quite plenty, while rabbits and squirrels are abundant.

Good snipe and woodcock shooting may be had at Findlay's Lake, eight miles from North East on the Lake Shore Railroad. North East is seventy-three miles from Buffalo, New York.

AMONG THE TROUT STREAMS.

In Lycoming county are many fine streams, Pine Creek is one of the best in the State. Trout Run, in the Laurel Mountains, is properly designated. Lycoming Creek and its tributaries, Roaring Run, Pleasant Stream, Ralston Creek, and Loyal Sock, reached from Ralston; Tim Gray's Run, and several other streams, of easy access from Bodinesville; Lewis' Lake and other waters near Muncy; and the brooks and streams in the vicinity of Trout Run, all afford good sport.

Luzerne is the best watered county in the State. It is traversed in all directions by fine streams and dotted all over with small lakes, in which the angler can cast his line with every assurance of reaping a fair harvest of the speckled denizens. The Lackawanna, Lehigh, Nescopeck, Wapwallopen, Tunkhanna, Falls Creek, Shickshinny, Haryey's, Tobay's, Bouman's Huntingdon, Green's, Stony Creek, and several others, and all within a few miles of either Wilkesbarre, Carbondale, Penn Haven, or White Haven, are all fine trout streams.

Tobyhanna and Funkhanna creeks, near Tobyhanna Station, Broadhead's Creek, and all the streams around Stroudsburg; Hornbeck's, Dingham's, Adam's, Tom's, Mill, Cole, and others, in the vicinity of the Water Gap, Monroe county, and others, more fully described in "Pleasant Places along the Erie Railway," will yield an expert, one who understandeth the ways of trout, a fair number of fish. Pike county is full of trout streams, and many of them are in the immediate vicinity of Milford—some of them flowing through the village. By making Milford headquarters, one cannot go amiss, and if he does not meet with success, it will be simply because he

does not know how to lure the speckled denizens from their native element. In the vicinity of Bushkill, are the Bushkills, Pond Run, Saw and Tom's creeks, and several others, all good streams.

Kettle Creek, Young Woman's Creek, Beaver's Dam, Spicewood River, Trout Fork, Ox Bow Bend, Paddy's Run, in the vicinity of Renovo, Lick Run, Bald Eagle Creek, and the streams northwest of Lock Haven; Pine, Kettle, Driftwood and other streams, tributary to the Sinnamahing River, near Emporium. The Clarion River and its tributaries,—Trout, Straight's, Clarion Creek, and some others,—easy of access from either Ridway, St. Mary's, or Wilcox; Nelson Run, Freeman's Run, Birch creek, the headwaters of East Fork, and many other streams, accessible from Wharton Mills, or Coudersport, are all good trout streams, and will yield the angler good creel's. By locating at Emporium, all the best streams in Cameron county can be easily reached.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

In the vicinity of Lykens, Williamstown and Grotz, Peters, Berry, and Short mountains, some fine specimens of deer are killed. Occasionally a frightened buck or timid doe is run down to the Southern Slope of the Kittatinny's into the farming districts, four or five miles north of Harrisburg, and Cox's Island in the Susquehanna, four miles from Harrisburg, is a famous resort for duck-slayers during the Fall and Winter, and for shad-seining in the Spring. Wild turkeys are found in the valley skirting the Kittatinny, Roberts, and Peters mountains—in Fishing Creek, Stony Creek, Clark's and Powell's valleys. The majority of the deer hunters go up the Juniata River in quest of deer annually, to the Black Log, Tuscarora, and Bald Eagle mountains, and even beyond Altoona, along the Eastern Slope of the Alleghanies.

Quail and woodcock are found within a few miles of Harrisburg. The farmers are pretty strict, however, and forbid their killing except for a money equivalent. The severe Winters of the few past years decimated the quail family considerably, but hundreds of dollars were spent for birds from Virginia and milder climates than Pennsylvania, and now they are becoming plentiful.

York hills, eight miles below Harrisburg,

is a fair locality for rabbits, gray squirrels, and woodcock. Up the river, on the flats opposite McCormick's Island, plover of the yellow-legged variety are found in great numbers along the marshy grounds on the eastern shore of Maryland and Northern Virginia. They fly northward often when storms prevail in the localities where they abound farther south than Harrisburg.

Jack-snipe may occasionally be shot along the Susquehanna River—their feeding grounds being principally along the marshy creeks and rivulets emptying into the river and on the edges of the grassy flats when the river is low. Swans, wild geese, and canvas-back, red-necks, black, mallards, &c. are shot above Harrisburg.

ANGLING WATERS IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

The following described waters covers to a large extent the fresh water fishing grounds in New York:

In New York, there are many places that afford good trout fishing. The Adirondacks—a vast wilderness, embracing over five thousand square miles—is visited annually by large numbers exclusively for trout. Entrances to the wilderness are via Prospect, Boonville, Lowville, and Carthage, on the Utica & Black River Railroad; from Potsdam and Malone, on the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad; from Plattsburg (thence to Point of Rocks, Ausable Station), Westport, and Fort Edward, on the Delaware & Hudson Canal Railroad; Crown Point, on the Vermont Central Railroad; Little Falls and Herkimer, on the New York Central Railroad; and by boat from Clarksboro', at the terminus of the Potsdam branch of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad. From Boonville a road leads to the Fulton chain of lakes, the centre of that part of the wilderness known as John Brown's Tract, and to Arnold's; thence by water conveyance to Racquette Lake, from which the whole northwestern part of the Adirondacks can be reached by continuous lakes and streams. By diverging from the usual paths of travel, this route will yield the sportsman fish and game in abundance. Arnold's affords the best hunting and fishing in the entire region. From Lowville and Carthage, roads lead to Lake Francis

CRESKON, PENNSYLVANIA, ACCESSIBLE VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

(about twenty miles), thence the route is by land and water (twenty-three miles) to Beadli's Lake, and thence (nine miles) to Racquette Lake. From Potsdam the route is via Colton (ten miles by stage), McEwen's (twelve miles by wagon) on Racquette River, Haw's (six miles, and a "short carry"), Moosehead Still Water (six-and-one-half miles by road), and to foot of Racquette Lake (fifteen miles by water), thence to Grave's Lodge on Big Tupper Lake. From Big Tupper all parts of the Wilderness can be reached by water. Although this is a "hard road to travel," it is one that will afford the visitor an abundance of trout and game. From Malone the route is by stage via Chazy and Chateaugay lakes, and the east branch of St. Regis Lake to Meacham Pond, through Osgrod's Pond (with a short portage) to the lower St. Regis Lake and Paul Smith's. This in addition to the fine fishing afforded the whole distance—Meacham Pond is noted for its trout—is considered the shortest and best route to reach the interior of the Adirondacks. Martin's on the Lower Saranac, is accessible by wagon direct from Malone, about fifty miles. From Ausable Station, conveyance is by stage to Paul Smith's and Martin's—distance about forty miles. The Westport route is the shortest to the Saranac Lakes. From Little Falls and Herkimer there is a good road for fifty miles leading to Round, Pleasant, and Piseco lakes. Canada and Metcalf creeks, Snag, Little Rock, Little Bear, Twin Rock, Morehouse, Pine, Joe's, North and South Reservoir lakes, and several other points, noted for their abundant trout, are accessible from Trenton Falls. Schroon and Blue Mountain Lakes are reached by stage and boat from Riverside or North Creek. The Woodhull chain of lakes, Chubb, White, and Bisby lakes, Moose River, and other points where trout sport and play, are reached from Alder Creek Station. On the route from Boonville to Racquette Lake, by a little divergence from the usual traveled paths, Little Moose Lake, the south branch of Moose River, Big Moose, Moose, Fourth, and Cascade lakes, all splendid trout waters, can be taken in; and for June fishing, Big Moose Lake is not excelled. Sunday Creek, Slough Brook and Alder Creek, besides several others, all good trouting waters, are within easy distances of Number Four, and good fishing can

be had up the Stillwater for over ten miles. Rainbow Lake, Round, Brick, Jones, Lilly Pad, Elbow, and Plumadore ponds, the north branch of the Saranac, and Nigger and Cold brooks, all noted for trout, in the vicinity of Chazy Lake, can be easily reached from Plattsburg, Rainbow Lake, Elbow, Round, and Buck ponds, and in addition Loon Lake, Mud, and Oregon ponds are also accessible via Malone. West Sturtevant Branch and Schroon River, Lake Andrew and Preston ponds, and Sandford and Henderson lakes, all noted waters, are reached from Crown Point. There is good trout fishing on Salmon River above the State Dam, easily reached from Malone. Cranberry Lake, and all the lakes, ponds, and streams in the vicinity, so well known for their abundant trout, are reached from DeKalb Junction. The Oswegatchie fishing grounds can be reached by stage from Gouverneur via Edwards to Fine, or from Canton via Cranberry Lake. The region covers a large tract, and affords all the trout and other fishing, including game, one possible could desire. Long Pond, Paradox Lake, Schroon Lake, and one or two others, noted for big trout, bass, and pickerel, Bartlett's Regis, and Gull ponds, the homes of many trout, and Crane Pond, famous for pickerel, are reached by routes diverging from Ticonderoga. Excellent trout fishing can be enjoyed at Lester Dam, Leach Eddy, and other points on Boreas River, accessible from Riverside by stage, steamer, and wagon. Garoga, Pine, and Stink lakes, either of which afford good fishing, are reached from Fonda. Excellent fishing grounds are within easy distances of Caldwell. Lake Pleasant and the adjacent waters are accessible from Amsterdam. Fishing is good and game abundant in the vicinity. Messina Springs is a favorite point for bass, muscalonge, and whitefish.

Up among the Catskill Mountains are many fine trout streams, most of which are easily accessible by the Ulster & Delaware Railroad from Kingston. The stream that lies nearest Kingston is the Beaverkill, running from the foot of the Overlook Mountain, in a westerly direction, a portion of the way through rich meadow land, and from thence into Duvall's Hollow, down which it flows swiftly, emptying in the Shandaken or Esopus Creek at Mount Pleasant. There is some excellent

fishing here, to reach which the angler should take the cars from this city to Mount Pleasant, a distance of twenty-four miles, then hire a horse and wagon and drive up the stream seven or eight miles, and fish down, coming out near the hotel. If the fisherman prefers to fish up stream, then he can have the horse and wagon follow along the road.

About eight miles from Mount Pleasant, toward the west, is another stream that comes tumbling down Snyder's Hollow. To reach this creek by the shortest route, a high mountain must be climbed, but when the stream is once gained the trout can be taken out almost as fast as the hook can be thrown in, though the fish are not usually of a large size.

At Shandaken, which is thirty-three miles from Kingston, is the Deep Hollow stream, where trout abound, and where the angler will be treated to a view of the finest mountain scenery in the Catskills. Near the head of this hollow is a deep cut through the range, barely the width of a carriage road, while the mountains run up each side from one thousand and five hundred to two thousand feet, so nearly perpendicular the top can be seen while standing at the foot. In the place the sun seldom shines, except in Winter, and ice can be found a few feet from the carriage-way during the hottest days of August.

Three miles above Shandaken is the mouth of the Big Indian Hollow, from which flows a deep and rapid stream. The trout in this creek are quite large, but extremely shy, so that it requires a most expert fisherman to take them. Near its source is a high mountain that crosses the hollow, making it a sort of *cul de sac*, while over the mountain is the west branch of the Neversink, one of the best trouting streams, and one of the roughest in this country. Men have been known to stand in one spot and catch fifty fish, some of them weighing over a pound.

A few miles from this place, just around the base of the Peekomose, which, by the way, is the highest mountain of the Catskill range, being about four thousand two hundred feet in height, is the stream called the "Head of the Roundout." This creek runs through a deep gorge in places over a hundred feet in depth, and often forming a canon by cutting through the solid rock. It is very laborious work to fish here, as the angler must neces-

sarily wade in the water, which in places is quite deep and very cold, even in July. On this creek is a place called Sun Down, so called, it is presume^d, because the sun is always down so far as the settlers in this region is concerned. The scenery is of the wildest description, and quite satisfactory even to the most poetically inclined.

In the town of Hardenburg, which lies about twenty miles further north, is the Mill Brook stream running through a region so well guarded on the south by mountains that it is inaccessible from any part of Ulster county. To reach this the fisherman must go on the railroad to Dean's Corners, in Delaware county, forty-eight miles from this city, and from thence travel with a horse and wagon nineteen miles over a high mountain, when he will be able to camp on the banks of perhaps the best trout stream in the State. Mill Brook is forty miles in length, and trout can be caught anywhere in its waters. It is no rare occurrence for an amateur to 'catch' from three hundred to four hundred in a single day.

