

chi, as well as many other salmon streams in our Province, could easily be made, by judicious management, to repay the cost of their protection. Loud outcries have been made, time immemorial against the so-called oppressive Game Laws of England, but the justice and wisdom of these laws are now generally admitted and to the foresight of past legislation are the sportsmen of England indebted for the existence of fin, fur, and feather in the rivers, woods and moors. The time has arrived when some energetic steps must be taken, or the once teeming forests and prolific rivers of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will be entirely depopulated, and coming generations of sportsmen will deplore the short-sighted folly of the present generation of law-makers. The writer intended to offer some practical suggestions as to the measures most likely to remove the evils complained of, but as the fisheries of the Dominion are now under the care of a minister fully competent to manage them, thoroughly awake to their importance, and intimately acquainted with their wants, he deems these suggestions superfluous, and he indulges strong hopes that a brighter era is about to dawn for anglers.

After a comfortable night's rest, our travellers were up with the sun, and were gratified to find that the rain had passed away, that the sun rose bright and clear, giving promise of a splendid day for our ride over the road between Boiestown and Fredericton, which, in the latter fifteen miles of its course, presents some charming scenery. A substantial breakfast awaited us, and as soon as that was despatched we were ready for the road. A comfortable, roomy spring wagon was at the door, a pair of fine horses pawing the ground. Taking our places on well cushioned seats, we set off with light hearts and boisterous spirits on the "home stretch."

Tom Palmer had started an hour in advance of us with our heavy luggage and the trophies of our "outing" in a strong country wagon, with a pair of good horses, in order that we might be in time to avail ourselves of the night boat from Fredericton, if one should leave in the evening. Calling at the Post Office in Boiestown, Fred and Charles found letters from home, which brought the pleasing intelligence that *all was well*. This relieved the only cause for anxiety on the part of our American friends, and a merrier or happier party never travelled the road between Wilson's and Fredericton.

The day, fulfilling the promise of the morning, was bright and beautiful. The rain had cooled the air and laid the dust; the bright rays of the sun, playing on the drops that loaded the foliage, made our road a pathway through a gem-studded avenue, while the delicious odors borne on the morning breeze, and the beauties of the ever-changing scenery, combined to make our drive alone worth all the labor our trip had cost us. When not silently

enjoying the scenery around us, we were engaged in animated conversation. Wilson had many anecdotes to relate of former angling parties, and many wondrous stories of their success when he was a boy, and thus the pleasant way was beguiled of any approach to weariness. From the time we came in view of the Nashwaak valley, until we had left it far behind, our ride was one of unbroken delight. Every turn in the road gave us fresh views of this lovely, winding river, which, smiling, laughing, gliding, dancing, and rushing, was ever visible below us, while velvet meadows, flower-spangled fields, and sloping hills met the eye on every side. None of us will soon forget the pleasures of this delightful ride; a sigh of regret broke from each as a turn in the road left the beautiful Nashwaak behind, and brought us in full view of the broad St. John, with white sails, floating rafts, and puffing steamers dotting its surface; the tall spires of the "Cathedral City" piercing the blue sky on the further side.

We crossed the ferry about five o'clock, drove to the Barker House; as there was no night boat that evening, the accommodating landlord, Robert Orr, himself a keen sportsman, soon made us comfortable. After dinner we called on some brother sportsmen, and received calls from others, with whom we exchanged experiences in our summer's sport.

Messrs. R****y and R****r, the lessees of the Miramichi, to whose kindness and courtesy we were indebted for permission to fish it, called on us and shewed us every attention. They had returned from their excursion just two days before we commenced ours, and had met with much better success than we could boast of, but they also lamented the sad fact that every year the river was becoming worse for the angler.

After spending a pleasant evening, to which the attentions of our brother sportsmen greatly contributed, we returned at a late hour to the comfortable beds of our host of the Barker House, rose early, breakfasted, got all our traps on board the boat, exchanged farewells with our friends, who were at the landing to see us off and wish us *bon voyage*; we were soon on our way down the magnificent St. John, and another day was spent amidst some of the finest river scenery in the world.

The St. John has been so often described, and is so familiar to most of our readers, that the writer will spare them the infliction of a repetition; suffice it to say that after a pleasant passage we reached the wharf at Indiantown, a suburb of St. John, bundled ourselves and our traps into coaches, and were driven to "Stubbs' Hotel," where comfortable quarters and a good table will always meet the traveller.

Next morning at 7 o'clock, the "New-Brunswick" of the International line, rang her warning bell; all was bustle among our friends; baggage was got on board, state-rooms secur-