In this part of the country are a number of small lakes or ponds, being the sources of various streams that run in different directions. They are named Furlough Lake, Balsam Lake, Pand's Pond, Tunis Lake, &c., and in some of them trout have been caught that weighed over four pounds. A few years ago a trout weighing five pounds was taken from one of these lakes, and exhibited for some time in Barnum's museum in New York city.

The expense of traveling to these streams and lakes from Kingston, and remaining there a few days, would be between \$50 and \$60. The trip is a very pleasant one, and families from Newburg, Poughkeepsie, and other places, camp out along these lakes often for a month during the Summer season. They live in tents or log huts on the shores, and take provisions enough with them to last until they return home.

These lakes, streams, ponds, &c., in the vicinity of Westport, Essex county, abound with black bass, trout, pickerel, &c. In the neighborhood of Champlain, Clinton county, there is excellent salmon and brook trout fishing. There are some fine trout streams near Sardina, Erie county. Hemlock Lane, Mad-

ison county, six miles from Livonia, abounds in trout; and in Mendon Ponds (same county) are abundant black and strawberry bass, pickerel, &c. Fish Creek, in Oneida county, is a fine trout stream. In Oswego county, trout, black bass, pike, pickerel, &c., are abundant in the waters around Minetto. Good bass fishing in the Oswego River. Seymour's and Covey's Bridge, the Meadows, North Branch, the Brick Yard, Petrie's and Stony Brook, on the Salmon River, near Redfield, are noted places for excellent trout fishing. Lake trout, speckled trout, black and rock bass, &c., are found in abundance in Lake George, Warren county. Lake Pharo, same county, and close by, is full of speckled trout. Lake Seneca, near Watkins, Schuyler county, affords good black bass and pickerel fishing, and the adjacent streams fine trout fishing. Black bass, pickerel, &c., abound in Conesus Lake, Livingston county. Mohawk and Sauquoit Rivers, West Canada Creek, Black River, and other waters around Trenton and Boonville. Oneida county, contain trout. Salmon trout, muscalonge, black bass, pike, pickerel, &c., are taken in great abundance in the neighborhood of Theresa, Dexter, Cape Vincent, Henderson, The Islands in Lake Ontario, The Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay, and Clayton, Jefferson county. Lake Salubrica and Crooked Lake in Steuben county, abounds in salmon, trout, black; Otsego, and strawberry bass, pickerel, &c. Owasco Lake, in Cayuga county, is a good place for black bass, lake trout, pickerel, &c. In Cayuga Lake can be taken speckled trout, Oswego, silver, strawberry, and rock bass. Findlay's Lake, Chautauga county, contains salmon trout, black and Oswego bass, pike, &c. In Schenectady county, black bass are abundant at several points on the Mohawk River. Crystal Lake, near Dundaff, Susquehanna county, is noted for black bass and pickerel. Salmon trout are abundant in Skaneateles Lake, Onondaga county. Black and rock bass are taken in abundance in the Oneida River, near Brewerton, Onondaga county. Good bass and perch fishing can be had at Honeoye Lake, Oneida county. Canandaigua Lake, Oneida county, affords passable whitefish and trout fishing. Mirror Lake, near Florida, Orange county, is noted for its big pickerel. Greenwood Lake, Orange county, is widely known for its excellent

black bass fishing. Round, Long, Monebasha, and Hazard's Lake, near Monroe, Orange county, contain bass, pickerel, &c. Good black bass fishing can be had in the immediate vicinity of Tbrner's, Orange county. Three Sister Islands, Niagara Falls, Old French Landing, Burnt Ship Bay, Navy Island, Gill Creek, La Salle, and Niagara Village, seven miles below Lewiston, on the Niagara River, are favorite points for bass, pickerel, &c. Good fishing can be had in the vicinity of Fort Ticonderoga, Essex county. Oneida Lake, Madison county, affords good black bass and pickerel fishing.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

All the principal hunting and fishing grounds in Tennessee are easily accessible from any of the points described as being on the lines of the several railroads herein mentioned:

On the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad.—This line runs through a mountainous portion of the State, and affords easy access to some of the best hunting and fishing grounds in Tennessee. In the mountains are deer, an occasional bear and panther, wild turkeys, and ruffed grouse. In the cultivated fields and along the hedge-rows, are an abundance of quail; in the woods and thickets are plenty of rabbits and fox and gray squirrels, and wild fowl are numerous in season, in most of the lagoons and rivers. Woodcock are often flushed in the marshes and swamps. The fishing, as a general thing, does not amount to much. In some of the mountain streams in Johnson, Sullivan, Carter, Washington, Greene, Grainger, Hawkins, and a few other counties bordering on the Cumberland Range, are speckled trout, but most of the waters contain only the usual Southern varieties of fish—black bass, pike, perch, cat-fish, &c. The best points along the route are easily reached by stopping at Union, Philadelphia, Jonesboro', Midway, Rogersville, Greenville, Russellville, Mossy Creek, New Market, Athens, Cleveland, Ottawah, Strawberry Plains, Loudon, and Tyner's. The country around Union, in Sullivan county, is high and healthy. The Chalybeate Springs and White and Black Sulphur Springs are about four miles from the village. Accommodations can

DELAWARE WATER GAP, ACCESSIBLE VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

be had at the Wyatt House at 75 cents a day or \$15 a month. Philadelphia, in Loudon county, is situated in Sweet Water Valley, bounded on the east by Forked Creek Valley, and for health these valleys are unsurpassed. The Newman House entertains at 75 cents a day or \$15 monthly. Jonesboro', in Washington county, has two hotels, charging \$2 a day or \$15 a week. Midway is in Green county. Blue Springs, a noted resort, is two miles east, and Timber Ridge—in the vicinity of which, it is said, good shooting can be enjoyed—six miles south of the town. The Heebler House will feed and lodge you at \$1 a day or \$5.50 a week. Rogersville, in Hawkins county, is a good quail district. Board at hotel \$1.50 a day. Greenville, Greene county, has two hotels, charging \$2 a day or \$5 a week. The hotel at Russellville, Hamblin county, charges 75 cents a day or \$3 a week. Mossy Creek is pleasantly situated in Jefferson county, and although there are no especial points of interest near the place, yet some of the finest landscape views in the country can be seen from every hilltop. Board at Yoes' Hotel costs \$1.50 a day or \$6 a week. New Market, Jefferson county, is located among some very pleasing scenery. It has two hotels. Athens, in McMinn county, has three hotels—\$1.50 a day and \$3.50 a week. Cleveland, in Bradley county, has two hotels—\$2 a day. Ottawah is situated within four miles of White Oak Mountain, in James county. Board at the hotel can be had at 75 cents a day or \$10 a month. There is good hunting in the mountains. Strawberry Plains, in Jefferson county, derives its name from the abundance of wild strawberries that grow in the vicinity. These strawberry plains are noted feeding grounds for wild pigeons and other game birds. There is one hotel in the village, where accommodations can be had at \$1.50 a day. Loudon, in Loudon county, is situated on the Tennessee River. It has one hotel, charging \$1.50 a day or \$25 a month. Some passable fishing can be had in the river. The hills and woods surrounding Tyner's, in Hamilton county, afford good shooting at squirrels and ruffed grouse. There is one hotel at Tyner's. At Chattanooga, connections are made with the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, Western & Atlantic, and Alabama & Chattanooga railroads. The

city of Chattanooga is situated in a beautiful rolling valley, on the north bank of the Tennessee River, which sweeps its front and makes its incorporate limits for over four miles, leaving a narrow neck of land, about two miles in width, in the rear of the town. Lookout Mountain is six miles distant. Besides the railroad communications, there are seven hundred miles of river navigation for all boats eight months in the year; and for those of light draft the entire season. When the improvement of Muscle Shoals are completed, there will be direct water communication with all the cities on the Mississippi River and its tributaries and the Gulf of Mexico. In regard to climate and health, Chattanooga is unsurpassed by any city or locality, as may be attested by the hundreds of invalids who go there every season, and are invariably benefited and often entirely cured. To the tourist or pleasure-seeker, it offers superior inducements. East Tennessee has been justly termed the Switzerland of America, and even in this favored section in the grand panorama of Nature's beauty, Chattanooga excels in her Lookout Mountain, Walden's Ridge, Lulah Falls, Lake Seclusion, City of Rocks, the Tumbling Shoals, the Pot and the Suck upon the Tennessee River. Of all these attractions to the tourist, old Lookout is the most famous. Its perpendicular height is over three thousand feet, and a spur from its bold bluff drives the Tennessee River northward for several miles into a narrow channel against the hills on its northern shore, while Walden's Ridge meets the returning curve, and casts its frowning shadow upon its retreating current. Deer, coons, and rabbits are found in the adjacent mountains, and good bass fishing can be had in the numerous creeks in the vicinity.

On the Louisville, Nashville & Great Southern Railroad.—This line passes through Henry, Carrol, Gibson, Madison, Haywood, Tip-ton, Fayette, Shelby, Davidson, and Giles counties. The best hunting grounds can easily be reached from Paris, Henry, Trezevant, Milan, McKenzie, Humboldt, Gadsden, Brownsville, Mason, Braden, Galloway, Wythe, Madison, and Prospect. In close proximity of most of these points are extensive oak, hickory, and walnut forests, and fox and gray squirrels abound. Quail and rabbits are found all along the line in fair

numbers. Hatchie River, five miles, and Forked Deer River, seven miles from Brownsville, afford good fishing. Two miles from Madison there is a noted watering place, with all kinds of water. The Elkmount Springs, a favorite Summer resort, is ten miles from Prospect. Hotel accommodations can be had at all the points mentioned, charges \$1 to \$2 a day.

On the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad.—This line in its course through the State, traverses the counties of Hamilton, Marion, Franklin, Bedford, Rutherford, Davidson, Cheatham, Dickson, Humphreys, Carroll, and Weakley. The best shooting points are easily accessible by stopping at Wauhatchie, Whitesides, Cowan, Bell Buckle, Smyrna, Bellevue, Kingston Springs, Burns, McEwen, Johnsonville, Huntingdon, and Gardner's. Hotel accommodations can be had at all these points, except Bell Buckle, Bellevue, and Gleason, but at these points boarding houses are to be found that will provide for your creature comforts. The charges range from \$1 to \$2 a day or \$3 to \$8 a week. At nearly all the points good quail and rabbit shooting can be had. In the mountain ranges in the vicinity of Wauhatchie are quite a number of deer, and the fields are well supplied with quail. Coosa Cove, two miles from Cowan, noted for its magnitude and beautiful stalactites, is a noted resort for tourists. The Bon Aqua Springs, noted for their splendid Sulphur water, are ten miles southeast of Dickson Station. At Big Bottom, ten miles from Johnsonville, there is good quail and squirrel shooting. The oak and hickory forests around Huntingdon, abound with squirrels, as do also the woods in the vicinity of Dresden.

On the Mississippi Central Railroad.—For shooting along this road stop at Hickory Valley, Middleburg, Bolivar, Toon's Station, Medon, or Harrisburg. There are hotels at Bolivar, and Toon's Station, but none at the other places; but private board can easily be obtained. Prices range from \$1 to \$2 a day or \$4 to \$12 a week. Bolivar is a fine village of some two thousand inhabitants, and has two first-class hotels at which an excellent bill of fare of fare is served guests at \$2 a day. These houses of entertainment are more attractive for the genuine hospitality of their proprietors than inviting in external appear-

ance. The Hatchie River, Spring Creek, and a number of other streams in close proximity of Bolivar, afford a good supply of the usual varieties of Southern fishes. Some wild turkeys and deer are said to find a home in Hatchie Swamp—not far distant.

On the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.—This road runs through Obion, Gibson, Madison, and McNairy counties, and good shooting can be had in the vicinity of either Union City, Rutherford, Dyersburg, Trenton, Humboldt, Jackson, Pinson, Henderson, or McNairy. There are hotels at all these places, charging from \$1 to \$2.50 a day—and \$5 to \$12 a week. The game consists of quail, squirrels, and rabbits. At those points where the walnut and hickory forests predominates, there is good squirrel shooting, as, for instance, Rutherford, Trenton, Humboldt, &c. There is passable fishing in Deer Forked River, which flows past Dyersburg and Jackson. Ten miles from Humboldt is Gibson's Wells, a celebrated watering resort. Jackson is a good centre for quail shooting, and is noted for its healthy and salubrious climate.

Reelfoot Lake.—In the northwestern corner of Tennessee, in Obion county, at an average distance of three miles from, and running south from nearly the Kentucky State line, parallel to the Mississippi River lies Reelfoot Lake, the production and result of the so-called New Madrid earthquake in 1811. In extent of water surface it may be safely estimated at fifty miles for length, and ten miles for greatest width, its contour irregular, having many points of timbered land projecting into it. Throughout its area of many square miles the sportsman will see and meet innumerable stumps, logs, and cypress knees,—enough, at all events, in a day's rowing, to fully test his dexterity in managing his boat, and bring out all the moral attributes of a refined and moral education. In the northeastern arm of the lake, surrounded and shut in by a thick setting of dead trees, there is a beautiful sheet of water about three miles long, from one to two hundred yards wide said to be of unbroken depth, called the Blue Basin. Some of the other notable localities are Grassy Point, Long Point, Horse, Starved, and Choctaw Islands. This lake is supplied with fresh water, nearly every Spring, from the Mississippi, through a slough or bayou

that branches from the river a little below Hickman, Kentucky, debouching near Grassy Point. When the river rises very high, the lake and surrounding bottom are overflowed; some seasons the water reaching as high as fifteen feet above the level of the lake, as may be verified by the water-marks left on the trees; at such times it is restocked with fish of every variety found in the Mississippi, to an unknown extent, as the supply seems never to diminish. Reelfoot Creek, running from the east, a stream of considerable size, also empties into it. The outlet of the lake is through the Obion River into the Mississippi. On this curious and weird lake, from October to their return northward in the Spring, geese and ducks, of all varieties, abound; then, too, bass fishing is at its best, the water being cold enough then to put all the requisite snap and vim in their movements, to suit the most fastidious Waltonian.

On the Tennessee River.—Excepting Reelfoot Lake, perhaps the best hunting and fishing grounds in the State are found on and along the Tennessee River. There are many places along the river, easily accessible by steamboat, where excellent turkey, quail, duck, and goose shooting can be had, and where the black bass, catfish, drum, buffalo, perch, trout, bream, and pike afford most excellent sport. As good places as any to stop at is Hamburg, Pittsburg, Landing, Savannah, &c.

COAST REGION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The best hunting and fishing grounds in South Carolina is in what is called the Coast Region. Game may not be as plentiful as in some part of Florida, but the climate is delightful, and the section an inviting one.

A little investigation will show that the coast region of South Carolina possesses one great advantage over Florida whether for sporting or agricultural operations. With but little difference in climate, and that difference a positive benefit many visitors think. With abundant game, and in great variety, the sportsman, visitor, or settler still maintains sure and easy communication with family and friends at home. Steam and electricity are

both at his service. Moreover, in comparison with the most points further South, his destination is quickly reached and no time wasted en route, as is always the case where change of cars, steamer, or stage is called for. In chess the best judge of position wins the day, and the time is not far distant when the unrivalled position of South Carolina, and especially of the noble harbor of Port Royal, will challenge and attract the attention of the world to its manifold merits. It is safe to say that all the common varieties of ducks abound on all the South Carolina rivers where rice is cultivated. Mallards, black ducks, widgeon, pintails, gadwalls, teal, and shovelers, ring-necks, greater and lesser scaups, buffelheads, ruddies, and mergansers. All the foregoing will be found abundant. The Chesapeake, or Currituck habitue, will miss the accustomed canvasback, red-head, and Canada goose. The latter is replaced in some localities by the white-fronted goose. To get at this kind of game the gunner must make his headquarters at the nearest house he can find to his field of operations, with a full outfit of boat, decoys, &c. January and February are the best months, as they are the coldest and roughest months of the year. If a party of gentlemen would like to visit these parts and test the shooting of the Bull River and Combahee region, or of any other region in the vicinity, "Rusticus," writing from Port Royal, says: "I will assist them so far as may be in my power, with information, as also with boats, decoys, &c., of which I have a supply, but quite rusty withal, for want of use. Should other varieties of game be desired, partridges are at present abundant on my premises, not having been shot at the whole season. Deer can be had on the Hunting Islands, about twelve miles distant. An hour's ride by rail will take them to a locality where partridges are very numerous; also snipe and some woodcock, but, if I mistake not, these latter migrate about the end of February. The same locality will also yield wild turkeys to the persevering sportsman, and ducks in variety. I have a boat on the spot, or at least had one there last Winter. I have forgotten to enumerate rail among our game, which are very numerous in the salt marshes, and can easily be bagged twice a month when the Spring tides occur. Their flight being slow and heavy, they are just the birds for novices

to practice upon. The families of waders are always well represented, especially in April and May, in which months I often have excellent shooting over decoys at such birds as jack curlew, black-breast plover, godwits, wilts, &c., and this just at my very doors."

IN GEORGIA.

By leaving the cars at any of the stations of the several lines of travel herein mentioned, the sportsman will be in easy access of some of the best hunting sections in the State.

On the Atlantic & Gulf Railroad.—This line traverses the counties of Chatham, Bryan, Liberty, Wayne, Pierce, Ware, Clinch, Brooks, Lowndes, Thomas, and Decatur. In the vicinity of Way's Station, in Bryan county, there is a great variety of game, consisting of deer, bears, wild turkeys, quail, woodcock, snipe, coons, opossums, otters, and minks. Bryan county is in the eastern part of the State, bordering on the Atlantic Ocean. The Ogeeche River touches its northeastern boundary, and the Connouchee River flows through it from east to west. The surface of the country is generally level, except on the banks of the river, where it is undulating, and a large portion of the land is covered by extensive pine forests, and deer are very plentiful. Although Way's Station boasts a population of nearly fifteen hundred inhabitants, it is minus of hotel accommodations, and parties must depend on the hospitality of the planters, or else go prepared to camp. For Liberty county, make headquarters at Fleming, Riceboro' (the head of navigation on North Newport River), ten miles from McIntosh, Walthourville, or Johnson Station. The game is of the same general character as at Way's. There is a good hotel at Fleming, where accommodations can be had at \$2 a day, \$8 a week, or \$14 a month. The village of Walthourville is three miles from the station, and is a great resort for invalids. The neighborhood abounds with deer and partridges. Accommodations can be had at boarding-houses at \$1.50 a day. Reidsville and Darien, easily accessible by private conveyance, are excellent points for deer shooting. No hotels, but boarding-houses will feed you at from fifty cents a meal to \$6 a week. For operations

in Wayne county, stop at Doctortown, Jessup, or Screven. There is as good sport to be had in the vicinity of these points as at any before mentioned. At Jessup are two hotels, charging \$5 to \$6 a week. In the vicinity of Patterson and Blackshear, in Pierce county, are extensive pine forests, affording good covers for deer and other game. There is one hotel in Blackshear, and the climate is remarkably healthy. Tebeauville, Glenmore, and Argyle, in Ware county, are good points to stop at. At Tebeauville, accommodations can be had at \$2 a day or \$8 a week, but the other two are wood stations, and accommodations of any kind are not to be had; but if you are after game, and can camp out, these are the places to find deer, bears, and wild turkeys, as the great Okafonokee Swamp is easily accessible, and is one of the best game sections in the State. Guides can be had at Tebeauville at \$1.50 a day. The Okafonokee Swamp is also easily reached from Homersville, Lawton, and Stockton, in Clinch county. There are two hotels at Homersville, one at Lawton (\$2 a day), and private board can be had at Stockton at \$1 a day. Lawton is the junction of the Florida branch. Naylor, Valdosta, and Ousley, in Lowndes county, are good stopping places. There are two hotels at Valdosta, and in the neighborhood are many natural curiosities. One of the small rivers enters a cave and disappears. The Ocean Pond and Long Pond afford the best fresh-water fishing of any body of water in Georgia. At Ousley there is one hotel, where board can be had at \$12.50 a month. The Withlacoochee River is about one mile from the station, and abounds in fish of various kinds, and also otter. The woods abound in deer, wild turkeys, foxes, squirrels, and a variety of fine birds; quail are very abundant. Boston Springs—consisting of two springs, one pure sulphur and one magnesia (one a large bathing spring)—are one mile from Ousley. The Blue Spring is about two hundred yards from the sulphur spring. These springs are great resorts for invalids and pleasure-seekers, and some wonderful cures are said to have been effected by the use of the waters. The bathing and Blue Springs are magnesia. Quitman's and Dixie's, in Brooks county, are good game centres. There are four hotels at Quitman's and one at Dix-

ie's; board \$1.50 a day. In the vicinity of Dixie's is Dry Lake, a large and beautiful sheet of water, and a sink-hole into which the rivers empty, and show no outlet. The best stations to stop at, to hunt and fish in Thomas county, are Boston, Thomasville, and Cairo, giving Thomasville the preference as far as hotel accommodations are concerned. The town is on the highest land between Savannah and the Flint River, its location is dry and healthy, and is a favorite resort for invalids. At Thomasville, connection is made with the Albany branch, by which Oklokee, Pelham, and Camilla can be reached. Eight miles from Camilla are several lakes and ponds full of fish. Three miles from Pelham is somewhat of a curiosity, called "Blowing Cave." It is a large limesink with an aperture in the side, through which a strong current of air is constantly passing, which seems to be influenced by the tides—a portion of the day the current is inward, and then reverses and blows outward. There is one hotel at Boston (\$2 a day or \$16 a month), and boarding-houses at Cairo (\$1 a day or \$12 a month). At either place, deer, wild turkeys, and quail are plentiful, and bears and wild-cats are not a rarity. Whigham, Climax, and Bainbridge, in Decatur county, are excellent localities for deer, wild turkeys, quail, ducks, English, woodcock, &c. Whigham and Climax are small way stations, destitute of any facilities in the shape of accommodations, but are easy of access to good shooting. Bainbridge is the terminus of the line, and the head of navigation on Flint River. Steamboats make semi-weekly trips to Columbus, Georgia, on the Chattahoochee, and to Apalachicola, Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico. Moose Pond, Lake Douglas, Flint River, and neighboring lakes and streams, abound with fish. Camping out is advisable. Guides can be had for fifty cents a day. The hotels (two) at Bainbridge charge \$2 a day, \$10 a week, or \$25 a month.

On the Macon & Brunswick Railroad.—Along the Macon & Brunswick road an abundance of game can be found, consisting of deer, bears, wild turkeys, coons, opossums, woodcock, quail, snipe, and wild fowl. Good shooting points can easily be reached by stopping at Hawkinsville, Dubois, Eastman, McRae, Town's, Graham, Baxley, Surrency or Satilla.

Hotel accommodations can be had at Hawkinsville, Eastman, McRae, and Town's, and the other stations are only boarding-houses. Most of the towns along the line contain only from forty to one hundred inhabitants; at consequently the game has not been much hunted. Gum Swamp, and Sugar Creek, near McRae, in Telfair county, are noted game and fish localities, and abound in deer, bears, coons, opossums, wild turkeys, rabbits, squirrels, &c., and many varieties of fish. The Great Satilla River, about two miles from Satilla, in Wayne county, is noted as being the best trout-fishing place in the South. The surface of the country around Satilla is level, abounding in extensive pine forests, in which are found a goodly number of deer, bears, wild turkeys, and other game. At Brunswick, the terminus of the line, there is splendid salt-water fishing in the sounds and among the coast islands. The pine forests and swamps in the vicinity abound in game—bears, deer, wild turkeys, woodcock, quail, snipe, wild fowl, &c. Brunswick is also reached by Brunswick & Albany Railroad, and by boats from Savannah and Florida ports.

On the Central Railroad of Georgia.—There is good hunting along the route of this line. The best points are Oliver (private board, \$1 a day, \$6 a week), Ogeechee (one hotel, \$1 a day, \$5 a week), and Millen, in Screven county; Augusta, in Richmond county; Ten-ville (one hotel) and Oconee, in Washington county; Tomsboro' (one hotel, \$1.50 a day), in Wilkinson county; and Powersville, in Houston county. For hotel accommodations, and as a place to "strike out" from, perhaps Augusta is the best place to stop at on the line, as it is the junction of the Augusta & Savannah and Georgia & South Carolina railroads, and renders the points along those roads easy of access. There are four hotels, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$3 a day. There is good quail and hare shooting in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, and in the bottom land are some deer. At the Rapids, about eight miles distant, some excellent black bass and perch fishing can be had. Oconee and Tomsboro' are undoubtedly the best places for sport. The Oconee Swamp, extending along the Oconee River for some twelve miles, is filled with a large number of

deer, bears, wild turkeys, coons, opossums, and other game, and all kinds of wild fowl. Tomsboro' is eight miles from Oconee, and embraces, to a large extent, the game region of Oconee Swamp.

On the Western & Atlantic Railroad.—Some excellent shooting can be had along the line of the Western & Atlantic. Leave the cars at either Graysville, Catoosa county; Tunnel Hill, Whitfield county; Resaca, Gordon county; Adairsville, Kingston, or Cartersville, Bartow county; Acworth, Big Shanty, or Smyrna, Cobb county. Most of these points are described under the head of "The Hill Country." The Catoosa Springs, six miles from Graysville, is a noted Summer resort. At Tunnel Hill, there is a tunnel through the hill fourteen hundred and seventy-seven feet in length. The Falls of Etowah, equal in power to the falls at Lowell, Massachusetts, are near Cartersville, as are mounds of Etowah and Old Moat, where images of heathen gods were found. Cartersville is surrounded by some beautiful scenery, fine elevations, is a delightful climate, and remarkably healthy.

The Hill Country.—What is known to the Hill Country is composed of the counties of Floyd, Chattooga, Gilmer, Rabun, Lumpkin, Walker, Union, Dade, Towns, White, Bartow, Hall, Gordon, Murray, Habersham, and Pickens, and lie in the north and northwestern portion of the State—embracing a tract of the wildest and roughest country imaginable—some one hundred and thirty miles long by thirty-five in width, affording some magnificent scenery and the very best of hunting. The whole region abounds with game, consisting of deer, bears, turkeys, quail, squirrels, rabbits, and ruffed grouse. The fishing is not of much account; catfish and suckers, and some other kinds, abound in most of the streams, and where the water is clear and cold the chub and bream are found, and in most of the lakes and millponds are black bass, and they are also taken in most of the rivers where the obstructions will allow them to ascend. Warwoman's Creek, in Rabun county, is the only stream east of the Blue Ridge that contains speckled trout, but they are found in nearly every mountain stream on the west of the ridge. The country is decidedly rough, and hotels few and far between; though most of the villages have one or two

houses of "entertainment for man and beast," ranging in price from about \$1 to \$1.50 a day, or from \$5 to \$6 a week; but the people are generally hospitable, and will "take the stranger in" and do for him in their homely way, spreading before him the best the house affords, though the fare will not be up to the standard of Delmonico's. Those, however, who cannot concoct their own coffee, and sleep on hemlock boughs, with their feet to the camp-fire and the blue canopy of heaven for a counterpane, had better not visit this section; but to those who delight in camp-life, and are fond of wild and magnificent scenery, it will well repay them to pitch their tents in this mountainous region. After once striking the initial point, it is almost impossible to be led astray. The whole section is a land of hunters—many of the residents hunt for a living; and will act as guides when occasion offers. They know the whole country like a book, and will willingly guide the stranger to the best points. They can be found in every village. The section is reached by the Western & Atlantic Railroad, running from Chickamauga, Tennessee, to Atlanta, Georgia. The best points to leave the cars are Resaca (one hotel), Calhoun (one hotel), and McDaniels, in Gordon county; Hall's Station, Kingston, Cartersville (one hotel), and Stegalls, in Bartow county; for points in Floyd and Chattooga counties, take the Selma, Rome & Dalton cars to either Rome (two hotels—\$3 a day), Plainville (one hotel—\$3 a day), or Sugar Valley, where there is some beautiful scenery; and Skelly's. For Dade county, take Alabama & Chattanooga Railroad, and leave cars at either Morgansville (no hotel) or Trenton (one hotel—\$1 a day). This village is situated in a beautiful valley, called Lookout, named from the creek that runs its entire length. Lookout Mountain on one side is twelve hundred feet above the level of the creek; Sand Mountain on the other is eight hundred feet. Morganton, in Fannin county, and Lafayette, in Walker county—both good centres to operate from—are accessible by carriage from Dalton. For Gilmer county; take Western & Atlantic Railroad to Tilton; ninety miles from Chattanooga, thence private conveyance to Ellijay. The Tullah Falls, in Habersham county, are reached by the Atlantic & Richmond Air Line; and taking the

same line to Gainesville, you will have a good base for operations in Hall county. Gainesville has three hotels, and is a fashionable Summer resort. For Murray county, take the Western & Atlantic Railroad to Dalton, thence private conveyance to Spring Place. The best points in Pickens county are reached by same route to Resaca (one hotel). Plainville—a good point to strike out from—in Union county; Cleveland—where headquarters should be made for operations in White county; and Dahlonega—a good point for operations in Lumpkin county—are accessible by team from Gainesville.

On the Georgia Railroad.—The stations to stop at on this line are Berzelia, Thomson, Barnett, Rutledge, Conyers, Covington, Lithonia, Stone Mountain, and Decatur. They are in Columbia, McDuffie, Warren, Morgan, Newton, Rockdale, and De Kalb counties, respectively, and the very best of quail and rabbit shooting can be had at nearly all of them. At most of them an abundance of foxes can be found, and foxchasing is one of the favorite pastimes of the country. Hotel accommodations can be found at Berzelia, Rutledge, Covington, Conyers, Stone Mountain, and Decatur, at rates varying from \$1 to \$2.50 a day, or \$5 to \$10 a week. Flat Shoals, on South River, seven miles from Lithonia, is noted for its black bass fishing and duck shooting. At Stone Mountain, there is a large granite mountain, fourteen hundred feet high and from six to seven miles in circumference, mostly bald or clear of grass or any kind of vegetation. There are several mineral springs around the mountain that are great resorts. At Lexington Depot, connection is made with the Athens branch, along the line of which are an abundance of deer, wild turkeys, squirrels, coons, quail, and other game.

On the Atlanta & West Point Railroad.—The best points on this road are East Point, Fairburn, Palmetto, Newnan, Grantville, Hogansville, La Grange, and West Point. At East Point, accommodations can be had of Mrs. Ware; \$1.50 a day or \$5 a week. Pine's Mill is a fine place for fishing. There are hotels at all the rest of the stations, charging from \$1 to \$2.50 a day or \$5 to \$12 a week. La Grange is a delightful Summer resort, and very healthy. It is noted throughout the

State for its beautiful residences and gardens.

Savannah.—There are good shooting and fishing to be had all around Savannah. A short distance from the city on the Ogeechee road, there is fine quail shooting, all the inlets and bays afford an abundance of wild fowl, and the very best of fishing can be had anywhere. Call on Mr. Lovell, hardware merchant, and he will put you on the right track.

IN ALABAMA.

There is as good shooting to be had in Alabama as any of the Southern States, and points here mentioned are good centres to operate from.

On the Alabama & Chattanooga Railroad.—Valley Head, situated at the head of Little and Big Wills Valley, is in De Kalb county; there is no hotel, but the villagers will accommodate strangers at \$1 a day, or \$4 a week. De Kalb county is made up of mountains, valleys, and plains, and is noted for its romantic scenery. It is the highest point between Meriden, Mississippi, and Chattanooga, and the dividing point of waters which run from there to the Coosa and Tennessee rivers. The falls of "Little River" on Lookout Mountains, and several other attractive points along the brow of the mountain are near this station. The Sulphur Springs in Georgia and Alabama are ten and twelve miles distant. The game of De Kalb county consists of deer, bears, wild turkeys, squirrels, and quail. Black bass, chub, and bream afford good sport in the way of angling. Brandon Station, Porterville, and Collinsville are pleasant villages, and easy of access to good hunting and fishing grounds. They are all unsurpassed for good climate. Attalla, in Etowah county, is in the centre of excellent shooting and fishing, and some pleasing scenery. Two and a half miles from the village is Black Creek Falls, in Southern Terminus of Lookout Mountain. You can board at either one of the two hotels at \$2.50 a day. Springville is in St. Clair county, and in the neighborhood of excellent sporting grounds. A large number of springs flow out of a bluff in the very centre of the town. Situated near are the Blue Grass Springs. The Herring House is the principal

hotel. Trussville Depot, Birmingham, and Jonesboro', are in Jefferson county, and are good game centres. The county is mountainous, and contains a good supply of deer and bears, while the fields and swamps are well filled with quail and woodcock. One hotel at Trussville, \$2 a day; and at Birmingham, four. Jonesboro' lies in an unsettled portion of Jones' Valley, west one mile from Salem Springs. East of Jonesboro' and bounding Jones' Valley runs the famous Iron Mountain. In the mountains are deer, bears, turkeys, squirrels, rabbits, &c., and in the cultivated fields and swamps are quail and woodcock. East of Jonesboro' is Shades Creek. Valley Creek runs through Jones' Valley; it is about one hundred feet in width, and one of the prettiest in the State. It is fed by springs, and always has an abundant supply of water. The most remarkable is Salem Springs, situated at the terminus of the valley, overlooking it for miles. These waters differ from others, being sparkling and clear, carbonic gas escaping in large quantities, so as to give the main spring the appearance of constant effervescence. They are resorted to annually by invalids, who camp around them. It will be hard to find a place better suited for sportsmen. It has one good hotel. For hunting in Sumter county, stop at Cuba. It has good hotel accommodations at \$1.50 a day.

On the Memphis & Charleston Railroad.—This line runs through Colbert, Lawrence, Morgan, Madison, Jackson, and Lauderdale counties. Good shooting points are accessible from Leighton, in Colbert county (one hotel—\$1.50 a day; \$6 a week); Town Creek (one hotel—\$1.50 a day; \$8 a week), or Courtland (one hotel—\$2.50 a day; \$14 a week); Hillsboro' (one hotel—\$1 a day; \$5 a week); or Wheeler (one hotel—\$4 a week; \$13 a month), in Lawrence county; Trinity (no hotel), in Morgan county; Brownsboro' (no hotel), in Madison county; Larkinsville (no hotel); Scottsboro' (two hotels—\$1.50 a day; \$5 a week); Bellefonte; Stevenson Station (one hotel—\$2.25 a day; \$15 a week), in Jackson county; or Florence Station (one hotel—\$15 to \$40 a month). In the vicinity of Courtland is good deer, turkey, quail, and duck shooting. The Mountain House, eight miles distant from Courtland, is a very pleasant Summer resort. Lawrence county is in

a beautiful valley, having a level surface. It is nine miles in width, with the Tennessee River on the north, and a skirt of mountains on the south. The Mussel Shoals on Tennessee River are seven miles from Wheeler. Lauderdale county, perhaps, furnishes the best sport of any county in the State. It is situated in the most noted game region of Northern Alabama, and splendid shooting can be had almost anywhere. Every field, it may be said, contains a covey of quail, and the woods are well supplied with deer, wild turkeys, and squirrels; all the ponds and streams afford good wild-fowl shooting. The Mussel Shoals on the Tennessee River are a noted feeding-ground for wild geese, and every Winter they are there by thousands. The Mussel Shoals are some five or six miles wide, and are filled with small islands, covered with driftwood, in which the gunners conceal themselves, and shoot the geese as they fly over. The geese, from one cause or another, are kept constantly on the wing, and just before nightfall afford rare sport. The same remarks apply to the ducks, except that the ducks are found everywhere, all through the Winter. Deer and turkeys are found in every direction. Shoal Creek affords splendid fishing, and is noted for black bass of large size. The Shoals are easily reached from Florence, South Florence, or Decatur, and are elsewhere described. They are also easily accessible from Athens, on the Louisville, Nashville & Great Southern Railroad. At either of these points good hotels can be had at from \$1 to \$3 a day.

On the Montgomery & Eufaula Railroad.—This road extends from Montgomery to Eufaula, a distance of eighty miles, and runs through the extensive pine forests of Montgomery, Bullock, and Barbour counties, which are full of deer, bears, and wild turkeys. The best points are Greenwood, six miles, and Buckshot, twelve miles, from Matthew's Station, Mitchell's Station, Union Spring, Pine Grove, five miles; and Mount Andrew, seven miles, from Midway Station, Spring Hill, and Batesville. At any of these points, one can get all the shooting he wants. The country is but sparsely settled, and consequently game has increased and multiplied till the fields fairly teem with quail and the woods with deer, bears, turkeys, rabbits, squirrels, coons, and

opossums. The Alabama, Tallapoosa, and Coosa rivers flow through Montgomery county, a section full of every variety of game. The officers of the steamboats which ply on each of the rivers, as a general thing, are well informed as to the best points, and will afford all possible information; and the same may be said of the train conductors. Hotel accommodations can be had at Union Springs, Montgomery, and Eufaula, but at the other points, one must depend on the hospitality of the villagers. The climate is mild and pleasant. In the rivers are all the different varieties of fish usually found in the Southern inland waters. As a sporting centre, Montgomery, is without doubt, the best in the State, its excellent railroad and steamboat communications rendering all the best game districts easy of access.

On the Mobile & Girard Railroad.—This road runs from Columbus (Georgia) to Troy, a distance of eighty-four miles, traversing Russell, Bullock, and Pike counties, connecting at Union Springs with the Montgomery & Eufaula Railroad. Good shooting can be had all along the road. In Pike county are extensive forests, filled with deer, bears, wild turkeys, squirrels, &c. Union Springs is a good centre of operations. It is one of the most beautiful villages in East Alabama, situated on an elevated ridge, extending east and west for about thirty miles, known as Chunnenuge Ridge. It has two good hotels; charges \$1.50 per day, or \$7 and \$8 a week. Bilula, Glenville, and Sand Point, two-and-a-half, five, and twelve miles from Seale Station; Warrior's Stand, Enon, &c., twelve to fifteen miles from Hurtville; Creek Stand, five miles from Guertryton; China Grove, ten miles, and Buckhorn, eleven miles from Linwood, are good points for quail, rabbits, squirrels, deer, bears, and turkeys. No hotel accommodations except at Searle Station and Union Springs.

Selma, Rome & Dalton Railroad.—This road extends from Selma to Dalton, Georgia, two hundred and sixty-two miles, passing through Dallas, Baker, Bibb, Shelby, Talladega, Calhoun, and Cherokee counties. The best points to leave the cars are at Plantersville (no hotel), Maplesville (one hotel, board \$1.50 per day; \$6 a week), Montevallo (two hotels, \$1.50 a day), Calera (one hotel), Talladega (one hotel \$2.50 a day), Patona (one hotel, \$1.50) and

Ladiga (one hotel, \$1.50 a day). At any of these places good sport can be had. Quail are plenty everywhere, and the timberland is well supplied with deer, bears, turkeys, squirrels, and rabbits. The hotel accommodations are not first-class, but this can hardly be expected in a country where the inhabitants of most of the villages are outnumbered by many of the New York tenement houses. Cherokee county is partly covered with pine forests, affording good cover for deer, bears, wild turkey, and squirrels.

Mobile & Montgomery Railroad.—Letohatchie Station in Lowndes county, is a rich farming section, twenty-one miles south of Montgomery. Lowndes county is made up of pine and hammocks, and abounds in the varieties of game indigenous to such a country. Evergreen, in Conecuh county, is a good stop-ping point. The sportsman will find deer, turkeys, quail, squirrels, rabbits, and wild fowl, though not abundant, yet in satisfactory numbers. A large portion of Escambia county is still unsettled, and abounds in deer, bears, wild turkeys, quail, and squirrels. In this county there are many streams that afford excellent fishing. The sportsman can drop off at either Summit, Garland, Sparta, Pollard, or, in fact, at almost any station, and find game in fair quantities.

On the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad.—This line runs through Jackson county, and good hunting and fishing can be had in the neighborhood of Stevenson, where there is one hotel; board \$3 a day. The county is well watered, and the numerous creeks and streams afford good angling for black bass, drum, wall-eyed pike, red-horse, catfish, and perch. Woods and mountains are the abiding-places of deer, turkeys, and squirrels; quail are found in large numbers in the cultivated fields, and there is good wild-fowl shooting on the creeks and ponds. Excellent shooting and fishing points can be reached by taking any of the steamboats on the Tennessee River.

On the Western Alabama Railroad.—Leave the cars at Cusseta, Franklin, or Cowles, and you will find all the shooting you want. There are no hotels, at any of the points. The land is high and rolling, and the climate mild and salubrious. The road runs from Columbus (Georgia) to Selma, connecting at Montgoma-

ery with the several roads diverging therefrom, and passes through Lee, Chambers, Henry, Macon, and Montgomery counties.

On the Tombigbee and Alabama Rivers—Stop at any of the towns on the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers, go a few miles inland, and you will find plenty of deer, bears, wild-cats, raccoons, opossums, wild turkeys, ducks, geese, snipe, woodcock, rabbits, and squirrels, and can take from the rivers and their tributaries all the white and channel cat and buffalo fish you want. For sport in Washington county, take the Tombigbee River steamboat to St. Stephens, or drop off the cars at any of the stations on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, and strike inland a few miles. Game is plenty, and you can't well miss finding it, comprising all the varieties mentioned in Choctaw and Marengo counties. Deer, turkeys, and quail can be had in good numbers along the river bottoms of the Alabama River, in Wilcox and Monroe counties. Leave the boat at Black's Bluff or Clinton, or take the Selma & Gulf Railroad to Allenton or Pine Apple. For operations in Monroe county, leave the boat at Claiborne.

The Louisville, Nashville & Great Southern Railroad renders the game sections of Lime-stone county easy of access. Game is abundant, and consists of deer, turkeys, quail, ducks, and geese, and fine sport can be had in taking black bass, jack salmon, speckled hen, &c. Stop at Elkmont, Athens, or other points along the route. Hotel accommodations at Elkmont and Athens. There are many excellent points along the Tennessee and Elk rivers, which can be reached by boat. Good fishing can be had at Gunter'sville. Short Creek is well supplied with black bass, catfish, drum, perch, red-horse, and wall-eyed pike. The place can be reached by wagon from Huntsville, thirty miles distant.

The best game districts in the State are Choctaw and Marengo counties, lying between the Tombigbee River and the Mississippi State line. The country is rough—hills, valleys, and dales—and the game consists of deer, bears, wild-cats, raccoons, opossums, rabbits, squirrels, wild turkeys, ducks, quail, geese, snipe, woodcock, &c. Outside of Louisiana, it would be difficult to find a better place for woodcock. Deer and turkeys are also abundant. The counties are

full of lakes, and these are full of fish of several varieties. The Tombigbee also contains an abundance of fish. The section is reached from Montgomery by the Western Alabama Railroad, Alabama Central to Demopolis, then by boat down Tombigbee River to Tuskahoma, and thence wagon to Butler; or go to York, and thence by private conveyance to Mount Sterling or Butler—four miles distant and eight miles distant; or take the car at Meriden, Mississippi, to York, and there carriage to Butler. Or take the boat at Mobile to Bladen Springs Landing, and ask Mr. Keron to drive you to Bladen, four miles distant from the river. Or continue on to Tuskahoma, and Mr. Henry Gaines will give all needed information, and show the visitor an abundance of game. At Bladen there is a hotel, and Mr. James T. Staples will put the sportsman on the path of all the game he wants to shoot. There is no hotel at Butler, and the visitor will have to draw on the known hospitalities of the villagers for accommodations.

Berwick's Bay, or Wick's Bay, as it is called by the natives, is simply a lake-like expansion of Fish River, where it forms an elliptical basin some three miles long and two miles broad before its embouchure into Mobile Bay. Where its waters mingle with those of the bay it is not more than two hundred yards wide, and at this place is a bar, which is a fine place for seining. Here the angler can enjoy the advantages of both fresh and salt water fishing. In the river and its numerous tributary creeks and branches are multitudes of perch, and a species of bass, called by the natives fresh water trout. Berwick's Bay is only a mile below the mill, and in its waters are salt-water trout, redfish, croakers, sheeps-head, and mullets by the myriad. These latter cannot be caught with a hook, but are easily caught with nets, and are used for bait. Minnows are not to be had, and cut mullet is used almost exclusively. Along the shores of the bay are several houses, built after the Creole style, with large overhanging roofs and encircling piazzas. There, standing amid moss-covered live oaks, magnolias with their dark leaves and creamy flowers, and the luxuriant fig trees, rank foliage, and purple fruit, form a scene most attractive to all lovers of Nature. The fishing in the bay is at times very excit-

ing, and at all seasons plenty of game and edible fish, reward the angler's care. The gars, too, do not annoy one quite as much here as in the river. Should any one feel disposed to explore the region here described, they can rest assured that they can, in the proper season, find sport in plenty, both for rod and gun, and will never have cause to regret their visit to Berwick's Bay. It is easily accessible from Mobile, Alabama.

THE NEVERSINK COUNTRY.

Those who love fishing, not merely for its associations, and love Nature as well, who would be content to wade the stream all day perhaps without landing a half pounder, and who enjoy the hardships of a life in the woods, and the spice of camping out, would do well to make a short trip to the wild lands of Ulster and Sullivan counties. They are easy of access, and in point of solitude, no doubt they are superior to the Adirondacks, where, it is said, a man cannot bathe in a mountain lake without cutting his feet on the remnants of some broken whisky bottle, or lie down at night without staining his blanket on a cigar stump—eloquent traces of some of our modern woodsmen.

The Beaverkill and Neversink rivers, the most important streams in this region, have for many years been well known to New York sportsmen, and are now almost abandoned, and considered "fished out," but there are still many parts of this wilderness, especially at the headwaters of the Neversink and its tributaries, which have never yet been visited by the white man, and numerous streams, small but well stocked with gamey little trout, and unfished, save by the wary mink.

There are several ways of reaching this region, but the shortest and least expensive is to take the afternoon boat from New York to Rondout, on the Hudson, and pass the night at a hotel, taking the 7 A. M. train the next morning on the Rondout & Oswego Railroad for Big Indian Station. Reaching here at 9 A. M., a tramp of five or six miles on a road which follows the Big Indian River to near its headwaters and then crosses the mountains, will take you to the sources of the west branches of the Neversink. There are log houses here and there along the road at which

you can inquire the way and purchase such provisions as you can carry. It will pay to camp the first night on the Big Indian, and by striking down a bark peeler's road about half a mile above the last saw mill, you will reach a wild little hollow through which the stream flows. A rod or two above the old corduroy bridge, and close beside the stream are poles of a shanty, and in front of them the remains of a fire, where a party camped one night a few Summer's since, and had fair luck with the trout before dark and after sunrise the next morning. The east and west branches flow about twelve miles, separated by high and thickly wooded mountain ranges, before uniting to form the main stream. Each is full of trout, as are also the Biscuit and Fall brooks, tributaries of the west branch. The trout are small, a half pounder being generally the maximum of a day's fishing, and the average much less. The most taking flies are found to be the whitewinged coachman and the brown hen. But the trout rise so well to everything, there is no necessity of changing the cast so very often.

The expenses of a two or three weeks trip, including extras, are \$15. Items: Fare on boat from New York to Rondout, including supper, \$2; hotel at Rondout, \$1.50; fare to Big Indian, about \$2, making for trip and return \$11. As there are no expenses after leaving Big Indian Station, except buying bread and butter &c., at an occasional log house, the \$4 remaining will be amply sufficient.

For baggage, carry a fly rod, axe, rubber and woolen blankets, coffee pot, and creel. The nights are usually very cold, wild pigeons are sometimes numerous, partridges are abundant, and deer may be sometimes seen. Many of the rarer warblers will be found breeding here, as also the hermit thrush, olive backed thrush, and olive sided flycatcher. Bear tracks are frequently seen, and foxes and porcupines though very numerous, are not often met with.

The Neversink country is no place for those who cannot camp out without all the luxuries of civilization and who require three or four guides to do their work. Guides cannot be had, and a man must be content with such luxuries as he can carry on his back for ten miles over some of the steepest mountains in the State.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA RESERVOIRS.

Connected with the aqueduct which supplies the cities of Washington and Georgetown with Potomac water, are two immense reservoirs, one of which is known as the receiving reservoir, and the other as the distributing reservoir. The first is used for the storage of water to supply the city in case of a freshet in the river, or when the water continues muddy for any length of time; and the other, located at the head of the pipe line, supplies the various mains leading to the two cities. Both of these reservoirs are filled with black bass, and afford rare sport. The fountain head of the water supply is at the Great Falls of the Potomac, sixteen miles from Washington, and from this point a brick conduit, nine feet in diameter, brings the water a distance of about ten miles to the receiving reservoirs where it leads into Dalecarlia Tunnel, which connects the conduit above with the conduit below the reservoir, so the daily supply of water can be drawn directly from the Potomac or the reservoir. From the receiving to the distributing reservoir, a distance of two miles, the conduit is of the same size as above. The receiving reservoir has been in use about fifteen years, and during that time the bass have increased and multiplied therein with great rapidity, besides the supply is annually increased by the young ones, which come down the conduit from the Falls, and easily get through the wire screens into the reservoir on account of their diminutive size. Many now in the waters of the reservoir have been there twelve or fourteen years, and in that time have attained a weight of from four to five pounds. The largest bass ever known to be taken in this locality weighed five pounds and ten ounces. It was captured early one morning in the reservoir, and fought bravely before he was landed. This reservoir covers an area of forty-four acres, and varies in depth from two to fifty feet. The bait used for bass in these waters is live minnow, frogs, and crawfish. They never rise to a fly in the still waters of the reservoirs, though they often take it in the Potomac in places where rocks abound, forming rapids and eddies. The bass undoubtedly spawn in the reservoirs, and for that purpose seek the headwaters in the Spring, where it is not so deep. As warm weather approaches they return to the deep water. They have been fre-

quently taken weighing from two to three pounds, and when a bass of that size is hooked in water fifteen or twenty feet deep, with no rocks, grass, or snags to catch the line, he affords delightful sport. Their favorite feeding time is early morning, and instances are on record where eight or ten fine ones have been captured from sunrise to eight or nine o'clock, and after that time no bait, however attractive, could draw them to the hook. Trolling for them with minnow for bait is often very successful in these reservoirs, especially in August and September. A permit from the aqueduct authorities is necessary to enjoy the privilege of fishing in these waters, but the courteous officers having charge of the work never refuse such permission to gentlemen whom they know will not abuse the privilege.

HOY'S WILDERNESS.

Oakland, Maryland, on the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, is the point where you leave the railroad. A team or teams can be found at this place to convey parties across the "Backburn Mountain," a distance of thirteen miles; thence to a place called "Shook Shop"—Abernathy's, about eight miles thence to the "Pine" region—Wm. Kitsmiller's—about seven miles. This is as far as you can go with a wagon, but horses can be had at Kitsmiller's to take you three miles further on to his brother's Lloyd Kitsmiller, and you are at Hoy's Wilderness. Lloyd is an old experienced hunter and fisherman, and always ready to give any information in this line, and also to act as guide. The old Dobbin House, a short distance from Kitsmiller's, and in the very heart of the Wilderness, was built many years ago by a Baltimorean, for himself and friends to occupy during the hunting and fishing season, long since deserted, but left in charge of Lloyd Kitsmiller, is a splendid place for a party to stop. The house has plenty of room, with furniture and bedding and will cost the sportsman nothing. Kitsmiller will provide it with a cooking stove, and play the genial host and guide, for a nominal sum (plenty of the extract of maize), for hunters are his delight and a godsend in this out of the way place.

It is seldom one hears of a wilderness with

a lordly mansion in its very centre. Deer, panther, bear, wildcats, turkeys, and in fact, game of all kinds right at the door of this palatial establishment, with all the comforts of a city within. The Blackwater is full of the beautiful speckled trout, and Kitsmiller guarantees them by the thousands. The fall of Blackwater is always a good guide, and parties can locate themselves by the fall, for it can be heard for several miles—having a perpendicular fall of eighty-five feet.

PORTER'S LAKE AND SURROUNDINGS.

The quickest and best way to reach Porter's Lake from Philadelphia is to take the cars from the Kensington Depot and go to Stroudsburg. An excursion ticket to that place will cost \$4.85. A party can get a wagon at Stroudsburg from W. K. Henry, who keeps a livery stable, and will take them to the lake for \$6. It will take about six hours' ride to get there, or, if they write to the proprietor of the hotel, Adam Rinehart, he will send his team to meet them.

As regards the fish in the lake, the angler will find pickerel, catfish, and perch. The black bass were only put in the lake in August, 1874, by Howard J. Reeder, one of the Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania. Anglers will find plenty of trout streams in the neighborhood, particularly the Bushkill Creek, made famous by the late Thad. Norris's frequent reference to it in his "Angling in American Waters." They will also find good trout fishing in the Sawkill Creek, Middle Branch, and Indian Calvin Branch (branches of the Bushkill), which streams are all within a short distance of Porter's Lake, and it will afford good sport fishing these streams for those who know how. It is doubtful if a satisfactory place to camp on the borders of the lake can be found; can get good board at the hotel for \$7 per week, which will entitle them to the use of the boats, whereas should they camp out and have no boats, it is very doubtful if they can catch any large fish, for they are only to be caught at certain places in the lake, which can only be fished from a boat. It is best that visitors make their headquarters at the hotel, where they will find nice clean beds and good square meals, and they will also find Ad. a good fellow, who does all he can to make his guests

comfortable. If they have made up their minds to camp out, they are advised to go to what is called the "High Knob," which is about nine miles from Porter's Lake. You take the same cars and get off at Oakland, and procure a team to take you to the "Knob." The black bass fishing at the "Knob" can be recommended. A party caught eighty-seven large ones in a day, some of which weighed four pounds, and another party came out with one hundred and thirty-three, having caught them from Monday noon to Tuesday noon. Any person in search of black bass fishing is advised to try the "High Knob," but take a boat along.

SALMON RIVER, NEW YORK.

Among the numerous resorts of sportsmen in the State of New York there are few more easily accessible, or which afford better sport than the Salmon River, above what is known as the "State Dam." Here, within thirteen miles of Malone, is a stream which, notwithstanding its frequent visitors, affords an inexhaustible quantity of trout. The pond raised by the dam varies greatly in size. Generally it is only about a quarter of a mile in length, and above that the river winds a tortuous course for several miles among grassy flats, and for a still further distance a still more devious way, if possible, among a thick margin of alders. With the probable view of making the greatest possible display, it takes more turns and twists to the square mile than almost any known stream, ten minutes' rowing frequently bringing you back within fifty feet of where you started from. The water is swift and ice cold, and Nature, by way of compensation for the knots she has tied in the course, has located a trout hole in the curve of each bend, which is well populated by the "speckled beauties" so dear to the heart of all sportsmen. When the water is up, as it is generally during the first part of August, a boat can go all over the meadows, the trout running farther up, the distance to the fishing grounds being thereby reduced about seventy-five per cent. Several lakes and ponds empty in this river, which furnish homes for the trout in the Winter, and its upper waters seem to be all spawning beds, which accounts for the abundance of the trout. Nearly all those fishing will average sixty to seventy trout a day, the

largest running from a pound to a pound and a half, and from that down, and when the number of visitors is considered there seems to be but little exaggeration in the remark made by a sportsman in Malone that "more than three tons of trout had been taken out of Salmon River in a year." They seem to be taken better with a fly than with bait, the favorites being a red ibis, brown hackle, and a gray fly. Montreal flies and white millers are also used with success.

Many deer come into Round Pond, Wolf Pond, and the other sheets of water in the neighborhood, and traces of bear are also visible. Many partridges are to be found in the woods. There is a good, although unpretentious, hotel at the dam, kept by R. J. Cunningham (known as "Rus"), where guides and boats can be obtained. The house is beautifully clean and the fare good. Visitors should take the Hudson River & New York Central Railroad to Malone via Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad. From there a team can be hired for the State Dam.

GLIMPSES OF SOME NORTH-WESTERN SCENERY.

An able correspondent of *The Chicago Field* writes thusly of what may be seen in the Northwest:

For the number of its beautiful lakes and rivers, Wisconsin is unsurpassed by any State in the country. Even in the thickly settled southern portions of the State they can hardly be named or numbered for the multitude of them, while lying to the north of a line running east and west through the centre of the State, from Eastmoor on the Mississippi to Green Bay, is a vast country as large as the State of New York, and as full of deer and ducks and grouse, and lovely gems of lakes, and sparkling trout streams as the Adirondack region itself, awaiting the Summer adventurer. The beauty of Geneva Lake is well known. It is a rival for the clearness of its waters, and the natural cleanliness of its white pebbled shores to the far-famed Walden of Thoreau, near Concord, Massachusetts. Lake Geneva possesses more natural beauty than Thoreau's Walden.

Only six miles from Geneva Lake is Delevan Lake, another attractive sheet of water five

miles long and a mile wide. No better fishing ground for rock and black bass and pickerel can be found in the State. Its shores, like those of Geneva, are being lined with Summer cottages and pleasure grounds, and the sportsman will soon have to seek other lakes less easy of access to the general public. The lovely chain of lakes which environ Madison, give it the most beautiful and picturesque location of any city in the country, are too well known to need any description.

In Green Lake county the sportsman will find plenty of duck shooting and the tourist will find some interesting lake scenery on Big and Little Green Lakes. The former lake is eight miles in length by two in width, and the latter about half as large. The scenery around these lakes is picturesque and beautiful beyond description. The north shore of Little Green Lake for more than a mile in extent is composed of a beautiful white sandstone, rising in some instances perpendicularly to the height of seventy-five to eighty feet. The lakes are of remarkable depth and clearness of water, and their bottoms have in many places the appearance of white marble floors, from the many white shells which lie upon them. The shores of Lake Winnebago are lined with many beautiful oak groves which offer very attractive spots in which to erect a Summer's camp or build a more permanent Summer retreat. The country around Winnebago Lake is one of great fertility and richness, and no more pleasant country and lake scenery can be found.

Green Bay City has a beautiful situation near the mouth of the lower Fox River where it empties into Green Bay. Elkhart is another one of those delightful lake resorts where one would be almost content to live forever in the beauty of its natural surroundings. In fact, in the fifty-three counties of the State, whose geography and topography are well known, hardly one can be found which does not contain at least a score of lakes more or less picturesque and attractive to the lover of scenery or to the sportsman. At Oconomowoc, not less than forty-one of these lakes are found in a radius of nine miles, making one of the finest drives and parks anywhere to be found. These lakes are filled with pickerel, bass, and perch.

If the tourist prefers rivers to lakes, there are no nobler or more picturesque streams

than the Wisconsin, the Black, the Chippewa, the Fox, the St. Croix, on the northwestern boundary, or the Menominee, on the northeastern, and a hundred others which invite him to launch his craft upon their broad currents, and explore their beauties from mouth to source. Embarking at the mouth of the Wisconsin, just below Prairie du Chien, the voyageur will have before him ere he reaches its source a trip of six hundred miles, or a river two hundred miles longer than the Connecticut. Winding its way peacefully the greater part of its course through the prairies it passes at several points through scenery of peculiar grandeur, the equal of which is not seen on any New England river. In Richland county the river is bordered by sandstone bluffs over two hundred feet high. It is here four hundred feet wide. Arriving at Portage the voyageur can cross into the Fox River and be borne on its current a hundred and fifty miles to Lake Winnebago and Green Bay. The Fox passes through extensive marshes covered with tall grass and wild rice. These marshes abound in wild-fowl and snipe. The Fox is, for the most part, an uninteresting and tame stream with the exception of the Grand Chute, where for several miles the banks are high and steep, and the current strong and rapid.

If the voyageur continues his course from Portage to Kilbourn City, twenty miles distant, he enters the famous Dells, whose picturesque beauty has often been described. The river here for several miles flows between perpendicular cliffs three hundred feet high in a bed only forty feet in width. Above Stevens' Point the river flows for two hundred miles through the pine forests. It rises in the Lac Vieux Desert, a small but lively lake, that contains three islands. The country for many miles around the lake is one of great fertility notwithstanding that its name implies a desolate, barren region. It is said to have received its name from an old deserted planting ground of the Indians near it. The lake, and the numerous small streams which empty into the Wisconsin as it winds its way through the vast prairies, are filled with trout. Ducks are plentiful, and bears and deer abound in this region.

One of the most interesting trips which can be found in the Northwest is to ascend the Mississippi from La Crosse to St. Paul. The tourist will enjoy the fine scenery of the Up-

per Mississippi, and the sportsman will likewise improve the opportunity to try his hand at cat-fishing. About eighty miles above La Crosse is an expansion of the river to three miles in width, known as Lake Pepin, which mention is made on page 113. The celebrated Maiden Rock, with its oft told legend of a fair Indian maiden betrothed against her wishes by her father to one whom she did not love, who hung herself from the rock into the river, two hundred feet below, to escape the marriage, will interest the tourist here. Leaving the Mississippi at St. Paul, he may cross over to the St. Croix about ten miles distant and embark in a canoe for a trip of ninety miles up this river which passes through a country rich in picturesque scenery, to the portage of the Brule River, which empties into Lake Superior near Superior City. The Brule is a small stream, but it surpasses, if possible, the St. Croix for beauty. Its banks are lined with beautiful verdure and shrubbery, and so narrow is the stream in some places that the trees interlock their branches overhead making a natural bower. This stream, like all the other streams in the northern part of the State, is well stocked with speckled trout, while the surrounding country is good hunting ground for deer, bears, grouse, and ducks. At Superior, steamer can be taken for Bayfield and Ashland, two interesting and popular Summer resorts, where the whole season could be delightfully spent in company with the gun and rod, and in excursions to the famed Apostle Islands which lie near them.

To those desirous of navigating a river full of falls and rapids, and partaking in its general character of a mountain stream, the Menominee in the extreme northeastern part of the State presents itself. It is here that sturgeon are still taken, and the sportsman will find it one of the strongest attractions to visit this stream. The Menominee rises in the Katakitekton country in the northern part of Wisconsin, the same region which gives source to the Wisconsin, the Chippewa, the Montreal and the Ontonagon rivers of Michigan. Its general aspect is exceedingly picturesque. A series of falls and chutes at short distances necessitate light portages by those who attempt the difficult and exciting task of ascending it in a canoe or boat. Two weeks have been consumed in overcoming its rapids and

currents, while its descent has been made in five days. The most magnificent of its cascades is the lower falls of the series. Here the whole river dashes in mighty masses of foam over a perpendicular wall of rock fifty feet deep. The next fall in descending the river is the Little Quinnesec, where the fall is thirty-five feet in an extent of two hundred and fifty. The river here is contracted to eighty feet. A short distance below is Sandy Portage, a beautiful rapid about a mile in extent with a perpendicular fall of a few feet. At Sturgeon Fall the river rushes between cliffs a hundred feet high. The scenery here is very fine. From its mouth as far up as Big Quinnesac Falls, it passes through pine timber lands, much of which has been ravaged by fires, which gives it a desolate appearance, but above these falls the country assumes its natural beauty.

Space would fail us to picture all the rivers in this State which possess inherent beauties to the sportsman as well as tourist, which is worthy of special mention.

One of the peculiar beauties of the lakes and rivers of Wisconsin which is seldom seen in the lakes and rivers of the East is their crystal purity and coldness. They originate in springs, and are not dependent for their life upon the drainage of the rain falls. Even when, with apparently no outlet, the lakes do not grow stagnant, but remain clear and cool. They are, moreover, plentifully stocked with pickerel, bass, whitefish, trout, sturgeon, catfish and perch.

Wisconsin was the favorite land of the Indian. He has left a name for nearly all her lakes and rivers, and by their shores the remains of his home and his grave are still visible. It is possible that the work of a race which inhabited this country before him also exists on the rivers and lakes, beside of his own. In all parts of the State the remains of ancient earth works are to be found. The tourist will find them especially abundant at Aztalan, on Rock River, near the Blue Mounds, along the Wisconsin, the Neenah and the Pishitaka; also in the eastern part of the State near Milwaukee and Lake Winnebago. The curious who have attempted to unravel their secrets, have sometimes been rewarded by fragments of pottery, pipes or arrow heads, or a mold of deeper color than the earth which en-

cased it, and which was all that remained of the inhabitant who once roamed these beautiful prairies.

Nothing adds so much to the beauty of Western scenery as the oak openings which line its rivers and lakes, and slopes of its rolling prairies. Nature has formed beautiful parks, planted them with noble oaks, and covered them with a rich green turf which is kept as smooth and green as the freshly-cut and freshly-watered artificial parks of the Eastern States. To one accustomed to the disagreeable underbrush and decayed leaves which make the New England woods usually unvisitable and uninviting, these oak openings, with their green carpets unsoiled by decaying limbs and leaves, seem to be kept daily in order by the hands of the gardner. They bear a striking resemblance to English park scenery which has been for years under cultivation. Art can never equal them. They are the natural garden spots of the country. The tourist who seeks grand mountain scenery must go elsewhere than than to Wisconsin; but for all that is attractive in Nature, beautiful landscape scenery, splendid water views, lovely woodland scenery, and the flowering prairies, this section of the country is unequalled. Each year is giving better facilities for enjoying these numerous and delightful resorts, and many of them are already supplied with excellent hotels and conveniences. Art is putting the finishing strokes upon them, which is all that is needed to make them attractive to every taste. It is no longer necessary for the tourist to look to New England or New York or Pennsylvania for the most attractive Summer resorts; and the sportsman will not find anywhere in the United States a reigon which will afford him so much genuine sport as the prairies and forests and rivers of the Northwest.

LAKE GENEVA.

The delightful village of Geneva is in Walworth county, Wisconsin, situated on the north shore of Lake Geneva. No more lovely sheet of water can be found in the Northwest, and no town could be blessed with more charming scenery. It is rapidly becoming noted for its beauty, and a large number of the best families are making it their summer resort. Its growth and improvement for the few years

past has been very marked, and the extensive hotels upon its banks are constantly thronged with tourists and travelers from every part of the country. Two fine side-wheel steamers make regular trips from Geneva to Fontana and intermediate points of interest affording the richest enjoyment to the seeker of pleasure. The waters are remarkably clear and cold, being supplied by springs, and in many places are known to be very deep. The lake was called by the Indians "Kish-wa-ke-ta," signifying "crystal water." In later times it was known as Big Foot Lake from its slight resemblance to a mammoth human leg and a monstrous foot. The lake as it is now known was named for Geneva Lake, in New York, which in turn was named for Geneva Lake in Switzerland. Its shores are in places bold, at others undulating; here topped with grand old forests of oak, there opening out into a wide rolling stretch of country, dotted with fields of waving grass and grain, and beautiful farm-houses. Mansions of great size and immense cost, displaying exquisite architectural taste, and surrounded by grassy terraces and rarest flower gardens, adorn the shores near the village, while the lands for some miles out have lately been purchased by capitalists, and some day not far distant will be adorned with all that money and skill can do to render a rural home lovely and inviting. Springs of mineral properties have been discovered at the head of the lake, where a large summer boarding-house has been erected. The fish of the lake are pickerel, rock and black bass, and perch; but the most important of all is the celebrated "cisco," which comes to shore and is usually seen but once during the year, which is from the 10th to the 15th of June, when a certain fly becomes unpleasantly abundant about the shore, and which becomes food for the cisco during this their spawning season. Cisco-fishing is a sport relished by many, who travel oftentimes long distances to partake of it with the villagers, who generally turn out and make it a gala week; it is, in fact, the principal June sport for man, woman, and child for a radius twenty miles round the lake. The cisco may be taken with bait or fly, though the latter is the most natural food. The cisco is considered excellent game of its size, and will rise as vigorously as a brook trout, often meeting the fly before it touches the water. They should

be fished for with a single-handed fly-rod, like the trout; though a sixteen-foot perch-rod is recommended, as perch and small black bass occupy the same feeding-grounds, and often rise to the fly or take the bait. But the cisco shows to best advantage when properly cooked and temptingly displayed to a hungry fishman on the table.

Lake Geneva is on the Chicago & North-western Railway, eighty-six miles from Chicago via Elgin, and seventy miles from Chicago via Crystal Lake. During the Winter, through trains are run only via Elgin.

CAPE BRETON.

Many fancy that Cape Breton is a desolate sort of place, inhabited by the waifs and strays of mankind, who earn a precarious living on the coast by cod fishing, and in the interior by no one knows what; that ice and snow are the portion of the inhabitants for eight months of the year, while the balance is divided about equally between fog and fine weather. However true this may be of the seasons, the impression one forms of the people does not suggest any great struggle in the fight for existence. In traveling from Hawkesbury, in the Gut of Canso, to Fort Hood; from there to the Margaree Forks; thence to Baddeck and back again, by the Bras d'or Lakes to the place of starting, one traverses a country in some places thickly settled, but all apparently well settled by a race of men physically the superior of any other on the face of this continent. They are chiefly of Highland Scotch descent, with a sprinkling of French Canadians. The accommodations in the way of inns in the villages are of the poorest and dirtiest description, the only really decent place being the Bras d'or Hotel at Baddeck.

In regard to salmon fishing, the Margaree River is considered the best in Cape Breton; but there are doubtless many smaller streams on both shores of the island where good sport might be had. The banks of the river are quite open and clear of trees, and there are few rocks or impediments of any kind to prevent one fishing it with the greatest ease. The owners of the pools up and down the river, within a mile or so of the forks, are in the habit of renting their rights to certain fishermen, and unless one engages these pools

many months in advance, a trip to this river for salmon fishing would probably result in unmitigated disappointment. When, however, the river is full of fish, there are some good pools up the northeast branch, which the owners have not yet learned to charge for, and in which good sport can be had under certain conditions of the river. For trout fishing, the Middle and Baddeck rivers are first rate, and for sea trout excellent sport can be had at the tide water in the Margaree, and many fish may be killed ranging in weight from one to three pounds.

MUSSEL SHOALS, TENNESSEE RIVER.

The attention of anglers is called to the excellent fishing localities found on the Tennessee River and its tributaries. The greatest inland fishing centre and the most noted may be found on the "Mussel Shoals," a section of the Tennessee River lying in North Alabama, covering a distance of thirty miles, and extending from the mouth of the Elk River to the town of Florence, Alabama. What has been done in the way of angling along these shoals would fill volumes, exhibiting some of the rarest and finest sport in North America. The geological formation of the river's bed is such that the mighty stream has, with apparent difficulty, worked out its present channel, and it is a notable fact that no change or alteration of sufficient importance to be noticed has occurred in the past century. Great pools, eddies, and expanded areas in the river are to be found all along the shoals, produced by projecting ledges of rock, in which countless numbers of the finest bass sport and frolic undisturbed, except by an occasional buffalo hunter in his dug out with gig and torch, producing at times a scene both picturesque and lurid. Those persons who fish for bass along the river confine themselves to the mouths of

creeks, and at favorable seasons catch immense numbers of them to the extent that one actually grows tired of lashing the banks with them. This kind of work generally comes in the month of April when the river is swollen and muddy and the creeks clear. Any lover of angling may have magnificent sport in these magnificent shoals of the Tennessee, and a continuous repetition of it by moving from point to point. There is room here for all and the supply of bass inexhaustible.

IN THE EASTERN STATES.

THE PLYMOUTH AND BARNSTABLE WOODS, MASSACHUSETTS.

The principal hunting and fishing to be had in Massachusetts is to be found in what is called the Cape Cod Country, which is traversed in every direction by the Old Colony Railroad and its numerous branches. The Plymouth and Barnstable Woods (the only part of the State in which deer can now be found) are indented with numerous beautiful lakes, filled with many varieties of fish, including black bass, pickerel, white and yellow perch, &c. The white and yellow perch are very abundant in these waters, and are of most excellent flavor. Most of these lakes (or ponds, as they are called there) are fed by ice-cold springs, from which flow bright sparkling brooks, the home of the speckled trout, that afford splendid sport. The Marshpee River, troutingly considered, is the glory of Cape Cod, and is celebrated for the quantity, quality, and size of its fish. The river is very clear and cold, running over a hard, sandy, and pebbly bottom, with numerous holes and turns for fish to lurk in, and can be waded its whole length. Papponeset

Bay is where, in the Spring, those magnificent salt-water trout are taken, said to be the finest specimens of the fish in the country, often attaining the weight of three and four pounds, and silvery as salmon. Child's River, Paket, Wakeley Pond, Waquoit, and several others, the names of which are not remembered, are noted localities. These streams are about fourteen miles from West Barnstable. The trout of the Cape Cod streams are highly prized for their excellent flavor. These ponds in mention are the resorts of numerous Summer (wood) and black ducks in the Fall and Spring months, and are visited by sportsmen from Boston, as well as all the neighboring villages. All through these woods are quail, ruffed grouse, rabbits, and some few woodcock—rabbits are extremely plenty, and can be shot almost any where. The grounds are easily reached by stopping at any of the stations on the different divisions.

Wareham, Agawam, Cohasset Narrows, Pocasset, Sandwich, West Barnstable, Cotuit Port, Hyannis, Brewster, Chatham, and Wood's Hole, accessible by Cape Cod Division; Abington, Plympton, and Plymouth reached by Plymouth Division; Weymouth, Hingham, Nantasket, Cohasset, Scituate, Marshfield, and Duxbury, accessible via South Shore Branch and Cohasset & Duxbury Extension; Quincy, Randolph, Fall River, and Tiverton, on the Newport Branch; and New Bedford, the terminus of the New Bedford Division, are good points to make headquarters. All the best shooting and fishing grounds in the Plymouth and Barnstable Woods are easily reached from any of the towns mentioned as being on the Cape Cod Division, and from Plymouth. Wareham, Agawam, Cohasset Narrows, and Pocasset are at the head of Buzzard's Bay, affording excel-

lent salt water fishing. The railroad bridge at Cohasset Narrows is a noted spot for striped bass. At times these striped fellows are very abundant and of goodly proportions. The writer witnessed the capture one afternoon by one rod from off this bridge of two bass, one weighing thirty-three pounds and the other thirty-seven pounds; besides these, there were some twenty-five or thirty others taken by various parties weighing from three pounds up to seventeen. The latter part of August and the early part of September is the best time and shedder crab, menhaden, and shrimp the bait the fish "go for." Along the shores of Buzzard's Bay, within half a mile of Pocasset, an abundance of fine oysters and clams can be had for the gathering. Old-fashioned New England bakes are one of the institutions the villagers still support. About a quarter of a mile from Pocasset is a small pond literally alive with white perch, averaging about half a pound each in weight. The best points for deer are West Barnstable and White Island Pond, giving the former the preference. White Island Pond is about five miles from Plymouth, and is well stocked with black bass, pickerel, and white and yellow perch. The white perch are of large size, and extremely fine eating. Near by the pond is an old deserted shanty, one of the out-buildings attached to a saw-mill that once stood there, that has been fitted up with bunks and has a good stove. It is not in very good condition, but by keeping up a good fire, one can make himself decidedly comfortable, much more so than in a tent, especially in cold and wet weather. Of the fishing grounds accessible from New Bedford and Wood's Hole it is hardly necessary to speak. New Bedford is on Buzzard's Bay, where every

known variety of salt-water fishes that visit the New England coast can be taken in the greatest abundance. From New Bedford Pasque Island, Nashon, Cuttyhunk, Nashawena, and No Man's Land are reached by boat. These islands are all noted as affording the best striped bass fishing in the country. The fish are not only abundant, but of very large size. They are sometimes taken weighing over sixty pounds; the capture of twenty-five and thirty pounders is a common occurrence. All the other varieties of salt-water fish are also abundant. The fishing privileges of these islands are controlled by private corporations, there being a club on each. What is here said about fish, will also apply to Wood's Hole, at which place the wild fowl shooting is prime from the middle of September until extremely cold weather sets in. Wood's Hole can also be reached direct by New Bedford steamers from New York. Boats leave pier 39 North River at 5 P.M., arriving at Wood's Hole early next morning. J. L. Sisson is a good bayman, and if his services are desired write him in advance, and he will meet you on arrival of boat. He can furnish stools and all needed appliances. Large numbers of weakfish make their appearance annually in the river at Wareham about the 1st of July. About five miles from Wareham is a small lake well supplied with black bass. Ask for Cyrus Liscum, and he will put you on the trail. At Brewster there is good smelt fishing. At Cohasset, North Cohasset, Hingham, Weymouth, Scituate, and Duxbury, are black ducks, mallard, teal, brant, coots, plover, curlew, shore birds, quail, ruffed grouse, &c.; and good fishing for smelt, bluefish, and other salt water varieties. There are many other points besides those here mentioned that afford good

sport. The shooting and fishing fraternity are well represented in any of the Cape Cod towns, and they take pleasure putting you on the right track.

THE RANGELEY LAKE REGION AND BEYOND.

The best hunting and trout fishing to be had in either the Eastern or Middle States is to be found in Maine. Of its area of nearly 32,000 square miles, over three-fourths is an almost unbroken wilderness over some sections of which the foot of man has scarcely ever trod, and through which large game roam in undisturbed possession. There are caribou, deer, and bears in abundance, plenty of grouse, squirrels, and rabbits, and every lake is full wild fowl and trout, and an abundance of every other variety of fish. Moose are also quite plenty. All through the lake region every kind of game is abundant, and the sportsman, after once striking the initial point, can scarcely go astray. If the reader intends "to do" the wilderness, guides are absolutely necessary, and are obtainable, with all the necessary outfit, at any of the starting-in points. The following description of the Rangeley Lakes, the Magalloway River, and Parmachenee Lake is compiled from Farrar's guide:

The chain of lakes known as the Rangeley Lakes, lie near the western boundary of the State, in Franklin and Oxford counties. The lower lake of the chain, Umbagog, is more than half in Coos county, New Hampshire. The lakes are known severally as Rangeley or Oquossoc, Cupsuptic, Mooseeluckmaguntic, or the Great Lake, Molechunkamunk, or the Upper Richardson Lake, Welokennebacock, or the Lower Richardson Lake and Umbagog. These six lakes are all connected by narrows or streams, forming one continuous water communication for about fifty miles. The country about the northern shore of Rangeley, and the southern shore of Umbagog, is partially cleared up, and some very good farms have been start-

ed; all the rest of the country in the lake region is an unbroken wilderness, known only by the hunter or logger. Game and fish in abundance are found through all the district. Lake Kennebec lies about fourteen miles north of Cupsuptic, and is connected with that lake by the Kennebec River. It is one of the prettiest lakes in Maine, a perfect little gem, and its waters are well filled with the speckled trout for which the region is famous. Parties wishing to visit Kennebec, can always procure guides of Mr. John Herrick, at the Oquossoc House (Rangeley Centre) - the easiest point from which to reach Kennebec Lake. Parmachenee Lake lies about seventy miles north of Umbagog, in a vast wilderness, that extends for miles beyond. It is connected with the latter lake by the Magalloway River. Its waters are filled with trout, and the forest about it abounds with every variety of game from the lively little squirrel to the lordly moose. Here, four of the indispensable requisites of tent life, viz.: good clear water, plenty of fire-wood, game, and fish, are always to be found, and the cozy little nooks, and charming spots, on the shores of the lakes, or the banks of the streams each and all commanding some picturesque view, where one can pitch a tent, are simply innumerable.

The routes to the Rangeley Lakes are from Bethel by stage to Upton, on Lake Umbagog, steamer to the Inlet, and team to Middle Dam Camp; or from North Stratford by stage via Colebrook and Dixville Notch to Errol Dam, steamer across Umbagog to the Inlet, boat up river to Five Mile Rapids, and across carry (five miles) to Middle Dam Camp; or from Bryant's Pond by stage to Andover, where teams, boats, and guides can be procured for the Arm of the Lake and Middle Dam Camp, then boat to the Upper Dam, and across carry to the lakes. Bethel, North Stratford, and Bryant's Pond are on the Grand Trunk Railway and are accessible from Portland, Canada, and the West. Or from Portland to Farmington, on Maine Central Railroad, stage to Phillips and Greenville, on Rangeley Lake, across lake by steamer to Camp Henry, at the Outlet, crossing a two mile carry to Camp Kennebec. Or can be reached from the White Mountains via Gorham and other points on the same road. Or from Boston via Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad to Colebrook. Tickets from

Boston and return: To Bethel, \$7; to Upton, \$13; and \$3.50 extra each way to Middle Dam Camp. To Bryant's Pond, \$7; to Andover, \$9; to Richardson Lake, \$13; to Middle Dam Camp, \$15; to Upper Dam, \$16; to Farmington, \$9; to Phillips, \$11; Greenville, \$14; to Upper Dam, \$17; to Colebrook, \$10.70; Errol Dam, via Colebrook, \$17.

Sportsmen visiting the Parmachenee Lake or the Magalloway River have a choice of routes during the first half of the trip. From Boston to Portland by either route previously described. At Portland take the cars on the Grand Trunk Railway to Bryant's Pond, thence via Andover, by stage, buckboard and boat to the Middle Dam, walk across the carry, and go down the river by row boat to the Inlet, where you take the steamer, thence across Lake Umbagog, and down the Androscoggin to the Magalloway River. Or you may leave the Grand Trunk Railroad at Bethel, thence to Upton by stage, then steamer down the Cambridge River, across Lake Umbagog, and down the Androscoggin to the Magalloway River. Or leaving the railroad at Bethel you can drive direct to Errol Dam, and take the steamer there. The distance from Lake Umbagog to Parmachenee is about seventy miles, and the first eight or ten miles can be done on the steamer, with your boat in tow. Before reaching the steamer landing, you pass Bottle Brook on the west side of the river, a good place to throw a fly for trout. Arriving at the steamer landing, which is in a district known as Wentworth's Location, you get into your boat, cast off, and pull up the river. Soon after leaving the steamer you come to the head-quarters of the Berlin Lumbering Company. There is a hotel here, the Berlin Mills House, where you will find good accommodations at \$2.00 per day. Five or six above this point are Escobos Falls, where is fine trout fishing. There is a short piece of rapids, just before reaching Escobos Falls, that will considerably try the muscle of any oarsman.

Above this rapid you must make a carry around the falls, a distance of two or three miles, but you can obtain a team in the neighborhood, which will draw your boat and traps around for \$3. A little beyond a Mr. Flint's house, the carry path diverges from the road, and leads up through a pasture for a hundred rods or more, then enters the woods. This

pasture is the extreme limit of the cleared land on the river. Beyond it lays the great wilderness. There are many excellent places to be met with along the banks of the river' and one can make a choice. Wood and water, the great requisites of camp life, are plenty at every point. Ducks, partridges, and other game, are to be met with along the river, and taken in addition with the trout will keep the larder well supplied. The June and September are the months for fishing, and from the middle of September till late in the Fall the best time for game.

IN THE GRANITE STATE.

The best hunting and fishing to be had in New Hampshire is in the dense and extensive forests in Coos county, situated in the northeastern part of the State, bordering on the Maine wilderness. All this region is well stocked with deer, bears, ruffed grouse, spruce grouse, rabbits, squirrels, &c, and moose are numerous in some localities. For game, and route to Magalloway River and Parmachenee Lake see Maine.

The lakes of the Upper Androscoggin are centres for excellent deer and bear hunting and ruffed grouse shooting, and splendid trout fishing. This region is only accessible by canoes from Errol's Dam. Game of all kinds is abundant in the region known as the Connecticut Lakes, at the source of the Connecticut River. Deer can be found in abundance, and in some localities moose are especially plenty. As to ruffed grouse, rabbits, squirrels, wild fowl, and other small game, it is simply thick. The section is reached by leaving the Grand Trunk Railroad at North Stratford, thence stage to Colebrook and Errol's Falls, boat up river to Duckee's Landing, on Magalloway River, thence up stream to Parmachenee Lake, thence a portage over the Connecticut Lakes. Or leave the Grand Trunk Railroad at Island Pond, and

take wilderness road to First Lake, Second Lake, and so on. For woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits, and other small game go to Laconia, Madison, Wolfboro', Fitzwilliam, Keene South Tamworth, Sunapee, Rye, and Hampton. There are a number of bears on Chocoma Mountains, near Madison, and also in the mountains near Sandwich and in the vicinity of Bradford. The Big Intervale, near Albany, is a good place for deer. Lake Winnipisiogee furnishes good fishing, and the many islands in the lake afford good plover shooting.

Hampton, Madison, West Ossipee, Ossipee, and Wolfboro, are reached by Eastern Railroad; Laconia by Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad; Keene and Fitzwilliam by Cheshire Railroad; Lake Winnipisiogee via Boston & Concord to Wier; from which point other parts of the lake can be reached by boat; or take Boston & Maine Railroad to Alton Bay.

The best shooting to be had in Vermont is in Essex county in the northeastern corner of the State. In fact, the greater part of this county is a vast wilderness, and contains an abundance of deer, ruffed grouse, and rabbits. A few moose can also be found—occasionally a bear or wild cat. Otter, minks, sables, and other fur-bearing animals, are abundant. Squirrels are scarce. This section is reached by Grand Trunk railway to Island Pond, a village in the heart of the forest, at which sportsmen will find good hotels, and other conveniences, within striking distance of the game mentioned. The country is rough, and guides are necessary.

At Ferrisburg can be found ruffed grouse, woodcock, and snipe, and we are informed quail. The ponds in season afford good duck-shooting. At Larabee's

Point is an excellent location for gray squirrels or a coon hunt. Good bear-hunting can be had in the mountains, near Glastenbury.

The hunting and fishing grounds in Rhode Island are not very extensive. With the exception of the coast and Narragansett Bay, where all the various kinds of wild fowl and shore birds that visit the New England coast are abundant in their season, the shooting is limited to quail, woodcock, rabbits, squirrels, and ruffed grouse, and these are by no means plentiful. In the Spring and Fall coot-shooting is a pastime much indulged in, and when the birds are plenty, as they generally are at those times, they afford the best of amusement. Narragansett Bay and river afford splendid fishing for striped bass, blackfish (tautog), and many other salt water varieties of the finny tribe. There are several inland ponds that afford good black bass and pickerel fishing, and some few trout streams.

Outside of the Twin Lakes, elsewhere mentioned, the shooting and fishing in Connecticut is not very extensive. Some passable sport, however, can be had at several out-of-the-way places over quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits, and squirrels.

Orange Powder.—The merits of the powder manufactured by the Lathin & Rand Powder Company are so well and favorably known to sportsmen in every section of the country, that anything we may say in its favor seems like repeating an oft told story. It is used in preference to any other by Captain Bogardus, champion wing shot of the world, and as the Captain is not likely use any but the very best powder, this fact alone should be a sufficient guarantee of its superior excellence. The Orange Powder in point of strength and cleanliness it is not excelled by any other powder manufactured, either in this country or

Europe. The favorite sporting brands are Orange Lightning, Orange Ducking, and Orange Rifle, and are for sale by all first class dealers in sportsmen's goods.

Do you Smoke?—Don't forget when you start for your camp in the woods to take with you a few packages of "Vanity Fair" smoking tobacco. It is an article which, in our experience in camp, adds much to the enjoyment of life in the woods, and fills an important place in the catalogue of the "sportsman's wants" that nothing else can supply, and that is "a good smoke." What sportsman cannot recall with pleasure the soothing influence of a good smoke of "Vanity Fair" as, when in camp, reclining upon a bed of hemlock boughs, after a fatiguing day's tramp and a hearty supper, he reviews the incidents of the chase. One has no idea of what luxury there is in a pipe in the woods until it has been tried, and "Vanity Fair" is the article to try it with; it is vastly superior to any other. The pipe is the only true method of combusting the weed when in the woods. You might smoke forty segars and not obtain the same amount of satisfaction that a solitary pipe of this excellent tobacco will afford. We are glad to know that many sportsmen throughout the country, appreciating the merits of "Vanity Fair," and do not consider their outfit complete without it, and if you have never had the pleasure of smoking it, just give it a trial, and you will say "It is so pleasant and so good."

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